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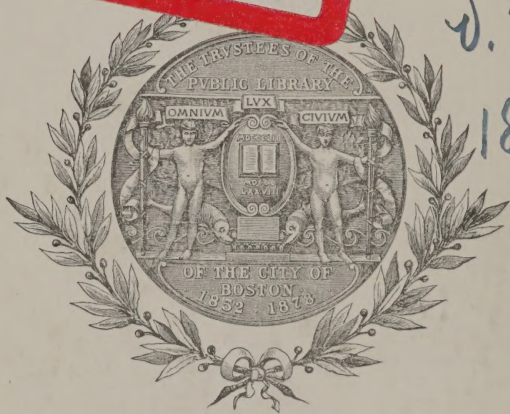


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THE REAL PROBLEMS OF DEMOCRACY.

MR. JOHN MORLEY, in replying to some of Mr. Lecky's charges against the liberal movement of the last fifty years in England, expresses his regret that in his recent book, *Democracy and Liberty*, Mr. Lecky has not devoted himself to a discussion of democracy in all its aspects; its effect not only on government, but on social relations of every description, on science, on art, on literature, — on the whole of life, in short, as we see it in the western world to-day. He says:

"We can hardly imagine a finer or more engaging, inspiring, and elevating subject for inquiry than this wonderful outcome of that extraordinary industrial, intellectual, and moral development which has awakened in the masses of modern society the consciousness of their own strength, and the resolution, still dim and torpid, but certain to expand and to intensify, to use that strength for purposes of their own. We may rejoice in democracy or we may dread it. Whether we like it or detest it, and whether a writer chooses to look at it as a whole or to investigate some particular aspect of it, the examination ought to take us into the highest region of political thought, and it undoubtedly calls for the best qualities of philosophic statesmanship and vision."

The task suggested is not easy, and Mr. Lecky, perhaps wisely, has not attempted it. He devotes himself mainly, in the first volume, at least, to describing the objectionable tendencies of democracy, more particularly as illustrated by

the history of the last half century in England and America. The second volume may be called a series of essays on the topics now most frequently discussed in democratic countries; Mr. Lecky gives the pros and cons of each without committing himself to very positive opinions on any of them. All authors who touch at all on democracy in our day recognize in it a new and potent force, destined before long to effect very serious changes in the social structure, and to alter in many important respects the way in which men have looked at human society since the foundation of Christianity. But they handle it very much as we handle electricity; that is to say, tentatively. They admit they are dealing with a very mysterious power, of which they know as yet but little, and on the future manifestations of which they cannot pronounce with any confidence. The great difficulty in the way of discussing it philosophically or scientifically is the one which doubtless Mr. Lecky himself has experienced, — that thus far all investigators have been themselves part of the thing to be investigated. Every man, or nearly every man, who takes up a pen to examine the questions what democracy is, and what effect it is likely to have on the race, is himself either an earnest advocate or an earnest opponent of it. He sees in it either the regeneration of mankind or the ruin of our civilization. This is true of nearly every writer of eminence who has touched on it since the French Revolution. The

most moderate of its enemies seldom admits more on its behalf than his own ignorance of what it promises. Its defenders are, as a rule, too enthusiastic to make their predictions of much philosophic value.

In England, the historic background has enough social gloom in it to make the glorification of democracy comparatively easy work for the faithful thus far. In America, its success seems so closely connected with the success of the government itself that praise of it and prediction of its complete sufficiency have become the part of patriotism. Doubts about its future seem doubts about the future of the nation, which no lover of his country is willing to entertain lightly. Tocqueville is the one man of eminence who in modern times has attempted for democracy what Montesquieu attempted for all governments, — the discovery and exposition of the principle on which it rests. His work on Democracy in America is so well known that it is hardly necessary to say that, treating the base of democracy as equality, he has sought to foretell what the effect of this principle would be, in the end, on manners and institutions. Some of his predictions have come true. Some are very erroneous, and the fact is that, as the years roll by and American development continues, his work becomes less valuable. It will always be interesting as what the French call an *étude*, and was the first glimpse Europe got of the effect of democratic institutions on character and manners, but it has not maintained its earlier fame. Tocqueville fell more and more, before he died, into an attitude of partisanship, and his later political essays are too deeply tinged with melancholy about the future, for an impartial investigator.

No one, since his time, has taken the subject up with more authority than Sir Henry Maine. In a book on Popular Government, published in 1886, he ventures on a broad characterization of de-

mocratic society, which bears the mark of insufficient observation. The only thing he has to rely upon in the way of experience is the Athenian democracy and that of America. There was not in the ancient world any democracy at all in the sense in which we understand the term, and the working of the system in the United States has been too short, the disturbing elements have been too numerous, and Sir Henry's acquaintance with it is all too slight, to make it possible for him to speak about it with philosophic positiveness. To crown all, he was essentially an aristocrat, an authority who, rightly or wrongly, felt his position in some sort menaced by the new régime.

Mr. Lecky suffers from the same disadvantages. He is a gentleman in the old sense of the term, who feels that his weight as such is in some sort menaced. In the new régime he expects men of his sort to count for less in some way, probably in many ways. He is fresh, too, from a revolution in his own country, much more searching and deep seated than revolutions used to be, — one of the first democratic revolutions, in short, that we have had since that of France, one hundred years ago. The recent Irish land laws are the dethronement of a great class, the apparent sacrifice of the few to the many on a large scale; this is what democracy calls for, but it is never accomplished without seemingly serious violations of natural justice. Mr. Lecky took a prominent part in opposing these recent changes in Ireland. Whether they are bad or good, no man could share either in defending or in advocating them without considerable damage to his judicial-mindedness, to his philosophic insight, so to speak. He cannot approach them as a Cavour or a Beaumont. He is part of the revolution. He cannot wholly like them, and he cannot help ascribing them in some way to the great movement which, for better or worse, is plainly upturning the world, putting down the mighty and exalting the hum-

ble. If, therefore, one were disposed to be ill natured, one might call Mr. Lecky's book an attempt to pay democracy off for suggesting or assisting the Irish land laws and home rule movement. It is essentially an address to the opponents of democracy, written with his usual narrating ability and fullness of reading, but, for the reasons I have stated, it cannot do much to convince those who are not fellow sufferers and do not share his prejudices. In short, it is not the book on democracy of which the world is just now in need and in search.

The chief objection to it, and to most recent writings of the same sort, is that, while nominally discussing democracy, it really only points out the apparently bad tendencies of democracy. It does not treat democracy as a whole. It errs in this respect somewhat as Burke's *Reflections* on the French Revolution do. One could not get from Burke any idea of the objections to the *ancien régime*. The Revolution seems, according to him, the work of mocking devils who could give no reason for their mischief. That anybody in France had anything serious to complain of, anything which could not be removed by means of a little patience and good will, anything which was likely to have an educating influence, which was likely to mould character and breed defects, does not appear. The whole outbreak seems gratuitous, uncaused, and therefore against the order of nature. Mr. Lecky singles out and makes prominent nearly everything that can be said against democracy, by means of partial comparison, — the least fair of all methods of judging either a society or a régime, and yet it is the commonest method of travelers and essayists. For my part, I never read a description of the evils of democracy at the present day without inquiring with what state of society or with what kind of government the writer compares it. When and where was the polity from observation of which he has formed his

standard? When and where was the state of things, the "good estate," from which we have declined or are declining? This is extremely important, for all we know or can say about government must be the result of actual observation. "Ideal government," as it is called, such as is described in Plato's Republic, or More's Utopia, or Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, is interesting to read about, as the play of an individual mind, but no one considers any of these books very helpful to those who are actually contending with the problems of to-day.

To enable any reformer to make his impress on the age in which he lives, or to win any considerable number of his countrymen over to his way of thinking, the state of things he seeks to bring about must commend itself to his contemporaries as capable of realization. He must have some model in his mind's eye, not too far removed, either in time or in distance, from the popular imagination. This is an essential condition of the advance of all great multitudes. Every man's standard of civilization is drawn from what he has seen, or thinks he may readily reach. Nearly all differences touching governments, between various peoples or between various classes of the same society, come from difference of standards. Some are extremely content with a state of things that others think impossible. An Indian, for instance, cannot understand the white man's eagerness to get him to give up the tepee, in which he has been so happy, for the log cabin or the frame house. The spoils politician is puzzled by the Mugwump's passion for competitive examinations, and government based on party distribution of the offices as spoils seems to him most natural and thoroughly successful. Probably few or no Tammany men can to this day quite understand the objection of reformers to their style of government. They see that tens of thousands apparently like it and are satisfied with it. What is the

need of a change? The cause of all the discussion is that the Mugwump has a different standard of government from the politician, and is not satisfied until the government he lives under comes up to it. In like manner, when a monarchist or conservative begins to complain to a democrat of the defects of his system and of the gloominess of its prospects, in order to produce any effect he must point out from what period or from what system there has been a falling away. When and where were things any better, taken as a whole? And how much better were they? This is a question which every writer on democracy is bound to answer at the outset.

I have said "taken as a whole," because the fatal defect of all attacks on democracy of recent years, like Mr. Lecky's, is this defect of partial comparison. When we undertake to compare one régime with another, old with new times, it does not do to fasten on one feature of either. In our day this is sure to be ineffective. If we judge American society, for instance, solely from the point of view of legislative purity and ability, it will certainly suffer in comparison with that of Great Britain. If we judge it from the point of view of judicial learning and independence, we shall probably reach the same conclusion. It would be quite easy to point out certain losses which it sustains from the absence of an aristocracy, as contrasted with any European country. If, too, we undertake, as Mr. Lecky does, to compare the England or Ireland of to-day with the England or Ireland of some bygone period, known or unknown, it does not do to say that at that period Parliament was better, or county government was better, or legislation was more deliberate and impartial, or other statesmen were better than Mr. Gladstone. To produce any real effect the comparison has to be complete. You have to compare the general happiness from all causes. You have to treat the two contrasted communities as

places for the poor and friendless man, or for the industrious, enterprising, and thrifty man, to live in, as well as for the wealthy and cultivated man. Otherwise you make no headway. Every reader will think instantly of the things you have overlooked. You cannot compare the England of to-day with the England of 1800 or 1867 without destroying or greatly weakening your case. There is not a poor man in England who is not conscious that he is vastly better off, as regards all the things furnished him under the name of "government," than his grandfather was. The same thing is ludicrously true of Ireland. A proposal submitted to the people in either country to go back fifty or one hundred years would be rejected almost unanimously with derision. You might give them fifty reasons for thinking them mistaken, but not one of them would produce any impression. Why is this? An adequate book on democracy would answer the question. It would not only give these reasons, but state fully and fairly why they were certain to be disregarded.

The truth is that democracy is simply an experiment in the application of the principle of equality to the management of the common affairs of the community. It is the principle of equality which has conquered the world. That one man is as good as another is an outgrowth of what may be called social consciousness, and as soon as it has got possession of the state, democratic government follows as a matter of course. The theory of the social contract is an offspring of it. This theory made no impression on the masses when Locke preached it. It did not reach the people till Rousseau took it up, in the middle of the last century. Since then it has made great strides. Rulers have become the mere hired servants of the mass of the community, and criticism of them has come naturally with the employment of them as agents. The notion that all men are alike, and are entitled to an equal voice in the management of

the common affairs, is democracy. It is the effort of all to assert this, and to see how the thing can be done, which forms the democratic experiment that is being tried in so many countries.

Many things have occurred which seem to warrant the belief that it will not succeed. What constitutes the success of a government? The very first answer to this question is that we cannot tell whether a government is successful or not without seeing how long it lasts. The first duty of a government is to last. A government, however good, which does not last is a failure. The Athenian republic, the Roman republic and empire, the Venetian republic, the French monarchy, the English monarchy, and the American republic have all to be tried by this test. To say that a government is a very good government, but that it was overthrown or changed in a few years, is an absurdity. All we know of any value about any government is derived from observation of its working. It must be confessed, therefore, that nearly all that we read in our day about democracy is pure speculation. No democracy has lasted long enough to enable one to write a treatise on it of much value. Almost everything that Mr. Lecky says of the working of democracy in America, or that he has got from Mr. Bryce, though all true, fails to throw much light upon the future.

The men who first began to write on democracy, towards the close of the last century and the beginning of this, had really a very small notion of its working on the scale which the modern world witnesses. Their only opportunities of observation lay in the history of the small Greek communities, of early Rome, of Venice and the minor Swiss cantons, and of the early New England States. They had not for a moment pictured to themselves the government by universal suffrage of communities numbering tens of millions. Their democracies all met in the forum or market-place; their lead-

ing men were known to every citizen. Nothing seemed easier than to fill the public offices by a mere show of hands. Every man was supposed to be intensely occupied with public affairs, to be eager to vote on them, and to be quite able to vote intelligently. The work of management had not a prominent place in any former democratic scheme. The "demagogue" — that is, the man who leads people astray by specious schemes, by hostility to the rich, or eagerness for war, or profuse prodigality, or winning eloquence — was well known. But the man who does not speak, who makes no public impression, who is not rich or eloquent or in any manner distinguished, yet who leads the voters and has legislation in the hollow of his hand, had still to make his appearance.

In the new, unforeseen, enormous democracy, 40,000,000 to 100,000,000 in England, or France, or America, he is indispensable. In these large democracies, the work of bringing the popular will to bear in filling the offices of the government, or in performing any act of government, is one of great difficulty, which needs almost constant attention from a large army of "workers." To influence, persuade, or inform this immense body of persons is no easy matter, as two antagonistic forces are always engaged in pulling it in different directions. The diffusion among it of any one view of anything would be a serious task. To insure the triumph of either view is still more serious. Then, a very large proportion of the voters are not interested in public questions at all, or their interest has to be aroused and kept awake. Another large proportion do not desire to give themselves the trouble to vote. They have to be, in some manner, induced to go to the polls, or have to be prepared to go by numerous visits. The business of what is called the "canvass" in modern democracy is, in fact, something unlooked for and unprovided for by theoretical democrats. It has produced

a profession whose sole occupation is to get people to vote in a particular way. As the mass of voters increases, this profession, of course, becomes larger and more important. In my own opinion, its importance constitutes the strongest argument against woman suffrage. The doubling of the number of votes to be influenced or managed in any community is a very grave consideration; for not only have you to find such workers, with the certainty that their character will not be very high, but you have to pay them, and no provision for their payment has ever been made in any scheme of democratic government. The duty of remunerating them is thrown on the victorious parties at elections; in America, for a long time, this duty was discharged by distributing among them the smaller offices. There has been an escape from it here by what is called civil service, reform, or, in other words, by competitive examination. In England, the aristocracy, finding the government patronage passing out of their hands, judiciously introduced the merit system, in time to save it from the incoming democracy, but in France and Italy the tendency is still in the direction of "spoils." The passion for government places is strong, and the difficulty of getting anything done for the state except in return for a place grows apace, on the whole. If I said that the reluctance of a democracy to vote at all, or to vote right, was not foreseen by the early democratic advocates, and that they made no provision for it in their system, I should not be very far wrong. This was the greatest mistake of the theoretic democrats. They never foresaw the big democracies. The working of democracy in America is something of which they had no conception. They did not anticipate the necessity of organizing and directing the suffrage, nor of the intervention of the boss and his assistants.

When you come to examine this mis-

take, you find it consists really in the absence of provision for the selection of candidates by the multitude, or, in other words, in the absence of a nominating system. None of the books contain any direction for the performance of this work of nominating by a large democracy. The founders of the United States had apparently never thought of it. In their day, a few leading men met and chose one of their own number as a good person to fill, say, a legislative or other important place; or a prominent man proposed himself to his fellow citizens to fill it. For some time after the foundation of the government a committee of Congress named candidates for the presidency. But it was soon seen that this would not do. The voters would not allow any one to do this work for them. An elected assembly had to do it, and the nominating convention, in its various stages, was started. In other words, the business of electing officers was doubled by having another election to elect the people who were to select good people to elect. This work of nominating has added to the boss's, or manager's, power by adding to his duties. He has to see not only that people vote for the various candidates, but that they vote for those who have to choose them. More complication, more patience, more watchfulness, more dexterity.

Under this régime, the nominating system, of which no theoretical writer had the least idea, has grown into a piece of machinery more complicated than the government itself. The man who manages it, who says who must compose the body which selects the candidates, — that is, who designates the delegates to the nominating convention, — is really the most powerful man in the community. Every one who wishes to enter public life bows before him. No one who, being in public life, wishes to rise higher, no Representative who wishes to be Senator, no Governor who wishes to be President, will gainsay him or

quarrel with him. Everybody but the President in a second term is at his beck. For similar reasons, he holds the legislators in his power. If they do not legislate as he pleases, he will not allow them to come back to the legislature. He has to be consulted, in fact, about every office. He may be boss of a district, a city, or a State. The larger his dominion and the denser its population, the more powerful he is. The people, being busy, are not willing to go to the trouble of voting at two elections. As a rule they do not vote at all for the nominating convention. This is therefore almost completely in the boss's hands. As he decides who shall compose it, he also decides what it shall do. In fact, in ordinary times and in the absence of great public excitement, he is the great man of a democratic community; and yet neither he nor the nominating system which has made him what he is was foreseen by any early political thinker. There was no foreshadowing of the difficulty that democracy would experience in filling offices, and no one has as yet devised any good plan for the purpose. Any person who to-day described the government, say, of New York, or Pennsylvania, or any other large American State out of the books, would give no real idea of it. He would miss the real source of power, and the way in which it was infused into the machinery. If there be anything seriously wrong with democracy in America to-day, it lies in the nominating system, yet this attracts comparatively little attention. It has already considerably modified the substance of democratic government.

Another new phenomenon which has greatly affected the developments of democratic government, and has received no attention, is the growth of corporations. These aggregations of capital in a few hands have created a new power in the State, whose influence on government has been very grave. They employ a vast number of voters, over whom

their influence is paramount; a single railroad company has in its service thousands of men. They own immense sums of money, which they think it but right to use freely for their own protection. In some States, men make a livelihood in the legislature by "striking" them, — that is, threatening them with hostile legislation, and getting themselves bought off by the agent of the corporation; for each corporation is apt to keep an agent at the seat of government to meet these very demands, and makes no secret of it. Latterly the bosses have taken charge of this business themselves. They receive the money, and see that the legislature is properly managed in return. The companies have in fact created a code of morality to meet this exigency. The officers say that they are the custodians of large amounts of other people's property, which they are bound to defend, by whomsoever attacked. That wrong does exist in the State is not their affair. The reform of the legislature or of the State is not their affair. It is their business to keep safely what has been placed in their charge. Indeed, the levying of blackmail on companies, either as a contribution to campaign expenses or as fees to pay for protection, is now one of the principal sources of a boss's revenue, and in States like New York goes a good way towards enabling him to defy hostile sentiment. It furnishes him with funds for subsidizing the legislature and the press. How to bring these corporations under the law, and at the same time protect them from unjust attacks, is one of the most serious problems of democratic government. But it can hardly be said to have received any discussion as yet. Corporations are as powerful as individual noblemen or aristocrats were in England in the last century, or in France before the Revolution, but are far harder to get at or to bring to justice, from their habit of making terms with their enemies instead of fighting them.

This brings me naturally to two other serious and significant changes which have occurred within fifty years in democratic societies. I mean the decline of the legislatures, and the transfer of power, or rather of the work of government, from the rich to the poor.

That this decline of the legislatures is not a mere decline in manners seems to me undeniable. It is a decline in the quality of the members in general respect, in education, in social position, in morality, in public spirit, in care and deliberation, and, I think I must add, in integrity also. Legislation is more hasty and more voluminous, is drafted with less care, and enacted with less deliberation and with much greater indifference to public opinion, particularly to instructed and thoughtful public opinion. This is said to be true of France and Italy, and in some degree of England, but it is especially true of America. Congress and the state legislatures are not what they were forty years ago. Both the Senate and the House contain fewer men of prominence and ability. The members are more slenderly instructed, but much more eagerly interested, in questions of political economy, finance, and taxation than they used to be, and more disposed to turn to account what they conceive to be their knowledge. They are more difficult to lead, and yet are more under the domination of their own cliques or sets. In the state legislatures, the boss is far more powerful than he was. But little legislation originates with the members themselves. It is generally concocted outside and passed under orders. Few of the members are really chosen and elected by the people. They are suggested and returned by the boss of the State or district. They feel accountable to him, and not to the public. The old machinery of agitation, the public meeting and the press, produces little effect on them. Their motives are rarely made known. Many of their acts, if not corrupt, are open to the suspicion

of corruption; some of them are bold attempts to extort money. All this is true, as I have said, in some degree or other, of all the countries in which democratic institutions have taken or begun to take root. These bodies have not answered the earlier expectations of democratic philosophers. The men who were expected to go to them do not go to them. The men who have served the public well in them do not return to the service. The influence on them of the intellectual, cultivated, or instructed world is small.

To account for this, or to say how it is to be mended, is, I admit, very difficult. Few subjects have done more to baffle reformers and investigators. It is the great puzzle of the heartiest friends of democracy. The matter is growing more serious in America as society is becoming richer and more complicated. As commerce increases, credit expands and interests multiply. Of course the machinery of government increases in delicacy. Derangement becomes easier, repair more difficult. The effect, for instance, of instability in taxation, or of adventures in foreign policy, upon foreign trade, or upon investment and the movements of capital, is very great; so that already merchants, bankers, and dealers in money are beginning to ask themselves whether it will be long possible to carry on the financial affairs of a great nation under a government so unskillful, and possessed of so little knowledge of the machinery of credit, as democratic governments generally are. This gives great importance to the question, What prospect is there of any change for the better? What sign is there of anything of the kind? As to this, I confess I think the dependence of the optimist, if he descends to argument at all, must be on the general progress of the race in self-restraint, in love of order, and in a better knowledge, through experience, of the conditions of successful government. Any such pro-

cess must necessarily be slow, and no results can be looked for until after the trial and failure of many experiments.

In other words, I do not look for the improvement of democratic legislatures in quality within any moderate period. What I believe democratic societies will do, in order to improve their government and make better provision for the protection of property and the preservation of order, is to restrict the power of these assemblies and shorten their sittings, and to use the referendum more freely for the production of really important laws. I have very little doubt that, before many years elapse, the American people will get their government more largely from constitutional conventions, and will confine the legislatures within very narrow limits and make them meet at rare intervals. The tendencies all over the Union are in this direction, and Switzerland, the most democratic country in Europe, is showing the way distinctly towards less law-making and more frequent consultation of the people at large. I believe, for instance, that after a very few years' experience of the transfer of the currency question, which has now begun, to the management of popular suffrage, the legal tender quality of money, which is now behind the whole trouble, will be abolished, and the duty of the government will be confined simply to weighing and stamping. The use of the legal tender now is ludicrously disproportioned to the noise made about it. Except as a rule for fixing the denomination in which debtors must pay their debts in the absence of an agreement, — which rarely causes any dispute, — and for enabling debtors to cheat their creditors by paper money or the adulteration of coin, — which is not infrequent, — it is difficult to see what good purpose legal tender serves. It is almost certain that the day will come when it will be seen that no democratic government is fit to be entrusted with the power of giving any

substance legal tender quality, and that the very best solution of the money problem is to be found in letting people make their own bargains, — a solution which will be hastened by the increasing tendency to settle contracts, make purchases, and pay debts by check or draft.

The other corrective of which I see signs, though of less importance, is the increasing ability or willingness of business men to separate their business from their politics, and to refuse any longer to put money into the hands of party agents to do as they please with it. This use of money, especially since the growth of the tariff question in importance, has been one of the great sources of the degradation of American politics, because it supports the excesses or abuses of the nominating system by strengthening the hands of the boss; for it is he who generally receives the funds. But it would be absurd to build great hopes of progress on the mere cessation of an abuse. It is a thing to be noted rather than dwelt on. All that we can say with certainty is that no western society is likely in modern times to let itself run completely down, as the ancient societies often did, without vigorous attempts at recovery and improvement. The general belief in progress which now prevails, the greatly increased desire to extract comfort out of life (and comfort includes quiet and order), the more scientific spirit of the time, the disposition of all classes to assume social responsibility, and the sense of what the French call "solidarity" diffused by the press, assure us that every means of progress will be tried, that no defect will be submitted to indefinitely; but what means of improvement will be most effective, and what safeguards will be found most reliable, he would be a rash man who would venture to predict in detail.

As to the transfer of the government to the poor, it should be remembered that, except during very short periods in ancient democracies, the world has been

governed by rich men; that is, by the great landholders or the great merchants. This is true of all the ancient republics and of all the modern monarchies. The unfitness of poor men for the important offices of legislation and administration has been generally acted on in the modern world as a state doctrine. Every government has been a rich man's government. It is only in some of the smaller Swiss cantons that departures from this rule have been made. I am not now criticising; I am stating a fact. But as a rule, in democratic societies in our day, government has been transferred to poor men. These poor men find themselves in possession of very great power over rich communities. Through the taxing power rich corporations and rich individuals are at their mercy. They are not restrained by tradition; they are often stimulated by envy or other anti-social passions. If it were not for the restrictions imposed in American States by the Constitution, the lives of rich men and of companies would be full of difficulty. There has grown up around this change the foreshadowing of a code of morality in which men's right to be rich is called in question, and the spoliation of them, if done under forms of law, is not an offense against morality. This, again, is counterbalanced or neutralized by the general popular tendency to make the accumulation of wealth the one sign of worldly success, and to estimate men by the size of their income, from whatever source derived. There is probably in America to-day a nearer approach to a literal rendering of the English term "worth," as measuring a man's possessions, than ever occurred elsewhere; that is, the term is more fully descriptive of the fact than it has ever been. Inevitably, there has appeared side by side with this a certain distrust of the opinions of persons who have not made money, which has naturally had an injurious effect on the government, and has, along with several other causes, contributed to

the exclusion of the learned or professional class from the work of administration. A faithful description of the position of the wealthy class in America to-day would probably say that the accumulation of wealth by a man's own exertion is admired by the public, and greatly respected if he gives it fully to public objects, but that his attempt to participate in the work of government is viewed with a certain jealousy, while contributions for party purposes are eagerly received by the bosses, and offices are occasionally given in return for them by regular bargain. It is in this way, in fact, as well as through lower forms of corruption, that individual wealth protects itself against the consequences of the change to which I have already called attention, the transfer of the government to the poor and obscure. Property still has weight in public affairs, but not open weight, and the power of persuading the legislators has been taken from the public orator, or writer, who wielded it in the beginning of the century, and turned over to the successful man of affairs, who has schemes to carry out, but cannot waste time in arguing about them with anybody.

Among the minor illustrations of the failure to foresee, afforded by the early founders of democracy and speculators on it, is the virtual abolition of the board of electors who were to elect the President. They are now a mere formal body of registrars, who have no more to do with the results than a voting machine. Another is the total loss of the power of choice by the legislatures in electing Senators of the United States. The legislatures no longer choose them. They are chosen by the managers of the party outside, and the legislators are, in fact, elected to carry out this choice. A more complete disappointment than these two modes of bringing great care to bear on two important operations of government could hardly be imagined, and yet it is a disappointment which does not

appear to have been suspected as likely to come. The present generation of reformers are nearly as eager to abolish the Electoral College and the legislative election of Senators, after a century of experience, as the framers of the Constitution were to establish them. The prevailing desire is to remit the work in both cases to the popular vote.

This brings to our notice two tendencies, apparently, but only apparently, opposing, in American opinion. One is to throw as much of the nominating or canvassing or preparatory work as possible on individual men, like bosses and workers; the other is to make the constituency of each important office as wide as possible. The whole people of the Union would like to vote directly for the President, the whole people of a State would like to vote for a Senator, and the whole people of a city would like to vote for an almost despotic mayor, but few want to take any trouble in creating or arranging machinery for choosing them. The work of "getting delegates" to nominating conventions, and making other preparations for elections, is left to professionals; that is, to men who do little else, and who get a living out of this work. The exhortation of political moralists to "attend the primaries" has become almost a joke among the class to whom it is mainly addressed.

The discussion of all these matters — that is, the observation of the working of democracy on a large scale during the past century — should be the work of any writer on democracy from the philosophic point of view in our day. Mr. Bryce's book is mainly descriptive. He does not foreshadow consequences or suggest remedies. Mr. Lecky is to a certain extent right in drawing illustrations from him, but we can read Mr. Bryce as well as Mr. Lecky can, and we know better than he what corrections or allowances to make. There are tens of thousands of Americans more troubled by many American phenomena than any

European observer, and far more intelligently; yet it is difficult for any American to deal with them adequately as yet, for obvious reasons.

In the first place, political speculation is somewhat discountenanced or discouraged in America by the excessive cultivation of what is called "patriotism," not unnatural in a young people, whose growth in wealth and numbers has been prodigious beyond example. This "patriotism" has been made by the multitude to consist in holding everything that is, to be exactly right, or easily remedied. A complaining or critical man, as a speculator is apt to be, is therefore set down as a person "unpatriotic," or hostile to his country. He may object to the other party, but he must not find fault with the working of his government. The consequence is that any man who expects to make his way in politics, or even to succeed comfortably in a profession or business, is strongly tempted to proclaim incessantly his great content with the existing order of things, and to treat everything "American" as sacred. Criticism of the government or of political tendencies is apt to be considered a sign of infidelity to the republic, and admiration for something foreign. More than this, an American is himself part of what he discusses or proposes to amend. He has his prejudices, some of them hereditary; he has tastes and associations, few of which are corrected by contact with or knowledge of different forms of society; and his range of possibilities is therefore narrow.

What is most serious of all is that we have not, as England or France or Germany has, one great capital, in which all the philosophers and speculators, and in fact men of education, live and make a philosophical or political atmosphere, are influenced by each other's opinions, enjoy each other's society, profit by each other's criticism, and transmit to the provinces, as from a court of last resort, final judgments on literature, art, and

politics, and snap their fingers at country denunciation and grumbling. Our thinkers are scattered all over the country, hundreds or thousands of miles away from their congeners. They brood rather than speculate. They live among "plain people." They have a human desire to be comfortable and happy with their neighbors, to receive their approval and respect. They have but few opportunities of intercourse with their fellows in other parts of the country. Even in cases like the Venezuelan affair, or like the greenback or silver "craze," it is so easy to fall in with the crowd, or still easier to be silent, so hard to be generally denounced as "unpatriotic" or as a "Mugwump," or to be accused of foreign tastes or leanings, that attempts to point out a "more excellent way" are somewhat under a cloud. Only men of marked ability or strong character make them, and even for these the work is wearisome and a little disheartening. In short, the influence of the scholarly, thinking, philosophical class is not felt in American progress nearly as much as it ought to be.

This is the more regrettable because no rational observer can suppose that the government of the United States is destined to retain indefinitely its present form. It is sure, like all governments which have preceded it, to change, and probably change from century to century. The history of all republics and of all monarchies, like the history of man himself, is one of incessant change. The Greek republics, the Roman republic and empire, the Venetian republic, the French and English monarchies, have all undergone modifications from generation to generation, in institutions, laws, and manners. Since Elizabeth the English monarchy has experienced at least four enormous changes, involving complete transfer of power and a complete revolution in political ideas. Even China is succumbing to what is called "the spirit of the age." To suppose that we,

with forty-five republics, indulging in annual experiments in government, shall be exempt from the general law is absurd. These changes consist, too, as a rule, in adaptation of the institutions of the country to an altered condition of popular sentiment, to the revelation of new dangers, to the decline or deterioration of some law or custom. The English in 1649 would not submit to a monarch like Charles I. In 1688 they would not submit to a monarch like James II. In 1832 they would not submit to a Parliament like that in which Pitt thundered and Burke reasoned. In other words, the history of nations is the history of incessant attempts, fortunate or unfortunate, to better themselves.

For these reasons and many others, all disquisition on the phenomena of modern democracy in any community as final, or as certain to result in despotism or in any other great calamity, appears to me exceedingly inadequate. Democracy in America, like democracy and monarchy elsewhere, is following the course of other political societies. It is suffering from unforeseen evils, as well as enjoying unforeseen blessings. It will probably be worse before it is better. It is trying a great many experiments in laws and manners, of which some, doubtless, will be hideous failures. The régime of "crazes" through which it is now passing is very discouraging, but it is engaged, like most other civilized societies, in a search after remedies.

To illustrate my meaning, let me cite the case of civil service reform. One of the unforeseen evils developed by the new democracy not long after the foundation of the government was the practice of offering all the places, high and low, in the government service, to the victors at each election as "spoils." It took fifty years to bring this evil to what I may call perfection; that is, to reveal in practice exactly how it would work, how it would affect legislation and administration and public life. It was something

novel at first, because although, under European monarchies, places were given away as rewards to favorites, and were even sold, they were permanent, and the field of distribution was small. It became deeply rooted in the political manners of the people, and by large numbers was looked on as the true American system of appointment,—the only one suited to a democratic republic. Two generations, at least, had never seen any other system. A full discussion of its injurious effects on public life and on the public service was not begun till after the civil war. The advocates of a change were met at first with intense hostility and ridicule from the politicians and from members of Congress, and were received with great indifference by the general public. Yet in five years they succeeded in making some impression upon the President. Within ten

years after the war they had secured some favorable legislation. Every President since then has made further concessions to them, and this year the final transfer of the whole federal service, including 85,200 places, to the merit system has been made. I do not believe that at the time when the agitation for civil service reform began there was any evil or abuse in the government an attack on which seemed so hopeless, and yet this evil has disappeared within one generation. I cite it as an illustration of the danger or error of treating any democratic failure as permanent or hopeless, or denying to any democratic society the capacity and determination to remedy its own defects in some direction or other by some means or other. No society in our time is willing to deteriorate openly, or ever does so long, without struggling for salvation.

E. L. Godkin.

A CENTURY'S PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

In the course of the year 1774 Dr. Priestley found that by heating red precipitate, or what we now call red oxide of mercury, a gas was obtained, which he called "dephlogisticated air," or, in other words, air deprived of phlogiston, and therefore incombustible. This incombustible air was *oxygen*, and such was man's first introduction to the mighty element that makes one fifth of the atmosphere in volume and eight ninths of the ocean by weight, besides forming one-half of the earth's solid crust, and supporting all fire and all life. I know of nothing which can reveal to us with such startling vividness the extent of the gulf which the human mind has traversed within little more than a hundred years. It is scarcely possible to put ourselves back into the frame of mind in which oxygen was unknown, and no man could

tell what takes place when a log of wood is burned on the hearth. The language employed by Dr. Priestley carries us back to the time when chemistry was beginning to emerge from alchemy. It was Newton's contemporary, Stahl, who invented the doctrine of phlogiston in order to account for combustion. Stahl supposed that all combustible substances contain a common element, or fire principle, which he called phlogiston, and which escapes in the process of combustion. Indeed, the act of combustion was supposed to consist in the escape of phlogiston. Whither this mysterious fire principle betook itself, after severing its connection with visible matter, was not too clearly indicated, but of course it was to that limbo far larger than purgatory, the oubliette wherein have perished men's unsuccessful guesses at truth.

Stahl's theory, however, marked a great advance upon what had gone before, inasmuch as it stated the case in such a way as to admit of direct refutation. Little use was made of the balance in those days, but when it was observed that zinc and lead and sundry other substances grow heavier in burning, it seemed hardly correct to suppose that anything had escaped from these substances. To this objection the friends of the fire principle replied that phlogiston might weigh less than nothing, or, in other words, might be endowed with a positive attribute of levity, so that to subtract it from a body would increase the weight of the body. This was a truly shifty method of reasoning, in which your phlogiston, with its plus sign to-day and its minus sign to-morrow, exhibited a skill in facing both ways like that of an American candidate for public office.

Into the structure of false science that had been reared upon these misconceptions Dr. Priestley's discovery of oxygen came like a bombshell. As in so many other like cases, the discovery was destined to come at about that time; it was made again three years afterward by the Swedish chemist Scheele, without knowing what Priestley had done. The study of oxygen soon pointed to the conclusion that, whatever may escape during combustion, oxygen is always united with the burning substance. Then came Lavoisier with his balance, and proved that whenever a thing burns it combines with Priestley's oxygen, and the weight of the resulting product is equal to the weight of the substance burned plus the weight of oxygen abstracted from the air. Thus combustion is simply union with oxygen, and nothing escapes. No room was left for phlogiston. Men's thoughts were dephlogisticated from that time forth. The balance became the ruling instrument of chemistry. One further step led to the generalization that in all chemical changes there is no such thing as increase or diminution, but only substi-

tution, and upon this fundamental truth of the indestructibility of matter all modern chemistry rests.

When we look at the stupendous edifice of science that has been reared upon this basis, when we consider the almost limitless sweep of inorganic and organic chemistry, the myriad applications to the arts, the depth to which we have been enabled to penetrate into the innermost proclivities of matter, it seems almost incredible that a single century can have witnessed so much achievement. We must admit the fact, but our minds cannot take it in; we are staggered by it. One thing stands out prominently, as we contrast this rapid and coherent progress with the barrenness of ancient alchemy and the chaotic fumbling of the Stahl period: we see the importance of untrammelled inquiry, and of sound methods of investigation which admit of verification at every step. That humble instrument the balance, working in the service of sovereign law, has been a beneficent Jinni unlocking the portals of many a chamber wherein may be heard the secret harmonies of the world.

It is not only in chemistry, however, that the marvelous advance of science has been exhibited. In all directions the quantity of achievement has been so marked that it is worth our while to take a brief general survey of the whole, to see if haply we may seize upon the fundamental characteristics of this great progress. In the first place, a glance at astronomy will show us how much our knowledge of the world has enlarged in space since the day when Priestley set free his dephlogisticated air.

The known solar system then consisted of sun, moon, earth, and the five planets visible to the naked eye. Since the days of the Chaldæan shepherds there had been no additions except the moons of Jupiter and Saturn. Herschel's telescope was to win its first triumph in the detection of Uranus in 1781. The Newtonian theory, promulgated in 1687,

had come to be generally accepted, but there were difficulties remaining, connected with the planetary perturbations and the inequalities in the moon's motion, which the glorious labors of Lagrange and Laplace were presently to explain and remove, — labors which bore their full fruition two generations later, in 1845, when the discovery of the planet Neptune, by purely mathematical reasoning from the observed effects of its gravitation, furnished for the Newtonian theory the grandest confirmation known in the whole history of science. In Priestley's time, sidereal astronomy was little more than the cataloguing of such stars and nebulae as could be seen with the telescopes then at command. Sixty years after the discovery of oxygen the distance of no star had been measured. In 1836, Auguste Comte assured his readers that such a feat was impossible, that the Newtonian theory could never be proved to extend through the interstellar spaces, and that the matter of which stars are composed may be entirely different in its properties from the matter with which we are familiar. Within three years the first part of this prophecy was disproved when Bessel measured the distance of the star 61 Cygni; since then the study of the movements of double and multiple stars have shown them conforming to Newton's law; and as for the matter of which they are composed, we are introduced to a chapter in science which even the boldest speculator of half a century ago would have derided as a baseless dream. The discovery of spectrum analysis and the invention of the spectroscope, completed in 1861 by Kirchhoff and Bunsen, have supplied data for the creation of a stellar chemistry; showing us, for example, hydrogen in Sirius and the nebula of Orion, sodium and potassium, calcium and iron, in the sun; demonstrating the gaseous character of nebulae; and revealing chemical elements hitherto unknown, such as helium, a mineral first detected in the sun's at-

mosphere, and afterward found in Norway. A still more wonderful result of spectrum analysis is our ability to measure the motion of a star through a slight shifting in the wave-lengths of the light which it emits. In this way we can measure, in the absence of all parallax, the direct approach or recession of a star; and in somewhat similar wise has been discovered the cause of the long-observed variations of brilliancy in Algol. That star, which is about the size of our sun, has a dark companion not much smaller, and the twain are moving around a third body, also dark: the result is an irregular series of eclipses of Algol, and the gravitative forces exerted by the two invisible stars are estimated through their effects upon the spectrum of the bright star. In no department of science has a region of inference been reached more remote than this. From such a flight one may come back gently to more familiar regions while remarking upon the manifold results that have begun to be attained from the application of a sensitive photograph plate to the telescope in place of the human eye. It may suffice to observe that we thus catch the fleeting aspects of sun-spots and preserve them for study; we detect the feeble self-luminosity still left in such a slowly cooling planet as Jupiter; and since the metallic plate does not quickly weary, like the human retina, the cumulative effects of its long exposure reveal the existence of countless stars and nebulae too remote to be otherwise reached by any visual process. By such photographic methods George Darwin has caught an equatorial ring in the act of detachment from its parent nebula, and the successive phases of the slow process may be watched and recorded by generations of mortals yet to come.

To appreciate the philosophic bearings of this vast enlargement of the mental horizon, let us recall just what happened when Newton first took the leap from earth into the celestial spaces by estab-

lishing a law of physics to which moon and apple alike conform. It was the first step, and a very long one, toward proving that the terrestrial and celestial worlds are dynamically akin, that the same kind of order prevails through both alike, that both are parts of one cosmic whole. So late as Kepler's time, it was possible to argue that the planets are propelled in their elliptic orbits by forces quite unlike any that are disclosed by purely terrestrial experience, and therefore perhaps inaccessible to any rational interpretation. Such imaginary lines of demarcation between earth and heavens were forever swept away by Newton, and the recent work of spectrum analysis simply completes the demonstration that the remotest bodies which the photographic telescope can disclose are truly part and parcel of the dynamic world in which we live.

All this enlargement of the mental horizon, from Newton to Kirchhoff, had reference to space. The nineteenth century has witnessed an equally notable enlargement with reference to time. The beginnings of scientific geology were much later than those of astronomy. The phenomena were less striking and far more complicated; it took longer, therefore, to bring men's minds to bear upon them. Antagonism on the part of theologians was also slower in dying out. The complaint against Newton, that he substituted Blind Gravitation for an Intelligent Deity, was nothing compared to the abuse that was afterwards lavished upon geologists for disturbing the accepted Biblical chronology. At the time when Priestley discovered oxygen, educated men were still to be found who could maintain with a sober face that fossils had been created already dead and petrified, just for the fun of the thing. The writings of Buffon were preparing men's minds for the belief that the earth's crust has witnessed many and important changes, but there could be no scientific geology

until further progress was made in physics and chemistry. It was only in 1763 that Joseph Black discovered latent heat, and thus gave us a clue to what happens when water freezes and melts, or when it is turned into steam. It was in 1786 that the publication of James Hutton's Theory of the Earth ushered in the great battle between Neptunians and Plutonists which prepared the way for scientific geology. When the new science won its first great triumph with Lyell in 1830, the philosophic purport of the event was the same that was being proclaimed by the progress of astronomy. Newton proved that the forces which keep the planets in their orbits are not strange or supernatural forces, but just such as we see in operation upon this earth every moment of our lives. Geologists before Lyell had been led to the conclusion that the general aspect of the earth's surface with which we are familiar is by no means its primitive or its permanent aspect, but that there has been a succession of ages, in which the relations of land and water, of mountain and plain, have varied to a very considerable extent; in which soils and climates have undergone most complicated vicissitudes; and in which the earth's vegetable products and its animal populations have again and again assumed new forms, while the old forms have passed away. In order to account for such wholesale changes, geologists were at first disposed to imagine violent catastrophes brought about by strange agencies, — agencies which were perhaps not exactly supernatural, but were in some vague, unspecified way different from those which are now at work in the visible and familiar order of nature. But Lyell proved that the very same kind of physical processes which are now going on about us would suffice, during a long period of time, to produce the changes in the inorganic world which distinguish one geological period from another. Here, in Lyell's geological in-

vestigations, there was for the first time due attention paid to the immense importance of the prolonged and cumulative action of slight and unobtrusive causes. The continual dropping that wears away stones might have served as a text for the whole series of beautiful researches of which he first summed up the results in 1830. As astronomy was steadily advancing toward the proof that in the abysses of space the physical forces at work are the same as our terrestrial forces, so geology, in carrying us back to enormously remote periods of time, began to teach that the forces at work have all along been the same forces that are operative now. Of course, in that early stage when the earth's crust was in process of formation, when the temperature was excessively high, there were phenomena here such as can no longer be witnessed, but for which we must look to big planets like Jupiter; in that intensely hot atmosphere violent disturbances occur, and chemical elements are dissociated which we are accustomed to find in close combination here. But ever since our earth cooled to a point at which its solid crust acquired stability, since the earliest mollusks and vertebrates began to swim in the seas and worms to crawl in the damp ground, if at almost any time we could have come here on a visit, we should doubtless have found things going on at measured pace very much as at present, — here and there earthquake and avalanche, fire and flood, but generally rain falling, sunshine quickening, herbage sprouting, creatures of some sort browsing, all as quiet and peaceful as a daisied field in June, without the slightest visible pre-sage of the continuous series of minute secular changes that were gradually to transform a Carboniferous world into what was by and by to be a Jurassic world, and that again into what was after a while to be an Eocene world, and so on, until the aspect of the world that we know to-day should noiselessly steal upon us.

When once the truth of Lyell's conclusions began to be distinctly realized, their influence upon men's habits of thought and upon the drift of philosophic speculation was profound. The conception of Evolution was irresistibly forced upon men's attention. It was proved beyond question that the world was not created in the form in which we find it to-day, but has gone through many phases, of which the later are very different from the earlier; and it was shown that, so far as the inorganic world is concerned, the changes can be much more satisfactorily explained by a reference to the ceaseless, all-pervading activity of gentle, unobtrusive causes such as we know than by an appeal to imaginary catastrophes such as we have no means of verifying. It began to appear, also, that the facts which form the subject-matter of different departments of science are not detached and independent groups of facts, but that all are intimately related one with another, and that all may be brought under contribution in illustrating the history of cosmic events. It was a sense of this interdependence of different departments that led Auguste Comte to write his *Philosophie Positive*, the first volume of which appeared in 1830, in which he sought to point out the methods which each science has at command for discovering truth, and the manner in which each might be made to contribute toward a sound body of philosophic doctrine. The attempt had a charm and a stimulus for many minds, but failed by being enlisted in the service of sundry sociological vagaries upon which the author's mind was completely wrecked. "Positivism," from being the name of a potent scientific method, became the name of one more among the myriad ways of having a church and regulating the details of life.

While the ponderous mechanical intellect of Comte was striving to elicit the truth from themes beyond its grasp,

one of the world's supreme poets had already discerned some of the deeper aspects of science presently to be set forth. By temperament and by training Goethe was one of the first among evolutionists. The belief in an evolution of higher from lower organisms could not fail to be strongly suggested to a mind like his as soon as the classification of plants and animals had begun to be conducted upon scientific principles. It is not for nothing that a table of classes, orders, families, genera, and species, when graphically laid out, resembles a family tree. It was not long after Linnæus that believers in some sort of a development theory, often fantastic enough, began to be met with. The facts of morphology gave further suggestions in the same direction. Such facts were first generalized on a grand scale by Goethe in his beautiful little essay on *The Metamorphoses of Plants*, written in 1790, and his *Introduction to Morphology*, written in 1795, but not published until 1807. In these profound treatises, which were too far in advance of their age to exert much influence at first, Goethe laid the philosophic foundations of comparative anatomy in both vegetal and animal worlds. The conceptions of metamorphosis and of homology, which were thus brought forward, tended powerfully toward a recognition of the process of evolution. It was shown that what under some circumstances grows into a stem with a whorl of leaves, under other circumstances grows into a flower; it was shown that in the general scheme of the vertebrate skeleton a pectoral fin, a fore leg, and a wing occupy the same positions: thus was strongly suggested the idea that what under some circumstances developed into a fin might under other circumstances develop into a leg or a wing. The revelations of palæontology, showing various extinct adult forms, with corresponding organs in various degrees of development, went far to strengthen this suggestion, until an unanswerable argument was reached

with the study of rudimentary organs, which have no meaning except as remnants of a vanished past during which the organism has been changing. The study of comparative embryology pointed in the same direction, for it was soon observed that the embryos and larvæ of the higher forms of each group of animals pass, "in the course of their development, through a series of stages in which they more or less completely resemble the lower forms of the group" (Balfour, *Embryology*, i. 2).

Before the full significance of such facts of embryology and morphology could be felt, it was necessary that the work of classification should be carried far beyond the point at which it had been left by Linnæus. In mapping out the relationships in the animal kingdom, the great Swedish naturalist had relied less than his predecessors upon external or superficial characteristics; the time was arriving when classification should be based upon a thorough study of internal structure, and this was done by a noble company of French anatomists, among whom Cuvier was chief. It was about 1817 that Cuvier's gigantic work reached its climax in bringing palæontology into alliance with systematic zoology, and effecting that grand classification of animals in space and time which at once cast into the shade all that had gone before it. During the past fifty years there have been great changes made in Cuvier's classification, especially in the case of the lower forms of animal life. His class of *Radiata* has been broken up, other divisions in his invertebrate world have been modified beyond recognition, his vertebrate scheme has been overhauled in many quarters, his attempt to erect a distinct order for Man has been overthrown. Among the great anatomists concerned in this work the greatest name is that of Huxley. The classification most generally adopted to-day is Huxley's, but it is rather a modification of Cuvier's than a new develop-

ment. So enduring has been the work of the great Frenchman.

With Cuvier the analysis of the animal organism made some progress in such wise that anatomists began to concentrate their attention upon the study of the development and characteristic functions of organs. Philosophically this was a long step in advance, but a still longer one was taken at about the same time by that astonishing youth whose career has no parallel in the history of science. When Xavier Bichat died in 1802, in his thirty-first year, he left behind him a treatise on comparative anatomy in which the subject was worked up from the study of the tissues and their properties. The path thus broken by Bichat led to the cell doctrine of Schleiden and Schwann, matured about 1840, which remains, with some modifications, the basis of modern biology. The advance along these lines contributed signally to the advancement of embryology, which reached a startling height in 1829 with the publication of Baer's memorable treatise, in which the development of an ovum is shown to consist in a change from homogeneity to heterogeneity through successive differentiations. But while Baer thus arrived at the very threshold of the law of evolution, he was not in the true sense an evolutionist; he had nothing to say to phylogenetic evolution, or the derivation of the higher forms of life from lower forms through physical descent with modifications. Just so with Cuvier. When he effected his grand classification, he prepared the way most thoroughly for a general theory of evolution, but he always resisted any such inference from his work. He was building better than he knew.

The hesitancy of such men as Cuvier and Baer was no doubt due partly to the apparent absence of any true cause for physical modifications in species, partly to the completeness with which their own great work absorbed their minds.

Often in the history of science we witness the spectacle of a brilliant discoverer traveling in triumph along some new path, but stopping just short of the goal which subsequent exploration has revealed. There it stands looming up before his face, but he is blind to its presence through the excess of light which he has already taken in. The intellectual effort already put forth has left no surplus for any further sweep of comprehension, so that further advance requires a fresher mind and a new start with faculties unjaded and unwarped. To discover a great truth usually requires a succession of thinkers. Among the eminent anatomists who in the earlier part of our century were occupied with the classification of animals, there were some who found themselves compelled to believe in phylogenetic evolution, although they could frame no satisfactory theory to account for it. The weight of evidence was already in favor of such evolution, and these men could not fail to see it. Foremost among them was Jean Baptiste Lamarck, whose work was of supreme importance. His views were stated in 1809, in his *Philosophie Zoologique*, and further illustrated in 1815, in his voluminous treatise on invertebrate animals. Lamarck entirely rejected the notion of special creations, and he pointed out some of the important factors in evolution, especially the law that organs and faculties tend to increase with exercise, and to diminish with disuse. His weakest point was the disposition to imagine some inherent and ubiquitous tendency toward evolution, whereas a closer study of nature has taught us that evolution occurs only where there is a concurrence of favorable conditions. Among others who maintained some theory of evolution were the two Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, father and son, and the two great botanists, Naudin in France and Hooker in England. In 1852 the case of evolution as against special creations was ar-

gued by Herbert Spencer with convincing force, and in 1855 appeared *The Principles of Psychology*, by the same author, a book which is from beginning to end an elaborate illustration of the process of evolution, and is divided from everything that came before it by a gulf as wide as that which divides the Copernican astronomy from the Ptolemaic.

The followers of Cuvier regarded the methods and results of these evolutionists with strong disapproval. In the excess of such a feeling they even went so far as to condemn all philosophic thinking on subjects within the scope of natural history as visionary and unscientific. Why seek for any especial significance in the fact that every spider and every lobster is made up of just twenty segments? Is it not enough to know the fact? Children must not ask too many questions. It is the business of science to gather facts, not to seek for hidden implications. Such was the mental attitude into which men of science were quite commonly driven, between 1830 and 1860, by their desire to blink the question of evolution. A feeling grew up that the true glory of a scientific career was to detect for the two hundredth time an asteroid, or to stick a pin through a beetle with a label attached bearing your own latinized name, *Browni*, or *Jonesii*, or *Robinsoniense*. This feeling was especially strong in France, and was not confined to physical science. It was exhibited a few years later in the election of some Swedish or Norwegian naturalist (whose name I forget) to the French Academy of Sciences instead of Charles Darwin: the former had described some new kind of fly, the latter was only a theorizer! The study of origins in particular was to be frowned upon. In 1863 the Linguistic Society of Paris passed a by-law that no communications bearing upon the origin of language would be received. In the same mood Sir Henry Maine's treatise on *Ancient Law* was condemned at a

leading American university: it was enough for us to know our own laws; those of India might interest British students who might have occasion to go there, but not Americans. Such crude notions, utterly hostile to the spirit of science, were unduly favored fifty years ago by the persistent unwillingness to submit the phenomena of organic nature to the kind of scientific explanation which facts from all quarters were urging upon us.

During the period from 1830 to 1860 the factor in evolution which had hitherto escaped detection was gradually laid hold of and elaborately studied by Charles Darwin. In the nature of his speculations and the occasion that called them forth, he was a true disciple of Lyell. The work of that great geologist led directly up to Darwinism. As long as it was supposed that each geologic period was separated from the periods before and after it by Titanic convulsions which revolutionized the face of the globe, it was possible for men to acquiesce in the supposition that these convulsions wrought an abrupt and a wholesale destruction of organic life, and that the lost forms were replaced by an equally abrupt and wholesale supernatural creation of new forms at the beginning of each new period. But as people ceased to believe in the convulsions such an explanation began to seem improbable, and it was completely discredited by the fact that many kinds of plants and animals have persisted with little or no change during several successive periods, side by side with other kinds in which there have been extensive variation and extinction.

In connection with this a fact of great significance was elicited. Between the fauna and flora of successive periods in the same geographical region there is apt to be a manifest family likeness, indicating that the later are connected with the earlier through the bonds of physical descent. It was a case of this sort that

attracted Darwin's attention in 1835. The plants and animals of the Galapagos Islands are either descended, with specific modifications, from those of the mainland of Ecuador, or else there must have been an enormous number of special creations. The case is one which at a glance presents the notion of special creations in an absurd light. But what could have caused the modifications? What was wanted was to be able to point to some agency, similar to agencies now in operation, and therefore intelligible, which could be proved to be capable of making specific changes in plants and animals. Darwin's solution of the problem was so beautiful, it seems now so natural and inevitable, that we may be in danger of forgetting how complicated and abstruse the problem really was. Starting from the known experiences of breeders of domestic animals and cultivated plants, and duly considering the remarkable and sometimes astonishing changes that are wrought by simple selection, the problem was to detect among the multifarious phenomena of organic nature any agency capable of accomplishing what man thus accomplishes by selection. In detecting the agency of natural selection, working perpetually through the preservation of favored individuals and races in the struggle for existence, Darwin found the true cause for which men were waiting. With infinite patience and caution he applied his method of explanation to one group of organic phenomena after another, meeting in every quarter with fresh and often unexpected verification. After more than twenty years a singular circumstance led him to publish an account of his researches. The same group of facts had set a younger naturalist to work upon the same problem, and a similar process of thought had led to the same solution. Without knowing what Darwin had done, Alfred Russel Wallace made the same discovery, and sent from the East Indies, in 1858, his

statement of it to Darwin as to the man whose judgment upon it he should most highly prize. This made publication necessary for Darwin. The vast treasures of theory and example which he had accumulated were given to the world, the notion of special creations was exploded, and the facts of phylogenetic evolution won general acceptance.

Under the influence of this great achievement men in every department of science began to work in a more philosophical spirit. Naturalists, abandoning the mood of the stamp-collector, saw in every nook and corner some fresh illustration of Darwin's views. One serious obstacle to any general statement of the doctrine of evolution was removed. It was in 1861 that Herbert Spencer began to publish such a general systematic statement. His point of departure was the point reached by Baer in 1829, the change from homogeneity to heterogeneity. The theory of evolution had already received in Spencer's hands a far more complete and philosophical treatment than ever before, when the discovery of natural selection came to supply the one feature which it lacked. Spencer's thought is often more profound than Darwin's, but he would be the first to admit the indispensableness of natural selection to the successful working out of his own theory.

The work of Spencer is beyond precedent for comprehensiveness and depth. He began by showing that as a generalization of embryology Baer's law needs important emendations, and he went on to prove that, as thus rectified, the law of the development of an ovum is the law which covers the evolution of our planetary system, and of life upon the earth's surface in all its myriad manifestations. In Spencer's hands, the time-honored Nebular Theory propounded by Immanuel Kant in 1755, the earliest of all scientific theories of evolution, took on fresh life and meaning; and at the same time the theories of Lamarck and

Darwin as to organic evolution were worked up along with his own profound generalization of the evolution of mind into one coherent and majestic whole. Mankind have reason to be grateful that the promise of that daring prospectus which so charmed and dazzled us in 1860 is at last fulfilled; that after six-and-thirty years, despite all obstacles and discouragements, the Master's work is virtually done.

Such a synthesis could not have been achieved, nor even attempted, without the extraordinary expansion of molecular physics that marked the first half of the nineteenth century. When Priestley discovered oxygen, the undulatory theory of light, the basis of all modern physics, had not been established. It had indeed been propounded as long ago as 1678 by the illustrious Christian Huyghens, whom we should also remember as the discoverer of Saturn's rings and the inventor of the pendulum clock. But Huyghens was in advance of his age, and the overshadowing authority of Newton, who maintained a rival hypothesis, prevented due attention being paid to the undulatory theory until the beginning of the present century, when it was again taken up and demonstrated by Fresnel and Thomas Young. About the same time, our fellow countryman, Count Rumford, was taking the lead in that series of researches which culminated in the discovery of the mechanical equivalent of heat by Dr. Joule, in 1843. One of Priestley's earliest books, the one which made him a doctor of laws and a fellow of the Royal Society, was a treatise on electricity, published in 1767. It was a long step from that book to the one in which the Danish physicist Oersted, in 1820, demonstrated the intimate correlation between electricity and magnetism, thus preparing the way for Faraday's great discovery of magneto-electric induction in 1831. By the middle of our century the work in these various departments of physics had led to the detection of the deepest truth in sci-

ence, the law of correlation and conservation, which we owe chiefly to Helmholtz, Mayer, and Grove. It was proved that light and heat and the manifestations of force which we group together under the name of electricity are various modes of undulatory motion transformable one into another; and that in the operations of nature energy is never annihilated, but only changed from one form into another. This generalization includes the indestructibility of matter, and thus lies at the bottom of all chemistry and physics and of all science.

Returning to that chemistry with which we started, we may recall two laws that were propounded early in the century, one of which was instantly adopted, while the other had to wait for its day. Dalton's law of definite and multiple proportions has been ever since 1808 the corner-stone of chemical science, and the atomic theory by which he sought to explain the law has exercised a profound influence upon all modern speculation. The other law, announced by Avogadro in 1811, that, "under the same conditions of pressure and temperature, equal volumes of all gaseous substances, whether elementary or compound, contain the same number of molecules," was neglected for nearly fifty years, and then, when it was taken up and applied, it remodeled the whole science of chemistry and threw a flood of light upon the internal constitution of matter. In this direction a new world of speculation is opening up before us, full of wondrous charm. The amazing progress made since Priestley's day may be summed up in a single contrast. In 1781 Cavendish ascertained the bare fact that water is made up of oxygen and hydrogen; within ninety years from that time Sir William Thomson was able to tell us that "if the drop of water were magnified to the size of the earth, the constituent atoms would be larger than peas, but not so large as billiard-balls." Such a statement is confessedly provisional, but, al-

lowing for this, the contrast is no less striking.

Concerning the various and complicated applications of physical science to the arts, by which human life has been so profoundly affected in the present century, a mere catalogue of them would tax our attention to little purpose. As my object in the present paper is simply to trace the broad outlines of advance in pure science, I pass over these applications, merely observing that the perpetual interaction between theory and practice is such that each new invention is liable to modify the science in which it originated, either by encountering fresh questions or by suggesting new methods, or in both these ways. The work of men like Pasteur and Koch cannot fail to influence biological theory as much as medical practice. The practical uses of electricity are introducing new features into the whole subject of molecular physics, and in this region, I suspect, we are to look for some of the most striking disclosures of the immediate future.

A word must be said of the historical sciences, which have witnessed as great changes as any others, mainly through the introduction of the comparative method of inquiry. The first two great triumphs of the comparative method were achieved contemporaneously in two fields of inquiry very remote from one another: the one was the work of Cuvier, above mentioned; the other was the founding of the comparative philology of the Aryan languages by Franz Bopp, in 1816. The work of Bopp exerted as powerful an influence throughout all the historical fields of study as Cuvier exerted in biology. The young men whose minds were receiving their formative impulses between 1825 and 1840, under the various influences of Cuvier and Saint-Hilaire, Lyell, Goethe, Bopp, and other such great leaders, began themselves to come to the foreground as leaders of thought about 1860: on the one hand, such men as Darwin, Gray, Hux-

ley, and Wallace; on the other hand, such as Kuhn and Schleicher, Maine, Maurer, Mommsen, Freeman, and Tylor. The point of the comparative method, in whatever field it may be applied, is that it brings before us a great number of objects so nearly alike that we are bound to assume for them an origin and general history in common, while at the same time they present such differences in detail as to suggest that some have advanced further than others in the direction in which all are traveling; some, again, have been abruptly arrested, others perhaps even turned aside from the path. In the attempt to classify such phenomena, whether in the historical or in the physical sciences, the conception of development is presented to the student with irresistible force. In the case of the Aryan languages, no one would think of doubting their descent from a common original: just side by side is the parallel case of one sub-group of the Aryan languages, namely, the seven Romance languages which we know to have been developed out of Latin since the Christian era. In these cases we can study the process of change resulting in forms that are more or less divergent from their originals. In one quarter a form is retained with little modification; in another it is completely blurred, as the Latin *metipsissimus* becomes *medesimo* in Italian, but *mismo* in Spanish, while in modern French there is nothing left of it but *même*. So in Sanskrit and in Lithuanian we find a most ingenious and elaborate system of conjugation and declension, which in such languages as Greek and Latin is more or less curtailed and altered, and which in English is almost completely lost. Yet in Old English there are quite enough vestiges of the system to enable us to identify it with the Lithuanian and Sanskrit.

So the student who applies the comparative method to the study of human customs and institutions is continually finding usages, beliefs, or laws existing

in one part of the world that have long since ceased to exist in another part; yet where they have ceased to exist they have often left unmistakable traces of their former existence. In Australasia we find types of savagery ignorant of the bow and arrow; in aboriginal North America, a type of barbarism familiar with the art of pottery, but ignorant of domestic animals or of the use of metals; among the earliest Romans, a higher type of barbarism, familiar with iron and cattle, but ignorant of the alphabet. Along with such gradations in material culture we find associated gradations in ideas, in social structure, and in deep-seated customs. Thus, some kind of fetichism is apt to prevail in the lower stages of barbarism, and some form of polytheism in the higher stages. The units of composition in savage and barbarous societies are always the clan, the phratry, and the tribe. In the lower stages of barbarism we see such confederacies as those of the Iroquois; in the highest stage, at the dawn of civilization, we begin to find nations imperfectly formed by conquest without incorporation, like aboriginal Peru or ancient Assyria. In the lower stages we see captives tortured to death, then at a later stage sacrificed to the tutelal deities, then later on enslaved and compelled to till the soil. Through the earlier stages of culture, as in Australasia and aboriginal America, we find the marriage tie so loose and paternity so uncertain that kinship is reckoned only through the mother; but in the highest stage of barbarism, as among the earliest Greeks, Romans, and Jews, the more definite patriarchal family is developed, and kinship begins to be reckoned through the father. It is only after that stage is reached that inheritance of property becomes fully developed, with the substitution of individual ownership for clan ownership, and so on to the development of testamentary succession, individual responsibility for delict and crime, and the substitution of contract

for status. In all such instances — and countless others might be cited — we see the marks of an intelligible progression, a line of development which human ideas and institutions have followed. But in the most advanced societies we find numerous traces of such states of things as now exist only among savage or barbarous societies. Our own ancestors were once polytheists, with plenty of traces of fetichism. They were organized in clans, phratries, and tribes. There was a time when they used none but stone tools and weapons; when there was no private property in land, and no political structure higher than the tribe. Among the forefathers of the present civilized inhabitants of Europe are unmistakable traces of human sacrifices and of the reckoning of kinship through the mother only. When we have come to survey large groups of facts of this sort, the conclusion is irresistibly driven home to us that the more advanced societies have gone through various stages now represented here and there by less advanced societies; that there is a general path of social development, along which, owing to special circumstances, some peoples have advanced a great way, some a less way, some but a very little way; and that by studying existing savages and barbarians we get a valuable clue to the interpretation of prehistoric times. All these things are to-day commonplaces among students of history and archæology; sixty years ago they would have been scouted as idle vagaries. It is the introduction of such methods of study that is making history scientific. It is enabling us to digest the huge masses of facts that are daily poured in upon us by decipherers of the past, — monuments, inscriptions, pottery, weapons, ethnological reports, and all that sort of thing, — and to make all contribute toward a coherent theory of the career of mankind upon the earth.

In the course of the foregoing survey one fact stands out with especial pro-

minence: it appears that about half a century ago the foremost minds of the world, with whatever group of phenomena they were occupied, had fallen, and were more and more falling, into a habit of regarding things, not as having originated in the shape in which we now find them, but as having been slowly metamorphosed from some other shape through the agency of forces similar in nature to forces now at work. Whether planets, or mountains, or mollusks, or subjunctive moods, or tribal confederacies were the things studied, the scholars who studied them most deeply and most fruitfully were those who studied them as phases in a process of development. The work of such scholars has formed the strong current of thought in our time, while the work of those who did not catch these new methods has been dropped by the way and forgotten; and as we look back to Newton's time we can see that ever since then the drift of scientific thought has been setting in this direction, and with increasing steadiness and force.

Now, what does all this drift of scientific opinion during more than two centuries mean? It can, of course, have but one meaning. It means that the world *is* in a process of development, and that gradually, as advancing knowledge has enabled us to take a sufficiently wide view of the world, we have come to see that it is so. The old statical conception of a world created all at once in its present shape was the result of very narrow experience; it was entertained when we knew only an extremely small segment of the world. Now that our experience has widened, it is outgrown and set aside forever; it is replaced by the dynamical conception of a world in a perpetual process of evolution from one state into another state. This dynamical conception has come to stay with us. Our theories as to what

the process of evolution is may be more or less wrong and are confessedly tentative, as scientific theories should be. But the dynamical conception, which is not the work of any one man, be he Darwin or Spencer or any one else, but the result of the cumulative experience of the last two centuries, this is a permanent acquisition. We can no more revert to the statical conception than we can turn back the sun in his course. Whatever else the philosophy of future generations may be, it must be some kind of a philosophy of evolution.

Such is the scientific conquest achieved by the nineteenth century, a marvelous story without any parallel in the history of human achievement. The swiftness of the advance has been due partly to the removal of the ancient legal and social trammels that beset free thinking in every conceivable direction. It is largely due also to the use of correct methods of research. The waste of intellectual effort has been less than in former ages. The substitution of Lavoisier's balance for Stahl's *a priori* reasoning is one among countless instances of this. Sound scientific method is a slow acquisition of the human mind, and for its more rapid introduction, in Priestley's time and since, we have largely to thank the example set by those giants of a former age, Galileo and Kepler, Descartes and Newton.

The lessons that might be derived from our story are many. But one that we may especially emphasize is the dignity of Man whose persistent seeking for truth is rewarded by such fruits. We may be sure that the creature whose intelligence measures the pulsations of molecules and unravels the secret of the whirling nebula is no creature of a day, but the child of the universe, the heir of all the ages, in whose making and perfecting is to be found the consummation of God's creative work.

John Fiske.

ARBITRATION AND OUR RELATIONS WITH ENGLAND.

THE subject of the relations between the United States and Great Britain has been lately brought very suddenly and very prominently into view. For a long time they have been so friendly and so free from disturbance as to have come to be regarded in both countries as a matter of course. In the last seventy-five years the two nations have been drawn more closely together than any others ever were, not only because we are the descendants of England, and have derived from and hold in common with her language, religion, literature, law, the principles of free government, and the customs of social life; nor merely because, ever since our independence, our population has been recruited from hers by a steadfast tide of immigration, only once interrupted, which has brought many millions of her subjects here; but because our actual intercourse of all kinds with that country and her dependencies has been and is greater than with all the rest of the world put together. Our business concerns and hers are inextricably connected. Sixty per cent of our exports go to her, as against forty per cent to all other countries. The proportion of our imports from her is more than one third of the whole. Our financial operations are in an even greater ratio. Great Britain has been the chief market abroad for the bonds of the United States government and for all our other investment securities, and the principal banker for the vast multitude of Americans who annually visit that country and overspread Europe. The sayings, often repeated, that we are brethren, cousins, with a common inheritance, hopes, and qualities; that blood is thicker than water; that to disturb relations so natural, so intimate, so profitable, and so pleasant would be worse than a crime, and so on through the whole gamut of effusive occasions,

are platitudes which we have grown weary of hearing, since what is undeniable need not be so often reasserted.

It is needless to refer here to the cause of the sudden and unexpected disturbance of the relations between the United States and Great Britain. It arose out of no quarrel or dispute between the two countries, nor from any of those sudden provocations that sometimes, by somebody's blunder or misconduct, assume an international character. The matter out of which it sprung was one that did not concern us in the least, of the merits of which we knew nothing, in which our interference was altogether without justification or reasonable object; and it took both nations by surprise. It is to be believed that it has now passed into history, and that no useful purpose can be served by further discussion of the questions it involved.

But a question more important than the merits of this particular case in dealing with the relations between ourselves and Great Britain is, how the unexpected prospect of a collision was received by the people on both sides. It is now happily apparent that the position taken by the United States government will not be permitted by the people of either nation to have the result that was at first apprehended. But the shock that followed has not yet spent its force. From its instant and destructive effect upon the business of the country, struggling as it was with long-continued disaster, we have not yet recovered, and this is a slight but appalling indication of what the calamities of a real war would be. On the part of Congress, the President's Venezuelan message was received by a large majority in both Houses with frantic expressions of joy and approval. Politicians of all sorts made haste to array themselves in favor of a war with Eng-

land, and to vie with one another to be foremost in its advocacy. If their conduct were to be taken as an index of American feeling, it would seem of no use to compose this controversy, since another would inevitably take its place. But the time has passed when Congress either represents or directs public opinion in this country. While both Houses still contain men of both parties who command respect, they are but the minority, and can control neither the Houses nor the parties they belong to. Congressional zeal for a causeless war rapidly subsided when it was found that a decisive public sentiment was the other way, and its ephemeral outbreak needs now to be considered only so far as it can be taken to indicate the existence of a corresponding feeling among the people. But it gives an ominous significance to those words in the Constitution of the United States, "Congress shall have power to declare war."

By a very large proportion of the best intelligence of the country, the proposal of the President to intervene by force between Great Britain and Venezuela was promptly repudiated. But it is not to be denied that the action of Congress is significant of a certain unreasoning impulse among a portion of the people, not inconsiderable in numbers, in favor of a war with Great Britain, or, failing that, with some other country. To such indications the practical politician is preternaturally sensitive. He is, therefore, a sort of thermometer that shows pretty accurately the temperature of a class which he always assumes to be a majority, when he sees that they are in the wrong. It would be unsafe to deny that there does exist among a body of voters, larger in some sections of this country than in others, an undefined but not less real feeling that would readily join in a hurrah for war, with whatever nation and for whatever cause. The source of it is not so easy to be understood, for nothing is more difficult to

analyze than the currents of popular caprice. Of these it may truly be said that the wind bloweth where it listeth, and we hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth. The politician who deals with them as the basis of his baleful industry does not concern himself about their origin or their consequences, but accepts them as natural forces that can be worked for gain. Perhaps it is true that at certain intervals there arises in the minds of men a thirst for blood that only war can assuage; so that war may be set down at periods in the history of the human race, happily growing less and less frequent, as one of its normal conditions, which will never cease from off the earth. The impulse toward a war with England, when thwarted, turned instantly toward an equally groundless and useless quarrel with Spain. There are always men enough, likewise, such as they are, who believe that they have nothing to lose, but somehow something to gain, in the general catastrophe of war. In the multitude of lives that must be laid down as its price they never include their own. Incapable of perceiving that in times of national distress it is the poorest class that suffers most in the end, such men, "the cankers of a calm world and a long peace," readily enlist in the ragged regiments of the demagogues, who see in the prospect of hostilities an endless vista of successful elections, offices, contracts, plunder, and pensions; who anticipate what Dr. Johnson describes as the chief fruits of war, "the sudden glories of contractors and commissaries, agents and paymasters, whose palaces arise like exhalations, and whose equipages dazzle like meteors."

But aside from this impulse toward war for the sake of war, it is not to be disguised that there exists in some quarters a certain prejudice against England for which no sensible reason could be given, and which would make war with her particularly attractive to those who

share it. The traditions of two wars yet linger among us, the first of which made us a nation, and gave to the men most celebrated in early American history the renown that is the justly cherished tradition of the country. Until the civil war, our chief military achievements by land and sea were against the mother country. Many still living recall the time when, in the mimic warfare of the schoolboy, the enemy was always "the British," and when patriotism consisted chiefly, in the popular mind, especially on the Fourth of July, in a readiness to fight that hereditary foe, as our fathers did before us. More recent influences, limited in their sphere, are still considerable where they have force. We have a very large Irish population, who all take to politics as ducks do to water, whose hatred of England is born out of that unhappy history whose memories will never perish. It is natural that they should be fed in partisan newspapers on an habitual disparagement of England; and these papers afford reading and instruction to many who are not Irish, but who are not beyond their influence. To the laboring class, who are taught that foreign competition in manufactures is the chief obstacle to their prosperity, England, which under free trade has become the workshop of the world, is constantly held up as an enemy, ready at all times, with "British gold" as well as with argument and influence, to thwart the exertions of the friends of American labor. The advocates of a silver currency are led to believe that England is the author, not the disciple, of those economical teachings which they find insuperable, and is in natural harmony with the "gold bugs of Wall Street" and "the bloated bondholders." Not impossibly, there may be something in the very supremacy of England among the nations of her hemisphere, in the steadfast course and continuance of her foreign policy, in her vast naval power, and in the extension of her empire in all parts

of the world, not always perhaps by the most scrupulous means, that excites in some minds a sentiment of hostility. And it is to be remembered, finally, that a conglomerate race is being formed in this country with accelerating rapidity out of all the nations of the European continent, whose emigrants are made voters before they learn what suffrage means; to whom England, so far as they know anything about her, is foreign, if not hostile; and with whom the sentimental considerations natural to her descendants are invoked in vain.

But it is certainly true that the great body of the more intelligent Americans have no share in these feelings. They harbor no prejudices or jealousies in respect to England, as has been clearly shown in the expressions of opinion which recent events have called out. They desire no controversy with her. Proud of their own country, believing in its destiny, resolute to defend it when it needs defense in any quarter, for the greatness of England they have a cordial admiration; and in her forward march they know that they and the world are profited. They see that wherever her flag goes it stands for law and order and good government, and that under it the rights of all men are safer than under the rule of any other country. They perceive that if we are to have relations or friends anywhere, they must be found among the people of our own race; that the two countries are natural and necessary allies, whom God has joined together, kindred who even if they quarrel would be kindred still; that if business and industry are to prosper in either, they must prosper in both; and that if Christianity, liberty, and the principles of free government are ever to overspread the earth, they must be carried by the English language, which has thus far been their vehicle. In the minds of such men there is no room for the paltriness of Anglomania on the one hand, or of Anglophobia on the other, — for

servile imitation or groundless jealousy. They desire with England only that honorable peace, those friendly relations, and that kindly intercourse which subsist between nations supremely great, who respect and trust each other, and who do not seek to infringe rights which by either side, as both well know, would be promptly defended if it unhappily became necessary.

In giving voice to these sentiments, we are not holding out the olive branch to an enemy; we are but accepting that which is held out to us. Nothing could show more clearly the friendly feeling that exists among the English people toward this country than the utterances in England which the late disturbance occasioned. In the Queen's speech to Parliament at its opening, in which the Venezuelan question was necessarily touched upon, the only allusion to the President's message is in these words: "The government of the United States have expressed a wish to coöperate in terminating differences which have existed for many years between my government and the republic of Venezuela, upon the boundary between that country and my colony of British Guiana. I have expressed my sympathy with the desire to come to an equitable arrangement, and trust that further negotiation will lead to a satisfactory settlement." Language hardly admits of a more kindly rebuke than is contained in these few mild, courteous, and dignified words. In the extended debate in the House of Commons on the address in reply to the Queen's speech, in which all the leading members in both parties took part, there was not an unkindly or a harsh word toward the United States or its government, but only an universal avowal of sorrowful surprise at its attitude in respect to a dispute with Venezuela which is regarded in England as unimportant. The language of the leading press in Great Britain was chiefly in the same strain, although so grave an infraction of

the proprieties of diplomatic intercourse as had taken place might naturally enough have provoked a spirited if not a hostile retort. The contrast is very striking between the effect produced in England by the Venezuelan message and the flame kindled throughout the kingdom by the telegram of congratulation from the German Emperor to President Krüger on the repulse of an expedition which Great Britain disclaimed, and with the authors of which she is now dealing in her criminal courts. But the English have learned to discriminate between the language of the government of the United States and the sentiment of the people it officially represents, and it is to be hoped and believed that in the result the bonds between the nations will be cemented rather than loosened. Peace will be maintained on our part, so long as it ought to be, by that substantial class of the American people who in time of peace do the work of the country, and who, if war unhappily comes, must chiefly be relied on for its defense.

But to insure peace in our time and in all times the first requisite is to deserve it, by refraining, and by compelling our representatives to refrain, from all such infringement of the just rights of other nations as we should ourselves resent if inflicted upon us. And then it needs, perhaps, to be more clearly perceived, by those who wisely and humanely desire to preserve peace, from what quarter the danger to it is to be expected. The issues of peace and war rest no longer with governments, for governments at this day can neither bring about wars nor prevent them. They will occur when the people of the countries concerned become inflamed against each other to the fighting point. When that is the case, a cause of war is not far to seek, and an incident small in itself may bring it on at any moment. The combustible mass must first be prepared, and it is then very easy to set it on fire. When the opposite feeling prevails among

the people on both sides and war between them is deprecated, any difference or dispute that arises will be surely in some way accommodated or compromised. The war of the Revolution began by the imposition of a small tax on tea; the war of 1812, by the taking by British out of American ships of one or two deserters from the British service; the war of the Rebellion, by the firing on Fort Sumter, without much harm done, by a few hot-headed men in Charleston. But does any one suppose these incidents to have been the causes of those wars? They were only their occasions, the signals for them to begin. The causes lay far deeper, and had long been ripening in the popular mind. The process by which the national temper is wrought up to fighting heat is educational and requires time. It cannot grow without something to feed on. Mutual misunderstanding, misrepresentation, a long course of irritation and provocation, are its natural nourishment. It may well be doubted whether a war can ever take place in these days between nations whose people thoroughly understand each other.

It is to this source, therefore, that it would seem that the efforts of the friends of peace should be first directed, — to the cultivation of the spirit of peace among men, and to the restraint and rebuke of vituperation, unjust language, and untrue assertion in respect to foreign nations, whether on the floor of Congress, in the newspaper press, or by orators at large, which naturally tend to goad those nations to resentment, and at the same time to educate our own people, through misapprehension and hostility, up to passion and a desire for violence. This courtesy, due to all nations, is especially due to those who practice it toward us. It is well to understand that among nations, as among individuals, friendly relations are largely dependent upon good manners. Calm language, firm but courteous, addressed through the proper channels to a foreign

government, will always be found sufficient, as far as language can be, for the assertion of any right, or just demand, and will leave the door open for adjustment instead of closing it in advance.

The Venezuelan message of the President has brought forth a considerable movement among men of the best quality and purest motives, in behalf of some scheme of permanent international arbitration between the United States and Great Britain. The project has been much discussed, mainly by those to whom the theory seems attractive as a means of maintaining peace, but who probably have not reflected on its practical difficulties. It is not the most promising way to establish friendship, to begin to construct machinery to settle expected disputes. Nor is the occasion which has given rise to the proposal the most fortunate. It looks too much as if it were anticipated that we may find it desirable, in future political exigencies, to make similar attacks, and wish to secure ourselves beforehand against their being resented. But since the discussion is on the side of peace, it can do no harm, and will doubtless indirectly be productive of good.

Compulsory arbitration is a contradiction in terms, since that process must necessarily take place through a voluntary agreement, incapable of application until the occasion for it arises. To agree to arbitrate future controversies is one thing; actually to arbitrate an existing controversy is quite another. It is manifest that there must be many cases, quite impossible to foresee, to which such an agreement would not apply, or would be, by one side or the other, repudiated as inapplicable, and the question whether the case is within the agreement would be likely to make more trouble than the case itself. It might almost as well be hoped to prevent disputes by agreeing beforehand that we will never have them, — a practicable method, undoubtedly, if

it could only be settled at the same time to what disputes the agreement not to dispute should apply.

But arbitration will still be resorted to in the future, as it has been in the past, in that limited class of international cases where the questions involved are questions of fact, depending for decision upon evidence. Such cases, while they may be compromised, can never be determined except by some tribunal which can hear the evidence, and so ascertain the truth; and sometimes they may be too important for compromise. Even in those cases this mode of trial encounters many obstacles. If the tribunal is composed, in whole or in part, of members appointed from the countries that are parties to the controversy, they cease to be judges, and become only representatives and opposing advocates. If it is made up of members from other countries, serious embarrassment arises out of the difficulty of obtaining those who are satisfactory; the foreign languages they speak; the systems of law and methods of legal thought, very different from ours, in which they are trained; the want of power in the court, under whatever exigencies, except that which is precisely conferred by the treaty, even so much as is necessary to enforce its own orders; and the lack of any system of procedure or rules of evidence such as in all other tribunals are found indispensable. These and other difficulties will be found quite sufficient to conduct those who have to deal with them to the conclusion that a court is not a court of justice which is only the creature of the parties litigant; and that, in order to be effectual, it must be invested with a larger and more independent authority than can be derived from their consent. But, grave as these obstacles are, and lessening, as they always must, the chances of a really just decision, they are nevertheless not insuperable, since what has been done before, however imperfectly, can be done again with no greater imperfection.

Beyond cases turning upon questions of fact, arbitration, however plausible in theory, is not likely to be found practicable. In cases involving questions of law, which means of course international law, it is not available. Such questions are necessarily new, for no tribunal is requisite to decide between nations those points in respect to which the law is already settled. Unlike a court of justice, which deals with municipal law and is empowered to extend its principles to every case of new impression, so that there can be no dispute too novel or too difficult to be decided, an arbitration cannot extend the rules of international law beyond what is already established, since those rules find their only sanction and authority in the general consent of nations. The inquiry in every case is, therefore, whether the proposition advanced has received such assent. If not, however just in itself, it is idle to expect arbitrators, empowered only by the agreement of two nations to decide a particular case, to take it upon themselves to enlarge the law of nations, and to add to its existing rules any new proposition; or in other words, to declare that to be law which is not law, and which they have no authority to make law. Hence no rule of law can be adopted by such a court unless it can be shown to have been previously acquiesced in; and arbitration can be useful in no case depending upon a question of international law, except those cases in which it will be unnecessary, since the point involved will have been already settled.

Nor can it be expected that any controversy whatever which involves national honor will be submitted to arbitration by any nation capable of self-vindication. The same considerations will likewise prevent the reference to such a tribunal of any dispute involving the integrity of the territory of a nation, which has been occupied by its subjects under a claim of right for any considerable period of time on the faith of their country's

protection. And finally, it is obvious that in no case whatever can that remedy be successfully proposed, where popular feeling on the one side or the other has reached fighting heat, and has passed beyond the control of representative government. A casual review of the wars that have occurred in modern times between countries so governed, and of the conditions that preceded them, will show how utterly futile in such emergencies would have been, or would be likely to be hereafter, the attempt at the lingering and uncertain process of submitting to the decision of foreign jurists the quarrel that had set men's minds on fire. It will probably be apparent, therefore, to those who will reflect upon these suggestions, that it is a mistake to suppose that international arbitration can ever become, as has been fondly hoped, a substitute for war. On no such artificial and cumbrous contrivance can peace on earth and good will among men be made to depend. These reside in the temper of nations, not in the decision of courts.

Neither can it be made a substitute for that diplomacy, though to a certain limited extent it may be an adjunct to it, through which international affairs must always be conducted if conducted successfully; for wise diplomacy is a great deal better than arbitration, and in nineteen cases out of twenty can do without it. Statesmanship proceeds not so much by the settlement of questions in dispute as by avoiding their settlement. Its resource is judicious compromise of the concrete case, leaving the abstract question to those who may be unfortunate enough to have to encounter it. Among nations capable of asserting their rights, there is no middle ground between compromise and conquest, since, even if war is resorted to, only one or the other can result. The history of diplomacy, if it is ever written, will be found to be a history of compromises, through which wars have been avoided

or terminated, advantages gained, injuries redressed, claims adjusted, and peace maintained. All treaties are made up of mutual concessions, except those dictated to a prostrate enemy; and the greatest diplomatists have been those who have saved the most blood and shed the least ink.

The success of British foreign policy is due to its freedom from the influence of domestic politics, its continuity and steadfast consistency, its dignity, its courage, and perhaps more than all to the committal of its conduct to the most skillful hands the country possesses.

If we cannot invent a new tribunal to take the place of statesmanship, we can at least reconstruct and improve our diplomatic machinery, and in doing so profit, as we have done in so many other things, by the example of our British ancestors. International affairs are conducted through two agencies, at home and abroad. In our own case, both these are capable of being greatly strengthened. The Secretary of State necessarily changes with each successive administration, and often more frequently. Within less than four years we have had four secretaries. As the panorama of American politics never turns back, no secretary holds office a second time; the incumbent is always a new one, often unfamiliar with the difficult and delicate business with which he is charged, — how difficult and delicate those only know who have had to do with it. His subordinates, except those who change with him, are usually little more than clerks, who rarely have a long tenure of office, and the whole business of foreign affairs is virtually begun over again with each new head of the department, or at the least with each new administration. The State Department would be largely reinforced by the creation of three or four under-secretaries, appointed for life, who should be men of conspicuous ability and attainment. They would become possessed of a complete acquaint-

ance with all foreign questions, their history, precedents, facts, and traditions, and entirely versed in the principles of law and the considerations of policy on which they depend, as well as in the methods and proprieties of diplomatic procedure. Their counsel and assistance would be invaluable to the overwrought Secretary, and would give to our foreign policy the continuity, consistency, and sound legal foundation without which we cannot hope that it will be successful. With such an accomplished staff the British Foreign Office is always furnished, and the incoming Secretary finds the work ready to his hand and is assured of the ground on which he stands.

The diplomatic representatives of the country abroad constitute the other agency through which foreign affairs are dealt with. Every civilized country but ours has a diplomatic corps, composed chiefly of men who devote their lives to the service as a profession; who, beginning in youth with its lower grades, advance with time and experience as far as their abilities warrant. In America alone, diplomacy consists principally in the distribution and rapid redistribution of diplomatic offices. While in the higher posts we have often had men of competent and even distinguished ability, they have withdrawn almost as soon as they became really familiar with the requirements. The less important places will not be accepted for a short term of office by that class of men, and they are therefore often filled with those not adequate to any serious emergency, and who are at best only messengers between the State Department and the government to which they are accredited. Yet grave complications are quite as likely to occur in small as in greater countries. If we had a regular diplomatic service of permanent tenure, into the subordinate places of which young men could enter, and then grow up to its higher and perhaps to its highest duties, there would soon be no post that would not be capably

filled. We should have at every legation a trained and competent sentinel on duty, equal to any necessity that might arise. The diplomatic service is a profession by itself, and should be a life work if great success in it is to be attained. The time is past when we can afford to treat any of its places as sinecures, to be awarded for political service, or given to ornamental figures not adapted to real use. The existence of a permanent corps would not at all interfere with the occasional appointment of first-class men, not belonging to it, to its most important positions. We should combine that advantage with those of the permanent and specially trained service, from which also, as in other professions, first-class men might reasonably be expected to appear.

The true work of diplomacy must be done abroad. It may receive its guidance and general direction from home, but to be carried to successful results it often needs personal presence and intercourse. It is like an army in the field, which cannot be guided in its movements by a congressional committee or a Secretary of War, but must be entrusted to the commander for the accomplishment of the objects to which it is directed. The formal communications at arm's length between governments, all of which have in time to be made public, are only proclamations, which rarely bring anything to pass except counter-proclamations. Every word has to be weighed and considered, lest anything be said that ever need be taken back or modified. They are like the firing between armies at very long range, fruitful of little but noise and smoke. International questions, like other negotiations, are best settled by competent men who can come face to face in a free and confidential interchange of views. Thus can be found out the wise middle ground attainable, and thus the way can be prepared for formal communications that will follow, and not precede, mutual un-

derstanding, and will result in satisfactory conclusions.

But it is more important than any facilities for promoting the conduct of our foreign relations that they should be divorced from the business of domestic politics, which mean, not the adoption of policy, but the acquisition of office. Nothing else need be done for our foreign affairs, if they are to be a football in the hands of the players of this game, since their condition will soon be hopeless. It would remain only to provide as soon as possible a powerful military and naval armament, of which we are sure to stand in need. The present presidential canvass has nearly cost us two wars, with nations with whom we had no cause of quarrel whatever. We have made the emoluments of war so attractive to a certain class that they become a most dangerous inducement to those who traffic in votes. The suggestions already made would tend, if carried out, toward withdrawing our diplomatic affairs from political influence; and this result would be further advanced if the necessity for the ratification of treaties by a vote of the Senate could be done away with. It is no longer the body to which that duty was originally entrusted, and no corresponding power exists in such a body in any other country. The Executive should be charged with the duty and the responsibility of treaties with foreign governments, which might always contain a clause providing for future revocation. This change would of course require a constitutional amendment, not easy to be obtained by itself, but which might find a place among the other amendments that will be required at no distant day.

Some good on both sides may perhaps

result from the disturbance that has taken place between ourselves and Great Britain, beside impressing on the mind of both nations the value of peace. We may be shown the necessity of sparing money enough from the demands of politics to put the country in a condition for defense, and of no longer inviting war, in case of controversy, by lying at the mercy of every respectable maritime enemy. And Great Britain may perceive the importance of so far repressing the conduct of Canada towards us as to guard against the sort of injustice that irritates, perhaps, even more than it wrongs. That is the only quarter in which any serious trouble between England and the United States is reasonably to be looked for. Aggressions from that direction have taken place heretofore, and have been submitted to, when a just firmness in our own government would have prevented them. The consciousness of that is not without its effect on the American mind, which it would be wise not to feed too often upon such nutriment.

But after all means have been exhausted for the preservation of peace, the greatest of national blessings and the most earnestly to be sought, it still remains to be remembered that this side of the millennium it cannot always be insured. The time may come to any country when it is necessary to fight. Self-defense is the highest duty, when unhappily necessary to be resorted to. And when the vindication of the national honor or the protection of the essential interests of the country shall be really required, that people is not worthy to be free who would shrink from the duty or stop to count its cost.

E. J. Phelps.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE ANGLO-SAXON FUTURE.

It is one of the commonplaces of our time that the world has become small and closely united, but the practical consequences of this fact, as bearing on our own future, we of the United States have not yet appreciated. We are entering with the rest of the world upon a new era of history, in which the conditions that have prevailed in the past will no longer be the determining conditions, and in which our own best and highest interests can no longer be measured by the standard of Washington's Farewell Address. The drama of international politics has already passed into a new act, whose stage is the world, and whose actors are no longer nations in the sense of a hundred years ago, but great races or nations with a world-position; an act in which the petty questions of European boundary lines or the balance of power — the chief objects of the entangling alliances against which we were warned — will sink, as they are even now sinking, into the most trivial byplay. It is the dawn of this era which gives to the Napoleonic struggle its real significance in the history of the world as distinguished from the history of Europe. It is the consciousness of this fact, as can easily be ascertained, which is behind the desperate efforts of France and of Germany to secure colonial empires before it is finally too late. It is this fact which gives all its peculiar importance to the rise of Japan to the possible headship of the Mongolian world, and to the struggle with Russia for the control of China which seems inevitable; and this the Japanese most clearly recognize. No doubt the mere independence of the small nation has never been so secure as it will be in the future, but it is equally certain that the uncombined or "unexpanded" nation is doomed to sink to a constantly lower depth of provincial insignificance.

The fate which has overtaken the peoples of Wales and of Scotland, of Provence and of Aragon, in competition with stronger peoples, lies now before all the smaller nations of the world, and is not to be avoided.

The final result to which this stage of history will lead can be nothing less than the domination of the world, in ideas and arts and institutions, by some one racial type. The conditions of the classical world at the beginning of the second Punic war seem now to be reproduced, but in this later age for the whole globe, and as an introduction to a final epoch of history in which no reversal will be possible. In the year 220 B. C., to any observer of ancient international politics who saw the Mediterranean Sea surrounded by a series of independent and apparently powerful states, and who did not reckon Rome the greatest of these, the prediction would have seemed extremely rash that before the close of another century the whole civilized world would be under the control of the Romans, and would be rapidly learning their language, institutions, and laws. Indeed, the Roman of that date did not have so fair a start for leadership in his world as the Anglo-Saxon has in ours. But leadership speedily followed the victory of Rome in the struggle with Carthage. Yet the world of that time which was united under one rule was practically larger than the whole earth of our day. The strategic points of the Roman Empire, measured by any true standards of distance, — the transmission of news and the concentration of men and supplies, — were as far from Rome as the strategic points of the world to-day are from London or New York. We can understand that a prediction of the result which was so soon to follow would have seemed rash to the men of 220 B. C., but we ought not

to find it difficult to realize the strong probability of a similar result which stands before us, — the domination of the earth by some one race, one civilization, one type of ideas and institutions, not to the exclusion or extinction of the others in a greater degree than in the older case, but to their real and increasing subjugation and to their absorption in the dominant type.

The Anglo-Saxon race, if we may consider it a race, now holds the foremost place in the world. This is true not merely because the area of its domination is the largest, all in the best regions of the globe, and likely soon to be filled with the largest population; it is true also because it stands for the best yet reached in ideas and institutions, the highest type of civilization, the fairest chance for every man yet offered in the world. Is it going to be able to maintain this position? It is by no means clear as yet what answer will be given to this question. Geographically the race is widely scattered, and the problem of defending its integrity against any race of equal power and greater concentration of position, in a conflict waged to the bitter end, would be one of extreme difficulty. But a far more serious danger arises from the lack of unity which prevails in the race, and which would make the use of its full power in such a conflict practically impossible. This shows itself not merely in the absence of any organization which would secure unity at the present time (which is comparatively unimportant), but in the absence of the idea of its urgency and value, and in a disposition to throw upon a single member of the race the whole burden of providing for its defense; and these are more serious matters.

If we examine the present opinion of the Anglo-Saxon world on this subject, we shall find that no large body of men anywhere regards the existing condition as likely to continue long, and that no large body of men anywhere is united on

any policy for the future, but that there are three tendencies which may affect the character of the final result.

The first tendency is the movement for imperial federation. This movement is extremely interesting in its beginning and growth. It is more than interesting as a sign of the awakening of mind to the demands of the future. But it has always been very vague as to practical methods, and it has never taken strong hold anywhere in the British Empire. Imperial federation, could it be secured, would be of great advantage to the whole Anglo-Saxon world, but the hope of its adoption is very remote.

The second tendency is the idea — it can hardly be called a movement — of the independence of the separate parts of the British Empire, or its dissolution into several independent states. This is the idea which Mr. Goldwin Smith has so long and so vigorously proclaimed. The Venezuelan excitement has served him as an opportunity for a reiteration of some of his arguments in a very effective form. There was a time, a quarter of a century ago, when it was the almost openly avowed idea of the home government itself, and it is still the ultimate, though perhaps not avowed conviction of many in England, that some such result will be the only possible outcome of the situation. In every colony there are many individuals who hold this belief strongly, and who urge it whenever occasion offers, but there cannot be said to be anywhere a real party in its support. If the character of the era upon which the world is now entering has been at all correctly suggested in the first part of this article, then the realization of this idea would be a great misfortune. It might not be fatal, because alliance and reunion would still be possible, but the chances against any effective union would be vastly increased, as well as the probability that considerations of narrow and temporary selfishness would come into control. Happily, however, this ten-

dency can be regarded as only very slight. It seems altogether certain, on the contrary, that "schism in Greater Britain" has gone as far as it will ever go.

The third tendency which may decide the future of the Anglo-Saxon world is that toward civil war. We need only to look back over the past few months to see how inflammable the material is, and what a little matter might set it ablaze. Had passion in England been as hot and language as extreme as with us, we should be even now on the verge of war, if not actually engaged in it. A renewal of such conditions is at any moment possible. If war should begin between these two nations, it would be a war to the finish, very likely to the finish of both. It would almost certainly result in the ruin of the empire of the world which now belongs to our race, and of the greater future which we may still command.

These three are the only discernible tendencies in the Anglo-Saxon world looking toward the determination of its future, unless we dignify with the name of a tendency, or policy, the deplorable habit of drifting which seems to belong to the race; the doctrine, very comfortable for the present, that England, at least, has so far consistently followed, of "why not let well enough alone," which prefers to put off to a moment of supreme danger the task of finding a workable basis of union, and to think that the wisest solution of a great political difficulty can be found under the pressure of a compelling necessity. But the practical result of all these tendencies, if we except the apparently hopeless movement in favor of imperial federation, would be to surrender the position which the race has already attained in the world, — a position in which it comes so near, even in its present uncombined condition, to a command of all the races, and to the power of determining in all its important details the future uniform civilization of the globe, — and to sink into the

comfortable security of a dominated and declining race.

It is in view of this situation of things — the absence of any clear policy for the future held strongly enough anywhere to command for it general support and a prospect of success, and the presence of tendencies which threaten the most signal disasters — that the action of the United States becomes of vital importance in its relation to the future of the race. If our position is such that by hasty or passionate action we can destroy the empire of the race, it may also be such that by judicious action, in the right way and at the right time, we may assume for ourselves that position of leadership in organization which England hesitates to take, and thus to make the world-empire of the Anglo-Saxon a certainty. Never was a people more clearly marked out, by geographical position and by its peculiar institutions, for that world-leadership which, in everything except gunpowder and trade, England seems fatally incapable of taking. Gunpowder and trade have been of immense importance in the past in building the empire and in maintaining it, but something more is needed for the future if the race is not to become stationary and finally to decline. The centre of the race in the coming age, if it is to have the future which it ought to have, can be found only in a people capable of solving the institutional problem of a real union for such a wide and diversified empire. That problem the United States has already solved, to all intents and purposes, and we reached the solution in the midst of difficulties greater than any which now confront the Anglo-Saxon federationist.

This question of the relative fitness of the two greatest of the Anglo-Saxon nations for the leadership of the race is one which the events of the future may very likely push to the front for solution, and it is one for which the events of the past appear to have but one answer.

In reaching a conclusion in regard to it, one should notice at the outset the real meaning of the term which is so common in the mouths of us all, and which appears to shut the United States out of court, — I mean “the British Empire.” The term is a convenient one. It is more than two hundred years since it was first applied to England’s colonial system. But whatever else may be thought of Mr. E. A. Freeman’s argument on imperial federation, he was undoubtedly right in saying that there is no British Empire, in any true sense of the word. The term can be used only in the sense of a geographical expansion. There never has been any imperial government. Such government as there is has been obtained by the adaptation of a local government, heavily burdened with domestic concerns, to the settlement of such colonial questions as could not be longer delayed. The result has been a kind of bureaucratic government, confessedly cumbersome and unsatisfactory, — in the words of one of its sharpest critics, thoroughly un-English; a system, indeed, which has given the English at home no experience or training, as a people, in dealing with really imperial difficulties. It has given them abundant opportunity to criticise and hamper, but no opportunity to bear responsibility. Yet, while the English are disposed to admit the clumsy character of the machinery which grew up from small colonial beginnings, it is a very suggestive fact that they have made scarcely any attempt to improve that machinery. They have certainly never attempted to establish an imperial government, nor ever seriously discussed the question, unless we take account of the few who have been recently interested in imperial federation.

But more important still is the fact that England has never had an imperial policy. She never has had a definite plan, — never has had before her any clear purpose to be attained. The interest of the moment, and that chiefly

the commercial interest, has always been the deciding consideration. Her colonial expansion has been far more the result of accident than of any intention. She has merely drifted into empire.

This argument must not be understood to mean more than it does mean. I am not criticising the past policy of England in these matters. That has been, probably, the best on the whole which could have been pursued, and England has been so successful in establishing a great series of prosperous colonies because she has followed so consistently the policy of *laissez faire*. What is meant here is that the time for this policy is past. The next step in advance is that of constructive union.

But in this direction the apparently unavoidable inferences from England’s past colonial management are of the most discouraging character. In every stage of its history her colonial government has exhibited an incapacity for understanding the colonial mind and feeling which seems to be invincible. It is not possible to produce here the full proofs of this assertion, but it is not necessary. They are written at large in the records of every question of importance which has arisen between England and her colonies for more than two hundred years. Has there ever been a difficulty of this sort in which England has really understood her colonies, or seemed to care whether she did or not, until compelled by brute force, or something like it? Nor has the variety of cases been small, from the comic seriousness of the Connecticut charter oak down to the serious comedy of Victoria’s threat to transport her convicts to England. Take the most important possible case. Much has been said of the lesson which England learned from the American Revolution. But when the next case of the sort arose, how much did she seem to have learned? The position of the ministry of the day in the Canadian rebellion of 1837 was closely parallel, as Lord Brougham long

ago pointed out, to that taken by Lord North's ministry in the American Revolution. It had been said in print before that date, in effect, that England had learned the lesson, but the "practical statesman" evidently needed another taste of the colonial spirit before the lesson went home. And when the lesson was learned, observe the striking result: the practical statesman was carried so far in the opposite direction, toward belief in an inevitable colonial independence, that he arrived at an equally profound misunderstanding of the feeling in the colonies, as witness the policy of cutting the colonies adrift practically adopted by Mr. Gladstone's ministry in 1869. Indeed, the evidence of England's past is so clear as to her inability to appreciate the feelings of others, and as to her incapacity to learn, that it is almost hopeless to expect her to adapt herself to the demands of the next stage of Anglo-Saxon growth. This defect, however, really reaches much further than merely to make a change of policy hopeless. It is in itself a positive disqualification, for no characteristic will be more surely demanded of a leader of the nations than the ability to enter into the feelings of others.

England is in another way equally disqualified for the position of leader by her surprising failure to comprehend federal government. This is the only form of government under which so wide a union can be formed. No American who has followed the recent discussions on Home Rule for Ireland, though he may fully recognize the real and peculiar difficulties of the problem, can fail to perceive that the English have created for themselves other and imaginary difficulties because they do not know what federal government is. Could the people of England, by some miracle, have a real experience of federal government, it would be no longer possible for them to entertain the fears they now so often express, that the granting of Home Rule to

Ireland would mean the dissolution of the empire, or that it would be impossible to prevent the local from encroaching upon the general government, — fears which Americans can hardly characterize by any other word than "absurd." If any one finds this not sufficient proof, let him turn to the discussions which have been aroused by the idea of imperial federation. He will find in them added proof of a failure to understand the federal method of government; and that, too, it may be added, not merely among the opponents of the scheme. As a single example the following from the historian of federal government may suffice. Mr. Freeman says, in his essay on imperial federation, speaking of the position which England would occupy in such a federation: "It will be quite another thing to ask a great power, a ruling power, a mighty and ancient kingdom, which has for ages held its place among the foremost nations of the earth, to give up its dominion, to give up its independence, to sink of its own will to the level of the State of New York and the Canton of Bern." This point has been repeated by others, and is apparently one of the most serious obstacles in the way of creating a public opinion in England in favor of some practical move towards federation. It is, of course, not necessary to say to Americans that such a deplorable result would not be brought about even by adopting the Constitution of the United States without change, nor to suggest to them that the position of Prussia in the German federation has had no effect on the English mind. This difficulty in the way of English leadership may be set down as fatal, for no state can lead in the formation of such a union which does not understand the only system of union possible in the case.

Turning now from the mere suggestion of the contrasts which the United States may present to English defects,

and looking at the positive advantages which we may justly claim as our own, we are naturally led to notice first our geographical position. The advantage of this position can be seen at a glance. With a long coast-line upon each of the two great oceans of the world, the one looking directly to Europe and the other to Asia and Australasia, and with a number of lines of rapid communication between the two coasts, placed at such a distance from one another that it would be practically impossible for any contingency to interfere with them all at once, we occupy a strategic position with reference to the rest of the world which is, on the whole, superior even to that of South Africa, and which is not in the least approached by any other nation, Anglo-Saxon or foreign. The only serious weakness in the case is that created by the situation of Canada, bordering upon a long and exposed frontier; but if some actual plan of union under the lead of the United States were under consideration, this would not be an element of weakness in our case, but of strength. It is hardly too much to say that the admission of Canada into the American union would settle for all time the question of the centre of the English-speaking world.

In the second place, the matter that is fundamental to this whole discussion is the method of union; not merely the method as sketched in a paper constitution, which is indeed of great importance, but the still more essential point of the success with which any given paper constitution can be placed and kept in operation. The paper constitution may show the ability of a people to deal intellectually with a difficult problem of government. The ability to make the constitution work in practice is the only thing which actually solves the problem. In this matter of method, it is impossible to deny that in both directions, theoretical and practical, the United States has made decisive contributions to the

solution of the two greatest difficulties in the way of the formation of an Anglo-Saxon union. They are its method of federal government and its method of territorial government. These are decisive contributions, because any workable union of the Anglo-Saxon world must, in these two directions, proceed upon the lines laid down by the United States.

I do not propose to raise the question whether our history presents an independent invention of federal government. Whether it does or not, the great service of the United States to the practical politics of the world was to show beyond doubt that federal government furnishes an easy and simple method by which a vast territory—the largest ever occupied in history by a homogeneous and civilized people, containing within itself the widest variations of condition, interest, and feeling—can be united in a real national government, effective within its own borders and powerful in foreign relations, while leaving all local differences free to express themselves. This is the unsolved problem of Anglo-Saxon union, but as an accomplished fact of our own history it needs no proof. Had an especial effort been made to test this quality of federal government experimentally for all time, no better test could have been found than the slavery question; and the attitude of the country toward that question, and particularly the attitude of the Republican party from 1856 to 1864, is equivalent to a demonstration. The position of the Republican party in the matter, as expressed in the platform of 1860 or in Lincoln's first Inaugural, was the concentrated common sense of the nation awakened by the experience of the preceding generation; and it affords a conclusive proof of the elasticity of the federal system, as the civil war which followed, growing out of a violation, or perhaps we ought to say out of a misunderstanding, of the federal system, is the best conceivable proof of its strength.

We have demonstrated the ability of the federal system to unify an empire nearly twice the size of the Roman Empire at its widest extent; and this demonstration leaves no room to doubt that the federal system will permit the formation of a strong and efficient national government for the whole Anglo-Saxon world, even as at present constituted, preserving all local freedom of development or of idiosyncrasy which any individual member of the union might reasonably desire. Even the actual Constitution of the United States would accomplish this, though it could probably be improved for such a purpose. It is interesting to note the fact that representatives from all the English-speaking world now fitted for admission into our Union in the capacity of states, the British Islands included, could be introduced into our House of Representatives, upon the same ratio of representation to population that is the rule of the present Congress, without increasing that body to the size of the House of Commons. I cannot avoid remarking, in passing, that Melbourne is not farther from Washington now than San Francisco was when California became a State; it is indeed very much nearer in many respects. So far from being a barrier, the sea is a bond of union more useful than continuous territory. Nor would Australia represent conditions differing more widely from the rest of the Union than California did.

One of the local differences which any system of union must take into account — the varying tariff policies of the separate parts of the English-speaking world — has often been referred to as an insuperable obstacle to a common organization. But if this disagreement should, unfortunately, be found irreconcilable, the federal system would allow the most diverse regulations to exist side by side under a common general government, with no more friction than in the present system, and probably with less. This

the federal government of Germany has clearly proved; but the principle could be applied to the sharply divided members of an Anglo-Saxon federation with greater ease than to immediate neighbors in the German Empire. If, on the other hand, an Anglo-Saxon union should carry with it internal free trade, it would not be long before this would be considered one of the greatest blessings of such a union, as the internal free trade secured by the Constitution of the United States is now universally regarded.

The problem of forming a workable union for the nations of our race now fitted for union is not, however, the only problem of difficulty which confronts the federationist. One of the questions often asked by the objector, as if it were incapable of answer, is, What are you going to do with the colonies and dependencies which are not yet fitted for admission into a union of states? It is at this point that the United States has made its second important contribution to the political machinery of the world. This was made at the same time with the framing of the Constitution, in the Northwest Ordinance of 1787, our fundamental charter of territorial government. This method of government has proved in practice most simple and yet most successful. It has enabled us to make territorial annexations of the widest extent, empires in themselves and inhabited by foreign races, and to govern them effectively, without sacrificing in the least the rights of the individual, but with an ease and a lack of friction which are without example, except possibly in the surface appearance of a strict military despotism. Take as an instance the Mormon colony in Utah, which would not present an easy case to any form of government, and compare the relations of the general government with that community with the English management of the Dutch troubles in South Africa. It seems certain, in this latter case, that under our territorial system no necessity

for the Dutch emigration, which established their present independent republics, would ever have arisen. Even the events which might be considered the most serious impeachment of this proposition, the territorial troubles which followed the Mexican war, are rather examples to the point; for the chief difficulties of that time were occasioned by an attempt, for whatever reasons, to depart from the principles laid down in the Northwest Ordinance.

The conclusion seems inevitable, that, both by points of contrast to England and by positive excellencies, the United States is better fitted for leadership in the formation of an Anglo-Saxon union than England.

But however true it may be that the United States is better fitted than England for leadership in this work of organization, it must be admitted that at least three most serious obstacles stand in the way of any practical realization of such a leadership.

The first of these is the lack of opportunity. The United States has at present no standing-ground from which to exercise such a leadership, and, under ordinary circumstances, can do nothing directly to secure it. The cordial invitation of any one of the great quarters of the Anglo-Saxon world would secure it to us, or, still more, the admission of any one of them into the Union. But these are hardly to be expected in the present condition of things, although there have been indications enough, during the past twenty-five years, that in times of trial there would be a strong current of feeling in the colonies in favor of turning to the United States for assistance, which might be withheld by England. In the mean time, something can be done by way of preparation, in the creation of public opinion, in an increased participation in international affairs wherever a natural occasion offers, and in the improvement of our navy and

of our mercantile marine. These last, indeed, not merely look to the future, but are most obvious present duties. But there is little else we can do except to wait secure in the conviction that if England continues her traditional policy of thoughtless drifting, our opportunity must come, and with it the duty of action.

The second obstacle is the fact that England would not be willing to join a union of which the United States was the acknowledged centre. In the present stage of the discussion, this unwillingness must be regarded as a serious obstacle, chiefly because it will render it difficult for the colonies to accept the leadership of the United States; but when the time for action has at last come, it will probably be found no longer serious. It is by no means necessary, either for her own advantage or for results of the best sort from such a union, that England should enter it. If matters had progressed so far that a union was actually formed, England could hardly fail to be in close alliance with it, and in that case her position would be stronger than it is now and her burdens lighter, while the two indispensable requisites of the future would be met, the smaller Anglo-Saxon nations would undertake their full share of burdens and responsibilities, and the United States would be brought permanently into the Anglo-Saxon system. Expressed in another form, these two results would mean that the Anglo-Saxon race, even with England in form outside the union, would henceforth present a united front to the world, with all its beneficent consequences. One beneficent consequence, for example, might follow, which has been often suggested in the discussion of this subject, — that such a united power might be able to prevent any further warfare among civilized nations.

The third obstacle is the prevalent feeling concerning the traditional policy of the United States against "entangling

alliances." While this must be admitted to stand in the way at present, it will certainly be only a temporary obstacle. It is indeed already high time for us to get rid of this now completely obsolete notion. It was the wisest possible policy for the conditions of 1797, but those conditions have entirely disappeared and can never return. Then the politics of continental Europe controlled the world. Now they have sunk almost to the rank of provincial questions, and the issues of wider world politics are beginning to control everything, continental Europe included. In a short time the United States will be forced to become an active participant in these affairs, whether it may wish to do so or not. It has already begun to step outside the traditional limits, and it must do so more and more. It is the part of folly not to recognize the changed conditions and be prepared for the necessary consequences.

I am not arguing for the adoption by the United States of what I understand to be a "jingo" policy. In the first place, as said above, our present position must be one of waiting. A bumptious or overbearing policy abroad would be the best method which could be chosen of destroying our fair prospect. But more important still, one of the most essential conditions of any future leadership among the nations of the world will be that the leading state shall be righteous, shall serve justice and obey the regulations of international law. An overriding of the rights of others, a selfish seeking of immediate advantage, a disregard of the principles, or even of the forms, prescribed in the laws of nations, might all be useful in the establishment of a tyranny. But the leadership of the future cannot be based upon force; it must be the result of reasonable conviction. The United States has far more to gain by occasionally sacrificing some of its rights for the benefit of others, and by convincing weaker nations that they may be sure of justice and of honest treatment,

that they may expect even more than really belongs to them rather than less, than it has to gain by any policy of aggression.

But, still further, if we are ever to be called to such a position of leadership as this, we must first be able to meet one indispensable condition. We must learn to realize, as we do not yet, the true identity of interest between ourselves and the rest of the Anglo-Saxon world. England stands for everything for which we stand or of which we boast. We all know that every English colony is a democratic republic. The political institutions in which we most firmly believe, and which we hope in some vague way — by the force of our example, perhaps — to make the possession of all men, she is actually planting and maintaining throughout large regions of every continent. Our easiest way to make these institutions prevail in the world is by alliance with her. Our surest way to hinder their spread is to join the alliance of her enemies.

But this is not all. This identity of interest may well be argued on a lower ground. The warnings which we have heard now and then in the past few years, from very competent observers, of a coming struggle for commercial and industrial supremacy with races whose rivalry we have never yet felt may prove well founded. The Oriental, whose keenness of mind and talent for business, whose faculty of patience and frugal standard of living, make him a most formidable competitor, and who has already begun to exploit the world in his own interest, may soon gain all that the West has to teach him; and in learning the lessons of our civilization he may learn the greatness of his own advantage. For in a struggle of this kind, if it should come, the odds would not be so clearly on our side as we should like to believe. In numbers and in economy the odds would be against us, and the most that we could claim in mental gifts would be an even

balance.¹ Such a struggle would not be one for supremacy only, but for existence itself. If there should prove to be a situation like this before us, isolation would mean defeat. The close alliance of the Anglo-Saxon world — a world, indeed, furnishing every diversity of commercial condition — would alone provide the requisites of safety in a common policy of defense.

The possibility of this leadership for us may be remote. The opportunity may never come. Very likely England may arouse herself, as it is to be hoped that she will, to a realization of the necessity of union and to a solution of the difficulties which it presents. If this should be so, there can be no question, if we are willing to look toward the future, and not the past, that we ought to stand in close alliance with such a union. We ought, even in the immediate present, to be able to see that our own best interests imperatively demand that we should maintain the Anglo-Saxon race in the occupation of every foot of land which it now justly holds anywhere on the globe, and that, wherever we can do so righteously, we should endeavor to increase its influence and its possessions. It is the worst conceivable policy, at the opening of this stage of history, to stop to inquire whether it is England or the United States which seems to be immediately interested. This is a question of no importance if we look at it aright. If, for example, we should stand by indifferently, and allow, if it were possible, the Anglo-Saxon possessions in Africa to be broken up, where almost as great a future is opening before our race as opened before it in North America at the close of the struggle with the French, and where can be found that room for the expansion of the race which will be a

vital necessity of the not distant future, it would not be many years before we should bitterly regret the mistaken policy.

Many have been tempted to say, in view of the vain rumors of wars of the past few months which have affected four continents, that we have seen the last great war. It might indeed be so if all nations were on the same level of civilization. But with the great races of the world, those which will inevitably be the leading actors in the coming drama, still in such different stages of advancement, who will dare predict that we have yet entered upon a millennium of perpetual peace? The odds are altogether in favor of at least one more great struggle of physical force, compared with which, very likely, the greatest struggles of the past will seem but child's play, before we enter upon the era of the peaceful competition of ideas and institutions and racial types which will introduce the real millennium when it comes. If such a conflict of force should come, there is only one place for us. We must be on the side of our own ideas and institutions and race, and we cannot afford in the mean time to be training ourselves to consider our natural allies our natural enemies, or to weaken the sum of our resources by any civil strife that can be honorably avoided.

The purpose of this article is not so much to go into details as to suggest a text for thinking. The propositions that I have advanced may be trusted to prove themselves surely enough, if they are once carefully thought upon. The thing that is now most of all demanded is to give some heed to considerations of this kind; it is, if I may say so, to face the future in our foreign relations, and to come to a consciousness of the fact that we should be no longer bound by obsolete conditions and waning interests.

George Burton Adams.

¹ For an elaboration of these points see the very suggestive article by Mr. Lafcadio Hearn

in *The Atlantic Monthly* for April of the present year.

LETTERS OF D. G. ROSSETTI.

III. 1855-1857.

THE introduction to this series of papers I wrote, as my readers may remember, at the little town of Alassio, on the western Riviera. The proofs of this third article I am correcting in Florence. It is no longer by the waves of the Mediterranean, but by the murmur of the Arno as it falls over a weir, that my ears are soothed. I am in that beautiful city which had so profound an influence on Rossetti's mind, though he never visited it. He was a Florentine of the Florentines, even though he passed all his days on the banks of the Thames. The sunny south was unknown to him. Paris was the limit of his wanderings. With the account of his second visit to that city, and of "the glorious Robert," whom he met there, his next letter opens:—

XIV.

Sunday, 25 November, 1855.

... I have just come back from a ten-days' trip to Paris, in pursuit of various things and persons. The Brownings are there for the winter, on account of the cholera at Florence, and had previously been some time in London, where I saw them a good many times, and indeed may boast of some intimacy with the glorious Robert by this time. What a magnificent series is *Men and Women*! Of course you have it half by heart ere this. The comparative stagnation, *even among those I see*, and complete torpor elsewhere, which greet this my Elixir of Life, are awful signs of the times to me—"and I must hold my peace!"—for it is n't fair to Browning (besides, indeed, being too much trouble) to bicker and flicker about it. I fancy we shall agree pretty well on *favorites*, though one's mind has no right to be quite made up so soon on such a subject. For my own

part, I don't reckon I've read them at all yet, as I only got them the day before leaving town, and could n't possibly read them then,—the best proof to you how hard at work I was for once,—so heard them read by William; since then read them on the journey again, and some a third time at intervals; but they'll bear lots of squeezing yet. My prime favorites hitherto (without the book by me) are Childe Roland, Bishop Blougram, Karshish, the Contemporary, Lippo Lippi, Cleon, and Popularity; about the other lyrical ones I can't quite speak yet, and their names don't stick in my head; but I'm afraid *The Heretic's Tragedy* rather gave me the gripes at first, though I've tried since to think it did n't, on finding the *Athenæum* similarly affected.

8 January, 1856.

A month and a half actually, dear A., since the last sheet, already long behind-hand, yet which has lain in my drawer ever since, till it is too late now to wish you Merry Christmas, too late to wish you Happy New Year, only not too late to feel just the same towards you as if I were the best correspondent in the world, and to know you feel the same towards me. I am sure, too, you believe that, little as I do to deserve and obtain frequent letters from you, your letters are as great a pleasure to me as any I get,—*greater*, I think, than any, except certain ones which you'll be glad to hear come now dated *Nice*, their writer having left England three months ago, and benefiting already, I trust, by the genial climate she is now enjoying, which, while that bitter cold weather was ailing us here, remained as warm as the best English May.

Many thanks indeed for your New

Year's gift, — a most delightful one. Old Blake is quite as lovable by his oddities as by his genius, and the drawings to the Ballads abound with both. The two nearly faultless are The Eagle and The Hermit Dog. Ruskin's favorite (who has just been looking at it) is The Horse; but I can't myself quite get over the intensity of comic decorum in the brute's face. He seems absolutely snuffling with propriety. The Lion seems singing a comic song with a pen behind his ear, but the glimpse of distant landscape below is lovely. The only drawing where the comic element riots almost unrebuked is the one of the dog jumping down the crocodile.

As regards engraving, these drawings, with the Job, present the only good medium between etching and the formal line that I ever met with. I see that in coming to me the book returns home; having set out from No. 6 Bridge Street, Blackfriars, just fifty years ago. Strange to think of it as then new literature and art. Those ballads of Hayley — some of the quaintest human bosh in the world — picked their way, no doubt, in highly respectable quarters, where poor Blake's unadorned hero at page 1 was probably often stared at, and sometimes torn out.

I broke off at the last sheet in mid-Browning. Of course I've been drenching myself with him at intervals since, only he got carried off by friends, and I have him not always by me. I wish you would let me hear in a *speedy* answer (there's cheek for you!) all you think about his new work, and it shall nerve me to express my ideas in return; but since I have given up poetry as a pursuit of my own, I really find my thoughts on the subject generally require a starting-point from somebody else to bring them into activity; and as you're the only man I know who'd be really in my mood of receptiveness in regard to Browning, and as I can't get at you, I've been bottled up ever since Men and

Women came out. By the bye, I don't reckon William, the intensity of fellow-feeling on the subject making the discussion of it between us rather flat. I went the other day to a penny reading-room, — a real blessing, which now occupies the place of Burford's Panorama, and where all papers and reviews whatsoever are taken in. There I saw two articles on Browning: one by Masson — really thoroughly appreciative, but *slow* — in the British Quarterly; and one by a certain Brimley, of Trinity College, Cambridge, in Fraser, — the cheekiest of human products. This man, less than two years ago, had not read a line of Browning, as I know through my brother, and I have no doubt he has just read him up to write this article; which opens, nevertheless, with accusations against R. B. of nothing less than personal selfishness and vanity, so plumply put as to be justified by nothing less than personal intimacy of many years. When I went to Paris, I took my copy of Men and Women (which had been sent me the day before) with me, and got B. to write my name in it. Did you get a copy? We spoke often of you, — he with great personal and poetical regard, I of course with loathing. I inclose herewith a note which reached me before the book, containing emendations; copy them, if you please, and return the note. I spent some most delightful time with Browning at Paris, both in the evenings and at the Louvre, where (and throughout conversation) I found his knowledge of early Italian art beyond that of any one I ever met, — *encyclopaedically* beyond that of Ruskin himself. What a jolly thing is Old Pictures in Florence! It seems all the pictures *desired* by the poet are in his possession, *in fact*. At Paris I met his father, and in London an uncle of his and his sister, who, it appears, performed the singular female feat of copying Sordello for him, to which some of its eccentricities may possibly be referred.

However, she remembers it all, and even Squarcialupe, Zin the Horrid, and the sad disheveled ghost. But no doubt you know her. The father and uncle — father especially — show just that submissive yet highly cheerful and capable simplicity of character which often, I think, appears in the family of a great man who uses at last what the others have kept for him. The father is a complete oddity, with a real genius for drawing, but caring for nothing in the least except Dutch boors, — fancy the father of Browning! — and as innocent as a child. In the new volumes, the only thing he seemed to care for much was that about the sermon to the Jews.

At B.'s house at Paris I met a miraculous French critic named Milsand, who actually before ever meeting Browning knew his works to the very dregs, and had even been years in search of Pauline, — how heard of I know not, — and wrote a famous article on him in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, through which B. somehow came to know him. I hear he has translated some of the *Men and Women*, which must be curiosities. In London I showed Browning Miss Siddal's drawing from *Pippa Passes*, with which he was delighted beyond measure, and wanted excessively to know her. However, though afterwards she was in Paris at the same time as he and I were, he only met her once for a few minutes: she being very unwell then and averse to going anywhere; and Mrs. B. being forbidden to go out, and so unable to call. What a delightfully unliterary person Mrs. B. is to meet! During two evenings when Tennyson was at their house in London, Mrs. Browning left T. with her husband and William and me (who were the fortunate remnant of the male party) to discuss the universe, and gave all her attention to some certainly not very exciting ladies in the next room. . . .

Have you reviewed Browning anywhere, or shall you? Hannay has my copy for a similar purpose, but I see no

fruit coming of it. In B.'s note enclosed, the portrait referred to is one of himself by Page, an American living at Rome, which he has confided to my care with the idea of its going to the Royal Academy. After much delay I have only just got hold of it, and am much disappointed in it, so shall advise its non-exhibition, as a portrait of Browning oughtn't to be put out of sight or kicked out. I have done one in water-color myself, which hangs now over my mantelpiece, and which every one says is very like. Next time I have the chance I shall paint him in oil, and probably Mrs. B. too, with him. Ruskin, on reading *Men and Women* (and with it some of the other works which he did not know before), declared them, rebelliously, to be a mass of conundrums, and compelled me to sit down before him and lay siege for one whole night, the result of which was that he sent me next morning a bulky letter to be forwarded to B., in which I trust he told him that he was the greatest man since Shakespeare. . . .

Ruskin's new volume will be in my hands, I believe, on Tuesday. *WHAT ARE YOU AT?* I have just seen a capital sonnet of yours, — a star shot as rubbish into a dust-bin labeled *The Idler*. I've done lots of work lately (that is, for me), but all in water-colors, and nearly all for Ruskin. Among the later of my drawings finished are *Francesca da Rimini* in three compartments; *Dante* cut by *Beatrice* at a marriage feast; *Lancelot* and *GuenEVER* parting at tomb of *Arthur*: at finishing of each of which, and of various others I have done, I have very much wished you were by to show them to. I'm sorry to say my modern picture remains untouched since last Christmas; but this has really not been through idleness, as I have done more during the past year than for a long while previously, and I think I can myself perceive an advance in my entire work. *Pray, again, what are you up to?*

I've left no space for the French Ex-

hibition, to which indeed I devoted only one of the ten days I spent in Paris, — my heart not being a teetotum nor my mind an old-clothes shop. Delacroix is of the mighty ones of the earth, and Ingres misses being so creditably. There is a German, Knaus, who is perfection in a way something between Hogarth and Millais; Millais and Hunt are marvels and omens. Water-color Hunt and Lewis are the only things in their department. The rest is silence, or must be so for the present.

What do you think of Browning being able to read *The Mystake*? Could you?

Yours affectionately,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

Of this trip to Paris Munro wrote to W. B. Scott: "I have been to Paris to see the great exhibition with D. G. R. We enjoyed Paris immensely; in different ways, of course, for Rossetti was every day with his sweetheart, of whom he is more foolishly fond than I ever saw lover."

W. M. Rossetti, tracing his brother's early favorites among the poets, says: "At last — it may have been 1847 [when he was nineteen years old] — everything took a secondary place in comparison with Robert Browning. Paracelsus, Sordello, Pippa Passes, the Blot in the 'Scutcheon, and the short poems in the Bells and Pomegranates series were endless delights; endless were the readings, and endless the recitations."

The letter from Nice was from Miss Siddal, who was spending the winter there in the vain hope of winning back health.

The book that "returns home; having set out from No. 6 Bridge Street, Blackfriars, just fifty years ago," was "Ballads by William Hayley, founded on anecdotes relating to animals, with prints, designed and engraved by William Blake. Chichester, printed by J. Seagrave for Richard Phillips, Bridge Street, Blackfriars, London, 1805."

On May 16, 1802, Hayley wrote of Blake: "He is at this moment by my side, representing on copper an Adam of his own, surrounded by animals, — a frontispiece to the projected ballads."

Porson thus ridiculed the mutual flattery of Hayley and Miss Seward: —

Miss Seward loquitur.

Tuneful poet, Britain's glory,
Mr. Hayley, that is you.

Hayley respondet.

Ma'am, you carry all before you,
Trust me, Lichfield Swan, you do.

Miss Seward.

Ode, didactic, epic, sonnet,
Mr. Hayley, you're divine!

Hayley.

Ma'am, I'll take my oath upon it,
You yourself are all the Nine.

It was in 1853 that Rossetti "first definitely decided to adhere to painting as his profession, to the comparative neglect of poetry." At a still earlier date, on August 13, 1852, he wrote to his brother, "I have abandoned poetry."

I remember seeing a pen-and-ink drawing by Rossetti, of Browning, with a look of angry scorn, tearing out from a magazine the pages in which his poems were criticised. I have little doubt that it was Brimley's article that was thus treated. We see a different side of this reviewer's character in the following extract from a letter by T. S. Baynes, dated June 12, 1854, published in *The Table-Talk of Shirley*: "Only a day or two ago, in looking over some papers, I met with the note I received when with you last year from poor Brimley, in which he speaks so calmly, yet so despondingly, about his health. He died last week. For a long time he had worked on at his post in the immediate presence of death, waiting calmly amidst pain and toil for the moment of release and rest."

Six years before Rossetti "spent some most delightful time with Browning at

the Louvre," he had visited it with Holman Hunt, as he thus describes in the last six lines of a sonnet:—

"Meanwhile Hunt and myself race at full speed
Along the Louvre, and yawn from school to school,
Wishing worn-out those masters known as old.
And no man asks of Browning; though indeed
(As the book travels with me) any fool
Who would might hear Sordello's story told."

Squarcialupe is found on page 66, the "sad disheveled ghost" on page 99, and Zin the Horrid on page 104, of Sordello, London edition of 1885.

J. Milsand reviewed Browning in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of August 15, 1851, the second part of an article on *La Poésie Anglaise depuis Byron*; and also in the *Revue Contemporaine* of September 15, 1856. In 1864 he published *L'Esthétique Anglaise, Etude sur M. John Ruskin*. Of Pauline, for which "he had been years in search," the following anecdote is told by W. M. Rossetti: "In the British Museum my brother had come across an anonymous poem entitled Pauline. He admired it much, and copied out every line of it." He inferred that it was by Browning. On writing to the poet, he learned that his inference was right.

In 1863 Browning dedicated a new edition of Sordello "to J. Milsand of Dijon;" and later on he honored his memory by the following dedication of *Parleyings with Certain People*:—

IN MEMORIAM

J. MILSAND

OBITU IV SEPT. MDCCCLXXXVI

Absens absentem auditque videtque

Matthew Arnold, writing on November 9, 1866, says: "I had asked Lake to dine quite alone with us; then a M. Milsand, a Frenchman and a remarkable writer, called unexpectedly, and I added him to Lake; then I found Mil-

sand was staying with Browning, and I added Browning; I found that Lord Houghton was a friend of Milsand's, and so I asked him too. Everybody made themselves pleasant, and it did extremely well."

"The portrait that Rossetti took of Browning, after he took a fanciful prejudice against him, he gave away. It is a very fine portrait." (W. M. R.) On one of the two evenings which Tennyson spent at Browning's house, Rossetti heard one poet read aloud his *Maud*, and the other his *Fra Lippo Lippi*.

"Ruskin's new volume" was, I think, the third volume of *Modern Painters*. On July 1 of this year Rossetti had written: "Ruskin is very hard at work on the third volume of *Modern Painters*, who, I tell him, will be old masters before the work is ended." In the summer of 1856, Rossetti, as will be seen, was reading the fourth volume.

Allingham's sonnet is entitled *The Three Sisters* (the three Brontës). The *Idler* was edited by E. Wilberforce. It came to an end with its sixth number.

That Rossetti at this time did "nearly all" his pictures for Ruskin is explained by the following statement by W. M. Rossetti: "From an early date in their acquaintance, Mr. Ruskin undertook to buy, if he happened to like it, whatever Rossetti produced, at a range of prices such as he would have asked from any other purchaser, and up to a certain maximum of expenditure on his own part. . . . My brother availed himself of Ruskin's easy liberality without abusing it. In fact, he was made comfortable in his professional position."

The picture which he describes as "Dante cut by Beatrice at a marriage feast" bears the title *Beatrice at a Marriage Feast* denies Dante her Salutation. His "modern picture" was *Found*.

Of Delacroix, whom he praises so highly in this letter, he wrote from Paris in 1849: "Delacroix (except in two pictures which show a kind of sav-

age genius) is a perfect beast, though almost worshiped here."

Of Ingres he wrote: "This fellow is quite unaccountable. One picture of his in the Luxembourg is unsurpassed for exquisite perfection by anything I have ever seen, and he has others there for which I would not give two sous."

"The Mystake" was Rossetti's perversion of *The Mystic*, by P. J. Bailey, published this year. That author's Festus he had in earlier years "read over and over again."

XV.

Thursday. [Indorsed March 7, 1856.]

... Dalziel (very good naturedly, considering) called here the other day to enlist me for an illustrated selection of poets which he has the getting up of, it being edited by Revd. Wilmott. That venerable person had not, it seems, included Browning, for whose introduction I made an immediate stand, and said in that case I would illustrate him. I think it will probably be done, and I shall propose (I fancy as yet) Count Gismond, — "Say, hast thou lied?" — which I designed some years ago. But I should also like to do one from you, if anything illustratable of yours is included and you are not preëngaged. *Something* of yours, I gathered from D., was to be in. Would you tell me what? That is, if you know. I told him I should not be able to do them for *several* months, as the Tennyson ones still hung on my hands; but he seemed to say that would do. I am to write to him about subject from Browning, so would you let me also hear of yours at once, if you can?

That notice in *The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* was the most gratifying thing by far that has ever happened to me, being unmistakably genuine. I thought it must be by your old acquaintance Fryer, of Cambridge, he having called on me once about those same things. But it turns out to be by a certain youthful Jones, who was in London the other day, and whom (being known

to some of the Working Men's College Council) I have now met. One of the nicest young fellows in — Dreamland; for there most of the writers in that miraculous piece of literature seem to be. Surely, this cometh in some wise of *The Germ*, with which it might bind up. But how much more the right thing — in kind — than *The Idler*! I see it monthly. The new number has a story called *A Dream*, which really is remarkable in some respects, — I think in color.

This brings me to my water-colors. I'm doing a large one I'd like you to see, — Dante's vision of Beatrice dead, *Vita Nuova*, — one of my very best. I've done, too, lately, a *Monk Illuminating*, and other beginnings. I've got (I think) a commission to paint a reredos (altar-piece) for Llandaff Cathedral, a big thing, which I shall go into with a howl of delight after all my small work. I fancy it will pay wellish, too. . . .

Rossetti was not enlisted for this "illustrated selection of poets," which, towards the end of the year, was published under the title of *The Poets of the Nineteenth Century*, selected and edited by R. A. Willmott.

To *The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* Rossetti contributed *The Burden of Nineveh*, *The Staff and the Scrip*, and *The Blessed Damozel*, slightly altered from the form it bore in *The Germ*. The mention of this magazine brings back to my memory a little front parlor in a small lodging-house in Pembroke Street, Oxford, in which, in the Michaelmas term of 1855, I often heard a knot of eager young men plan its foundation. They were all my seniors in standing, some of them by two or three years. I was only in my second term. The two leaders were Burne-Jones and William Morris. Next to them was Richard Watson Dixon (now a canon of the Church of England), whom Rossetti "described, towards 1880, as 'an admirable but totally unknown living poet. His finest pas-

sages are as fine as any living man can do." All of them but Morris had been born, or at all events had been educated, in Birmingham. Another of the set, the late Edwin Hatch, afterwards became distinguished as a theological scholar. Between him and the others I never discovered any bond of sympathy but this common Birmingham origin. I had been introduced to this little fraternity by the future editor of the Magazine, William Fulford, a poet of no mean power. It was, in fact, "a nest of singing birds," who, night after night, were found together in the close neighborhood of Dr. Johnson's old college, often in the college itself. It was a new world into which I was brought. I knew nothing of art, and nothing of Tennyson, Browning, and Ruskin. The subjects which I had always heard discussed were never discussed here, while matters on which I had never heard any one speak formed here the staple of the talk. I recall how, one evening, the nineteenth century was denounced for its utter want of poetry. This was more than I could bear, for the nineteenth century was almost an object of adoration in my father's house. I ventured to assert that it could boast, at all events, of one piece of poetry, — the steam-engine. The roar of laughter which burst forth nearly overwhelmed me. The author of *The Earthly Paradise* almost overturned his chair as he flung himself backwards, overpowered with mirth. I was too much abashed to explain that I was recalling the sight I had once had of an engine rushing through the darkness along a high embankment, drawing after it a cloud of flame and fiery steam.

In the first number of the Magazine, the editor, in an article on Tennyson, praised the music to which Sweet and Low had been set. I recall the pleasure with which he read to us a letter from the poet, asking for the name of the publisher of the music, as no setting that he knew of pleased either himself or his wife.

What "the youthful Jones" thought of Rossetti we learn from Canon Dixon, who wrote, "The great painter who first took me to him said, 'We shall see the greatest man in Europe.'"

The water-color of Dante's vision "is the same subject as the large oil-picture now in the Walker Gallery at Liverpool, but not at all the same composition." "The Monk Illuminating is the water-color named *Fra Pace*."

For the triptych for Llandaff Cathedral Rossetti was to receive £400. It was not finished till 1864.

XVI.

Monday [May, 1856].

. . . The Royal Academy Exhibition is full of P. R. work this year. Hughes's *Eve of St. Agnes* is a real success. The finest thing of all in the place, to my feeling, is a picture by one Windus (of Liverpool), from the old ballad of *Burd Helen*, another version of *Childe Waters*. It belongs, I hear, to your friend Miller.

Yours, D. G. ROSSETTI.

Windus was not, of course, the picture-buyer of that name mentioned in an earlier letter.

Miller was "John Miller, of Liverpool, — an elderly Scotch gentleman, a merchant, a prime mover in artistic matters in Liverpool, and admirably kind and energetic in all his doings." He was so strong in belief as to be a skeptic as regards the absence of belief. I once heard him say, in his strong Scotch accent, "An atheist, if such an animal ever really existed." What the supposititious animal would do I forget.

XVII.

Friday [May or June, 1856].

DEAR ALLINGHAM, — Many thanks for your "sunny memory" of me. The photograph interests me as in some degree embodying your whereabouts.

I have just been turning over the three parcels of books left for you with

me, and a dismaler collection I never saw. Is it possible you read all that? The only one to my taste is a nice clean Mrs. Boddington. I have met lately with a lady, one Mrs. Burr, who always brings her to my mind, having the same tendency to poetic traveling, and being much what I fancy her in age and person, — about thirty-two, refined and very nearly beautiful, energetic withal to an extraordinary degree in Ruskin's style, but quite mild and feminine; ten hours at the top of a ladder to copy a Giotto ceiling being nothing to her. She has been traveling all over Italy with Layard, and they together have given one one's first real chance of forming a congruous idea of early art without going there; he having traced all he could get at by single figures and groups, and she having made colored drawings of the whole compositions, and the chapels, etc., where they are painted on the walls. They have hundreds, whole reams of these things, — of course more interesting than one can say. Benozzo Gozzoli was a god. It is fearful to hear them describe the havoc going on among the originals of their tracings, etc. In one instance, specially admiring a glorious fresco by Pietro della Francesca, I was told that while the tracing was being made, some demons came with an order to knock it out of the wall to make a window, which was done! I believe some means will be taken to publish or show publicly all these things. A most glorious treat which I had yesterday is the sight of the Giotto tracings made for the Arundel Society, and now in the Crystal Palace. I hope you'll be in time for them. — The woodcuts published give no idea.

I've just finished a largish drawing for one Miss Heaton, of Leeds, of Dante's dream of Beatrice lying dead. It has taken me nearly two months, and is the best I have done. I fear it must go before you come, or I should like of all things to show it you. . . .

I agree partly about Ruskin as far as I've read the fourth volume, but there are glorious things, of course: Calais Church at beginning is one.

Really, the omissions in Browning's passage are awful, and the union with Longfellow worse. How I loathe Wishiwashi, — of course without reading it. I have not been so happy in loathing anything for a long while, except, I think, *Leaves of Grass*, by that Orson of yours. I should like just to have the writing of a valentine to him in one of the reviews.

Perhaps you've heard of Academy pictures, so I give you but a summary. Millais sends five: *Peace Concluded*, a stupid affair to suit the day, but very big, and fetching him £900! without copyright, for which he expects £1000 more; *Children burning Autumn Leaves*, very lovely indeed; *Blind Girl and Rainbow*, one of the most touching and perfect things I know; *Church besieged in Cromwell's Time*, with child lying wounded on knight's tomb, have n't seen; *Boy looking at Leech's Picture Book*. Hunt sends only *Scapegoat*, a grand thing, but not for the public, and a few lovely landscape drawings. His big picture of *Christ and the Doctors in the Temple* is about the greatest thing, perhaps, he has done, but only half done yet. Hughes's *Eve of St. Agnes* will make his fortune, I feel sure. . . .

Mary Boddington published a volume of poems in 1839. "I fancy," writes Mr. W. M. Rossetti, "that her name has now passed out of all remembrance. It may be as far back as 1847 that my brother (and myself) grew very familiar with a few specimens of poetry by Mrs. Boddington, and had a great liking for them. I could still repeat most of one poem about a lady who had drowned herself, beginning, —

'They laid my lady in her grave,
My lady with the deep blue eye.'

This poem is given in Allingham's *Nightingale Valley*, page 184.

In 1868 Sir H. A. Layard published for the Arundel Society a monograph on The Brancacci Chapel, at Florence, in which he describes the mosaics. This was his first publication on Italian art.

Benozzo Gozzoli had long been admired by Rossetti. "Mr. Holman Hunt considers that it was the inspection of the Campo Santo engravings 'at this special time [1848] which caused the establishment of the Preraphaelite Brotherhood.' These engravings give some idea of the motives, feeling, and treatment of the paintings of Gozzoli," etc.

"The omissions in Browning's passage" were omissions in a quotation in *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. p. 377, from The Bishop orders his Tomb at Saint Praxed's Church. "The union with Longfellow" is in the following passage on the same page: "Thus Longfellow in The Golden Legend has entered more closely into the temper of the monk, for good and for evil, than ever yet theological writer or historian, though they may have given their life's labor to the analysis; and again, Robert Browning is unerring in every sentence he writes of the Middle Ages," etc.

Matthew Arnold, this same spring, described Ruskin's new volume as "full of excellent *aperçus*, as usual, but the man and character too febrile, irritable, and weak to allow him to possess the *ordo concatenatioque veri*."

Leaves of Grass must be Whitman's poems; though why Rossetti should describe the author as "that Orson of yours" I cannot understand. The following extracts from two of Allingham's letters to W. M. Rossetti show that Allingham had not at this time read the book:—

March 15, 1857. "Leaves of Grass I have bought partly from what you say (7s. 6d., mind!), but not read. First glimpse shows something of a *got-up* air. Is 'Whitman' real? Do you know Thoreau's Concord and Life in the Woods? They are worth having."

April 10, 1857. "I've read Leaves of Grass, and found it rather pleasant, but little new or original; the portrait the best thing. Of course, to call it poetry, in any sense, would be mere abuse of language. In poetry there is a special freedom, which, however, is *not* lawlessness and incoherence."

On May 19 of the same year he returns to the subject:—

"I have been very flat and heavy lately, and out of humor with poetry-writing. The fact is I am dismal for want of some society. Local statistics under that head would be nil. I'm weary of wandering about the fields, — sermons in stones, and no good in anything. 'Rusty' is derived from 'rus.' I must get out of this desolate Ballyshannon village, — and long for it again, perhaps, in another mood. But in any mood, case, or tense, I could n't allow Leaves of Grass to be poetry. I wish we had some accepted word like 'poeticity.' The Leaves are suggestive, like the advertisement columns of a newspaper, or a stroll along Fleet Street and Thames Street, but poetry without form is — what shall I say? Proportion seems to me the most inalienable quality of a poem. From the chaos of incident and reflection arise the rounded worlds of poetry, and go singing on their way."

Rossetti, writing in 1878 about his brother's Lives of Famous Poets, says of Whitman: "By the bye, I am sorry to see that name winding up a summary of great poets; he is really out of court in comparison with any one who writes what is not sublimated Tupper; though you know that I am not without appreciation of his fine qualities."

XVIII.

MRS. GREEN'S, 17 ORANGE GROVE, BATH
[December 18, 1856].

... The piece of news freshest in my mind is Aurora Leigh, — an astounding work, surely. You said nothing of it. I know that St. Francis and Poverty do

not wed in these days at St. James's Church, with rows of portrait figures on either side, and the corners neatly finished with angels. I know that if a blind man were to enter the room this evening and talk to me for some hours, I should, with the best intentions, be in danger of twigging his blindness before the right moment came, if such there were, for the chord in the orchestra and the proper theatrical start; yet with all my knowledge I have felt something like a bug ever since reading *Aurora Leigh*. Oh, the wonder of it! and oh, the bore of writing about it!

The Brownings are long gone back now, and with them one of my delights, — an evening resort where I never felt unhappy. How large a part of the real world, I wonder, are those two small people? — taking meanwhile so little room in any railway carriage, and hardly needing a double bed at the inn. . . .

What of London friends?

Woolner is still doing his bust of Tennyson, and his medallion, you know, is to face the title of the new edition. His statue of Bacon, for the Oxford Museum, turned out a very first-rate thing, and is likely, I hope, to do him great good. . . . Hunt is going on with his great picture, and is painting at present in the Alhambra Court at the Crystal Palace, where he finds some architectural matters for his background. Hughes has three or four pictures in hand; but of these you are likely to have heard. Munro is still at work for Woodward. Brown has lately got the £50 prize at Liverpool for his Christ washing Peter's Feet, which is proving of use to him. He has a 400 guinea commission from Mr. Plint, of Leeds, for a large modern picture which he began some time ago, called *Work*, and illustrating all kinds of Carlylianisms. It will be a most noble affair, and will at last, I should hope, settle the question of his fame, which is making some steps at last. Did you see his woodcut in *The Poets of the Nineteenth*

Century? — very fine still, though rather mauled. They have treated you snobbily enough there. I had engaged to do Browning; but what could have been done with Evelyn Hope or Two in the Campagna? Count Gismond now! — but they would n't. How truly glorious are both of Millais's drawings! Among his very finest doings, I think, and preferable to any I have yet seen by him in the Tennyson.

Hunt's *Oriana* and *Lady of Shalott* are my favorites, both masterpieces. I have done, as yet, four, — *Mariana* in the South, *Sir Galahad*, and two to *The Palace of Art*. I hope to do a second to *Sir Galahad*, but am very uncertain as to any more. But these engravers! What ministers of wrath! Your drawing comes to them, like Agag, delicately, and is hewn in pieces before the Lord Harry. I took more pains with one block lately than I had with anything for a great while. It came back to me on paper, the other day, with Dalziel performing his cannibal jig in the corner, and I have felt like an invalid ever since. As yet, I fare best with W. J. Linton. He keeps stomach-aches for you, but Dalziel deals in fevers and agues.

By the bye, what do you think of Alexander Smith's Tennysonian poem in *The National Magazine*? I think it an advance; indeed, very fine in parts. Woolner met him and Dobell in Edinburgh lately; liked Smith much, who inquired a great deal about you, on whose head he heaps coals of appreciation. Read told me that *The Angel in the House* has had a wild success in America. . . .

You will see no more of the poor Oxford and Cambridge. It was too like the spirit of Germ — "Down, down!" and has vanished into the witches' caldron. Morris and Jones have now been some time settled in London, and are both, I find, wonders after their kind. Jones is doing designs which quite put one to shame, so full are they of everything, — *Aurora Leighs* of art. He will take the

lead in no time. Morris, besides writing those capital tales, writes poems which are really better than the tales, though one or two short ones in the Magazine were not of his best. By the bye, though, The Chapel in Lyonesse was glorious, — did you not think so? In his last tale, — Golden Wings, — the printer, after no doubt considering himself personally insulted all along by the nature of those compositions, wound up matters with an avenging blow, and inserted some comic touches, such as prefixing *old* to *woman* or *lady* in several instances, and other commissions and omissions. Morris's facility at poetizing puts one in a rage. He has been writing at all for little more than a year, I believe, and has already poetry enough for a big book. You know he is a millionaire, and buys pictures. He bought Hughes's April Love, and lately several water-colors of mine, and a landscape by Brown, — indeed, seems as if he would never stop, as I have three or four more commissions from him. To one of my water-colors, called The Blue Closet, he has written a stunning poem. You would think him one of the finest little fellows alive, with a touch of the incoherent, but a real man. He and Jones have taken those rooms in Red Lion Square which poor Deverell and I used to have, and where the only sign of life, when I found them the other day, on going to inquire, all dusty and unused, was an address written up by us on the wall of the bedroom, so pale and watery had been all subsequent inmates, not a trace of whom remained. Morris is rather doing the magnificent there, and is having some intensely mediæval furniture made, — tables and chairs like incubi and succubi. He and I have painted the back of a chair with figures and inscriptions in gules and vert and azure, and we are all three going to cover a cabinet with pictures.

Morris means to be an architect, and to that end has set about becoming a painter, at which he is making progress.

In all illumination and work of that kind he is quite unrivaled by anything modern that I know; Ruskin says, better than anything ancient. By the bye, it was Ruskin made me alter that line in The Blessed D. I had never meant to show him any of my versifying, but he wrote to me one day asking if I knew the author of Nineveh, and could introduce him, — being really ignorant, as I found; so after that the flesh was weak. Indeed, I do not know that it will not end in a volume of mine, one of these days. But first I want to bring out those translations, which I have not found time yet to get together for Macmillan. Do you not think Vernon Lushington's Carlyle very good in Oxford and Cambridge Magazine? His things and his brother's, Morris's, and the one or two by Jones (who never wrote before or since) are the staple of that magazine. The rest — had better have been — silence. Another matter which shall be silence — mainly — on my part is your picture at Tom Taylor's — merciful silence, oh! W. A. ! were it better, would n't I tell its faults? . . .

Have you heard of the Howitts? I have seen them, though not very lately, and fear that Miss H. is anything but well. *Spiritualism* has begun to be in the ascendant at the Hermitage, and this to a degree you could not conceive possible without witnessing it. Do not say anything to anybody, though. I elicited from W. Howitt, before his family, his opinion of it with some trouble, and found it to be a modified form of my own, which of course I give without reserve; but the ladies of the house seem to take but one view of the subject, and, astounding as it may appear, Mrs. Browning has given in her adherence. I hope Aurora Leigh is not to be followed by "that style only." Browning, of course, pockets his hands and shakes his mane over the question, with occasional foamings at the mouth, and he and I laid siege to the subject one night, but to no purpose.

Here we are in the third sheet and third hour A. M. Good-by for the present. Do let us keep it up now.

Yours ever affectionately,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

"Aurora Leigh," wrote W. M. Rossetti to W. B. Scott, "was sent to Gabriel, and also to Woolner, by Mrs. Browning herself, and both are unboundedly enthusiastic about it."

"Rossetti, towards 1845-47, was a semi-idolater of Mrs. Browning; but in more mature years he saw very clearly the defects (along with the beauties) of her tendencies and style." (W. M. R.)

Rossetti's friendship with Mr. Brown- ing came to an end through a wild suspicion that in some lines in *Fifine at the Fair* he was attacked. "On one or two occasions," writes W. M. Rossetti, "when the great poet, the object of my brother's early and unbounded homage, kindly inquired of me concerning him, and expressed a wish to look him up, I was compelled to fence with the suggestion, lest worse should ensue."

Thomas Woolner, the sculptor, was one of the Brotherhood.

Benjamin Woodward was the architect of the Oxford Museum, "which was in course of erection, much under the influence of Mr. Ruskin." On his death, in 1861, Rossetti wrote of him to a friend: "If I am ever found worthy to meet him again, it will be where the dejection is unneeded which I cannot but feel at this moment; for the power of further and better work must be the reward bestowed on the deserts and checked aspirations of such a sincere soul as his."

Madox Brown's picture of Christ washing Peter's Feet is in the London National Gallery. Work is in the Public Gallery of Manchester. That his fame was slow in "making steps" was owing in some measure to "the absolute silence which Mr. Ruskin in all his published writings preserved as to Brown's works." Rossetti was the warm friend of both

men. "Brown soon got to hate the very name of Ruskin. So Rossetti had, in some degree, to steer a middle course between his warm feelings for Brown on one side, and for Ruskin on the other."

Allingham had only a single poem in *The Poets of the Nineteenth Century*, — *An Autumnal Sonnet*. Rossetti contributed no illustration.

Dalziel's "cannibal jig" was his signature in very unequal letters at the bottom of the engraving, of which Rossetti gives Allingham an imitation.

In a letter to W. B. Scott, two months later, he again brought in Agag: "After a fortnight's work, my block goes to the engraver, like Agag, delicately, and is hewn to pieces before the — Lord Harry."

The "coals of appreciation" heaped by Smith are explained by the following passage in Allingham's letter to W. M. Rossetti, dated March 15, 1857: "Don't waste sympathy on Alexander Smith. I hear he is coming out with Macmillan shortly; but if he ever produces a *good* book I undertake to eat it, literally, as St. John did, miraculously, I suppose, that one in the Revelation. Smith, Dobell, Festus, and all that sort of thing is a mere passing hubbub." Matthew Arnold, in one of his letters, says of Smith: "It can do me no good to be irritated with that young man, who has certainly an extraordinary faculty, although I think he is a phenomenon of a very dubious character; but il fait son métier — faisons le nôtre."

Golden Wings was published in the December number of the Magazine. The printer's "comic touches" are found in the following passages: "Old knights who fought in that battle, and who told me it was all about an old lady," etc. "I put my shield before me and drew my sword, and the old women drew together aside and whispered fearfully."

Morris's first book, *The Defence of Guenevere and Other Poems*, was dedicated to Rossetti. The statement made

in this letter that Morris was a millionaire was the wild exaggeration of a poor painter.

"The subject of *The Blue Closet*," Rossetti wrote, "is some people playing music." John Parker, the editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, wrote to "Shirley" on May 14, 1860: "I saw Morris's poems in manuscript. The man who brought the manuscript (himself well known as a poet) said 'that one of the poems which described a picture of Rossetti was a very fine poem; that the picture was not understandable, and the poem made it no clearer, but that it was a fine poem, nevertheless.'"

"Poor Deverell" had died nearly three years earlier. "He was," Mr. Arthur Hughes tells me, "a manly young fellow, with a feminine beauty added to his manliness; exquisite manners and a most affectionate disposition. He died early, after painting two or three pictures. Had he lived, he would have been a poetic painter, but not a strong one. Millais, hard working and ambitious though he was, used to sit hour after hour by his bedside reading to him." I have seen him described by one of the artist set in a letter to Allingham as "little Deverell, with his soft, effeminate, alluring face."

The following is Ruskin's letter to Rossetti:—

"DEAR ROSSETTI,—I am wild to know who is the author of *The Burden of Nineveh*, in No. 8 of *Oxford and Cambridge*. It is glorious. Please find out for me, and see if I can get acquainted with him."

On Rossetti's mention of Spiritualism

in this letter, his brother remarks: "He here speaks scornfully of it. In later years (beginning, say, in 1864) he believed in it not a little."

XIX.

14 CHATHAM PLACE, BLACKFRIARS.
[End of 1856.]

... What sort of Christmas weather have you out there? Is it any good wishing you merriment out of it? To-day here is neither a bright day nor a dark day, but a white smutty day,—piebald,—wherein, accordingly, life seems neither worth keeping nor getting rid of. The thick sky has a thin red sun stuck in the middle of it, like the specimen wafer stuck outside a box of them. Even if you turned back the lid, there would be nothing behind it, be sure, but a jumble of such flat dead suns. I am going to sleep.

Are you to write the next great modern epic? If so, you may put the above into blank verse. I give it you. And meanwhile, be sure to talk to me about *Aurora Leigh*. . . .

Ruskin wants me very much to enter the Old Water-Color Society, and says John Lewis will do anything to facilitate my entrance. This would be a great advantage to the sale of my water-colors, but I fear it might chance to bonnet my oil-painting for good. I don't know what to do.

Your friend, D. G. ROSSETTI.

"Out there" where Allingham was living was Ballyshannon, Ireland.

Rossetti never entered the Old Water-Color Society.

George Birkbeck Hill.

THE OLD THINGS.

X.

FLEDA's line had been taken, her word was quite ready; on the terrace there, by the painted pots, she broke out before her interlocutress could put a question: "His errand was perfectly simple: he came to demand that you shall pack everything straight up again and send it back as fast as the railway will carry it."

The back road had apparently been fatiguing to Mrs. Gereth; she stood there rather white and wan with her walk. A certain sharp thinness was in her ejaculation of "Oh!" — after which she glanced about her for a place to sit down. The movement was a criticism of the order of events that offered such a piece of news to a lady coming in tired; but Fleda could see that in turning over the possibilities, this particular peril, during the last hour, was the one her friend had turned up oftenest. At the end of the short, gray day, which had been moist and mild, the sun was out; the terrace looked to the south, and a bench, formed as to legs and arms of iron representing knotted boughs, stood against the warmest wall of the house. The mistress of Ricks sank upon it, and presented to her companion the handsome face she had composed to hear everything. Strangely enough, it was just this fine vessel of her attention that made the girl most nervous about what she must drop into it. "Quite a 'demand,' dear, is it?" asked Mrs. Gereth, drawing in her cloak.

"Oh, that's what I should call it!"

Fleda laughed, to her own surprise.

"I mean with the threat of enforcement, and that sort of thing."

"Distinctly with the threat of enforcement, — what would be called, I suppose, coercion."

"What sort of coercion?" said Mrs. Gereth.

"Why, legal, don't you know? — what he calls setting the lawyers at you."

"Is that what he calls it?" She seemed to speak with disinterested curiosity.

"That's what he calls it," said Fleda.

Mrs. Gereth considered an instant. "Oh, the lawyers!" she exclaimed lightly. Seated there almost cosily in the reddening winter sunset, only with her shoulders raised a little and her mantle tightened as if from a slight chill, she had never yet looked to Fleda so much in possession, nor so far from meeting unsuspectedness halfway. "Is he going to send them down here?"

"I dare say he thinks it may come to that."

"The lawyers can scarcely do the packing," Mrs. Gereth humorously remarked.

"I suppose he means them — in the first place, at least — to try to talk you over."

"In the first place, eh? And what does he mean in the second?"

Fleda hesitated; she had not foreseen that so simple an inquiry could disconcert her. "I'm afraid I don't know."

"Didn't you ask?" Mrs. Gereth spoke as if she might have said, "What then were you doing all the while?"

"I didn't ask very much," said her companion. "He has been gone some time. The great thing seemed to be to understand clearly that he would n't be content with anything less than what he said."

"My just giving everything back?"

"Your just giving everything back."

"Well, darling, what did you tell him?" Mrs. Gereth blandly inquired.

Fleda faltered again, wincing at the term of endearment, at what the words

took for granted, charged with the confidence she had now committed herself to betray. "I told him I would tell you!" She smiled, but she felt that her smile was rather hollow, and even that Mrs. Gereth had begun to look at her with some fixedness.

"Did he seem very angry?"

"He seemed very sad. He takes it very hard," Fleda added.

"And how does *she* take it?"

"Ah, that — that I felt a delicacy about asking."

"So you *did* n't ask?" The words had the note of surprise.

Fleda was embarrassed; she had not made up her mind definitely to lie. "I did n't think you'd care." That small untruth she would risk.

"Well — I don't!" Mrs. Gereth declared; and Fleda felt less guilty to hear her, for the statement was as inexact as her own. "Did n't you say anything on your own side?" Mrs. Gereth presently continued.

"Do you mean in the way of justifying you?"

"I did n't mean to trouble you to do that. My justification," said Mrs. Gereth, sitting there warmly, and, in the lucidity of her thought, which nevertheless hung back a little, dropping her eyes on the gravel, — "my justification was all the past. My justification was the cruelty" — But at this, with a short, sharp gesture, she checked herself. "It's too good of me to talk — now." She produced these sentences with a cold patience, as if addressing Fleda in the girl's virtual character, for the moment, of Owen's representative. Our young lady crept to and fro before the bench, combating the sense that it was occupied by a judge, looking at her boot-toes, reminding herself of Mona, and lightly crunching the pebbles as she walked. She moved about because she was afraid, putting off from moment to moment the exercise of the courage she had been sure she possessed. That

courage would all come to her if she could only be equally sure that what she should be called upon to do for Owen would be to suffer. She had wondered, while Mrs. Gereth spoke, how that lady would describe her justification. She had described it as if to be irreproachably fair, give her adversary the benefit of every doubt, and then dismiss the question forever. "Of course," Mrs. Gereth went on, "if we did n't succeed in showing him at Poynton the ground we took, it's simply that he shuts his eyes. What I supposed was, that you would have given him your opinion that if I was the woman so signally to assert myself, I'm also the woman to rest upon it imperturbably enough."

Fleda stopped in front of her hostess. "I gave him my opinion that you're very logical, very obstinate, and very proud."

"Quite right, my dear: I'm a rank bigot — about that sort of thing!" and Mrs. Gereth jerked her head at the contents of the house. "I've never denied it. I'd kidnap — to save them, to convert them — the children of heretics. When I know I'm right I go to the stake. Oh, he may burn me alive!" she cried, with a happy face. "Did he abuse me?" she then demanded.

Fleda had remained there, gathering purpose. "How little you know him!"

Mrs. Gereth stared, then broke into a laugh that her companion had not expected. "Ah, my dear, certainly not so well as you!" The girl, at this, turned away again, — she felt she looked too conscious; and she was aware that, during a pause, Mrs. Gereth's eyes watched her as she went. She faced about afresh to meet them, but what she met was the question, "Why had you a 'delicacy' as to speaking of Mona?"

She stopped again before the bench, and an inspiration came to her. "I should think *you* would know," she said, with much dignity.

Blankness was for a moment on Mrs.

Gereth's brow; then light broke, — she visibly remembered the scene in the breakfast-room after Mona's night at Poynton. "Because I compared you, — told him *you* were the one?" Her eyes looked deep. "You were, — you are still!"

Fleda gave a bold, dramatic laugh. "Thank you, my love, — with all the best things at Ricks!"

Mrs. Gereth considered, trying to penetrate, as it seemed; but at last she brought out roundly, "For you, you know, I'd send them back!"

The girl's heart gave a tremendous bound; the right way dawned upon her in a flash. Obscurity, indeed, the next moment engulfed this course, but for a few thrilled seconds she had understood. To send the things back "for her" meant, of course, to send them back if there were even a dim chance that she might become mistress of them. Fleda's palpitation was not allayed as she asked herself what portent Mrs. Gereth had suddenly perceived of such a chance: that perception could come only from a sudden suspicion of her secret. This suspicion, in turn, was a tolerably straight consequence of that implied view of the propriety of surrender from which, she was well aware, she could say nothing to dissociate herself. What she first felt was, that if she wished to save the spoils, she wished also to save her secret. So she looked as innocent as she could, and said as quickly as possible, "For me? Why in the world for me?"

"Because you're so awfully keen."

"Am I? Do I strike you so? You know I hate him," Fleda went on.

She had the sense for a while of Mrs. Gereth's regarding her with the detachment of some stern, clever stranger. "Then what's the matter with you? Why do you want me to give in?"

Fleda hesitated; she felt herself red-dening. "I've only said your son wants it. I have n't said *I* do."

"Then say it and have done with it!"

This was more peremptory than any word her friend, though often speaking in her presence with much point, had ever yet directly addressed to her. It affected her like the crack of a whip, but she confined herself, with an effort, to taking it as a reminder that she must keep her head. "I know he has his engagement to carry out."

"His engagement to marry? Why, it's just that engagement we loathe!"

"Why should *I* loathe it?" Fleda asked, with a smile. Then, before Mrs. Gereth could reply, she pursued, "I'm thinking of his general undertaking, — to give her the house as she originally saw it."

"To give her the house!" Mrs. Gereth brought up the words from the depth of the unspeakable. The effort was like the moan of an autumn wind; it was in the power of such an image to make her turn pale.

"I'm thinking," Fleda continued, "of the simple question of his keeping faith on an important clause of his contract: it does n't matter whether it's with a stupid girl or not. I'm thinking of his honor and his good name."

"The honor and good name of a man you hate?"

"Certainly," the girl resolutely answered. "I don't see why you should talk as if one had a petty mind. You don't think so; it's not on that assumption you've ever dealt with me. I can do your son justice, as he put his case to me."

"Ah, then he *did* put his case to you!" Mrs. Gereth exclaimed, with an accent of triumph. "You seemed to speak just now as if really nothing of any consequence had passed between you."

"Something always passes when one has a little imagination," our young lady declared.

"I take it you don't mean that Owen has!" cried Mrs. Gereth, with her large laugh.

Fleda was silent a moment. "No, I

don't mean that Owen has," she returned at last.

"Why is it you hate him so?" her hostess abruptly inquired.

"Should I love him for all he has made you suffer?"

Mrs. Gereth slowly rose at this, and, coming across the walk, took her young friend in her arms and kissed her. She then passed into one of Fleda's an arm perversely sociable. "Let us move a little," she said, holding her close and giving a slight shiver. They strolled along the terrace, and she brought out another question: "He *was* eloquent, then, poor dear, — he poured forth the story of his wrongs?"

Fleda smiled down at her companion, who, cloaked and perceptibly bowed, leaned on her heavily, and gave her an odd, unwonted sense of age and cunning. She took refuge in an evasion. "He could n't tell me anything that I did n't know pretty well already."

"It's very true that you know everything. No, dear, you have n't a petty mind; you've a lovely imagination, and you're the nicest creature in the world. If you were stupid, like most girls, — like every one, in fact, — I would have insulted you, I would have outraged you, and you would have fled from me in terror. No, now that I think of it," Mrs. Gereth went on, "you would n't have fled from me; nothing, on the contrary, would have made you budge. You would have cuddled into your warm corner, but you would have been wounded and weeping and martyred, and you would have taken every opportunity to tell people I'm a brute, — as I should have been!" They went to and fro, and she would not allow Fleda, who laughed and protested, to attenuate with any light civility this funny picture. She praised her cleverness and her patience, and said it was getting cold and dark and they must go in to tea. She delayed quitting the place, however, and reverted instead to Owen's ultimatum,

about which she asked another question or two; in particular whether it had struck Fleda that he really believed she would comply with such a summons.

"I think he really believes that if I try hard enough I can make you:" after uttering which words our young lady stopped short and emulated the embrace she had received a few moments before.

"And you've promised to try: I see. You did n't tell me that, either," Mrs. Gereth added, as they went on. "But you're rascal enough for anything!" While Fleda was occupied in thinking in what terms she could explain why she had indeed been rascal enough for the reticence thus denounced, her companion broke out with an inquiry somewhat irrelevant, and even, in form, somewhat profane. "Why the devil, at any rate, does n't it come off?"

Fleda hesitated. "You mean their marriage?"

"Of course I mean their marriage!"

Fleda hesitated again. "I have n't the least idea."

"You did n't ask him?"

"Oh, how in the world can you fancy?" She spoke in a shocked tone.

"Fancy your putting a question so indelicate? I should have put it, — I mean in your place; but I'm quite coarse, thank God!" Fleda felt, privately, that she herself was coarse, or at any rate would presently have to be; and Mrs. Gereth, with a purpose that struck the girl as gathering, continued: "What, then, *was* the day to be? Was n't it one of these?"

"I'm sure I don't remember."

It was part of the great rupture and an effect of Mrs. Gereth's character that, up to this moment, she had been completely and haughtily indifferent to that detail. Now, however, she had a visible reason for being clear about it. She bethought herself, and she broke out, "Is n't the day past?" Then, stopping short, she added, "Upon my word, they must have put it off!" As

Fleda made no answer to this, she sharply went on, "*Have* they put it off?"

"I have n't the least idea," said the girl.

Her hostess was looking at her hard again. "Did n't he tell you, — did n't he say anything about it?"

Fleda, meanwhile, had had time to make her reflections, which were, moreover, the continued throb of those that had occupied the interval between Owen's departure and his mother's return. If she should now repeat his words, that would n't at all play the game of her definite vow; it would only play the game of her little gagged and blinded desire. She could calculate well enough the effect of telling Mrs. Gereth how she had had it from Owen's troubled lips that Mona was only waiting for the restitution, and would do nothing without it. The thing was to obtain the restitution without imparting that knowledge. The only way, also, not to impart it was not to tell any truth at all about it; and the only way to meet this last condition was to reply to her companion, as she presently did, "He told me nothing whatever: he did n't touch on the subject."

"Not in any way?"

"Not in any way."

Mrs. Gereth watched Fleda and considered. "You have n't any idea if they are waiting for the things?"

"How *should* I have? I'm not in their counsels."

"I dare say they are, — or that Mona is." Mrs. Gereth reflected again; she had a bright idea. "If I don't give in, she'll break off."

"She'll never, never break off!" said Fleda.

"Are you sure?"

"I can't be sure, but it's my belief."

"Derived from *him*?"

The girl hung fire a few seconds.

"Derived from him."

Mrs. Gereth gave her a long last look, then turned abruptly away. "It's an awful bore you did n't really get it out

of him! Well, come to tea," she added rather dryly, passing straight into the house.

XI.

The sense of her adversary's dryness, which was ominous of something she could n't read, made Fleda, before complying, linger a little on the terrace; she felt the need, moreover, of taking breath after such a flight into the cold air of denial. When at last she rejoined Mrs. Gereth, she found her erect before the drawing-room fire. Their tea had been set out in the same quarter, and the mistress of the house, for whom the preparation of it was in general a high and undelegated function, was in an attitude to which the hissing urn made no appeal. This omission, for Fleda, was such a further sign of something to come that, to disguise her apprehension, she immediately and without an apology took the duty in hand; only, however, to be promptly reminded that she was performing it confusedly, and not counting the journeys of the little silver shovel she emptied into the pot. "Not *five*, my dear, — the usual three," said her hostess, with the same dryness; watching her then in silence while she clumsily corrected her mistake. The tea took some minutes to draw, and Mrs. Gereth availed herself of them suddenly to exclaim, "You have n't yet told me, you know, how it is you propose to 'make' me!"

"Give everything back?" Fleda looked into the pot again, and uttered her question with a briskness that she felt to be a little overdone. "Why, by putting the question well before you; by being so eloquent that I shall persuade you, shall act upon you; by making you sorry for having gone so far," she said boldly; "by simply and earnestly *asking* it of you, in short; and by reminding you at the same time that it's the first thing I ever *have* so asked. Oh, you've *done* things for

me, — endless and beautiful things," she exclaimed; "but you've done them all from your own generous impulse. I've never so much as hinted to you to lend me a postage-stamp."

"Give me a cup of tea," said Mrs. Gereth. A moment later, taking the cup, she replied, "No, you've never asked me for a postage-stamp."

"That gives me a pull!" Fleda returned, smiling.

"Puts you in the situation of expecting that I shall do this thing just simply to oblige you?"

The girl hesitated. "You said a while ago that for me you *would* do it."

"For you, but not for your eloquence. Do you understand what I mean by the difference?" Mrs. Gereth asked, as she stood stirring her tea.

Fleda, to postpone answering, looked round, while she drank it, at the beautiful room. "I don't in the least like, you know, your having taken so much. It was a great shock to me, on my arrival here, to find you had done so."

"Give me some more tea," said Mrs. Gereth; and there was a moment's silence as Fleda poured out another cup. "If you were shocked, my dear, I'm bound to say you concealed your shock."

"I know I did. I was afraid to show it."

Mrs. Gereth drank off her second cup. "And you're not afraid now?"

"No, I'm not afraid now."

"What has made the difference?"

"I've pulled myself together." Fleda paused; then she added, "And I've seen Mr. Owen."

"You've seen Mr. Owen?" said Mrs. Gereth. She put down her cup, and sank into a chair, in which she leaned back, resting her head and gazing at her young friend. "Yes, I did tell you a while ago that for you I'd do it. But you have n't told me yet what you'll do in return."

Fleda thought an instant. "Anything in the wide world you may require."

"Oh, 'anything' is nothing at all! That's too easily said." Mrs. Gereth, reclining more completely, closed her eyes with an air of disgust, an air indeed of inviting slumber.

Fleda looked at her quiet face, which the appearance of slumber always made particularly handsome; she noted how much the ordeal of the last few weeks had added to its indications of age. "Well, then, try me with something. What is it you demand?"

At this, Mrs. Gereth, opening her eyes, sprang straight up. "Get him away from her!"

Fleda marveled: her companion had in an instant become young again. "Away from Mona? How in the world?"

"By not looking like a fool!" cried Mrs. Gereth very sharply. She kissed her, however, on the spot, to make up for this roughness, and summarily took off her hat, which, on coming into the house, our young lady had not removed. She applied a friendly touch to the girl's hair and gave a businesslike pull to her jacket. "I say, don't look like an idiot, because you happen not to be one, not the least bit. I'm idiotic; I've been so, I've just discovered, ever since our first days together. I've been a precious donkey; but that's another affair."

Fleda, as if she humbly assented, went through no form of controverting this; she simply stood passive to her companion's sudden refreshment of her appearance. "How *can* I get him away from her?" she presently demanded.

"By letting yourself go."

"By letting myself go?" She spoke mechanically, still more like an idiot, and felt as if her face flamed out the insincerity of her question. It was vividly back again, the vision of the real way to act upon Mrs. Gereth. This lady's movements were now rapid; she turned off from her as quickly as she had seized her, and Fleda sat down to steady herself for full responsibility.

Her hostess, without taking up her

ejaculation, gave a violent poke at the fire, and then faced her again. "You've done two things, then, to-day — have n't you? — that you've never done before. One has been asking me the service, or favor, or concession, — whatever you call it, — that you just mentioned; the other has been telling me — certainly, too, for the first time — an immense little fib."

"An immense little fib?" Fleda felt weak; she was glad of the support of her seat.

"An immense big one, then!" said Mrs. Gereth irritably. "You don't in the least 'hate' Owen, my darling. You care for him very much. In fact, my own, you're in love with him — there! Don't tell me any more lies!" cried Mrs. Gereth, with a voice and a face in the presence of which Fleda recognized that there was nothing for her but to hold herself and take it. When once this was out, it was out, and she could see more and more every instant that it would be the only way. She took, therefore, what had to come; she leaned back her head and closed her eyes as her companion had done just before. She would have covered her face with her hands but for the still greater shame. "Oh, you're a wonder, a wonder," said Mrs. Gereth; "you're magnificent, and I was right, as soon as I saw you, to pick you out and trust you!" Fleda closed her eyes tighter at this last word, but her friend kept it up. "I never dreamed of it till to-day, when, after he had come and gone, we were face to face. Then something stuck out of you; it strongly impressed me, and I did n't know at first quite what to make of it. It was that you had just been with him and that you were not natural. Not natural to *me*," she added, with a smile. "I pricked up my ears, and all that this might mean dawned upon me when you said you had asked nothing about Mona. It put me on the scent, but I did n't show you, did I? I felt it was *in* you, deep down, and that I must draw it out. Well,

I *have* drawn it, and it's a blessing. Yesterday, when you shed tears at breakfast, I was awfully puzzled. What has been the matter with you all the while? Why, Fleda, it is n't a crime, don't you know that?" cried the delighted woman. "When I was a girl I was always in love, and not always with such nice people as Owen. I did n't behave as well as you; compared with you, I think I must have been horrid. But if you're proud and reserved, it's your own affair; I'm proud, too, though I'm not reserved, — that's what spoils it. I'm stupid, above all, — that's what I am; so dense that I really blush for it. However, no one but you could have deceived me. If I trusted you, moreover, it was exactly to be cleverer than myself. You must be so now more than ever!" Suddenly Fleda felt her hands grasped: Mrs. Gereth had plumped down at her feet and was leaning on her knees. "Save him, — save him: you *can*!" she passionately pleaded. "How could you *not* like him, when he's such a dear? He *is* a dear, darling; there's no harm in *him*! You can do what you will with him, — you know you can! What else does he give us all this time for? Get him away from her; it's as if he besought you to, poor wretch! Don't abandon him to such a fate, and I'll never abandon *you*. Think of him with that creature, that future! If you'll take him, I'll give up everything. There, it's a solemn promise, the most sacred of my life! Get the better of her, and he shall have every stick I removed. Give me your word, and I'll accept it. I'll write for the packers to-night!"

Fleda, before this, had fallen forward on her companion's neck, and the two women, clinging together, had finally got up, while the younger wailed on the other's bosom. "You smooth it down because you see more in it than there can ever be; but after my hideous double game how will you be able to believe in me again?"

"I see in it simply what *must* be, if you've a single spark of pity. Where on earth was the double game, when you've behaved like such a saint? You've been beautiful, you've been exquisite, and all our trouble is over."

Fleda, drying her eyes, shook her head ever so sadly. "No, Mrs. Gereth, it is n't over. I can't do what you ask, — I can't meet your condition."

Mrs. Gereth stared; the cloud gathered in her face again. "Why, in the name of goodness, when you adore him? I know what you see in him," she declared in another tone: "you're right!"

Fleda gave a faint, stubborn smile. "He cares for her too much."

"Then why does n't he marry her? He's giving you an extraordinary chance!"

"He does n't dream I've ever thought of him," said Fleda. "Why should he, if you did n't?"

"It was n't with me you were in love, my duck." Then Mrs. Gereth added, "I'll go and tell him."

"If you do any such thing, you shall never see me again, — literally never!"

Mrs. Gereth looked hard at her young friend, and showed that she saw she must believe her. "Then you're perverse, you're wicked. Will you swear he does n't know?"

"Of course he does n't know!" cried Fleda indignantly.

Her interlocutress was silent a little. "And that he has no feeling on *his* side?"

"For me?" Fleda stared. "Before he has even married her?"

Mrs. Gereth gave a sharp laugh at this. "He ought at least to appreciate your wit. Oh, my dear, you *are* a treasure! Does n't he appreciate anything? Has he given you absolutely no symptom, — not looked a look, not breathed a sigh?"

"The case," said Fleda coldly, "is as I've had the honor to state it."

"Then he's as big a donkey as his

mother! But you know you must account for their delay," Mrs. Gereth remarked.

"Why must I?" Fleda asked after a moment.

"Because you were closeted with him here so long. You can't pretend at present, you know, not to have any art."

The girl hesitated an instant; she was conscious that she must choose between two risks. She had had a secret, and that was gone. Owen had one, which was still unbruised, and the greater risk now was that his mother should lay her formidable hand upon it. All Fleda's tenderness for him moved her to protect it; so she faced the smaller peril. "Their delay," she brought herself to reply, "may perhaps be Mona's doing. I mean because he has lost her the things."

Mrs. Gereth jumped at this. "So that she'll break altogether if I keep them?"

Fleda winced. "I've told you what I believe about that. She'll make scenes and conditions; she'll worry him. But she'll hold him fast; she'll never give him up."

Mrs. Gereth turned it over. "Well, I'll keep them, to try her," she finally pronounced; at which Fleda felt quite sick, as if she had given everything and got nothing.

XII.

"I must let him know, in common decency, that I've talked of the matter with you," Fleda said to her hostess that evening. "What answer do you wish me to write to him?"

"Write to him that you must see him again," said Mrs. Gereth.

Fleda looked very blank. "What on earth am I to see him for?"

"For anything you like."

The girl would have been struck with the levity of this had she not already, in an hour, felt the extent of the change

suddenly wrought in her commerce with her friend, — wrought above all, to that friend's view, in her relation to the great issue. The effect of what had followed Owen's visit was to make that relation the very key of the crisis. Pressed upon her, goodness knew, the crisis had been, but it now seemed to put forth big, encircling arms, — arms that squeezed till they hurt and she must cry out. It was as if everything at Ricks had been poured into a common receptacle, a public ferment of emotion and zeal, out of which it was ladled up to be tasted and talked about; everything, at least, but the one little treasure of knowledge that she kept back. She ought to have liked this, she reflected, because it meant sympathy, meant a closer union with the source of so much in her life that had been beautiful and renovating; but there were deep instincts in her that stood off. She had had — and it was not merely at this time — to recognize that there were things for which Mrs. Gereth's *flair* was not so happy as for bargains and "marks." It would n't be happy now as to the best action on the knowledge she had just gained; yet as from this moment they were still more intimately together, a person so much in her debt would simply have to stand and meet what was to come. There were ways in which she could sharply incommode such a person, and not only with the best conscience in the world, but with a sort of brutality of good intentions. One of the straightest of these strokes, Fleda saw, would be the dance of delight over the mystery Mrs. Gereth had laid bare, — the loud, lawful, tactless joy of the explorer leaping upon the strand. Like any other lucky discoverer, she would take possession of the fortunate island. She was nothing if not practical: almost the only thing she took account of in her young friend's ineffable secret was the excellent use she could make of it, — a use so much to her taste that she refused to acknowledge a hin-

drance. Fleda put into Mrs. Gereth's answer to her question a good deal more meaning than it would have occurred to her a few hours before that she was prepared to put, but she had on the spot a foreboding that even so broad a hint would live to be bettered.

"Do you suggest that I propose to him to come down here again?" she presently inquired.

"Dear, no; say that you'll go up to town and meet him." It *was* bettered, the broad hint; and Fleda felt this to be still more the case when, returning to the subject before they went to bed, her companion said: "I make him over to you wholly, you know, — to do what you please with. Deal with him in your own way, — I ask no questions. All I ask is that you succeed."

"That's charming," Fleda replied, "but it does n't tell me a bit, you'll be so good as to consider, in what terms to write to him. It's not an answer from you to the message I was to give you."

"The answer to his message is perfectly distinct: he shall have everything the minute he'll say he'll marry you."

"You really pretend," Fleda asked, "to think me capable of transmitting him that news?"

"What else can I really pretend when you threaten so to cast me off if I speak the word myself?"

"Oh, if *you* speak the word!" the girl murmured very gravely, but happy, at least, to know that in this direction Mrs. Gereth confessed herself warned and helpless. Then she added: "How can I go on living with you on a footing of which I so deeply disapprove? Thinking as I do that you've despoiled him far more than is just or merciful, — for if I expected you to take something, I did n't in the least expect you to take everything, — how can I stay here without a sense that I'm backing you up in your cruelty, and participating in your ill-gotten gains?" Fleda was determined that if she had the chill of her exposed

and investigated state, she would also have the convenience of it, and that if Mrs. Gereth popped in and out of the chamber of her soul, she would at least return the freedom. "I shall quite hate, you know, in a day or two, every object that surrounds you, — become blind to all the beauty and rarity that I formerly delighted in. Don't think me harsh; there's no use in my not being frank now. If I leave you, everything's at an end."

Mrs. Gereth, however, was imperturbable. Fleda had to recognize that her advantage had become too real. "It's too beautiful, the way you care for him; it's music in my ears. Nothing else but such a passion could make you say such things; that's the way I should have been, too, my dear. Why didn't you tell me sooner? I'd have gone right in for you; I never would have moved a candlestick. Don't stay with me if it torments you; don't, if you suffer, be where you see the old rubbish. Go up to town, — go back for a little to your father's. It need be only for a little; two or three weeks will see us through. Your father will take you in a moment, if you only will make him understand what it's a question of, — of your getting yourself off his hands forever. I'll make him understand, you know, if you feel shy. I'd take you up myself, I'd go with you, to spare your being bored; we'd put up at a hotel, and we might amuse ourselves a bit. We have n't had much pleasure since we met, have we? But of course that would n't suit our book. I should be a bugaboo to Owen, — I should be fatally in the way. Your chance is there, — your chance is to be alone; for God's sake, use it to the right end. If you're in want of money, I've a little I can give you. But I ask no questions, — not a question as small as your shoe!"

She asked no questions, but she took the most extraordinary things for granted. Fleda felt this still more at the end

of a couple of days. On the second of these our young lady wrote to Owen; her emotion had, to a certain degree, cleared itself, — there was something she could say briefly. If she had given everything to Mrs. Gereth, and as yet got nothing, she had, on the other hand, quickly reacted — it took but a night — against the discouragement of her first check. Her desire to serve him was too passionate, the sense that he counted upon her too sweet: these things caught her up again and gave her a new patience and a new subtlety. It should n't really be for nothing that she had given so much; deep within her burned again the resolve to get something back. So what she wrote to Owen was simply that she had had a great scene with his mother, but that he must be patient and give her time. It was difficult, as they both had expected, but she was working her hardest for him. She had made an impression, — she would do everything to follow it up. Meanwhile, he must keep intensely quiet and take no other steps; he must only trust her, and pray for her, and believe in her perfect loyalty. She made no allusion whatever to Mona's attitude, nor to his not being, as regarded that young lady, master of the situation; but she said in a postscript, in reference to his mother, "Of course she wonders a good deal why your marriage does n't take place." After the letter was gone, she regretted having used the word "loyalty;" there were two or three milder terms which she might as well have employed. The answer she immediately received from Owen was a little note, of which she met all the deficiencies by describing it to herself as pathetically simple, but which, to prove that Mrs. Gereth might ask as many questions as she liked, she at once made his mother read. He had no art with his pen, he had not even a good hand, and his letter, a short profession of friendly confidence, consisted of but a few familiar and colorless words of acknowledg-

ment and assent. The gist of it was that he would certainly, since Miss Vetch recommended it, not hurry mamma too much. He would not for the present cause her to be approached by any one else, but he would, nevertheless, continue to hope that she would see she *must* come round. "Of course, you know," he added, "she can't keep me waiting indefinitely. Please give her my love, and tell her that. If it can be done peaceably, I know you're just the one to do it."

Fleda had awaited his rejoinder in deep suspense; such was her imagination of the possibility of his having, as she tacitly phrased it, let himself go on paper that when it arrived she was at first almost afraid to open it. There was indeed a distinct danger, for if he should write her love-letters the whole chance of aiding him would drop: she would have to return them, she would have to decline all further communication with him; it would be quite the end of the business. This imagination of Fleda's was a faculty that easily embraced all the heights and depths and extremities of things; that made a single mouthful, in particular, of any tragic or desperate necessity. She was just a trifle disappointed at first, perhaps, at not finding in the note in question a syllable that strayed from the text; but the next moment she had risen to a point of view from which it presented itself as a production almost inspired in its simplicity. It was simple even for Owen, and she wondered what had put it into his head to be more so than usual. Then she saw how natures that are right just do the things that are right. He was n't clever, — his manner of writing showed it; but the cleverest man in England could n't have had more the instinct that, under the circumstances, was the supremely happy one, the instinct of giving her something that would do beautifully to be shown to Mrs. Gereth. This was a kind of divination, for naturally he could n't know

the line Mrs. Gereth was taking. It was furthermore explained — and that was the most touching part of all — by his wish that she herself should notice how awfully well he was behaving. His very bareness called her attention to his virtue; and these were the exact fruits of her beautiful and terrible admonition. He was cleaving to Mona; he was doing his duty; he was making tremendously sure he should be without reproach.

If Fleda handed this communication to her friend as a triumphant gage of the innocence of the young man's heart, her elation lived but a moment after Mrs. Gereth had pounced upon the tell-tale spot in it. "Why in the world, then," that lady cried, "does he still not breathe a breath about the day, the *day*, the DAY?" She repeated the word with a crescendo of superior acuteness; she proclaimed that nothing could be more marked than its absence, — an absence that simply spoke volumes. What did it prove, in fine, but that she was producing the effect she had toiled for, — that she had settled or was rapidly settling Mona?

Such a challenge Fleda was obliged in some manner to take up. "You may be settling Mona," she returned, with a smile, "but I can hardly regard it as sufficient evidence that you are settling Mona's lover."

"Why not, with such a studied omission on his part to gloss over in any manner the painful tension existing between them, — the painful tension that, under Providence, I've been the means of bringing about? He gives you by his silence clear notice that his marriage is practically off."

"He speaks to me of the only thing that concerns me. He gives me clear notice that he abates not one jot of his demand."

"Well, then, let him take the only way to get it satisfied."

Fleda had no need to ask again what such a way might be, nor was her sup-

port removed by the fine assurance with which Mrs. Gereth could make her argument wait upon her wish. These days, which dragged their length into a strange, uncomfortable fortnight, had already borne more testimony to that element than all the other time the two women had passed together. Our young lady had been at first far from seeing the whole of a feature that Owen himself would probably have described as her companion's "cheek." She lived now in a kind of bath of boldness, felt as if a fierce light poured in upon her from windows opened wide; and the singular part of the ordeal was that she could not protest against it fully without incurring, even to her own mind, some reproach of ingratitude, some charge of smallness. If Mrs. Gereth's apparent determination to hustle her into Owen's arms was accompanied with an air of holding her dignity rather cheap, this was, after all, only as a consequence of her being held in respect to some other attributes rather dear. It was a new version of the old story of being kicked upstairs. The wonderful woman was the same woman who, in the summer, at Poynton, had been so puzzled to conceive why a good-natured girl should not have contributed more to the rout of the Brigstocks, — should not have been grateful even for the handsome puff of Fleda Vetch. Only her passion was keener now, and her scruple more absent; the fight made a demand upon her, and her pugnacity had become one with her constant habit of using such weapons as she could pick up. She had no imagination about anybody's life save on the side she bumped against. Fleda was quite aware that she would have otherwise been a rare creature; but a rare creature was originally just what she had struck her as being. Mrs. Gereth had really no perception of anybody's nature, — had only one question about persons: were they clever or stupid? To be clever meant to know the marks. Fleda knew them

by direct inspiration, and a warm recognition of this had been her friend's tribute to her character. The girl had hours, now, of sombre wishing that she might never see anything good again; that kind of experience was evidently not an infallible source of peace. She would be more at peace in some vulgar little place that should owe its *cachet* to Tottenham Court Road. There were nice, horrible things in West Kensington; it was as if they beckoned her and wooed her back to them. She had a relaxed recollection of Waterbath; and of her reasons for staying on at Ricks the force was rapidly ebbing. One of these was her pledge to Owen, — her vow to press his mother close; the other was the fact that of the two discomforts, that of being prodded by Mrs. Gereth and that of appearing to run after somebody else, the former remained for a while the more endurable.

As the days passed, however, it became plainer to Fleda that her only chance of success would be in lending herself to that low appearance. Then, moreover, at last, her nerves settling the question, the choice was simply imposed by the violence done to her taste, — to whatever was left of that high principle, at least, after the free and reckless meeting, for months, of great drafts and appeals. It was all very well to try to evade discussion. Owen Gereth was looking to her for a struggle, and it was not a bit of a struggle to be disgusted and dumb. She was on too strange a footing, — that of having presented an ultimatum and having had it torn up in her face. In such a case as that the envoy always departed; he never sat gaping and dawdling before the city. Mrs. Gereth, every morning, looked publicly into *The Morning Post*, the only newspaper she received; and every morning she treated the blankness of that journal as fresh evidence that everything was "off." What did the *Post* exist for but to tell you your son was wretchedly married? — so that if

such a source of misery was dry, what could you do but infer that for once you had miraculously escaped? She almost taunted Fleda with supineness in not getting something out of somebody, — in the same breath, indeed, in which she drenched her with a kind of appreciation more onerous to the girl than blame. Mrs. Gereth herself had of course washed her hands of the matter; but Fleda knew people who knew Mona, and would be sure to be in her confidence, — inconceivable people who admired her and had the privilege of Waterbath. What was the use, therefore, of being the most natural and the easiest of letter-writers, if no sort of side-light — in some pretext for correspondence — was, by a brilliant creature, to be got out of such barbarians? Fleda was not only a brilliant creature, but she heard herself commended, in these days, for new and strange attractions; she figured suddenly, in the queer conversations of Ricks, as a distinguished, almost as a dangerous beauty. That retouching of her hair and dress in which her friend had impulsively indulged on a first glimpse of her secret was, by implication, very frequently repeated. She had the sense not only of being advertised and offered, but of being counseled and enlightened in ways that she scarcely understood, — arts obscure even to a poor girl who had had, in good society and motherless poverty, to look straight at realities and fill out blanks.

These arts, when Mrs. Gereth's spirits were high, were handled with a brave and cynical humor with which Fleda's fancy could keep no step: they left our young lady wondering what on earth her companion wanted her to do. "I want you to cut in!" — that was Mrs. Gereth's familiar and comprehensive phrase for the course she prescribed. She challenged again and again Fleda's picture, as she called it (though the sketch was too slight to deserve the name), of the indifference to which a prior attachment

had committed the proprietor of Poynton. "Do you mean to say that, Mona or no Mona, he could see you that way, day after day, and not have the ordinary feelings of a man?" This was the sort of interrogation to which Fleda was fitfully and irrelevantly treated. She had grown almost used to the refrain. "Do you mean to say that when, the other day, one had quite made you over to him, the great gawk, and he was, on this very spot, utterly alone with you?" — The girl at this point never left any doubt of what she meant to say, but Mrs. Gereth could be trusted to break out in another place and at another time. At last Fleda wrote to her father that he must take her in for a while; and when, to her companion's delight, she returned to London, that lady went with her to the station and waited for her on her way. The *Morning Post* had been delivered as they left the house, and Mrs. Gereth had brought it with her for the traveler, who never spent a penny on a newspaper. On the platform, however, when this young person was ticketed, labeled, and seated, she opened it at the window of the carriage, exclaiming as usual, after looking into it a moment, "Nothing — nothing — nothing: don't tell *me*!" Every day that there was nothing was a nail in the coffin of the marriage. An instant later the train was off, but, moving quickly beside it, while Fleda leaned inscrutably forth, Mrs. Gereth grasped her friend's hand and looked up with wonderful eyes. "Only let yourself go, darling, — only let yourself go!"

XIII.

That she desired to ask no questions Mrs. Gereth conscientiously proved by closing her lips tight after Fleda had gone to London. No letter from Ricks arrived at West Kensington, and Fleda, with nothing to communicate that could be to the taste of either party, forbore

to open a correspondence. If her heart had been less heavy, she might have been amused to perceive how much rope this reticence of Ricks seemed to signify to her that she could take. She had, at all events, no good news for her friend save in the sense that her silence was not bad news. She was not yet in a position to write that she had "cut in;" but neither, on the other hand, had she gathered material for announcing that Mona was undiscoverable from her prey. She had made no use of the pen so glorified by Mrs. Gereth to wake up the echoes of Waterbath; she had sedulously abstained from inquiring what in any quarter, far or near, was said, or suggested, or supposed. She only spent a daily penny on *The Morning Post*; she only saw, on each occasion, that that inspired sheet had as little to say about the imminence as about the abandonment of certain nuptials. It was at the same time obvious that Mrs. Gereth, on these occasions, triumphed much more than she trembled, and that with a few such triumphs repeated she would cease to tremble at all. What was most manifest, however, was that she had had a rare preconception of the circumstances that would have ministered, had Fleda been disposed, to the girl's cutting in. It was brought home to Fleda that these circumstances would have particularly favored intervention; she was quickly forced to do them a secret justice. One of the effects of her intimacy with Mrs. Gereth was that she had quite lost all sense of intimacy with any one else. The lady of Ricks had made a desert around her, possessing and absorbing her so utterly that the others had fallen away. Had n't she been admonished, months before, that people considered they had lost her, and were reconciled on the whole to the privation? Her position, at present, in the great unconscious town, defined itself as obscure: she regarded it, at any rate, with eyes suspicious of that lesson. She neither wrote notes nor re-

ceived them; she indulged in no reminders nor knocked at any doors; she wandered vaguely in the western wilderness, or cultivated shy forms of that "household art" for which she had had a respect before tasting the bitter tree of knowledge. Her only plan was to be as quiet as a mouse, and when she failed in the attempt to lose herself in the flat suburb she felt like a lonely fly crawling over a dusty chart.

How had Mrs. Gereth known in advance that if she had chosen to be "vile" (that was what Fleda called it) everything would happen to help her? — especially the way her poor father, after breakfast, doddered off to his club, showing seventy when he was really fifty-five, and leaving her richly alone for the day. He came back about midnight, looking at her very hard and not risking long words, — only making her feel by inimitable touches that the presence of his family compelled him to alter all his hours. She had, in their common sitting-room, the company of the objects he was fond of saying that he had collected, — objects, shabby and battered, of a sort that appealed little to his daughter: old brandy-flasks and match-boxes, old calendars and handbooks, intermixed with an assortment of pen-wipers and ash-trays, a harvest he had gathered in from penny bazaars. He was blandly unconscious of that side of Fleda's nature which had endeared her to Mrs. Gereth, and she had often heard him wish to goodness there was something nice she cared for. Why did n't she try collecting something? — it did n't matter what. She would find it gave an interest to life, and there was no end of little curiosities one could easily pick up. He was conscious of having a taste for fine things which his children, unfortunately, had not inherited. This indicated the limits of their acquaintance with him, — limits which, as Fleda was now sharply aware, could only leave him to wonder what the devil she was

there for. As she herself echoed this question to the letter, she was not in a position to clear up the mystery. She could n't have given a name to her errand in town or explained it save by saying that she had had to get away from Ricks. It was intensely provisional, but what was to come next? Nothing could come next but a deeper anxiety. She had neither a home nor an outlook,—nothing in all the wide world but a feeling of suspense.

Of course she had her duty,—her duty to Owen,—a definite undertaking, reaffirmed, after his visit to Ricks, under her hand and seal; but there was no sense of possession attached to that; there was only a horrible sense of privation. She had quite moved from under Mrs. Gereth's wide wing; and now that she was really among the pen-wipers and ash-trays, she was swept, at the thought of all the beauty she had forsworn, by short, wild gusts of despair. If her friend should really keep the spoils, she would never return to her. If that friend should, on the other hand, part with them, what on earth would there be to return to? The chill struck deep as Fleda thought of the mistress of Ricks reduced, in vulgar parlance, to what she had on her back: there was nothing to which she could compare such an image but her idea of Marie Antoinette in the Conciergerie, or perhaps the vision of some tropical bird, the creature of hot, dense forests, dropped on a frozen moor to pick up a living. The mind's eye could see Mrs. Gereth, indeed, only in her thick, colored air; it took all the light of her treasures to make her concrete and distinct. She loomed for a moment, in any mere house, gaunt and unnatural; then she vanished as if she had suddenly sunk into a quicksand. Fleda lost herself in the rich fancy of how, if *she* were mistress of Poynton, a whole province should be assigned there, as a residence, to the splendid, august queen mother. She would have returned

from her campaign with her baggage-train and her loot, and the palace would unbar its shutters and the morning flash back from its halls. In the event of a surrender, the poor woman would never again be able to begin to collect: she was now too old and too moneyless, and times were altered and good things impossibly dear. A surrender, furthermore, to any daughter-in-law save an oddity like Mona need n't at all be an abdication in fact; any other fairly nice girl whom Owen should have taken it into his head to marry would have been positively glad to have, for the museum, a custodian who was a walking catalogue, and who understood beyond any one in England the hygiene and temperament of unique pieces. A fairly nice girl would somehow be away a good deal, and would at such times count it a blessing to feel Mrs. Gereth at her post.

Fleda had fully recognized, the first days, that, quite apart from any question of letting Owen know where she was, it would be a charity to give him some sign; it would be weak, it would be ugly, to be diverted from that kindness by the fact that Mrs. Gereth had attached a tinkling bell to it. A frank relation with him was only superficially discredited; she ought for his own sake to send him a word of cheer. So she repeatedly reasoned, but she as repeatedly delayed performance: if her general plan had been to be as still as a mouse, an interview like the interview at Ricks would be an odd contribution to that ideal. Therefore, with a confused preference of practice to theory, she let the days go by; she felt that nothing was so imperative as the gain of precious time. She should n't be able to stay with her father forever, but she might now reap the benefit of having married her sister. Maggie's union had been built up round a small spare room. Concealed in this apartment she might try to paint again, and abetted by the grateful Maggie—for Maggie at least was

grateful — she might try to dispose of her work. She had not indeed struggled with a brush since her visit to Waterbath, where the sight of the family splotches had put her immensely on her guard. Poynton, moreover, had been an impossible place for producing; no art could flourish there but a Buddhist contemplation. It had stripped its mistress clean of all feeble accomplishments; her hands were imbrued neither with ink nor with water-color. Close to Fleda's present abode was the little shop of a man who mounted and framed pictures and desolately dealt in artists' materials. She sometimes paused before it to look at a couple of shy experiments for which its dull window constituted publicity, small studies placed there for sale, and full of warning to a young lady without fortune and without talent. Some such young lady had brought them forth in sorrow; some such young lady, to see if they had been snapped up, had passed and repassed as helplessly as she herself was doing. They never had been, they never would be, snapped up; yet they were quite above the actual attainment of some other young ladies. It was a matter of discipline with Fleda to take an occasional lesson from them; besides which, when she now quitted the house, she had to look for reasons after she was out. The only place to find them was in the shop windows. They made her feel like a servant girl taking her "afternoon," but that did n't signify; perhaps some day she would resemble such a person still more closely. This continued a fortnight, at the end of which the feeling was suddenly dissipated. She had stopped as usual in the presence of the little pictures; then, as she turned away, she had found herself face to face with Owen Gereth.

At the sight of him two emotions passed quickly across her heart, one at the heels of the other. The first was an instant perception that this encounter was not an accident; the second, a con-

sciousness as prompt that the best place for it was the street. She knew before he told her that he had been to see her, and the next thing she knew was that he had had information from his mother. Her mind grasped these things while he said, with a smile: "I saw only your back, but I was sure. I was over the way. I've been at your house."

"How came you to know my house?" Fleda asked.

"I like that!" he laughed. "How came you not to let me know that you were there?"

Fleda, at this, thought it best also to laugh. "Since I did n't let you know, why did you come?"

"Oh, I say!" cried Owen. "Don't add insult to injury. Why in the world did n't you let me know? I came because I want awfully to see you." He hesitated, then he added: "I got the tip from mother: she has written to me, — fancy!"

They still stood where they had met. Fleda's instinct was to keep him there; the more so that she could already see him take for granted that they would immediately proceed together to her door. He rose before her with a different air: he looked less ruffled and bruised than he had done at Ricks, he showed a recovered freshness. Perhaps, however, this was only because she had scarcely seen him at all, as yet, in London form, as he would have called it, — "turned out" as he was turned out in town. In the country, heated with the chase and splashed with the mire, he had always rather reminded her of a picturesque peasant in national costume. This costume, as Owen wore it, varied from day to day; it was as copious as the wardrobe of an actor; but it never failed of suggestions of the earth and the weather, the hedges and the ditches, the beasts and the birds. There had been days when it struck her as all nature in one pair of boots. It did n't make him now another person that he was delicately

dressed, shining and splendid, — that he had a higher hat, and light gloves with black seams, and a spearlike umbrella ; but it made him, she soon decided, really handsomer, and that in turn gave him — for she never could think of him, or indeed of some other things, without the aid of his own vocabulary — a tremendous pull. Yes, this was, for the moment, as he looked at her, the great fact of their situation, — his pull was tremendous. She tried to keep the acknowledgment of it from trembling in her voice, as she said to him, with more surprise than she really felt, “ You ’ve then reopened relations with her ? ”

“ It ’s she who has reopened them with me. I got her letter this morning. She told me you were here, and that she wished me to know it. She did n’t say much ; she just gave me your address. I wrote her back, ‘ Thanks no end. Shall go to-day.’ So we *are* in correspondence again, are n’t we ? She means, of course, that you ’ve something to tell me from her, eh ? But if you have, why have n’t you let a fellow know ? ” He waited for no answer to this, he had so much to say. “ At your house, just now, they told me how long you ’ve been here. Have n’t you known all the while that I ’m counting the hours ? I left a word for you, — that I would be back at

six ; but I ’m awfully glad to have caught you so much sooner. You don’t mean to say you ’re not going home ! ” he exclaimed in dismay. “ The young woman there told me you went out early.”

“ I ’ve been out a very short time,” said Fleda, who had hung back with the general purpose of making things difficult for him. The street would make them difficult ; she could trust the street. She reflected in time, however, that to betray to him she was afraid to admit him would give him more a feeling of facility than of anything else. She moved on with him after a moment, letting him direct their course to her door, which was only round a corner : she considered, as they went, that it might not prove such a stroke to have been in London so long, and yet not to have called him. She desired he should feel she was perfectly simple with him, and there was no simplicity in that. None the less, on the steps of the house, though she had a key, she rang the bell ; and while they waited together and she averted her face, she looked straight into the depths of what Mrs. Gereth had meant by giving him the “ tip.” This had been perfidious, had been monstrous of Mrs. Gereth, and Fleda wondered if her letter had contained only what Owen had repeated.

Henry James.

DEUS ABSCONDITUS.

MY God hid Himself from me
Behind whatever else I see ;
Myself — the nearest mystery —
As far beyond my grasp as He.

And yet, in darkest night, I know,
While lives a doubt-discerning glow,
That larger lights above it throw
These shadows in the vale below.

John B. Tabb.

THE COUNTRY OF THE POINTED FIRS.

XII.

EXCEPT for a few stray guests, islanders or from the inland country, to whom Mrs. Todd offered the hospitalities of a single meal, we were quite by ourselves all summer; and when there were signs of invasion, late in July, and a certain Mrs. Fosdick appeared like a strange sail on the far horizon, I suffered much from apprehension. I had been living in the quaint little house with as much comfort and unconsciousness as if it were a larger body, or a double shell, in whose simple convolutions Mrs. Todd and I had secreted ourselves, until some wandering hermit crab of a visitor marked the little spare room for her own. Perhaps now and then a castaway on a lonely desert island dreads the thought of being rescued. I heard of Mrs. Fosdick for the first time with a selfish sense of objection; but after all, I was still vacation-tenant of the schoolhouse, where I could always be alone, and it was impossible not to sympathize with Mrs. Todd, who, in spite of some preliminary grumbling, was really delighted with the prospect of entertaining an old friend.

For nearly a month we received occasional news of Mrs. Fosdick, who seemed to be making a royal progress from house to house in the inland neighborhood, after the fashion of Queen Elizabeth. One Sunday after another came and went, disappointing Mrs. Todd in the hope of seeing her guest at church and fixing the day for the great visit to begin; but Mrs. Fosdick was not ready to commit herself to a date. An assurance of "some time this week" was not sufficiently definite from a free-footed house-keeper's point of view, and Mrs. Todd put aside all herb-gathering plans, and went through the various stages of expectation, provocation, and despair. At

last she was ready to believe that Mrs. Fosdick must have forgotten her promise and returned to her home, which was vaguely said to be over Thomaston way. But one evening, just as the supper-table was cleared and "readied up," and Mrs. Todd had put her large apron over her head and stepped forth for an evening stroll in the garden, the unexpected happened. She heard the sound of wheels, and gave an excited cry to me, as I sat by the window, that Mrs. Fosdick was coming right up the street.

"She may not be considerate, but she's dreadful good company," said Mrs. Todd hastily, coming back a few steps from the neighborhood of the gate. "No, she ain't a mite considerate, but there's a small lobster left over from your tea; yes, it's a real mercy there's a lobster. Susan Fosdick might just as well have passed the compliment o' comin' an hour ago."

"Perhaps she has had her supper," I ventured to suggest, sharing the house-keeper's anxiety, and meekly conscious of an inconsiderate appetite for supper after a long expedition up the bay. There were so few emergencies of any sort at Dunnet Landing that this one appeared overwhelming.

"No, she's rode 'way over from Nahum Brayton's place. I expect they were busy on the farm, and could n't spare the horse in proper season. You just sly out an' set the teakettle on again, dear, an' drop in a good han'ful o' chips; the fire's all alive. I'll take her right up to lay off her things, an' she'll be occupied with explanations an' gettin' her bunnit off, so you'll have plenty o' time. She's one I should n't like to have find me unprepared."

Mrs. Fosdick was already at the gate, and Mrs. Todd now turned with an air of complete surprise and delight to welcome her.

"Why, Susan Fosdick," I heard her exclaim in a fine unhindered voice, as if she were calling across a field, "I come near giving of you up! I was afraid you'd gone an' 'portioned out my visit to somebody else. I s'pose you've been to supper?"

"Lor', no, I ain't, Almiry Todd," said Mrs. Fosdick cheerfully, as she turned, laden with bags and bundles, from making her adieux to the boy driver. "I ain't had a mite o' supper, dear. I've been lottin' all the way on a cup o' that best tea o' yourn, — some o' that Oolong you keep in the little chist. I don't want none o' your useful herbs."

"I keep that tea for ministers' folks," gayly responded Mrs. Todd. "Come right along in, Susan Fosdick. I declare if you ain't the same old sixpence!"

As they came up the walk together, laughing like girls, I fled, full of cares, to the kitchen, to brighten the fire and be sure that the lobster, sole dependence of a late supper, was well out of reach of the cat. There proved to be fine reserves of wild raspberries and bread and butter, so that I regained my composure, and waited impatiently for my own share of this illustrious visit to begin. There was an instant sense of high festivity in the evening air from the moment when our guest had so frankly demanded the Oolong tea.

The great moment arrived. I was formally presented at the stair-foot, and the two friends passed on to the kitchen, where I soon heard a hospitable clink of crockery and the brisk stirring of a teacup. I sat in my high-backed rocking-chair by the window in the front room with an unreasonable feeling of being left out, like the child who stood at the gate in Hans Andersen's story. Mrs. Fosdick did not look, at first sight, like a person of great social gifts. She was a serious-looking little bit of an old woman, with a birdlike nod of the head. I had often been told that she was the "best hand in the world to make a visit," — as if to

visit were the highest of vocations; that everybody wished for her, while few could get her; and I saw that Mrs. Todd felt a comfortable sense of distinction in being favored with the company of this eminent person who "knew just how." It was certainly true that Mrs. Fosdick gave both her hostess and me a warm feeling of enjoyment and expectation, as if she had the power of social suggestion to all neighboring minds.

The two friends did not reappear for at least an hour. I could hear their busy voices, loud and low by turns, as they ranged from public to confidential topics. At last Mrs. Todd kindly remembered me and returned, giving my door a ceremonious knock before she stepped in, with the small visitor in her wake. She reached behind her and took Mrs. Fosdick's hand as if she were young and bashful, and gave her a gentle pull forward.

"There, I don't know whether you're goin' to take to each other or not; no, nobody can't tell whether you'll suit each other, but I expect you'll get along some way, both having seen the world," said our affectionate hostess. "You can inform Mis' Fosdick how we found the folks out to Green Island the other day. She's always been well acquainted with mother. I'll slip out now an' put away the supper things an' set my bread to rise, if you'll both excuse me. You come out an' keep me company when you get ready, either or both." And Mrs. Todd, large and amiable, disappeared and left us.

Being furnished not only with a subject of conversation, but with a safe refuge in the kitchen in case of incompatibility, Mrs. Fosdick and I sat down, prepared to make the best of each other. I soon discovered that she, like many of the elder women of that coast, had spent a part of her life at sea, and was full of a good traveler's curiosity and enlightenment. By the time we thought it discreet to join our hostess we were already sincere friends.

You may speak of a visit's setting in as well as a tide's, and it was impossible, as Mrs. Todd whispered to me, not to be pleased at the way this visit was setting in; a new impulse and refreshing of the social currents and seldom visited bays of memory appeared to have begun. Mrs. Fosdick had been the mother of a large family of sons and daughters, — sailors and sailors' wives, — and most of them had died before her. I soon grew more or less acquainted with the histories of all their fortunes and misfortunes, and subjects of an intimate nature were no more withheld from my ears than if I had been a shell on the mantelpiece. Mrs. Fosdick was not without a touch of dignity and elegance; she was fashionable in her dress, but it was a curiously well-preserved provincial fashion of some years back. In a wider sphere one might have called her a woman of the world, with her unexpected bits of modern knowledge, but Mrs. Todd's wisdom was an intimation of truth itself. She might belong to any age, like an idyl of Theocritus; but while she always understood Mrs. Fosdick, that entertaining pilgrim could not always understand Mrs. Todd.

That very first evening my friends plunged into a borderless sea of reminiscences and personal news. Mrs. Fosdick had been staying with a family who owned the farm where she was born, and she had visited every sunny knoll and shady field corner; but when she said that it might be for the last time, I detected in her tone something expectant of the contradiction which Mrs. Todd promptly offered.

"Almiry," said Mrs. Fosdick, with sadness, "you may say what you like, but I am one of nine brothers and sisters brought up on the old place, and we're all dead but me."

"Your sister Dailey ain't gone, is she? Why, no, Louisa ain't gone!" exclaimed Mrs. Todd, with surprise. "Why, I never heard of that occurrence!"

"Yes 'm; she passed away last October, in Lynn. She had made her distant home in Vermont State, but she was making a visit to her youngest daughter. Louisa was the only one of my family whose funeral I was n't able to attend, but 't was a mere accident. All the rest of us were settled right about home. I thought it was very slack of 'em in Lynn not to fetch her to the old place; but when I came to hear about it, I learned that they 'd recently put up a very elegant monument, with stone trimming round the lot, and my sister Dailey was always great for show. She 'd just been out to see the monument the week before she was taken down, and admired it so much that they felt sure of her wishes."

"So she 's really gone, and the funeral was up to Lynn!" repeated Mrs. Todd, as if to impress the sad fact upon her mind. "She was some years younger than we be, too. I recollect the first day she ever came to school; 't was that first year mother sent me inshore to stay with aunt Topham's folks and get my schooling. You fetched little Louisa to school one Monday mornin' in a pink dress an' her long curls, and she set between you an' me, and got cryin' after a while, so the teacher sent us home with her at recess."

"She was scared of seeing so many children about her; there was only her and me and brother John at home then; the older boys were to sea with father, an' the rest of us wa'n't born," explained Mrs. Fosdick.

"Little Louisa was a beautiful child; yes, I always thought Louisa was very pretty," Mrs. Todd said. "She was a dear little girl in those days. She favored your mother; the rest of you took after your father's folks."

"We did certain," agreed Mrs. Fosdick, rocking steadily. "There, it does seem so pleasant to talk with an old acquaintance that knows what you know. I see so many of these new folks nowadays, that seem to have neither past nor

future. Conversation's got to have some root in the past, or else you've got to explain every remark you make, an' it wears a person out."

Mrs. Todd gave a funny little laugh. "Yes 'm, old friends is always best, 'less you can catch a new one that's fit to make an old one out of," she said, and we gave an affectionate glance at each other which Mrs. Fosdick could not have understood, being the latest comer to the house.

XIII.

One evening my ears caught a mysterious allusion which Mrs. Todd made to Shell-heap Island. It was a chilly night of cold northeasterly rain, and I made a fire for the first time in the Franklin stove in my room, and begged my two housemates to come in and keep me company. The weather had convinced Mrs. Todd that it was time to make a supply of cough-drops, and she had been bringing forth herbs from dark and dry hiding-places, until now the pungent dust and odor of them had resolved themselves into one mighty flavor of spear-mint that came from a simmering caldron of syrup in the kitchen. She called it done, and well done, and had ostentatiously left it to cool, and taken her knitting-work because Mrs. Fosdick was busy with hers. They sat in the two rocking-chairs, the small woman and the large one, but now and then I could see that Mrs. Todd's thoughts remained with the cough-drops. The time of gathering herbs was nearly over, but the time of syrups and cordials had begun.

The heat of the open fire made us a little drowsy, but something in the way Mrs. Todd spoke of Shell-heap Island waked my interest. I waited to see if she would say any more, and then took a roundabout way back to the subject by saying what was first in my mind: that I wished the Green Island family were there to spend the evening with us,

— Mrs. Todd's mother and her brother William.

Mrs. Todd smiled, and drummed on the arm of the rocking-chair. "Might scare William to death," she warned me; and Mrs. Fosdick mentioned her intention of going out to Green Island to stay two or three days, if this wind did n't make too much sea.

"Where is Shell-heap Island?" I ventured to ask, seizing the opportunity.

"Bears nor'east somewheres about three miles from Green Island; right off-shore, I should call it about eight miles out," said Mrs. Todd. "You never was there, dear; 't is off the thoroughfares, and a very bad place to land at best."

"I should think 't was," agreed Mrs. Fosdick, smoothing down her black silk apron. "'T is a place worth visitin' when you once get there. Some o' the old folks was kind o' fearful about it. 'T was 'counted a great place in old Indian times; you can pick up their stone tools 'most any time if you hunt about. There's a beautiful spring o' water, too. Yes, I remember when they used to tell queer stories about Shell-heap Island. Some said 't was a great bangeing-place for the Indians, and an old chief resided there once that ruled the winds; and others said they'd always heard that once the Indians come down from up country an' left a captive there without any bo't, an' 't was too far to swim across to Black Island, so called, an' he lived there till he perished."

"I've heard say he walked the island after that, and sharp-sighted folks could see him an' lose him like one o' them citizens Cap'n Littlepage was acquainted with up to the north pole," announced Mrs. Todd grimly. "Anyway, there was Indians,—you can see their shell-heap that named the island; and I've heard myself that 't was one o' their cannibal places, but I never could believe it. There never was no cannibals on the coast o' Maine. All the Indians o' these regions are tame-looking folks."

"Sakes alive, yes!" exclaimed Mrs. Fosdick. "Ought to see them painted savages I've seen when I was young out in the South Sea Islands! That was the time for folks to travel, 'way back in the old whalin' days!"

"Whalin' must have been dull for a lady, hardly ever makin' a lively port, and not takin' in any mixed cargoes," said Mrs. Todd. "I never desired to go a whalin' v'y'ge myself."

"I used to return feelin' very slack an' behind the times, 't is true," explained Mrs. Fosdick, "but 't was excitin', an' we always done extra well, and felt rich when we did get ashore. I liked the variety. There, how times have changed; how few seafarin' families there are left! What a lot o' queer folks there used to be about here, anyway, when we was young, Almiry. Everybody's just like everybody else, now; nobody to laugh about, and nobody to cry about."

It seemed to me that there were peculiarities of character in the region of Dunnet Landing yet, but I did not like to interrupt.

"Yes," said Mrs. Todd after a moment of meditation, "there was certain a good many curiosities of human natur' in this neighborhood years ago. There was more energy then, and in some the energy took a singular turn. In these days the young folks is all copy-cats, 'fraid to death they won't be all just alike; as for the old folks, they pray for the advantage o' bein' a little different."

"I ain't heard of a copy-cat this great many years," said Mrs. Fosdick, laughing; "'t was a favorite term o' my grandmother's. No, I wa'n't thinking o' those things, but of them strange straying creatur's that used to rove the country. You don't see them now, or the ones that used to hive away in their own houses with some strange notion or other."

I thought again of Captain Littlepage, but my companions were not reminded

of his name; and there was brother William at Green Island, whom we all three knew.

"I was talking o' poor Joanna the other day. I had n't thought of her for a great while," said Mrs. Fosdick abruptly. "Mis' Brayton an' I recalled her as we sat together sewing. She was one o' your peculiar persons, wa'n't she? Speaking of such persons," she turned to explain to me, "there was a sort of a nun or hermit person lived out there for years all alone on Shell-heap Island. Miss Joanna Todd, her name was, — a cousin o' Almiry's late husband."

I expressed my interest, but as I glanced at Mrs. Todd I saw that she was confused by sudden affectionate feeling and unmistakable desire for reticence.

"I never want to hear Joanna laughed about," she said anxiously.

"Nor I," answered Mrs. Fosdick reassuringly. "She was crossed in love, — that was all the matter to begin with; but as I look back, I can see that Joanna was one doomed from the first to fall into a melancholy. She retired from the world for good an' all, though she was a well-off woman. All she wanted was to get away from folks; she thought she was n't fit to live with anybody, and wanted to be free. Shell-heap Island come to her from her father, and first thing folks knew she'd gone off out there to live, and left word she did n't want no company. 'T was a bad place to get to, unless the wind an' tide were just right; 't was hard work to make a landing."

"What time of year was this?" I asked.

"Very late in the summer," Mrs. Fosdick said. "No, I never could laugh at Joanna, as some did. She set everything by the young man, an' they were going to marry in about a month, when he got bewitched with a girl 'way up the bay, and married her, and went off to Massachusetts. He was n't well thought of, — there were those who thought Jo-

anna's money was what had tempted him; but she'd given him her whole heart, an' she wa'n't so young as she had been. All her hopes were built on marryin', an' havin' a real home and somebody to look to; she acted just like a bird when its nest is spoilt. The day after she heard the news she was in dreadful woe, but the next she came to herself very quiet, and took the horse and wagon, and drove fourteen miles to the lawyer's, and signed a paper givin' her half of the farm to her brother. They never had got along very well together, but he did n't want to sign it, till she acted so distressed that he gave in. Edward Todd's wife was a good woman, who felt very bad indeed, and used every argument with Joanna; but Joanna took a poor old boat that had been her father's and lo'ded in a few things, and off she put all alone, with a good land breeze, right out to sea. Edward Todd ran down to the beach, an' stood there cryin' like a boy to see her go, but she was out o' hearin'. She never stepped foot on the mainland again long as she lived."

"How large an island is it? How did she manage in winter?" I asked.

"Perhaps thirty acres, rocks and all," answered Mrs. Todd, taking up the story gravely. "There can't be much of it that the salt spray don't fly over in storms. No, 't is a dreadful small place to make a world of; it has a different look from any of the other islands, but there's a sheltered cove on the south side, with mud-flats across one end of it at low water where there's excellent clams, and the big shell-heap keeps some o' the wind off a little house her father took the trouble to build when he was a young man. They said there was an old house built o' logs there before that, with a kind of natural cellar in the rock under it. He used to stay out there days to a time, and anchor a little sloop he had, and dig clams to fill it, and sail up to Portland. They said the dealers always gave him an extra price, the

clams were so noted. Joanna used to go out and stay with him. They were always great companions, so she knew just what 't was out there. There was a few sheep that belonged to her brother an' her, but she bargained for him to come and get them on the edge o' cold weather. Yes, she desired him to come for the sheep; an' his wife thought perhaps Joanna'd return, but he said no, an' lo'ded the bo't with warm things an' what he thought she'd need through the winter. He come home with the sheep an' left the other things by the house, but she never so much as looked out o' the window. She done it for a penance. She must have wanted to see Edward by that time."

Mrs. Fosdick was fidgeting with eagerness to speak.

"Some thought the first cold snap would set her ashore, but she always remained," concluded Mrs. Todd soberly.

"Talk about the men not having any curiosity!" exclaimed Mrs. Fosdick scornfully. "Why, the waters round Shell-heap Island were white with sails all that fall. 'T was never called no great of a fishin'-ground before. Many of 'em made excuse to go ashore to get water at the spring; but at last she spoke to a bo't-load, very dignified and calm, and said that she'd like it better if they'd make a practice of getting water to Black Island or somewheres else and leave her alone, except in case of accident or trouble. But there was one man who had always set everything by her from a boy. He'd have married her if the other had n't come about an' spoilt his chance, and he used to get close to the island, before light, on his way out fishin', and throw a little bundle 'way up the green slope front o' the house. His sister told me she happened to see, the first time, what a pretty choice he made o' useful things that a woman would feel lost without. He stood off fishin', and could see them in the grass all day, though sometimes she'd come out and

walk right by them. There was other bo'ts near, out after mackerel. But early next morning his present was gone. He did n't presume too much, but once he took her a nice firkin o' things he got up to Portland, and when spring come he landed her a hen and chickens in a nice little coop. There was a good many old friends had Joanna on their minds."

"Yes," said Mrs. Todd, losing her sad reserve in the growing sympathy of these reminiscences. "How everybody used to notice whether there was smoke out of the chimney! The Black Island folks could see her with their spy-glass, and if they'd ever missed getting some sign o' life they'd have sent notice to her folks. But after the first year or two Joanna was more and more forgotten as an every-day charge. Folks lived very simple in those days, you know," she continued, as Mrs. Fosdick's knitting was taking much thought at the moment. "I expect there was always plenty of driftwood thrown up, and a poor failin' patch of spruces covered all the north side of the island, so she always had something to burn. She was very fond of workin' in the garden ashore, and that first summer she began to till the little field out there, and raised a nice parcel o' potatoes. She could fish, o' course, and there was all her clams an' lobsters. You can always live well in any wild place by the sea when you'd starve to death up country, except 't was berry time. Joanna had berries out there, blackberries at least, and there was a few herbs in case she needed them. Mullein in great quantities and a plant o' wormwood I remember seeing once when I stayed there, long before she fled out to Shell-heap. Yes, I recall the wormwood, which is always a planted herb, so there must have been folks there before the Todds' day. A growin' bush makes the best gravestone; that wormwood always stood to me for somebody's solemn monument. Catnip, too, is a very enduring herb about an old place."

"But what I want to know is what she did for other things," interrupted Mrs. Fosdick. "Almiry, what did she do for clothin' when she needed to replenish, or risin' for her bread, or the piece-bag that no woman can live long without?"

"Or company," suggested Mrs. Todd. "Joanna was one that loved her friends. There must have been a terrible sight o' long winter evenin's that first year."

"There was her hens," suggested Mrs. Fosdick, after reviewing the melancholy situation. "She never wanted the sheep after that first season. There wa'n't no proper pasture for sheep after the June grass was past, and she ascertained the fact and could n't bear to see them suffer; but the chickens done well. I remember sailin' by one spring afternoon, an' seein' the coops out front o' the house in the sun. How long was it before you went out with the minister? You were the first ones that ever really got ashore to see Joanna."

I had been reflecting upon a state of society which admitted such personal freedom and a voluntary hermitage. There was something mediæval in the behavior of poor Joanna Todd under a disappointment of the heart. The two women had drawn closer together, and were talking on, quite unconscious of a listener.

"Poor Joanna!" said Mrs. Todd again, and sadly shook her head as if there were things one could not speak about.

"I called her a great fool," declared Mrs. Fosdick, with spirit, "but I pitied her then, and I pity her far more now. Some other minister would have been a great help to her, — one that preached self-forgetfulness and doin' for others to cure our own ills; but Parson Dimmick was a vague person, well meanin', but very numb in his feelin's. I don't suppose at that troubled time Joanna could think of any way to mend her troubles except to run off and hide."

"Mother used to say she did n't see how Joanna lived without having nobody to do for, getting her own meals and tending her own poor self day in an' day out," said Mrs. Todd sorrowfully.

"There was the hens," repeated Mrs. Fosdick kindly. "I expect she soon came to makin' folks o' them. No, I never went to work to blame Joanna, as some did. She was full o' feeling, and her troubles hurt her more than she could bear. I see it all now as I could n't when I was young."

"I suppose in old times they had their shut-up convents for just such folks," said Mrs. Todd, as if she and her friend had disagreed about Joanna once, and were now in happy harmony. She seemed to speak with new openness and freedom. "Oh yes, I was only too pleased when the Reverend Mr. Dimmick invited me to go out with him. He had n't been very long in the place when she left home and friends. 'T was one day that next summer after she went, and I had been married early in the spring. He felt that he ought to go out and visit her. She was a member of the church, and might wish to have him consider her spiritual state. I wa'n't so sure o' that, but I always liked Joanna, and I'd come to be her cousin by marriage. Nathan an' I had conversed about goin' out to pay her a visit, but he got his chance to sail sooner 'n he expected. He always thought everything of her, and last time he come home, knowing nothing of her change, he brought her a beautiful coral pin from a port he'd touched at somewheres up the Mediterranean. So I wropped the little box in a nice piece of paper and put it in my pocket, and picked her a bunch of fresh lemon balm, and off we started."

Mrs. Fosdick laughed. "I remember hearin' about your trials on the v'y'ge," she said.

"Why, yes," continued Mrs. Todd in her company manner. "I picked her the balm, an' we started. Why, yes,

Susan, the minister liked to have cost me my life that day. He would fasten the sheet, though I advised against it. He said the rope was rough an' cut his hand. There was a fresh breeze, an' he went on talking rather high flown, an' I felt some interested. All of a sudden there come up a gust, and he give a screech and stood right up and called for help, 'way out there to sea. I knocked him right over into the bottom o' the bo't, getting by to catch hold of the sheet an' untie it. He was n't but a little man; I helped him right up after the squall passed, and made a handsome apology to him, but he did act kind o' offended."

"I do think they ought not to settle them landlocked folks in parishes where they're liable to be on the water," insisted Mrs. Fosdick. "Think of the families in our parish that was scattered all about the bay, and what a sight o' sails you used to see, in Mr. Dimmick's day, standing across to the mainland on a pleasant Sunday morning, filled with church-going folks, all sure to want him some time or other! You could n't find no doctor that would stand up in the boat and screech if a flaw struck her."

"Old Dr. Bennett had a beautiful sail-boat, did n't he?" responded Mrs. Todd. "And how well he used to brave the weather! Mother always said that in time o' trouble that tall white sail used to look like an angel's wing comin' over the sea to them that was in pain. Well, there's a difference in gifts. Mr. Dimmick was not without light."

"'T was light o' the moon, then," snapped Mrs. Fosdick; "he was pompous enough, but I never could remember a single word he said. There, go on, Mis' Todd; I forget a great deal about that day you went to see poor Joanna."

"I felt she saw us coming, and knew us a great way off: yes, I seemed to feel it within me," said our friend, laying down her knitting. "I kept my seat, and took the bo't inshore without say-

ing a word; there was a short channel that I was sure Mr. Dimmick was n't acquainted with, and the tide was very low. She never came out to warn us off nor anything, and I thought, as I hauled the bo't up on a wave and let the Reverend Mr. Dimmick step out, that it was somethin' gained to be safe ashore. There was a little smoke out o' the chimney o' Joanna's house, and it did look sort of homelike and pleasant with wild mornin'-glory vines trained up; an' there was a plot o' flowers under the front window, portulacas and things. I believe she'd made a garden once, when she was stopping there with her father, and some things must have seed-ed in. It looked as if she might have gone over the other side of the island. 'T was neat and pretty all about the house, and a lovely day in July. We walked up from the beach together very sedate, and I felt for poor Nathan's little pin to see if 't was safe in my dress pocket. All of a sudden Joanna come right to the fore door and stood there, not sayin' a word."

XIV.

My companions and I had been so intent upon the subject of the conversation that we had not heard any one open the gate, but at this moment, above the noise of the rain, we heard a loud knocking. We were all startled as we sat by the fire, and Mrs. Todd rose hastily and went to answer the call, leaving her rocking-chair in violent motion. Mrs. Fosdick and I heard an anxious voice at the door speaking of a sick child, and Mrs. Todd's kind, motherly voice inviting the messenger in: then we waited in silence. There was a sound of heavy dropping of rain from the eaves and the distant roar and undertone of the sea. My thoughts flew back to the lonely woman on her outer island; what separation from humankind she must have felt, what ter-

ror and sadness, even in a summer storm like this!

"You send right after the doctor if she ain't better in half an hour," said Mrs. Todd to her worried customer as they parted; and I felt a warm sense of comfort in the evident resources of even so small a neighborhood, but for the poor hermit Joanna there was no neighbor on a winter night.

"How did she look?" demanded Mrs. Fosdick, without preface, as our large hostess returned to the little room with a mist about her from standing long in the wet doorway, and the sudden draught of her coming beat out the smoke and flame from the Franklin stove. "How did poor Joanna look?"

"She was the same as ever, except I thought she looked smaller," answered Mrs. Todd after thinking a moment; perhaps it was only a last considering thought about her patient. "Yes, she was just the same, and looked very nice, Joanna did. I had been married since she left home, an' she treated me like her own folks. I expected she'd look strange, with her hair turned gray in a night or somethin', but she wore a pretty gingham dress I'd often seen her wear before she went away; she must have kept it nice for best in the afternoons. She always had beautiful, quiet manners. I remember she waited till we were close to her, and then kissed me real affectionate and inquired for Nathan before she shook hands with the minister, and then she invited us both in. 'T was the same little house her father had built him when he was a bachelor, with one livin'-room, and a little mite of a bedroom out of it where she slept, but 't was neat as a ship's cabin. There was some old chairs, an' a seat made of a long box that might have held boat tackle an' things to lock up in his fishin' days, and a good enough stove so anybody could cook and keep warm in cold weather. I went over once from home

and stayed 'most a week with Joanna when we was girls, and those young happy days rose up before me. Her father was busy all day fishin' or clammin'; he was one o' the pleasantest men in the world, but Joanna's mother had the grim streak, and never knew what 't was to be happy. The first minute my eyes fell upon Joanna's face that day I saw how she had grown to look like Mis' Todd. 'T was the mother right over again."

"Oh dear me!" said Mrs. Fosdick.

"Joanna had done one thing very pretty. There was a little piece o' swamp on the island where good rushes grew plenty, and she'd gathered 'em, and braided some beautiful mats for the floor and a thick cushion for the long bunk. She'd showed a good deal of invention; you see there was a nice chance to pick up pieces o' wood and boards that drove ashore, and she'd made good use o' what she found. There was n't no clock, but she had a few dishes on a shelf, and flowers set about in shells fixed to the walls, so it did look sort of homelike, though so lonely and poor. I could n't keep the tears out o' my eyes, I felt so sad. I said to myself, I must get mother to come over an' see Joanna; the love in mother's heart would warm her, an' she might be able to advise."

"Oh no, Joanna was dreadful stern," said Mrs. Fosdick.

"We were all settin' down very proper, but Joanna would keep stealin' glances at me as if she was glad I come. She had but little to say; she was real polite an' gentle, and yet forbiddin'. The minister found it hard," confessed Mrs. Todd; "he got embarrassed, an' when he put on his authority and asked her if she felt to enjoy religion in her present situation, an' she replied that she must be excused from answerin', I thought I should fly. She might have made it easier for him; after all, he was the minister and had taken some trouble to come out, though 't was kind of cold an' unfeelin' the way he inquired. I

thought he might have seen the little old Bible a-layin' on the shelf close by him, an' I wished he knew enough to just lay his hand on it an' read somethin' kind an' fatherly 'stead of accusin' her, an' then given poor Joanna his blessing with the hope she might be led to comfort. He did offer prayer, but 't was all about hearin' the voice o' God out o' the whirlwind; and I thought while he was goin' on that anybody that had spent the long cold winter all alone out on Shell-heap Island knew a good deal more about those things than he did. I got so provoked I opened my eyes an' stared right at him.

"She did n't take no notice, she kep' a nice respectful manner towards him, and when there come a pause she asked if he had any interest about the old Indian remains, and took down some queer stone gouges and hammers off of one of her shelves and showed them to him same's if he was a boy. He remarked that he'd like to walk over an' see the shell-heap; so she went right to the door and pointed him the way. I see then that she'd made her some kind o' sandal-shoes out o' the fine rushes to wear on her feet; she stepped light an' nice in 'em as shoes."

Mrs. Fosdick leaned back in her rocking-chair and gave a heavy sigh.

"I did n't move at first, but I'd held out just as long as I could," said Mrs. Todd, whose voice trembled a little. "When Joanna returned from the door, an' I could see that man's stupid back departin' among the wild rose bushes, I just ran to her an' caught her in my arms. I was n't so big as I be now, and she was older than me, but I hugged her tight, just as if she was a child. 'Oh, Joanna dear,' I says, 'won't you come ashore an' live 'long o' me at the Landin', or go over to Green Island to mother's when winter comes? Nobody shall trouble you, an' mother finds it hard bein' alone. I can't bear to leave you here' — and I burst right out cry-

ing. I'd had my own trials, young as I was, an' she knew it. Oh, I did entreat her; yes, I entreated Joanna."

"What did she say then?" asked Mrs. Fosdick, much moved.

"She looked the same way, sad an' remote through it all," said Mrs. Todd mournfully. "She took hold of my hand, and we sat down close together; 't was as if she turned round an' made a child of me. 'I have n't got no right to live with folks no more,' she said. 'You must never ask me again, Almiry: I've done the only thing I could do, and I've made my choice. I feel a great comfort in your kindness, but I don't deserve it. I have committed the unpardonable sin; you don't understand,' says she humbly. 'I was in great wrath and trouble, and my thoughts was so wicked towards God that I can't expect ever to be forgiven. I have come to know what it is to have patience, but I have lost my hope. You must tell those that ask how 't is with me,' she said, 'an' tell them I want to be alone.' I could n't speak; no, there wa'n't anything I could say, she seemed so above everything common. I was a good deal younger then than I be now, and I got Nathan's little coral pin out o' my pocket and put it into her hand; and when she saw it and I told her where it come from, her face did really light up for a minute, sort of bright an' pleasant. 'Nathan an' I was always good friends; I'm glad he don't think hard of me,' says she. 'I want you to have it, Almiry, an' wear it for love o' both o' us,' and she handed it back to me. 'You give my love to Nathan, — he's a dear good man,' she said; 'an' tell your mother, if I should be sick she must n't wish I could get well, but I want her to be the one to come.' Then she seemed to have said all she wanted to, as if she was done with the world, and we sat there a few minutes longer together. It was real sweet an' quiet except for a good many birds and the sea rollin' up on the beach; but at last

she rose, an' I did too, and she kissed me and held my hand in hers a minute, as if to say good-by; then she turned and went right away out o' the door and disappeared.

"The minister come back pretty soon, and I told him I was all ready, and we started down to the bo't. He had picked up some round stones and things and was carrying them in his pocket-handkerchief; an' he sat down amidships without making any question, and let me take the rudder an' work the bo't, an' made no remarks for some time, until we sort of eased it off speaking of the weather, an' subjects that arose as we skirted Black Island, where two or three families lived belongin' to the parish. He preached next Sabbath as 'usual, somethin' high soundin' about the creation, and I could n't help thinkin' he might never get no further; he seemed to know no remedies, but he had a great use of words."

Mrs. Fosdick sighed again. "Hearin' you tell about Joanna brings the time right back as if 't was yesterday," she said. "Yes, she was one o' them poor things that talked about the great sin; we don't seem to hear nothing about the unpardonable sin now, but you may say 't was not uncommon then."

"I expect that if it had been in these days, such a person would be plagued to death with idle folks," continued Mrs. Todd after a long pause. "As it was, nobody trespassed on her; all the folks about the bay respected her an' her feelin's; but as time wore on, after you left here, one after another ventured to make occasion to put somethin' ashore for her if they went that way. I know mother used to go to see her sometimes, and send William over now and then with something fresh an' nice from the farm. There is a point on the sheltered side where you can lay a boat close to shore an' land anything safe on the turf out o' reach o' the water. There were one or two others, old folks, that she would

see, and now an' then she'd hail a passin' boat an' ask for somethin'; and mother got her to promise that she would make some sign to the Black Island folks if she wanted help. I never saw her myself to speak to after that day."

"I expect nowadays, if such a thing happened, she'd have gone out West to her uncle's folks or up to Massachusetts and had a change, an' come home good as new. The world's bigger an' freer than it used to be," urged Mrs. Fosdick.

"No," said her friend. "'T is like bad eyesight, the mind of such a person: if your eyes don't see right there may be a remedy, but there's no kind of glasses to remedy the mind. No, Joanna was Joanna, and there she lays on her island where she lived and did her poor penance. She told mother the day she was dyin' that she always used to want to be fetched inshore when it come to the last; but she'd thought it over, and desired to be laid on the island, if 't was thought right. So the funeral was out there, a Saturday afternoon in September. 'T was a pretty day, and there wa'n't hardly a bo't on the coast within twenty miles that did n't head for Shell-heap cram-full o' folks, an' all real respectful, same's if she'd always stayed ashore and held her friends. Some went out o' mere curiosity, I don't doubt, — there's always such to every funeral; but most had real feelin', and went purpose to show it. She'd got most o' the wild sparrows as tame as could be, livin' out there so long among 'em, and one flew right in and lit on the coffin an' begun to sing while Mr. Dimmick was speakin'. He was put out by it, an' acted as if he did n't know whether to stop or go on. I may have been prejudiced, but I wa'n't the only one thought the poor little bird done the best of the two."

"What became o' the man that treated her so, did you ever hear?" asked Mrs. Fosdick. "I know he lived up to Massachusetts for a while. Somebody

who came from the same place told me that he was in trade there an' doin' very well, but that was years ago."

"I never heard anything more than that; he went to the war in one o' the early rigiments. No, I never heard any more of him," answered Mrs. Todd. "Joanna was another sort of person, and perhaps he showed good judgment in marryin' somebody else, if only he'd behaved straightforward and manly. He was a shifty-eyed, coaxin' sort of man, that got what he wanted out o' folks, an' only gave when he wanted to buy, made friends easy and lost 'em without knowin' the difference. She'd had a piece o' work tryin' to make him walk accordin' to her right ideas, but she'd have had too much variety ever to fall into a melancholy. Some is meant to be the Joannas in this world, an' 't was her poor lot."

XV.

Some time after Mrs. Fosdick's visit was over and we had returned to our former quietness, I was out sailing alone with Captain Bowden in his large boat. We were taking the crooked northeasterly channel seaward, and were well out from shore while it was still early in the afternoon. I found myself presently among some unfamiliar islands, and suddenly remembered the story of poor Joanna. There is something in the fact of a hermitage that cannot fail to touch the imagination; the recluses are a sad kindred, but they are never commonplace. Mrs. Todd had truly said that Joanna was like one of the saints in the desert; the loneliness of sorrow will forever keep alive their sad succession.

"Where is Shell-heap Island?" I asked eagerly.

"You see Shell-heap now, layin' 'way out beyond Black Island there," answered the captain, pointing with outstretched arm as he stood, and holding the rudder with his knee.

"I should like very much to go there," said I, and the captain, without comment, changed his course a little more to the eastward and let the reef out of his mainsail.

"I don't know 's we can make an easy landin' for ye," he remarked doubtfully. "May get your feet wet; bad place to land. Trouble is I ought to have brought a tag-boat; but they clutch on to the water so, an' I do love to sail free. This gre't boat gets easy bothered with anything trailin'. 'Tain't breakin' much on the meetin'-house ledges; guess I can fetch in to Shell-heap."

"How long is it since Miss Joanna Todd died?" I asked, partly by way of explanation.

"Twenty-two years come September," answered the captain, after reflection. "She died the same year my youngest boy was born, an' the town house was burnt over to the Port. I did n't know but you merely wanted to hunt for some o' them Indian relics. Long 's you want to see where Joanna lived — No, 't ain't breakin' over the ledges; we'll manage to fetch across the shoals somehow, 'tis such a distance to go 'way round, and tide's risin'," he ended hopefully, and we sailed steadily on, the captain speechless with intent watching of a difficult course, until the small island with its low whitish promontory lay in full view before us under the bright afternoon sun.

The month was August, and I had seen the color of the islands change from the fresh green of June to a sunburnt brown that made them look like stone, except where the dark green of the spruces and fir balsam kept the tint that even winter storms might deepen, but not fade. The few wind-bent trees on Shell-heap Island were mostly dead and gray, but there were some bayberry bushes, and a stripe of light green ran along just above the shore, which I knew to be wild morning-glories. As we came close I could see the high stone walls of

a small square field, though there were no sheep left to assail it; and below there was a little harbor-like cove where Captain Bowden was boldly running the great boat in to seek a landing-place. There was a crooked channel of deep water which led close up against the shore.

"There, you hold fast for'ard there, an' wait for her to lift on the wave. You'll make a good landin' if you're smart; right on the port-hand side!" the captain called excitedly; and I, standing ready with high ambition, seized my chance and leaped over to the grassy bank.

"I'm beat if I ain't aground after all!" mourned the captain despondently.

But I could reach the bowsprit, and he pushed with the boat-hook, while the wind veered round a little as if on purpose and helped with the sail; so presently the boat was free and began to drift out from shore.

"Used to call this p'int Joanna's wharf privilege, but 't has worn away in the weather since her time. I thought one or two bumps would n't hurt us none, — paint's got to be renewed, anyway, — but I never thought she'd tetch. I figured on shyin' by," the captain apologized. "She's too gre't a boat to handle well in here; but I used to sort of shy by in Joanna's day, an' cast a little somethin' ashore — some apples or a couple o' pears if I had 'em — on the grass, where she'd be sure to see."

I stood watching while Captain Bowden cleverly found his way back to deeper water. "You need n't make no haste," he called to me; "I'll keep within call. Joanna lays right up there in the far corner o' the field. There used to be a path led to the place. I always knew her well. I was out here to the funeral."

I found the path; it was touching to discover that this lonely spot was not without its pilgrims. Later generations will know less and less of Joanna her-

self, but there are paths trodden to the shrines of solitude the world over, — the world cannot forget them, try as it may; the feet of the young find them out because of curiosity and dim foreboding, while the old bring hearts full of remembrance. This plain anchorite had been one of those whom sorrow made too lonely to brave the sight of men, too timid to front the simple world she knew, yet valiant enough to live alone with her poor insistent human nature and the calms and passions of the sea and sky.

The birds were flying all about the field; they fluttered up out of the grass at my feet as I walked along, so tame that I liked to think they kept some happy tradition from summer to summer of the safety of nests and good fellowship of mankind. Poor Joanna's house was gone except the stones of its foundations, and there was little trace of her flower garden except a single faded sprig of much-enduring French pinks, which a great bee and a yellow butterfly were befriending together. I drank at the spring, and thought that now and

then some one would follow me from the busy, hard-worked, and simple-thoughted countryside of the mainland, which lay dim and dreamlike in the August haze as Joanna must have watched it many a day. There was the world, and here was she with eternity well begun. In the life of each of us, I said to myself, there is a place remote and islanded, and given to endless regret or secret happiness; we are each the unaccompanied hermit and recluse of an hour or a day; we understand our fellows of the cell to whatever age of history they may belong.

But as I stood alone on the island, in the sea-breeze, suddenly there came a sound of distant voices; gay voices and laughter from a pleasure-boat that was going seaward full of boys and girls. I knew, as if she had told me, that poor Joanna must have heard the like on many and many a summer afternoon, and must have welcomed the good cheer in spite of hopelessness and winter weather, and all the sorrow and disappointment in the world.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

THE SPECULATIONS OF A STORY-TELLER.

"THE essence," once said a rather unpolished Senator to a friend of mine who gets a living by fiction, "the essence, the vital spark, of every artist's art is something which he can teach no man, and no man can teach him."

"Because that," passively replied my friend, Smith of New Orleans, "is simply the artist himself."

"Whatever the artist can formulate," persisted the other, "is merely the art's science!" And my friend's smile seemed to imply that if such utterances could not stand unsupported, it was only because of their extreme old age.

To keep the talk going and still give

it a turn, I remarked how constantly, in every art, men lament that they do so much more poorly than they know.

"And yet," said Smith, "in the literary artist, the wonder is how often he practices a better art than he formulates."

Smith has talent, but, like most of our living American story-tellers, is without extensive book-learning even in his own line of work. In those days, he was, besides, only too willing to be unacademical. I think the true way not to be academical is to be extra-academical. But his mistake, if it was one, is especially easy for a story-teller to make. We,

the public, are all trained as private writers, and to train as public writers is only to carry the same thing further. As the geologist's great treasury of verities lies mainly in the rocks and clays everywhere underfoot, the story-teller's lies so largely in the common soil of the human heart that the power of his imagination, the range of his sympathies, and the stature and beauty of his spirit, far more than any store of knowledge or finish of training, will determine his art. His workshop has no door; and being himself its best window for looking out upon the world, he ought to be also the best window for the world to look in upon his work and its machinery. He is on safest ground when he lets his art be her own interpreter. If at times he finds himself tempted to try another way besides, I doubt, with Smith, if it be best to build at this late date any more pyramids of academical formulæ. I should like to acknowledge, as humbly as may be in good taste, that I have never pot-hunted in any domain of literary criticism. The ground in that direction has been traversed so often, and by men so opulently equipped with all the best guns, textbooks, field-glasses, herbariums, lines, rods, and flies for exhausting its opportunities, that one may easily fancy he sees on it some such derisive signboard as we noticed, Smith and I, last summer, beside a tired rivulet in a secluded meadow among the Hampshire hills: "Fish here as much as you want."

However, I must not speak for others; but as for me, a story-teller, not a critic, whenever I am called before the curtain let me not mask as a critic; let me still wear the dress of my part. Probably no men in any profession more earnestly make it their duty to know the science — the systematically communicable portion — of their art than actors; yet you may have noticed what a distinguished Frenchman of the stage lately said concerning his final decision not to lecture

on the dramatic art while traveling in America: "I came to the conclusion that such a lecture from an actor would somehow seem to be explaining what his art had left uncomprehended." Was he not very nearly right? Art is her own interpreter, and she should make it plain.

Trouble is to get her to do it. In the very necessities of her nature she is as full of sweet concealments as a wise maiden. It is the artist, her lover, who, however he may forbear, from feelings of risk or awkwardness, formally to discourse upon her, still longs to have the world know her as he does, and will eagerly talk of her as long as he may keep up a brave pretense of choosing other themes, and of happening upon the thought of her quite through accident and only by pure analogy. Indeed, I will venture this as an axiom if I never venture a second: that the true story-teller is always a good lover.

Take him thus and you shall soon find him contriving every occasion to betray his heart. He is willing to be turned inside out, and rubbed and wrung, if so you may get any clearer view of his mistress's image woven in the fabric of his being since ever he was born. Do you like good wines, for a change from water, — wines that go not to the head, but to the heart? Try mine (he says), and I will be content. But if you must do more, if you must inquire into their bead and bouquet, ask me not for any lore of the vintners: come walk with me in the vineyard and talk of things at random; peradventure you shall find in its air and landscape cunninger secrets than those of the winepress or cellar, and enjoy the charm of their disclosure unsullied by any certainty of who gives and who receives. You may trust a lover's talk to hover round his mistress, mine around the Muse. To me she is everything's illustration, and in turn is illustrated by everything. Stories are the pictures in the world's huge volume

on Living, and whatever concerns man's living may help to explain the story-teller's art.

Yet three most common things may symbolize all. You remember how Carlyle says: "Visible and tangible products of the Past, again, I reckon up to the extent of three: Cities, with their Cabinets and Arsenals; then tilled Fields, to either or to both of which divisions Roads with their Bridges may belong; and thirdly — Books. In which third truly, the last invented, lies a worth far surpassing that of the two others." That is a majestically superfluous enlargement of what I would say. Give me for text — or pretext — but a house, a book, and a wood, and I will tell all I know. I will not build arguments, but to your own constructive thought I will be a most conscientious hod-carrier; the greatest commandment of whose calling ever is *to make you feel to-day that you are entertained, and find to-morrow that you are profited.*

My present domicile, — ours, I should say, — the house we built only three years ago, seems to us, my spouse and me, the oldest we have ever had. By the time the interesting, smart smell of its raw materials had given place to the softer odor of habitancy and good house-keeping we found we had built so much of our very selves into it that it had put off its own hulking adolescence, and was beginning to share our antiquity, my consort's and mine; our middle ages, as it were. More than any earlier dwelling this last is our old house, because it fits us; because it is our adequate house, and so has that restful guise to the eye of our affections which a newly found truth has to a quick mind, an air of always having been with us.

I mention age, of course, only in esteem of it. When a hearty man tells his years, he is confessing, not their burden, but only their dignity. Strictly, his soul's experiences, not the years, are

his age; and as for the body, if we come to fine distinctions, we know well enough it is only somewhere between three and seven years old in the oldest of us. At fifty the soul has just moved into its eighth new body, which is its oldest nevertheless. Our very substitutes for flesh and blood share the soul's honors. We would never say, for example, that Rear-Admiral Tour-des-Indes is seventy-seven except his cork leg, which is scant thirty, and his wig, which is only nine. His body, both natural and artificial, is just the age of his stout old soul. Nor when he has dropped anchor at last in the haven we spell with two e's shall we think of his body as being any older than on the day the soul vacated it.

So with a house. It stops amassing any goodness of age whenever its right occupant entertains the smallest notion of leaving it. Contrariwise, it borrows a certain age from futurity on the pledge that its inmates are in it to stay, — a kind of banking it could not do on any other form of securities.

Yes, a house well fitted to its family — we are eight in ours — is their larger body; bone of their bone, crustaceous shell of those who constitute its inner vitality. As St. Paul says, there is a natural body — and there is an architectural body. Often it seems to me quite as unfair to blab the nonage of a house as the age of a lady; and the confession that we built ours only three years ago we wish to have considered as in the strictest degree confidential. "A lady is as young as she looks, and a" — house is as old as it feels to us! So our house, being our architectural body, is "going on" fifty; that is, about half our combined years, my yokemate's and mine. A very decent age, I maintain, for an American house, even in Massachusetts, — even in Northampton, Massachusetts; although our friend Phebe's house, just over in Elm Street, is well along in its second century by the almanac, and has a history (not to be told here) with a famous

British general in it, — a most worthy old house, of genuine agedness. Sometimes as I go by it I ask my mind, What is this charm of age, that we prize it almost everywhere save in ourselves? and I think if I could know, I might tell why poetry and romance dwell so openly in the past, and only so deep hid in the present; why the very name of the "novel" is born of the first daring attempts to substitute new stories for old, the pure inventions of self-conscious literary art for the earlier, spontaneous outbursts of the mind still close to a state of nature. I might hazard the conjecture that age stands always — on first blush, at least — for survival. Survival, whether in fact or in memory, implies excellence, some wealth of quality, beautiful or terrible; it also implies vicissitudes, and therefore emotions, passions, fates; history, too, it implies, which is a recapitulation of the others, strained clear of the extraneous and the trivial. To reduce life to these strong, fair outlines is one of the daily longings of all that is best in us. In the present we daily fail. Time makes this good reduction for our past, and for the soul's easement we turn readily to the past and to the things which contain the most of the past concentrated and clarified within them. Or I might say — But I may as well confess I have no head for hard questions.

I have a notion that one reason why Tarryawhile, as we call our quiet domicile, seems old is that he who planned it for us made it new in fact and old in fashion with equal courage and sincerity; doing nothing to ageify it, but keeping its aspect of maturity well within all the probabilities of a casual observer's conjectures. At least we think so. We have a gambrel roof like Phebe's, and a reasonably fair right to it, I hope, for there is a smaller and much older house hid away inside the later structure. "Wicked John Clark's" house it was called when it stood a quarter of a mile

away in Elm Street, because its old-time builder and resident, a strong, true, thorough man, made abundant use of impious words, while a neighbor on the corner opposite him was distinguished as "Good John Clark" because he abstained therefrom. So much easier is it to brand a man — or a book — for hotly speaking wrong than for mildly leaving the right unspoken. Let us have strength; it is one of age's best meanings. For me, I'd rather, any day, a man's speech — or page — should have too much pepper than too little salt.

When we moved this earlier house to a ferny, bushy, hill-and-river outskirt of old Northampton, which still justifies the enthusiastic name given it fifty or more years ago, — when we moved the house, I say, to new foundations in "Paradise," unroofed it, ripped off its weather-boarding and sheathing and knocked out all its plastering, like robbers searching a soldier, and found in them no false pretense, in its nakedness no symptoms of decrepitude, and the spaces between the joists bricked up, so that its very skeleton was too puritanical to grin, I coveted these silent vindications of its early rough-tongued master, and invited his ghost to remain and make itself at home. And it did so; but it has lost its stanch old owner's grit and vim. I know both these facts absolutely; for sometimes, in my study, which is part of the older house, when I am alone and particularly vexed with my own unskillfulness of pen, I overhear Wicked John at his old sin pusillanimously reduced to its lowest terms: "Confound it!" "Doggon it!" "Drat the thing!"

Poor ghost! it has become, as we say, "weak rather than bad." Oh, loathsome fallacy! when all wickedness is weakness (of will or else of judgment), and as to the inner character, at least, to do a bad thing weakly is to do it worst. The cup I drink with hesitations and apologies will make me just as drunk as any other, — possibly more so.

Think what folly it would be to say of a house, It is weak rather than bad. But no more can it be true of a man, a woman, a child, or a book. Say he, she, or it is strong rather than bad, and there is a chance it may be true; but when any "weakness rather than badness" of man or book asks us for entertainment, or even for charity, whining that its middle name is still Goodness, say, "You lie; Righteousness has no poor relations," slam the door, and let the "wooden damn" take care of itself. Oh, I could preach —

Really, if I could just get a working majority of sweet women to adopt that rule, I could make — I don't want to seem immodest, as the ladies say, but — I could advance and improve the whole world, of houses, men, and books. The ladies retort in their modest-superior way that sweetness, too, is one part of goodness; but I recall Samson's riddle of the honey, and maintain that the true sweetness comes from nearest the lion's, from nearest the leonine heart. In life (or houses, or books, — they're all one; there is an architectural body and there is a bibliographical body) strength takes divers forms, and as across the strings of the violin, so everywhere, true sweetness is only one of the fairest phases, a perfect flower, of self-disciplined strength.

Another phase of it is courage. I once remarked to Smith, who has the story-teller's notion that morals are not yet an exact science, I remarked that, to my mind, courage, — not fearlessness, but the domination of fear by a will too strong for it, — courage, though not strictly one of the virtues, is the corner-stone of all.

"How, not a virtue?" he replied. "There are virtues of conduct and virtues of character; and courage, however you misuse it in conduct is still that virtue of character without which a man's whole moral structure rests on shifting sand. And yet — here's an odd thing — it is n't so with a woman. When we look into the face of a beautiful girl, courage is not what we most want to see."

"No," said I; "what we most want to see is truth."

"That's a misleading name for it," he objected thoughtfully. "It means too many different things. As to veracity, that's too often a virtue of bare conduct. Even in character it's a compound virtue, made of simpler ones, and people differ widely as to what it consists in."

For the moment I quite agreed with him. "So do religions," I said. "So do races. Latins and Anglo-Saxons despise each other's conceptions of it."

But he claimed still more. "It even varies with sex," he persisted. "The vivacity and delicacy of woman's fancy and feelings, and all the exigencies of her feminine situation, make her veracity as different from a man's as her courage has to be."

"One must allow," I admitted tardily, "that mere untruthfulness does n't imply in a woman that radical impotence of character which cowardice does in a man. Still, it's a mighty safeguard!"

"That's just what it is," said he. "'Tis n't a keel; it's a railing round the deck. In a petrified state it's the Puritan confessional." He lifted a finger, made sure there were no ladies present, and continued: —

"Once upon a time, very early in the history of sin, there lived a man whose guardian angel was beset by the devil to let him lead the man into all sorts of vice; offering that if within a certain period he could not draw him from mere vice into crime and keep him there, he would restore him to his angel to become a saint.

"The angel, who was cunning, — as indeed a guardian angel has to be, — at last consented, with this proviso: that one sin, which Satan considered the most inconsequential in the calendar as well as the most universal, the man should not be tempted to; he devil might lure him into every other vice, but the man must not lie.

"The devil spat on his tail for glee,

and went away singing to himself that never man was yet born whom he could not sink to perdition, let him but get nine broken commandments hanged about his neck. But before the allotted time had half expired he returned crestfallen, and begged the angel so to modify the terms that, if only now and then, in tight places and ever so slightly, the man might prevaricate. The angel said no, he would not run that hazard with any man; but, as it chanced, he was the guardian of twins; if the devil would exchange the man for the man's twin sister, he would risk it, if only to teach the tempter one more lesson. To this Satan agreed with new zest; but in less than half the first time he was once more back, to say, with lengthy elegance, that there were hidden stores of moral endurance in woman's delicate complexities which he had quite overlooked, and the angel might have both his charges back, return freight prepaid, if he would just keep the sister out of his (Satan's) way until such time as she might be willing to part with, not any mere rule or habit, but a certain *quality*, the cornerstone of her character.

"And isn't that veracity?" asked the angel.

"Oh, come!" giggled the black prince; and even the angel had to smile.

"I know what it is," he said: "it's the dominance of an affection stronger than self-love, and we call that dominance fidelity."

"Correct!" howled the devil, fell into a fit, and vanished, with a horror on his face as if he'd been offered ice-water.

"To put it all in two words," concluded Smith, "on fidelity *and* courage—the one as essential to our altruistic as the other to our egoistic integrity—reposes the whole arch of character. On these two commandments rest all true love and heroism."

"And all romance," I ventured.

"Which is to say," responded he, "all strong living."

"But not all strong story-telling," said I, and cited Lear, Othello, and such; but we soon agreed that tales of error and shame, while they may easily be as great as any, are at last, wherever faithfully handled, negative presentations of opposite virtues; an engraver's block set upside down, from which the right emotion is gently printed on our sympathies.

Herein, as Smith observed, lies one great value of stories of simple adventure and love,—of courage and constancy, that is, or their negatives: that, rightly told, they tune the heart to these virtues, and keep it keyed to them in the absence of actual experience and trial. "Spiritual skirmish drills and sham battles," he called them, "that help to gird the heart for the real fight which may come any day."

"But the great story-tellers," I began to suggest, "are not our drill-masters only. Have you not thought at times that as the great preachers (of all kinds) are our moral captains and colonels, the great story-tellers are our spiritual pickets and videttes, who"—

"Sappers and miners, scouts, skirmishers, spies," broke in my friend,— "yes; always out on the farthest line of debated ground; some, now and again, venturing too far beyond the outposts and getting captured by the enemy; all of them doing gay, rough service, and hardly so much to be blamed as some other sorts of folk if they do not show up regularly at dress parade. They ought not to be scolded so often as they are for not keeping step with the rear-guard or the centre. That isn't their part in the world's march."

Thus we talked, much more than I need recount. Our minds were so at one that we could hardly keep up debate. While I was seeking a new trope for the story-tellers, he called them "an alert police in the disguise of cheerful out-of-work onlookers in society's great spiritual banking-house; detectives, for

all their happy-go-lucky, playful faces, ever scanning the most honored things with a fresh and wary judgment, and keeping our own moral inquiry and re-inquiry perpetually astir."

"No superfluous service," I rejoined, "when it makes us mindful that to every virtue of character there is some subtle counterfeit in conduct, some paper-money substitute, which constantly tends to drive the nobler coin out of circulation in commonplace life and the conventional mind. For modesty we have diffidence, for purity prudery, for courage hardihood, for constancy consistency, and so on through."

"Yes," he laughed, "the coin is so heavy and the paper money so convenient! I once said to my wife I wished I were a man of such strong living that my very sins might always be so big they would have to be left behind whenever I broke camp, and my warfare so active I should have to break camp every day; but she sighed something about 'doing more harm than good,' and I gave up the idea."

"You think our social pool," I asked, "is so full of carp that one can't be a trout and keep his reputation?"

"Yes," he said; "a single trout-leap of vigorous misconduct disgraces a whole virtue of character. Not only so, but, to come back to your first figure, our virtues themselves, to our own poor sight, sometimes look as counterfeit as the counterfeits look genuine. I once knew a man who so completely mistook his courage, or his constancy, — constancy often wears the mask of courage, — so mistook it, I say, for cowardice" — and from this Smith went on and on, as he is prone to do, until I had to ask him point-blank to let me finish what I was about to say of my house when he put me out, so to speak.

It was no more than this: that even a degenerate ghost in a house is far better than none. It helps to keep the house old. There is always more or less

danger of a house growing new. At times, coming upon my own house unaware, I catch it looking so, — smartly, pertly, staringly new; its virtues of character and promises of conduct, even its paint, unproved; new, with the spanking, soul-sickening newness of an electric company's suburb; lots for sale on both sides of us, and our nearest neighbors a hundred yards off as the potato flies. Whereat my heart sinks, praying as it sinks that some great power the gift may give us to fill our house, and all its furniture, hangings, adornments, and denizens, quickly, oh quickly, with truth, — truth of every kind, of art, of science, of bodily shape, of sentiment, motive, affection, behavior; that so all such newness may be shamed off those walls and out those windows. For whatever Smith may say of corner-stones, truth is one of the capstones, and the true oldness of any person, thing, thought, song, or story is the solid content, not of fact, bah! but of eternal truth, in him or it.

Do I appear to give to oldness, to age, a fanciful meaning? What of it, if we understand? The quality I would imply is that which only the various kinds of truth hereinbefore inventoried can give to man's activities or products, and which, therefore, it generally takes age to give a house: a gainful loss of the inconsequential, the irrelevant, the false, the transient, leaving a purified richness of essentials which, after whatever preparatory discords, have subsided into harmony with the vibrations of the spiritual world. Thus age gives poetry to a house, charm to remembered vicissitudes, romance to an event or tale, — gives them, I mean, conditions pleasingly favorable to impassioned thought; conditions wherein the wicked and the weary are still living problems, yet, somehow, the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

Not that I would make newness its opposite. The man who cries for either

his heart or his house; "Renew a right spirit within me," is really asking the Ancient of Days to give him, or it, some share of that eternal trueness which is His only and awful age. "An old young man," says Franklin, "makes a young old man." Years are not the absolute essential. We find delight in the new nest, the new song, the new ship, the bride and groom, their new house, each new-blown rose, each recurring morn or May; yet what delights us in them is not all newness. Nay, verily, next May is already old, and when the word is fulfilled, "Behold, I make all things new," the *look* of newness shall have perished forever.

When this look on our house disturbs me, I go here and there, across and around about its grassy environment, and strive so to plan our homely lawn-gardening as to hasten the marriage of the house to surrounding nature. For a house well married to a good landscape gets at once some guise of matronly years, if only a sweet stepmotherly dignity and benevolence. One *must* picture to his mind a cottage of goodly age when he sings any such old Normande folk-song as one just now in my mind, that tells how

"Par derrière chez ma tante"

the nightingale sings in the laurel all the long day and all the night long.

Excepting the nightingale that is the case with our house. Before us, to north and east, the land is level and dotted with pretty homes; but from south to west, the woods, laurel bushes included, come up actually into our small back yard, and our scattered groups of half-wild shrubbery run in under the boughs of oak, chestnut, and pine like chicks under a hen every time a stranger walks or drives along our front. In that deep covert the timbered and thicketed ground breaks into ridges and ravines, and within the horizontal reach of scarce twice as many yards sinks tortuously some seventy feet to the shady margins of a small, boulder-strewn watercourse. Mill River the stream is slightly called, like

seven others in the State, but has historic right also to the name of Licking Water, said to commemorate the large rewards bestowed by Good John Clarks upon tender Benonis and Jabezses for bathing in it, in the days when godliness came stingingly close to cleanliness.

It was these woods that brought us, house and all, to our present abiding-place. A furlong or so to our southeast, with only its lower windows hid by its pear and cherry trees, stands Red House, a sober, square brick cottage, which was our new house for seven years. We took comfort in lovely neighbors, and were on Paradise Hill, at the Paradise end of Paradise Road; and yet the house never mellowed. We had bought, not builded. The wood, Paradise itself, was still twenty rods away, — now it is distant but five of free earth and air, — and not only had some austere saint of earlier days fenced it in with barbed wire that left no inlet save a strait way of his own narrowing, but at times the sound of felling axe and falling tree came thence, besetting us with a helpless horror, as though it were a man beating his wife.

It was under these trees that Smith cited his illustration of courage mistaking itself for cowardice, which I would I might recount here, but I should have to leave out some of the things I said myself. Phebe was with us. "Is this actual fact?" said she, as he began.

"What matters that," he asked, "if you find it potentially true? Must not all your inferences be the same?"

"Ah," she replied, "if I know it's pure fact, I can make my inferences so much more confidently."

"Yes," he said, "but we can't await the arrival, or the conjunction, of the concrete facts. That would be the very rudest art of living. Why should our spiritual lives be no larger than the sum of all their material facts? There are countless questions of what is lovely and practicable, which it is quite practicable and lovely, and altogether best, for us to

settle in our minds and hearts before they spring up from ambush in our lives."

"We want our inferences first," I put in lightly.

"We certainly do," he insisted, "and there's a delightful cultivation for us, as well as keen pleasure, in drawing them from the supposable, which makes it quite fair for the story-teller to assume one common value for the supposable and the actual."

"And yet," I demurred, "there never was a story whose interest would not have been greater if, just as it was, it had been actual fact."

"But on the other hand," said Smith, "there never was a bunch of facts which would not have been more interesting if, just as they were, they could have possessed all, and only, the features and arrangement the story-teller would have liked them to have. His main purpose, however grave, however playful he may be, is to convey, not weighty information, but welcome emotions, thereby to establish, for the moment at least, and as much longer as he may, spiritual facts of life, in the sensibilities, sentiments, and affections of his readers. For him fact and fiction alike are but means to this end. He draws no distinctions between them. As long as facts serve him best he will use them, disguised as fiction. When fictions suit better he will use them, in the guise of facts. And when the improbable is his best instrument, as at times it may be, he does well to use it, if he can so wield it that in the end it is cheerfully forgiven by the head for the good it has brought to the heart."

My friend looked away from his three listeners, — did I not say there were three of us besides him? — and we were all silent, waiting, I thought, for the interrupted story. But presently said Phebe, "I wonder why we are so much more easily interested by fiction than by fact?"

"We are not," replied Smith. "Fiction that is only fiction has no pleasing

interest whatever. Nor is any such thing to be found in literature. It is the facts in the fiction, — not mixed with it, as some boor may mix sand with sugar, but the facts *in* the fiction, as our life is in our blood, — it is this that holds our interest. Every fact is interesting to every one interested in the group of facts to which it belongs, and every fact of the heart's experience is interesting to every true heart; so interesting that only by taking on the drapery of art can fiction compete with naked fact at all. Even in its most extravagant phases it is, after all, both spiritually and materially, mostly facts, — facts simply turned inside out and swapped about among their owners, as boys play at swapping caps and coats; or rather, made over into artistic form, — reshaped, that is, into clearer and more powerful relation than accident could ever work, to the whole mass of the world's facts, and especially to its great verities."

We were quiet again, and Smith, discerning our preference by our silence, in a kind of apologetic haste dropped his dogmatizing, and took up the waiting story, — a story-teller's old trick, always the one the best designed to win us to his preachment.

Nor have I found a good refutation of that preachment since. It is the living facts, material and spiritual, within this house, this architectural body, this Tarryawhile of fiction, that yields us all its deepest interest and sweetest and brightest pleasure; and the inditing of stories would be without excuse if actual happenings, or the books that tell of them, ever sustained that symmetrical concentration and foreshortening of incidents, that fullness of chord, that cadenced resolution from discord to harmony, from complexity to simplicity, which distinguishes all art from all mere nature, and by which fiction presents facts potently to our emotions and affections with a beautiful, supernatural economy of time, effort, and experience.

G. W. Cable.

CONFESSIONS OF PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS.

THE writers of the professional autobiographies that follow were invited by *The Atlantic Monthly* frankly to relate their careers as teachers and superintendents of public schools, and to give the most important conclusions that their experience suggests. As the reader will discover, they are successful teachers whose work has been continuous for periods of from ten to thirty years; and their straightforward narratives reveal the forces that control the public school work in many sections of the country. These teachers were selected almost at random among the successful, and there is every reason to believe that their experience is typical. These confessions have their surprises, as all candid confessions have. For instance, now that the competitive system of appointment is applied to nearly all the minor officers of the national government, it is a surprise to learn to what extent the local politicians in many parts of the country keep their hold on the appointments of teachers. It will be a surprise, too, to many readers to observe the matter-of-fact way in which these teachers write about the influence of the publishers of textbooks in the selection and the retention of school officers. Surely, no other point of view gives so accurate a measure of the great social forces that act upon our school system as the point of view of teachers themselves. For obvious reasons names are withheld, but the writers of the following six "confessions," with one exception, live in the Western and the Southern States.

I.

My early education was of the kind received by most professional men twenty years ago, including courses in a New

England academy and a New England college; from the latter I was graduated at the age of twenty-one. I intended to study for a profession, but I began teaching to earn the necessary money. Teaching I did not consider a profession, nor did it occur to me that preliminary professional training was desirable or could be obtained; hence, whatever knowledge of educational principles I possess I have learned from experience and observation, and at the expense of the children. I shudder to think of the innocent victims who have been sacrificed to make me the very moderately successful pedagogue that I am. I have, however, always had an intense love for children, and this may have leavened some wretchedly bad teaching.

After a brief period as a teacher in a boarding-school, which I learned to abhor, I began work in the West as principal of a small high school, and for six years occupied similar positions in four different towns in two States; gradually becoming acquainted with the public schools and their needs, and being called from one place to another, each time at a higher salary.

I had one experience which really gave me my first insight into the semi-political character of our school system, and taught me that efficient work was not the only element of success. The city in which I was then living was subject to tidal waves of politics; the better element would occasionally succeed in electing a good school board, who would at once begin the work of reform, erecting new buildings, employing better teachers, and supplying a better equipment, — in short, doing that most reprehensible of all things, spending money for education. Then a popular wave of indignation would "turn the rascals out," and put in other and nobler citizens, who

spent less public money on education and more on themselves, and thus pleased the people. I was caught at the meeting of two of these waves and drowned. Four of the good citizens were still left on the board, and four "reformers" were elected. It may be interesting to note that one of the reformers was a young man of vaulting ambition who gave it out that he desired a position on the school board as a stepping-stone to higher things: he aspired to be a night policeman, and — a rare thing in this sad world — he accomplished both his purposes. The superintendent of schools announced that, since economy was in the air, he would show the board how to economize: he would himself fill two places, the superintendent's and the principal's. The four on one side said that if either were to fill two places it should be I; the four on the other side said it should be he: and thus did these hosts dash one upon the other, as the Dutch and the Yankees did in Irving's Knickerbocker New York, for more than four hundred ballots, until, despairing of ever seeing their homes again, they dropped us both and forthwith elected another man. This was my first experience with school politics.

In one of the States in which I taught, a system then prevailed almost universally, and is now very general, which is so bad that it is worthy of note. The superintendent of schools makes no pretension to be a schoolman; he is a politician, elected sometimes by the people, sometimes by the common council, with practically no educational duties. The salary is a few hundred dollars, enough to piece out the income of some decayed local politician. The one schoolman employed is the principal of the high school, in which institution an honorable pride is taken. The other schools are practically without supervision and without a high degree of merit.

After my six years' apprenticeship I was called to the city where I now re-

side, as principal of the high school, which position I held for six years. This period was altogether the most enjoyable of my educational career. With an efficient school superintendent to act as buffer, I was saved attacks from politicians, I received a good salary, and I had almost independent sway and good teachers. Under these circumstances there was no excuse for not building up a good high school. At the expiration of this happy time my evil genius seized me. A vacancy occurred in the office of superintendent, and I consented to take the place. Ah, woeful day that saw the beginning of my sorrows!

This city is one of many thriving Western cities, and it contains about 150,000 people. It has had its "boom" times and its times of depression, and public education has felt the influence of both. When I was first elected, the city was growing rapidly, extensive improvements were in progress in all directions, and money was made easily and spent without stint. The schools kept the pace set by the people. The growing population called for increased expenditures, and these were made. The erecting and the equipping of many buildings gave a great chance to those citizens who believe that "a public office is a private snap." The board was elected by precincts, a number of which were carried in the pockets of local politicians. Some districts always elected good men; some always elected bad men; some were doubtful. Buildings were erected wherever a real estate boom was started, and supplies were purchased for all present and future needs. It was a golden time; but, paradoxical as it may seem, it was a pretty good time for the schools. The corrupt members of the board, if there were any, were too busy "making improvements" to bother their heads about such minor matters as courses of study or the management of the schools, and these tasks were left to the superintendent, much to his satisfaction.

There were always a few good men on the board with whom I could work sympathetically, and to whom the others deferred in all matters relating to school management, so that as superintendent I was warmly supported and enabled to accomplish more than would seem possible, and I still have a sincere regard for many of that old board. They advanced the salary from \$3600, formerly paid the superintendent of schools, to \$4200, and evidently believed that the superintendent understood his business and the politician his, and that neither should interfere with the other. There were two things, however, that I could not directly control: one was the choice of textbooks, and the other was the discharge of inefficient teachers. The influence of certain publishing houses was always stronger than the recommendations of the superintendent in the matter of textbooks; but we had money enough, and I used to carry my point by the purchase of supplementary matter to be owned by the schools, so that both the publishers and the schools were happy.

I found many teachers who were totally unfit for their positions, some lacking in scholarship, some in teaching ability, and some in character. Some had held their places for many years through political influence, which was still strong enough to prevent their removal; but by examinations I succeeded in selecting new teachers who were better than the old ones. But a change was coming: financial depression was upon the country, the burden of taxation was heavy, and the people turned upon the school board, whose extravagance, they claimed, was the cause of much suffering. A bill was passed through the legislature abolishing the old board with all its powers, creating a new, small board, to be appointed by the mayor, and making it absolutely dependent upon the common council for money. The mayor made his first board an ideal one, appointing

to it men of the highest standing and attainments. The superintendent was delighted, and set to work with all speed to make hay while the sun shone. He revised the course of study, raised the standard of appointment, introduced manual training and kindergartens, and proceeded to free the schools from some of the worst of the teachers. Some of these had strong political "pulls" which had held them in their positions for years, and the tumult was great; but the board stood manfully by, and resisted not only the attacks of the politicians, but, what is harder, the insistence of those good, respectable citizens who always come to the rescue of the worst elements. School boards are not immortal, but hatred and revenge are. Members of this board tired of the stress; a new administration came in, and the new mayor wanted places on the school board for his friends. The new mayor, too, did not like the superintendent, who had voted against him. Soon the ideal board gave place to one containing some good men and some bad men, appointed for the expressly declared purpose of "downing" the superintendent, who had had the hardihood to close the public purse to undeserving pensioners of long standing. Again the attempt was made by the discharged teachers and their friends to use the new board for their purpose; but the superintendent had had the rules made rigid, so that it was difficult for the members of the board to force these unfit claimants in, and they did not do it. Then the opposition — for it had now become a decided opposition — organized attacks upon the superintendent's character, both private and official. These proved utterly futile, and the board that had been appointed to get rid of the superintendent reelected him by a large majority. The personal criticisms have since been renewed at intervals by the same persons, but with the effect each time of strengthening the superintendent with the community and with his board;

and he still holds on, relying upon the fairness of the school board, doing what he can, and commanding the support of all the better element of the people.

The school sentiment of this city is somewhat peculiar. People believe in the schools and are willing to sustain them, though in times of financial distress they are the first objects of attack. But the community is slow to appreciate improvements in the educational system, and in some instances it has met with rather violent opposition the best things that have been introduced. Objection was made to manual training, nature-study has been much ridiculed, and even the supplying of children with abundant reading matter has been opposed. Yet all these good things now receive popular support. Kindergartens have been in favor from the start, and although they were introduced very rapidly, there has been almost no objection to the necessary expense. I believe that I have done some good here, and that if I can stand the strain upon mind, body, and estate I shall be able to do still more.

I have emphasized the political conditions under which I have labored because they have been of so marked a character. During this time I have been a student of pedagogy, trying to master and to put into practice the newer educational thought. Much of my time at home is necessarily consumed in leading people to understand what the schools are doing, and why they are doing it. Notwithstanding the pressure of politics, the determination of the course of study and the appointment of teachers rest practically with me, so long as I have the courage to demand the best; and I believe that most superintendents would be able to say the same if they would venture to follow their convictions. But if I were to give advice, "how to be happy though a superintendent," I should say: "Do nothing, and look very wise; let things go as they will; take the credit for the good, blame the board or the

political system for the evil; and your name shall live long in the land, and your salary shall be raised every year."

II.

Coming out of the war, in 1865, with no capital but a good college education, I took charge of the village school in the neighborhood where I had grown up. For three months this was free; for the rest of the school year — five months — tuition fees were charged. After paying my assistant, a lady whom I afterwards married, I was able to earn between \$300 and \$400 a year. Here I remained three or four years.

Then I accepted the more lucrative position of assistant in a new graded school at the county-seat. This was a town of about 4000 people. A liberal tax had been voted, a handsome building had been erected, and a board composed of the best citizens had been charged with the duty of organizing the school. I was rigidly examined in company with many other applicants, and I was chosen by the results of the examination. My salary was fixed at \$500 the first year, and raised each year, without solicitation, while I stayed. I received \$1000 the last year, and \$1200 was offered if I would withdraw my resignation and remain.

But I had already agreed to become the principal of a school in a bustling little city of about 30,000 inhabitants. I had seen an advertisement of the school board announcing an examination to fill vacancies. Five or six principals and forty or fifty teachers were wanted, at salaries ranging from \$400 to \$1400. I sent an application, which I followed in person. I was examined most thoroughly (I wrote answers to questions for five days, ten hours each day), and I was elected to the first position on the list.

An old army comrade of mine was

a member of the board. Seeing me among the applicants, he took me aside, on the first day, and tried to induce me to go home and save my board bill. He told me confidentially that the whole affair was a mere form, to satisfy three "reformers" who had lately come into the board; it was intended to demonstrate to these gentlemen that the teachers were well qualified for their posts. My friend and his party, the "hold-overs," were pledged, he assured me, to elect the old teachers; but they had promised the "reformers" to elect principals according to the record made in examination, and on this chance I remained. These wily "hold-overs" had not risked much in giving that promise, for they had obtained the questions from the examiners a week in advance, and had given them to the old principals. I owed my election to the fact that I made the best averages, notwithstanding the advantage that they had over me.

Ward politics governed school appropriations in this city. The next year every principal's salary was reduced \$100. The motion to reduce was championed by my army friend. He gave as his excuse, when I protested against it, that one of the principals had bought a baby buggy at another store after bargaining for one at his place; he was determined "to get even" with that man. After another year and another reduction, and after being assessed (I refused to pay the assessment) to help elect the old council, I applied for a position in a larger city. I was examined and passed to the eligible list. Two years later I secured the position that I now hold, the place of principal of a graded school in a city of more than 125,000 inhabitants.

My ups and downs in the little city had taught me that some sort of "pull" other than pedagogical qualifications was necessary to get a city position. I had joined the State Teachers' Association some years before, and had become ac-

quainted with the state superintendent and with some of the principals. I easily secured their aid, and the aid of a score or more of army comrades. These helps, more than my examination record, "pulled" me into a vacancy worth \$1650 per year. Once or twice it has yielded more, but oftener less. One year I was paid only \$1350. I have usually received \$1500, which is my salary this year.

This is the story, briefly told, of a little more than thirty years' service in the public schools. I am not a disappointed man. My vocation has given me a decent living, and support for my children as they have grown up; it has enabled me to lay by something for the rainy day that must come to every teacher; personally, I am content. But I do not think that I have done as much for my generation as I could have done had not adverse influences hindered me; and I believe this would be the testimony of every conscientious teacher with an experience parallel to mine. Very radical changes, therefore, are needed.

I have never worked in a community where the people were not willing to tax themselves, but I know of many localities where teachers are paid less than farm-hands. This should not be; the people should be educated to appreciate schools. Literature designed to instruct in the theory and the practice of education should be furnished to the masses. An educational campaign that will reach the people and inform them is one of the necessary steps for securing the ideal system.

School directors who sell positions or in any way use their trust for personal profit are a hindrance to progress. Their number is growing instead of diminishing. This I verily believe from personal association with them for thirty years. Now every appointment sold is bought by a teacher; every sale of a lot, every increase of business, every insurance policy placed, every contract awarded, as

coincident to appointing a teacher, is brought about by the teacher who is benefited. It is his "pull," in fact. If teachers were not equally corrupt, much of the corrupt dealing among directors would disappear.

But there is another influence, born within my time, and still growing, which is doing more than purchasable teachers to increase the proportion of venal directors. As now conducted, the school-book business is a portentous evil. Few people know of this or are willing to acknowledge it. There was a time when textbooks were selected upon merit. If one had confidential information upon this point to-day from superintendents throughout the country, I believe that it would be clear that merit is of secondary importance. Indeed, if one will but get an agent to tell him his experience for ten years, one will be convinced without other testimony. I could unfold a startling array of facts to sustain the assertion that a majority of superintendents of small cities and counties owe their positions to "pulls" organized by publishing houses to whose books they are friendly.

In answering the questions sent out by *The Atlantic Monthly* some time ago, I expressed the opinion that a general increase of salaries would not be advisable. I had the thought then that so many are unworthy of their office that to pay more without changing the principle of appointing them would soon raise the percentage of the unworthy. My association with teachers has convinced me that the true teacher concerns himself very little about what he is to get for his work. The way to reform is to change the nature of the examinations, and to have a different kind of examiners. In determining who shall teach, character should weigh as four fifths of the requirement, and literary qualification as one fifth; and examinations should be held by the patrons of the schools through a committee selected

by them. Such a system as this would be a revolution in itself, and in operation it would soon rid the schools of the horde now teaching as a business, and fill their places with persons who would choose it as a calling.

III.

During my early years my family was in easy circumstances, and I was educated with no reference to bread-winning. But after three years of married life I was left a widow, with my father, then an old man, dependent upon me. Having had a fitful experience in private teaching, I made application for a vacancy in the public schools in a distant city, whither I went with a heavy heart, and without even telling my old friends good-by. In some miraculous way I succeeded in passing the examination, and received the appointment. I recall one question of the examination: "What was the cause of the civil war?" I answered, "States' rights." The examiner was an old man, and had been a Confederate colonel. He asked what part of the South I came from; and when I said that I came from New England, he remarked that I was one of the few "Northerners" who would answer that question correctly. Three years I worked in that school for a salary of \$65 a month. The cost of living was high, and there was little left after paying board for two. To add to my income, I taught history and sometimes grammar in a summer school three seasons.

I tried to idealize the school. A woman must make a home somewhere. I made mine there. At first it seemed like a vast machine. As much as I could I changed that. I at least oiled the wheels so that I could not hear the noise.

At the end of three years I became convinced that I was doing very little outside study, and losing rapidly the little cultivation that I began with. I was

not growing broader. I went to the superintendent and told him that I must have high school work; that, unconsciously, I had got into a rut. By good fortune the school board soon afterwards made me principal of the Taylor School, at a salary of \$140 a month. While this was not the work that I preferred, it gave me an opportunity to preserve my individuality that no other place could give.

For five years I have supervised the Taylor School, and taught grammar and history to the class preparing for the high school. To a certain extent the school is a machine; that is, we work by a programme and follow a course of study. But every assistant is urged to use the course as a suggestion, and to put all the beauty and wealth of her own individuality into it. She is free to teach a thing in her own way, if she has a way.

On taking the school, I resolved to grade it carefully, keep up each subject as evenly as possible, and try to work out some course in English composition from the lowest to the highest grade. There is not much that is original in the plan, but we have stuck to it for five years, and the children, on entering the high school, know well the mechanics of composition, and something of mythology and literature, nature and art; and this has been made possible only by introducing these subjects into the composition work.

While the board is very liberal in equipping schools with necessary appliances, at first we had no encyclopædia, no library, no pictures. To-day we have all these. Our library of three hundred volumes is not large, but good. So too with the collection of pictures. The pupils come from the homes of the well-to-do, the fathers of one fifth of them belonging to the learned professions. I think the school is very near to these patrons. I have never known a case where the parent did not coöperate with me. But as long as everything goes

well the patrons are generally inert. I am not prepared to say that this seeming indifference is a hindrance to progress; yet if they realized it, they might silently do a noble work by the occasional gift of a picture, or a piece of marble, or a vase, or a tree, or a fountain, or a flower, thus developing in many children a keen perception of the beautiful. One proof that the schools are very dear to the community is the fact that the board of education has been kept non-sectarian and non-partisan for twenty-one years, by the intelligent vote of the people in a city whose municipal government is not above reproach.

One lady has been a joy to the Taylor School. She is rich and is a leader in society, yet she finds time to bring brightness into the school. She has two children here; and an aquarium of goldfish, a bird-cage, choice plants, a beautiful clock, and several pictures tell her children that she has not forgotten them. In my eight years of labor here, she is the only patron who by her presence and gifts and encouragement has made herself known and loved throughout the school. Every year, as her children advance, the teacher who receives them is congratulated by all the others, and every room that is left behind bears the evidence of their sojourn there. While in my district the school receives the patrons' hearty support, yet not many feel called upon to assist to make it a house beautiful. None but Mrs. Grace has ever sent her Christmas pine and holly and mistletoe to decorate the schoolroom before she used it herself. When she entertains, the teachers receive an invitation.

The social side of the life of a teacher yields little joy. When I came here, I brought a letter from my minister. It was a personal letter from the man who had known all a family's sorrows and joys for many years to another minister to whom he committed the family, or what was left of it. One Sunday, after

service, I delivered it. The minister was standing just outside the chancel rail: he read it, threw it down on the front pew, and, with his eyes on his departing congregation, extended his hand, saying hurriedly, "Do I understand you are a school-teacher? Well, I'll call on you some time. Excuse me," and he rushed away, leaving me standing there. In our city we have several very energetic women's clubs. They certainly have not considered what they might give to the teacher, nor what the teacher could give to them, for they hold their meetings at an hour when teachers are at work.

In the West, women meet their dearest foes in the men of their own profession. The same pay for the same work the men hold to be just and right; but they contend that it is impossible for women to do the same work, and hence that they should not receive the same pay.

I have often felt that I needed a larger salary; \$160 a month for nine months is only \$1440 a year. To pay board for two, to keep up insurance, to dress suitably, to buy the necessary books, to have a little trip during the summer, and to save anything, are impossible. I say board for two, for there is scarcely a woman in any occupation, who has passed the thirtieth milestone and receives good pay, but has some one to take care of. She is always proud of this trust, and would have it so. It is her inspiration, her hostage to fortune. But it demands money. I have spoken of the little trip. Would it were not necessary to have it a "little" one! Change, new people, new beauty, are a necessity to the successful teacher. She must make herself worth more. But the trip takes money. The teacher ought to be paid better than the worker in any other profession.

During these years I have carefully observed my teachers. Half of them are graduates of colleges, and half of normal schools. No matter what the training, every teacher needs experience.

The best teacher I have is a high school graduate. She has been in the work nine years, and for six of those years she was not above the average. I had one normal graduate who was a failure in teaching and discipline. In my school this is true: if a teacher has had the advantage of training, normal or university, she requires fewer years to arrive at good work than if she came directly from a high school.

Promotion may come from one grade to another; but five, ten, or fifteen years of service may be required. The great majority of our teachers abandon hope after reaching a certain stage. It takes continued and strenuous exertions to get a promotion to the high school or to a principalship. Tired nature deserves a year's rest when once the battle for promotion has been fought and won.

With us crowded rooms are by no means rare. In my own school, for one year there was a room with ninety-one pupils. It was in charge of two teachers, one a good one and the other a poor one. I never took visitors in there. Sometimes I found them there, and then I invited them to see some beautiful exercise in another room. This year the board has relieved us by renting extra rooms near by. My most crowded rooms now are in the second and seventh grades, where there are sixty-one and fifty-five children respectively. I have no room with as few as forty pupils.

My building is modern, heated by steam, has large windows with shades, fine halls, good ventilation, basement playrooms, and city water in the basement. There is no retiring-room for teachers, — a room, for instance, where, during the noon hour, we might lunch, or rest, or in case of illness lie down. According to one's point of view, such a room is a luxury or a necessity. One year we beautified the grounds with trees and vines. Once we made a gorgeous flower bed, but for lack of fences the

cows and the small boys appropriated it. Once we bought and filled flower boxes for each window, a decoration I saw and admired in the Boston schools, but which our superintendent of buildings objected to as prejudicial to the permanence of the window copings. I always felt that the janitor, who had to water the flowers through the vacation, knew something about that objection.

IV.

At nineteen, my first essay at teaching was made in an Illinois community which contentedly put up with much poor instruction. The county superintendency had then just appeared as the regenerator of the country schools. My first license to teach was issued by one of the new officials. In spite of his quids of tobacco, he did the formalities of an examination and certified to my competency. The first school that fell to my lot was a large one, of pupils ranging from five to twenty-two years of age. They had been used to the loosest instruction, with an abundance of "ciphering." There had been about forty different recitations a day, which of course wasted much time. Three years' experience in schools of this kind convinced me that this grade of teaching was neither permanent nor remunerative. In that time wages had increased from \$25 to \$50 a month, but for this locality the last sum named was the upper limit.

I decided to take a course of study at a state normal school. Here I got my first view of politics in education. The majority of the board were working politicians. The trading spirit held sway. The president of the school was free from this taint, and the department of English was in the hands of an unusually efficient instructor; so too was the teaching of science; but the other teachers wasted our opportunities and destroyed our elasticity by too much method and over-

wrought logical subdivision. Their reduction of everything to set formulas and to so many Arabic and Roman sub-heads killed the spontaneity necessary to good teaching. My feeling now is that this time would have been better spent in college. The atmosphere of normal schools is not one of scholarship, but of the transitory fads and devices of teaching.

When I left the normal school, I became the superintendent of schools in an Illinois county town. Incompetent boards and "home talent" teachers had reduced the schools to worthlessness. But just then an awakening of public sentiment compelled the election of a new board and a general turning over of things. A clean sweep of the old teachers took place, and the board authorized a new course of study, new books, and better appliances. Friends of the old order sought to discredit the new order by attacks in the newspapers, but public sentiment was against them, and they soon gave it up. Except to correct misstatements of fact, no reply was made to these newspaper criticisms, — a policy that my experience shows to be wise.

My work has mainly been the supervision of schools in towns that have from 4000 to 10,000 population. My salary has ranged from \$810 to \$2100 a year. My longest service in one place has been eight years, and the shortest one year. Of the teachers under me, the average tenure of place has been between two and three years. Of course this period is too short for them even to become well acquainted with the community, to say nothing of gaining an easy mastery of their work. The average of salaries has steadily risen. In the first corps of teachers (1873-74) it was \$43 a month; in the last it is about \$53. But the qualifications of teachers have not become better. The first body of them under my charge used the birch more than the last body, — that is to say, were less kind to the children; but, on the

other hand, they were better taught persons than the later ones; they did not know so many subjects, but they had a firmer grasp on what they did know.

One of the most unpleasant things that superintendents of schools in towns and smaller cities have to meet is the meddlesomeness of wiseacres and reformers who feel themselves better qualified than trained men to make judgments on school subjects. In the board under which I first worked there was one of these directors of education who knew all about the teaching of English. He proved to be very embarrassing. Of course one ought to listen respectfully to all opinions that are offered, but the demand that the theories of amateurs shall be applied has to be politely evaded. Especially vexatious, too, is the constant pressure brought to bear on superintendents for the appointment of teachers. This is the destructive agency against which one must set one's face most firmly. A superintendent may yield in the matter of janitors, books, and appliances, but he is lost if he do not stand fast on the selection of teachers. I have never allowed any board to take this duty out of my hands, and I would promptly resign before it should do so.

One of the most difficult problems that I have encountered is the textbook problem. The adoption of books for a term of years has uniformly proved to be an evil. It opens a Pandora's box of ills, chief of which are the unbusiness-like methods of book houses and their agents. In my present position, the matter has been so managed that no adoptions for specified times have taken place. The book supply has been entirely entrusted to the superintendent. This plan rids us of the demoralizing importunities of agents, is economical and satisfactory, and seems to be a rational solution of the problem.

The greatest need in the schools under my charge has been the need of scholarly and mature teachers. Very

few of the women who have taught have had any real impulse toward scholarship. Generally they have been content with mechanical proficiency. Normal school graduates are especially defective in scholarship. In this respect they stand below the mere high school graduates.

My experience shows that, under existing conditions, the superintendent is compelled to be a politician. To what amount of hand-shaking and hobnobbing he shall submit depends on his tastes and his skill. The point is that a certain amount of it is necessary to keep his place and to secure an opportunity to work.

I have succeeded fairly well in keeping in touch with the ruling elements in the management of the schools, but there has never been a day when I would not gladly have been rid of work required to do this. Relief from such a necessity would have allowed more time for study, and made me a man of much greater professional value. Finally, my well-grounded conviction is that present education is broad at the expense of depth, and that the feverish hunger for ease and variety leads to many habits of mind and character that will seriously bar their possessors from success in the race of life.

V.

During the period of my preliminary service as teacher in the public schools, my name was reported for a permanent place, and was "on the slate" when it left the teachers' committee. My father was at that time a voter with the party in power; but the teacher who was number five on the list had a kinsman on the board, who saw that unless she was appointed during his term she might never be. One of the trustees, therefore, brought in a charge of "cruelty to a boy" against me, and, without an investigation, my name was taken off, and number five was elected. To fail of

appointment when it was my right was astonishing; but to have any one believe that I pulled a boy's ears till he could not put his head on a pillow hurt me deeply. I began an investigation on my own account, and I discovered that number five's sister was the guilty teacher. The boy's father appeared before the board and explained. The teacher was not even censured; but I had lost the permanent position.

For a year I went from one school to another, teaching for six weeks in the high school. When not busy in a school-room, I was visiting, studying, or reading. I attended the teachers' meetings, and was surprised to find so many who had no opinion to express on important subjects. When the year had passed, I was put on the permanent list. I was assigned to a first-year school of fifty-four scholars. Most of them were beginners, and some "left-overs." I felt ready for my work. But my greatest trial was when Superintendent Goodenough selected my room as his place to doze, or really to sleep, while my little people were doing their work. He was never known to praise a teacher's work while she was in service. The only consolation was that he praised teachers who died, or regretted that it was always the "bright teachers who married." I might never marry, and therefore I could with confidence look forward to his praise only at my funeral.

A change in the political control of the city took place, and the party long in power was defeated. The other party decided to do without a supervisor for a year. Superintendent Goodenough, therefore, was dropped. It was a monotonous year. But I had now a chance to throw away the old and to use the new. I made all kinds of word and number games; I bought new readers for my supplementary work; I learned new songs, and I looked up kindergarten games.

The next August the board elected a

superintendent, and there was no politics in this election. But there was much anxiety as to what kind of man he would turn out to be. Superintendent Quincy, a live New Englander, came, and he brought a breeze. At first he said little. He asked me what I had read. The next time he brought Mr. Michael Brannigan, chairman of the teachers' committee. He said, "Miss Allison is doing the kind of work I want. Has she your permission to carry it on?" Mr. Michael Brannigan was kind enough to abstain from any action that affected me. Superintendent Quincy rid us of many harmful practices. He held grade meetings; he required the schoolrooms to be empty fifteen minutes after the close of school; and no corporal punishment could be inflicted and not reported.

My scholars liked to come to school, and now they numbered eighty-seven. They sat on the edge of the platform, and even on the floor against the wall. I suggested that some come in the morning, and the others in the afternoon. This was done, and one little girl said, "Miss Allison is the best teacher, for we have to go only a half day, and we learn as much as they learn all day at the other schools." I found the work easier, and just as many were promoted to the next class as before.

This year I obtained my state certificate, and I felt that I could now be called a teacher. But a great misfortune threatened me just as I began to feel secure. My father had left the "party without an issue," and had become a member of the "party with a principle." Election time came, and the "party without an issue" thought that they saw a chance to win. As our district was likely to have a close contest, it was suggested that my father be "whipped into line." The only lash that he could be made to feel, they thought, was a threat to remove me. They sent their candidate for school trustee to our home, and he knocked timidly at the back door and

made known his errand. In a very few minutes he walked rapidly away. His party was defeated,—luckily for me, no doubt, for a local politician was asked how a teacher whose work was good could be dismissed without “charges.” He replied, “We always have charges when we need them.” This is the only time that I ever heard of danger to a teacher in our city because of her father’s political faith. The rule has been, once a teacher, always a fixture, even when glaring deficiencies could not be hidden, and complaints were “too numerous to mention.”

But Superintendent Quincy was too progressive, and his church was on the wrong street. Perhaps he might have been kept if one of the teachers had not wanted the salary. This teacher always reminded us of the line of a hymn,

“I can tarry, I can tarry but a term.”

He never sat down; but he stood by the door with his coat and hat in his hands, as if something were urging him on.

About this time there was a vacancy in the grammar school, and the superintendent asked me if I would take the place. I liked my work, and declined the empty honor. It meant longer hours for no greater salary; for we are paid according to length of service, and there is no strife for promotion. Of course principals of the higher schools get more pay, but not principals of buildings, unless there are grammar schools in them.

In the middle of the year the superintendent left to study a profession, and a man who had “taught his way through” one of our best normal schools became his successor. At last this superintendent fell a victim to church influences, and he gave place to a young teacher whose church was right, but whose political party was wrong. “He had no principles to hinder,” as one of our legislators said, so he turned his back on the party which claimed his first vote, and the position was his. He was younger

than most of the teachers, but see how wise he was! He would come into the classroom and say, “Go to page 73 this month.” He delivered extempore speeches at the teachers’ meetings, and we wondered what it had all been about. In the three years that he was in service he never listened to one recitation in my room. He generally came to gather statistics or to dole out pages of textbooks. I did what I could to keep pace with the other schools, but I felt that there was nothing done thoroughly. At last came his turn to be decapitated, and his successor, who now holds the office, is the best of the long succession of superintendents. They say that he may not be here next year. It is time for a change.

For two years I have had a real grievance. Miss Wellpaid has a school of the same grade as mine, but mine requires more personal work. Yet Miss Wellpaid receives \$260 a year more than I am paid, and my salary is the same as that of her assistants, who have no responsibility. Every one admits the justice of my claim, and the board promises to equalize the salary. Children who, by school district lines, ought to attend Miss Wellpaid’s school ask six months ahead if I will save them seats if there be room for outsiders. I will not take one of these pupils, even when they bring a demand from two trustees. Once, however, I was obliged to take two of them. They had an order from the president of the board, and a doctor’s certificate which said, “It is bad for the health of these girls to attend Miss Wellpaid’s school.” I must be a “natural healer” of the woes of school life.

Is there nothing to make up that missing \$260? Yes, many things. The ambition of every child in the building is “to go to school to Miss Amelia Allison.” Ask a kindergarten child who will be his next teacher, and he will generally say, “Miss Allison.” One of the ways of inciting good behavior and per-

fect lessons is to promise a visit to my school. Then I have once more my little people grown tall, sitting in my classes, glad to anticipate my desires about their work and play. Half of my present school have been in my first-year grades. When they argue that it is not late enough in the week to be Friday, one girl says, "We have only two days in our room, and they are Monday and Friday; nothing between." I have also notes of appreciation from parents, and I think with Whittier:—

"And when the world shall link your names
With gracious lives and manners fine,
The teacher shall assert her claims,
And proudly whisper, 'These were mine!'"

VI.

In 1880, having just graduated from college, I abandoned my intention of reading law, and permitted myself to be elected to a chair in my *alma mater* at a salary of \$600 a year. I was assured that I was peculiarly fitted for the profession of teaching, and I thought that I might reap honors as great as in other professions, and might "grow up to" a position that would afford me something more than a competence. I kept this place for several years, until my salary was gradually increased to \$1000; only a part of which was ever paid, however, because of the financial embarrassment of the institution. The college was a "denominational" school, and after a time I became convinced that the prospect for further promotion was not promising.

My next experience was in a private training school, which I established and conducted for several years. The financial returns from this venture were more satisfactory, and one year I made \$2250. But a period of financial depression came, and I accepted the offer of the post of principal of the high school in a city at a salary of \$1500, which it was under-

stood was to be increased to \$1800 the next year. Instead of an increase, there was, during the second year, an effort to decrease the salaries of all the teachers. The necessities of my family forbade me to accept less than \$1500, and I abandoned the profession for more lucrative work. My successor now receives only \$1200 a year.

This public school work was a new experience to me, and I found myself hampered in some ways hitherto unknown. I had never before been expected to follow a course of study and use textbooks prescribed by a school board the members of which had but little practical knowledge of either. It seemed to me, too, fresh as I was from other kinds of schools, where more individuality was encouraged on the part of both teacher and pupil, that the public schools were excessively and injuriously mechanical; and I am of the same opinion still. My experience and observation have convinced me that this extremely systematic organization, of which many superintendents and school boards are so proud, tends to cramp and to dwarf the pupil, and to reduce the teacher to a mere automaton, beautifully regular in its action, but pitifully lacking in discrimination and in appreciation of the idiosyncrasies of the individual child, without a proper understanding of which no teacher can be really successful. The teacher becomes still more an automaton and his work still more mechanical by reason of the universal practice of placing under his charge twice as many pupils as any human being can thoroughly study and competently teach.

I never felt that, as a teacher, my efforts were not appreciated. I think that I was appreciated; but I believe that the public generally does not place a high enough estimate upon the value of a teacher's services. I "taught school" for eighteen consecutive years, and then left a salary of \$1500. I think that, without overestimating my own capability,

I may say that in almost any other profession for which I possessed reasonable aptitude an eighteen years' service of equal diligence would have made me worth to the public more than \$1500 per year. I loved the work of teaching; I love it still; and nothing but necessity could have induced me to abandon it. I may add that some of the environments which hamper many teachers I did not permit to hamper me. I fancy that I was more a man of affairs than most teachers feel that it is safe to be. I never surrendered my individuality. I have

known teachers to lose their positions by reason of their political opinions. I never suffered on this account, and yet my political sentiments were always understood, although of course I did not allow them to intrude upon my school-room duties.

Finally, I have no quarrel with teaching as a profession, save that public sentiment does not accord to it the compensation to which, in my opinion, the intelligence, the skill, and the energy necessary for its successful prosecution entitle it.

TO THE HOUSATONIC AT STOCKBRIDGE.

CONTENTED river! in thy peaceful realm
 Of cloudy willow and of plummy elm:
 They call thee English, thinking thus to mate
 Their musing streams that, oft with pause sedate,
 Linger through misty meadows for a glance
 At grisly tower or turret of romance.
 Beware their praise who rashly would deny
 To our New World its true tranquillity.
 Our "New World"? Nay, say rather to our Old
 (Let truth and freedom make us doubly bold);
 Tell them: A thousand silent years before,
 Their beauteous sea-born isle — at every shore
 Dripping like Aphrodite's tresses — rose,
 Here, 'neath her purple veil, deep slept Repose,
 To be awakened but by wail of war.
 From yon soft heights thou com'st; thy heavenly lore,
 Like our own childhood's, all the workday toil
 Cannot efface, nor long its sweetness soil.
 Thou hast grown human laboring with men
 At wheel and spindle; sorrow thou dost ken;
 Yet dost thou still the unshaken stars behold,
 And, calm for calm, return'st them, as of old.
 Thus, like a gentle nature that grows strong
 In meditation for the strife with wrong,
 Thou show'st the peace that only tumult can;
 Than thee serener river never ran.

Thou beautiful! From every dreamy hill
 What eye but wanders with thee at thy will,

Imagining thy silver course unseen
Convoyed by two attendant streams of green
In bending lines, — like half-expected swerves
Of swaying music, or those perfect curves
We call the robin; making harmony
With many a new-found treasure of the eye:
With meadows, marging softly rounded hills
Where Nature teemingly the myth fulfills
Of many-breasted Plenty; with the blue,
That to the zenith fades through triple hue,
Pledge of the constant day; with clouds of white,
That haunt horizons with their blooms of light,
And when the east with rosy eve is glowing
Seem like full cheeks of zephyrs gently blowing.

Contented river! and yet over-shy
To mask thy beauty from the eager eye:
Hast thou a thought to hide from field and town?
In some deep current of the sunlit brown
Art thou disquieted, — still discontent
With praise of thy Homeric bard who lent
The world the placidness thou gavest him?
Thee Bryant loved when life was at its brim;
And when the wine was falling, in thy wood
Of sturdy willows like a Druid stood.
Oh for his touch on this o'er-throbbing time,
His hand upon the hectic brow of Rhyme,
Cooling its fevered passion to a pace
To lead, to stir, to reinspire the race!

.
Ah! there's a restive ripple, and the swift
Red leaves — September's firstlings — faster drift;
Betwixt twin aisles of prayer they seem to pass
(One green, one greenly mirrored in thy glass).
Wouldst thou away, dear stream? Come, whisper near!
I also of much resting have a fear:
Let me to-morrow thy companion be
By fall and shallow to the adventurous sea!

Robert Underwood Johnson.

YOUNG AMERICA IN FEATHERS.

"How like are birds and men!" said Emerson, and if he had known Nature's loveliest creatures as well as he did his own race, he might have affirmed it more emphatically; for to know birds well is to be astonished at the "human nature" they display.

In our latitude, July is distinctly the babies' month. When wild roses give place to sun-kissed meadow lilies, when daisies drop their petals and meadow-sweet whitens the pastures, when blueberries peep out from their glossy coverts and raspberries begin to redden on the hill, then from every side come the baby cries of younglings just out of the nest, and everywhere are anxious parents hurrying about, seeking food to stuff hungry little mouths, or trying to keep too venturesome young folk out of danger. For Young Americans in feathers are wonderfully like Young Americans in lawn in self-confidence and recklessness.

One evening in a certain July, up on the coast of Maine, I watched the frantic efforts of a pair of Maryland yellowthroats — tiny creatures in brown and gold — to coax their self-willed offspring to a more retired position than he chose to occupy. With genuine "Young America" spirit he scorned the conservatism of his elders. Though both parents hovered about him, coaxing, warning, perhaps threatening, not a feather stirred; stolid and wide-eyed he stood, while the father flitted about the bush in great excitement, jerking his body this way and that, flirting his wings, now perking his tail up like that of a wren, again opening and closing it like a fan in the hands of an embarrassed girl, and the mother added her entreaties to his, darting hither and thither, calling most anxiously, — both, in their distress, rashly exposing themselves to what might, for all they knew,

be one of the death-dealing machines we so often turn against them.

Nothing had the slightest effect upon the yellow-throated youngster until his own sensations interested him, and his parents suddenly acquired new importance in his horizon. When hunger assailed him, and, looking about for supplies, he spied his provider on the next bush with a beak full of tempting (and wriggling) dainties, and when he found his wily parent deaf to his cries, and understood that not until he flew behind the leafy screen could he receive the food he craved, then he yielded, and joined his relieved relatives out of my sight.

Many times after that morning did the vagaries of that young yellow-throat give me opportunity to study the ways of his family. Having newly escaped from the nursery, in a thorny bush behind thick-growing alders, his strongest desire apparently was to see the world, and those outlying dead twigs, convenient for the grasp of baby feet, were particularly attractive to him. Every day for nearly a week, as I passed into the quiet old pasture, I stopped to interview the youngster, and always found him inquisitive, and evidently, in his own estimation, far wiser than his elders, who were nearly wild over his conduct.

This pasture of about forty acres, lying behind my temporary home, was the joy of my heart, being delightfully neglected and fast relapsing into the enchanting wildness of nature. In a deep bed fringed with a charming confusion of trees and bushes ran a tiny stream, which in the spring justified its right to the title of river. Scattering clumps of alders and young trees of many kinds made it a birds' paradise, while wild cherries and berries of all sorts, with abundant insect life, offered a spread table the whole summer long.

Of flowers it was the chosen home. From the first anemone to the last golden-rod standing above the snow, there was a bewildering profusion: fragrant with roses in June, gorgeous with meadow lilies in July, and rank upon rank of budded goldenrod promising glory enough for August, with all the florid hosts that accompany them. Great patches of sweet bayberry, yielding perfume if only one's garments swept it, and rich "cushions of juniper" frosted over with new tips, were everywhere, and acres were carpeted with soft, gray-colored reindeer-moss, into which one's foot sank as into the richest product of the loom. Here and there was a close grove of young pines, whose cool, dim depths were most alluring on hot days; and indeed in every spot in Maine not fully occupied Nature is sure to set a pine-tree.

Every morning, on entering this garden of delights, I hastened across an open space by the gate, and plunged into a thicket of alders sprinkled with young trees, birch, elm, and wild cherry. Through this ran a path, and in a sheltered nook under a low pine I found a seat, where for many days I spent the forenoon, making acquaintance with the pretty little yellow-throats.

From the first the head of the family adopted me as his particular charge, and I am positive he never lost sight of me for one minute. His was a charming surveillance. He did not, like the robin on similar duty, stand on some conspicuous perch like a statue of horror or dismay, uttering his loudest "peep! peep!" in warning to the whole feathered world; nor did he, after the fashion of the song sparrow, fill the air with distressed "pips" that seemed to hint of mischief dire; neither did he, as does the red squirrel, resent an intrusion into preserves that he considered his own with a maddening series of choking cries, coughs, and "snickers," till one was almost ready to turn a gun upon him; still less did he, in veery style, utter wails so

despairing that one felt herself a monster for remaining. The yellow-throat's guardianship was a pleasure. He remained in sight, not fifteen feet away from me, and did not flinch from the terrible field-glass. Sometimes he stood quite still, uttering his soft and inoffensive "chic;" again he scrambled about in the bushes, collected a mouthful, and disappeared for a moment, — a constant baby call from the bushes reminding him of his duty as provider. Evidently he had succeeded in impressing upon that obstinate offspring of his that he must keep out of sight. I wonder what sort of a bugaboo he made me out to be?

Much of the time the tiny custodian passed away in calling and singing, throwing his head up or holding it still according as he sang loud or low. To all varieties of his pretty little melody he treated me. Never once did he utter the notes given in the books as the family song. From his beak I never heard either "wichita," "witches here," "o-wee-chee," or "I beseech you," all of which, excepting the last, I have heard at different times from other members of the family; which, by the way, confirms my oft-repeated assertion that no two birds of a species sing alike. His ordinary notes resembled "pe-o-we," delivered in lively manner, with strong accent on the first syllable. Sometimes he gave them the regulation three times; again, he added the fourth repetition, and changed this by ending on the first syllable of the fifth utterance. On one occasion he surprised and delighted me by turning from the third "pe-o-we" into a continuous little carol, varied and bewitching. Later in the season, after I had finished my studies in the alder bushes, I heard several times from a yellow-throat in the pasture a similar continuous song, usually delivered on the wing.

After some days my little watcher became so accustomed to my silent presence under the pine that he did not

mind me in the least, though he never forgot me, and if I stirred he was on the alert in an instant. So long as I was motionless he ignored me entirely, and conducted himself as if he were alone; often taking a sunning by crouching on the top twig of a bush, spreading wings and tail and fluffing out his plumage till he looked like a ragged bunch of feathers. It was very droll to see him, while in this attitude, suddenly pull himself together, stand upright, utter his song, and instantly relapse into the spread-eagle position to go on with his sun-bath. To my surprise, I found that this warbler, whose song and movements always seem to indicate a constant flitting and scrambling about in warbler fashion, is capable of repose. He frequently stood perfectly still, the black patch which covers his eyes like an old-fashioned face-mask turned towards me, singing his little aria with as much composure as ever thrush sang his.

My pleasing acquaintance with the yellow-throat ended as soon as the young became expert on the wing and could leave their native alder patch. After that the nook was deserted, and unless I heard the song I could not distinguish my little friend among the dozens of his species who lived in the neighborhood.

Toward the north end of my delectable hunting-ground was another favorite spot, especially attractive on warm, sunny mornings. When I turned my steps that way, I came first upon the feeding-ground of another party of Young Americans, — thrashers. They were a family group, a pair with their two full-grown but still babyish young. Approaching cautiously, I usually found the parents on the ground busily hunting insects, and the youngsters following closely, ready to receive every morsel discovered. They were, however, very well bred, with none of the vulgar manners of those who scream and shout and demand their rations. Later in the day I often found the thrasher singing, a little beyond the

alders, on the breezy heights of Raspberry Hill. His chosen place was an almost leafless birch-tree, a favorite perch with all the birds of the pasture, and there he sang for hours.

"'T was a song that rippled and reveled and ran

Ever back to the note whence it began,
Rising and falling, and never did stay,
Like a fountain that feeds on itself all day.

Sometimes the singing was interrupted, for those canny Young Americans knew their father's song, and though he had doubtless stolen away and left them foraging on the grass by the path, they heard his voice and came after. While he was pouring out his soul in ecstasy, and I was listening with equal joy, those youngsters came by easy stages nearer and nearer, till one after the other alighted on the lower part of the birch, and, hopping upward from branch to branch, suddenly presented themselves before him, begging in pretty baby fashion for something to eat. The singer, embarrassed by their demands, would sometimes dive into the nearest bushes, followed instantly by the persistent beggars, and in a moment fly off, the infants still in his wake. But he always managed in some way to elude them. Perhaps he fed them or conducted them back to their mother, for in a few minutes he appeared again on the birch and resumed his music.

On one occasion I met one of these spruce young thrushes, evidently out on his travels alone for the first time. He was in a state of great excitement, — jerked himself about, "huffed" at me; then flew with some difficulty into a tree, where he stood and watched me in a charmingly naïf and childlike manner, utterly forgetting that part of his education which bade him beware of a human being.

After passing the home of the thrashers, on my usual morning walk toward the north, my next temptation to linger came from a fern-lined path to the spring,

abode of other Young Americans. The path itself was extremely seductive, narrow, zigzagging through a small forest of the greenest and freshest of ferns, so luxuriant that they were brushed aside in passing, and closed behind as if to conceal one's footsteps. Shrubs and trees met overhead; here and there a blooming dogbane or an elder, "foamed o'er with blossoms white as snow," and tall wild roses wherever they could find space to grow.

Nearly down to the spring, I seated myself under the bushes and waited. At first, until the bustle of my coming was hushed, all was silent; but soon bird notes began, — soft little "pips" and "chur-r-r's," and other sounds I could not trace to their authors, but plainly expressing disapproval of a spy among them. Catbirds complained with a soft liquid "chuck" or their more decided "mew;" kingbirds peeped out to see what was the excitement, and then settled in the bushes in plain sight, at leisure now since their decorous little folk were educated and taking care of themselves; and other birds came whispering about behind my back, while I dared not turn to see, lest I send everybody off in a panic. An oriole,

"Like an orange tulip flaked with black,"

dropped in as he passed, but left in haste, as if averse to company, with his customary shyness while training the young; for this brilliant bird, during nesting so fearless everywhere, manages to disappear completely after the young leave the nest. Now and then he may be seen going about near the ground, silent, and absorbed in his arduous task of teaching those clamorous urchins to get their own living; or in the early morning, engaged in picking open the hideous nests of the tent caterpillars and quietly taking his breakfast therefrom. Later, when bantlings are off his mind, he reappears in his favorite haunts, and sings a little before bidding us adieu for

the season; although occasionally this supplementary song is a dismal failure, and the oriole discovers, as have other singers before him, that one cannot neglect his music, even for the best of reasons, and take it up again where he left off.

As I passed under an apple-tree, one morning, on my way to the ferny path, I heard the domestic cry of the oriole, uttered, I think, only when rearing the young, a tender "yeap." I paused instantly, and soon heard a very low baby cry, a soft "chur-r-r" exactly like the first note of the young oriole when he comes up to the edge of the nest, only subdued almost to a whisper, showing that education had progressed, and this little one had learned to control his infantile eagerness. All at once there arose a great commotion over my head; an oriole fled precipitately to another tree and stood there watching me, scolding his harshest, flirting his wings and jerking his body in great excitement. In a moment his mate joined him, and both began to call, though she held a worm in her beak. This not seeming to effect their purpose, the singer suddenly uttered a loud, clear whistle of two notes, startlingly like a man's whistle to a dog, when instantly a young oriole flew out of the apple-tree and joined his parents. Then the low parental note began again, and the family departed.

The infant who receives such devoted care is a pretty little creature in dull yellow, and the most persistent cry-baby I know in the bird world, though several are not far behind him in this accomplishment. His plaint begins when he mounts the edge of the nest preparatory to his début, and ceases hardly a minute for days, a long-drawn shuddering wail, that suggests nothing less than great suffering, starvation, or some other affliction hard to be borne. What makes the case still worse, the nursery is high, and each nestling chooses for himself the direction in which he will depart. East

and west, north and south, they scatter; and where one lands, there he will stay for hours, if not days, drawn down into a little heap, looking lonely and miserable, and apparently impressed with the sole idea that he must keep himself before the world by his voice, or he will be lost and forgotten. It is no wonder that, between the labor of collecting food and following up the family to administer it, the mother becomes faded and draggled, and the father abandons his music, and goes about near the ground, grubbing like any ditch-digger.

The young oriole, however, does not lack intelligence. A correspondent tells me of one who, starting out too ambitiously in his first flight, landed on the ground instead of on the tree he had selected, and, looking about for a place of safety, saw a single leaf growing a few feet up on the trunk of a tree. That so inexperienced an infant should notice it was surprising, but that he should at once start for it showed remarkable "mother wit." To reach this haven of refuge, he ascended the tree-trunk a few inches, half flying and half climbing, clinging with his claws to the bark to rest, then scrambling upward a few inches farther, and so on till he reached the leaf, when he perched on its tiny stem, and remained there as long as he was watched.

But to return to my place among the ferns. When I had been there some time, silent and motionless, a catbird at my back, too happy to be long still, would take courage and charm me with his wonderful whisper song, an ecstatic performance which should disarm the most prejudiced of his detractors. Occasionally, his mate, as I suppose, uttered warning cries, and in deference to her feelings, as it appeared, his notes dropped lower and lower, till I could scarcely hear them, though he was not ten feet away. The song of the catbird is rarely appreciated; probably because he seldom gives a "stage performance," but sings as he goes about his work.

In any momentary pause a few liquid notes bubble out; on his way for food, a convenient fence-post is a temptation to stop a moment and utter a snatch of song. His manner is of itself a charm, but there is really a wonderful variety in his strains. He has not perhaps so fine an organ as his more celebrated relative, the thrasher; he cannot, or at least he does not, usually produce so clear and ringing a tone. Nor is his method the same; he does not so often repeat himself, but varies as he sings, so that his aria is full of surprises and unexpected turns. Doubtless, persons expert at finding imitations of other birds' notes would discover some in his. But I am a little skeptical on the subject of conscious "mocking." When the catbird sings I hear only the catbird, and in the same way I take pleasure in the song of thrasher or mocking-bird, nor care whether any other may have hit upon his exact combinations.

After the catbird, silence, broken only by the soft, indescribable utterances that are at the same time the delight and the despair of the bird student. Some birds, upon entering this solitary retreat, announced themselves by a single note, or call, as effectually as if they had sent in a card, while others stole in, took quick and close observation, and departed as quietly as they had come, unseen and unheard by clumsy human senses. Often, indeed, have I wished for eyes to look behind me, where it sometimes seems that everything most interesting takes place.

This secluded corner of the pasture proved to be a very popular nursery with the feathered world. Catbirds came about bearing food, and all sorts of catbird talk went on within hearing: the soft liquid "chuck" and "mew" (so called, though it is more like "ma-a") in all tones and inflections, complaining, admonishing, warning, and caressing. There was evidently a whole family among the bushes. A vireo baby, plainly

just out of the cradle, stared at me, and addressed me with a sort of husky squawk, an indescribable sound, which, until I became familiar with it, brought me out in hot haste to see what terrible tragedy was going on. For it is really a distressful cry, although it often proclaims nothing more serious than that the young vireo wants his dinner; as some infants of the human family scream at the top of their voices under similar circumstances.

Beyond the close-growing bushes I heard the crow baby's quavering cry; and these seemed indeed anxious days in crowland. All the little folk were crying at once, in their loudest and most urgent tones, enough to distract the hard-working parents who hurried back and forth overhead, at their best speed, trying to stop the mouths of their ill-bred brood. On one occasion I saw an old crow flying over, calling in a decided, "stern parent" style, followed by a youngster not yet expert on the wing, who answered with his droll baby "ma-a-a" in a much higher key. She was conducting him over the pasture to the salt marsh, where much crow-baby food came from in those days, and he was doing his best to keep up with her stronger flight. Sometimes another sound from the nursery came to my ears, — the caw of an adult, drawn out into a long, earnest "aw-w-w," like admonishing or instructing the now silent olive branches. It was many times repeated, and occasionally interrupted by a baby voice, showing that the little ones were not asleep. I suspect, from what I have seen of crow ways, that the sable mamma is a strict disciplinarian who will tolerate no liberties and no delinquencies on the part of her dusky brood, and although this particular Young American may complain, he dare not rebel. Poor crowling! he needs perhaps a Spartan training to fit him for his hard life in the world. With every man's hand against him and danger lurking on all sides, he

must be wary and sharp and have all his wits about him to live.

When I could tear myself away from this domestic corner of the pasture, I passed on to the riverside nook I have mentioned. Here my seat was on the edge of the bank, high above the stream, shaded by a group of black and battered old spruces that looked as if they had faced the storms of a hundred stern Maine winters, as probably they had. Pine-trees at my back filled the air with odors; a thicket beloved of small birds stretched away at one side. Across the river spread a sunny knoll, on which stood a huge old apple-tree, contemporary perhaps with the spruces, having one attractive dead branch, and surrounded at a little distance with a semicircle of shrubs and low trees. It was a tempting theatre for bird dramas, which the solitary student, half hidden on the bank above, could overlook and bring to clear vision with a glass, while not herself conspicuous enough to startle the actors. In this lovely spot many mornings of that happy July passed delightfully away.

In the leafy background to the apple-tree dwelt the veery. From its apparently impenetrable depths came his warning calls, and on rare and blessed occasions his heavenly song; for it was July, and it is only in June that

"New England woods at close of day
With that clear chant are ringing."

For, with all the rhapsody in his soul, this thrush is a devoted parent, and notwithstanding the fact that he is one of the kings of song, he comes down like the humblest sparrow of the fields to help feed and train his lovely tawny brood. Without exception that I know, he is the most utterly heartbroken of birds when the nest is discovered. So pathetic are the wails of both parents that I never could bear to study a nest, and I had to harden my heart against the bleating, despairing cries of the mother before I could secure even a look at a youngster just out of the nest. This scion of

the charming thrush family is a patient little soul, with all the dignity and reserve, as well as the gentleness, of his race; no human child could be more winning.

In this corner, one morning, I saw a catbird gathering blueberries for dinner. She came down on a fence-post as light as a feather, looked over to where I sat motionless under my tree, hesitated, flirted her tail expressively as who should say, "Can I trust her?" then glanced down to the berry-loaded bushes on the ground, and turned again her soft dark eyes on me. I hardly breathed, and she flew lightly to the first wire of the fence, paused, then to the second, still keeping an eye my way. At that point she bent an earnest gaze on the blueberry patch, turning this way and that, and I believe selecting the very berry she desired; for she suddenly dropped like a shot, seized the berry, and was back on the post, as if the ground were hot. There she rested long enough for me to see what she held in her beak, and then disappeared in the silent way she had come. In a moment she returned; for it was not for herself she was berrying, but for some speckled-breasted beauty shyly hiding in the alder thicket below.

As the babies' month drew near its close, and August stood threateningly on the threshold, sometimes I heard young folk at their lessons. Most charming was a scion of the chewink family learning to ring his silver bell. I could not see him,—he was hidden behind the leafy screen across the river; but happily sounds are not so easily concealed as sights, and the little performance explained itself as clearly as if I had had the added testimony of my eyes (though I longed to see it, too). The instructor was a superior singer, such as I have heard but few times, and the song at its best is one of our most choice, consisting of two short notes followed by a tremolo perhaps an octave higher, in a loud clear ring like a silver-toned bell.

"Was never voice of ours could say
Our inmost in the sweetest way
Like yonder voice aloft."

For several minutes this rich and inspiring song rang out from the bushes, to my great delight, when suddenly it ceased, and a weak voice piped up. It was neither so loud nor so clear; the introductory notes were given with uncertainty and hesitation, and the tremolo was a slow and very poor imitation. Still it was plain that the towhee baby was practicing for his entrance into the ranks of our most bewitching singers. The next day, a chewink, I think the same whose music and whose teaching I had admired, honored me with a song and a sight together. He was as spruce as if he had just donned a new suit, his black hood like velvet, his chestnut of the richest and his white of the whitest, and he sang from the top of a small pine-tree; sometimes, in the restless way of his family, scrambling over the branches, and again shifting his position to a small birch-tree.

Many other songs and singers I enjoyed in those pleasant mornings beside the river, till the hour for what Thoreau designates as "that whirlpool called a dinner" drew near, and then, unmindful of the philosopher's advice, I started slowly homeward, collecting as I went materials to fill the vases in my room.

The bird-baby world was not bounded by any pasture, however enchanting, and I have not told all the charms of this one. The house where I found bed and board, in the intervals of bird study,—once a farmhouse, now an "inn of rest" for a country-loving family,—was happily possessed of two attractions: the pasture toward which I turned with the morning sun, and a meadow which drew me when shadows grew long in the afternoon. This meadow began at the road passing in front of the house, and extended to the salt marsh which separated us from the sea. The marsh was always a beautiful picture,

"Stretching off in a pleasant plain
To the terminal blue of the main."

It was never twice the same, for it changed with every passing cloud, with every phase of the weather, with every tide; one never tired of it. And it was full of winged life: not only the beautiful gulls;

"Whose twinkling wings half lost amid the blue,"

in a white cloud over the far-off beach, but small birds of several kinds, who never came near enough to dry land to be identified. Sharp-tailed sparrows appeared on the meadow after grass was cut, and their exquisite ringing trill could always be heard from the bank; crows fed upon it every day; blackbirds' wings were always over it; and above all, sandpipers were there,

"Calling clear and sweet from cove to cove."

At the edge of the meadow, where it sloped sharply down to the marsh, lived one whose days were full of trouble, which he took care to make known to the world, — a

"Fire-winged blackbird, wearing on his shoulders

Red, gold-edged epaulets."

His little family, not yet out of the nest, was settled safely enough behind a clump of bushes that fringed the marsh. But he, in his rôle of protector, had taken possession of two trees on the high land, where he could overlook the whole neighborhood, and see all the dangers, real and fancied, that might, could, would, or should threaten them, and "borrow trouble" to his heart's content. The trees, this bird's headquarters, were an aged and half-dead cherry and a scraggy and wind-battered elm, standing perhaps a hundred feet apart. On the top twig of one of these, or flying across between them, he was most of the time to be seen, and his various cries of distress, as well as his wild, woodsy song, came plainly up to me in my window.

The troubles of this Martha-like character began when mowers brought their clattering machine, and with rasping noise and confusion dire laid low the grass which had isolated him from the rest of the world, and that impertinent world poured in. First came crows, from their homes in the woods beyond the pasture, to feast on the numerous hoppers and crawlers left roofless by the mowers, and to procure food for their hungry young, and alighted in the stubble, two or three or half a dozen at a time. By this the soul of the redwing was fired, and with savage war-cries he descended upon them. His manner was to fly laboriously to a great height, and then swoop down at a crow as if to annihilate him. The bird on the ground turned from his insect hunt long enough to snap at his threatening enemy, and then returned to his serious business. So long as the crows stayed the redwing was frantic, his cries filled the air; and as they were almost constantly there, he was kept on the borders of frenzy most of the time.

After the crows came the bird students, with opera-glasses and spying ways. These also the irascible redwing decided to be foes, flying about their heads threateningly, and never ceasing his doleful cries so long as they were in sight. I hoped his brown-streaked mate down in the marsh knew what a fussy and suspicious personage she had married, and would not be made anxious by his extravagances; but she too distrusted the bird gazers, adding her protests to his, and such an outpouring of "chacks" and other blackbird maledictions one — happily — is not often called upon to encounter.

After the bird students the haymakers; and every time a man or a horse appeared in that field, the blackbird was thrown into utter despair, and the air rang with his lamentations.

He was evidently a character, a bird of individuality, and I was anxious to

know him better; so, although I hated to grieve him, I resolved to go somewhat nearer, hoping that he would appreciate my harmlessness and soon see that he had nothing to fear from me. Not he! Having taken it into his obstinate little head that all who approached the sacred spot he guarded were on mischief bent, he refused to discriminate. The moment I approached the gate, the whole width of the meadow from him, he greeted me with shouts and cries, and did not cease for an instant, though I stayed two hours or more. I always went as modestly and inoffensively as possible through the meadow, far from his two trees, seated myself on the edge of the slope at some distance from him, and remained quiet. But he was never reconciled. His first act, as I started down the field, was to fly out to meet me, as if to drive me away. When he reached me, he would hold himself ten or fifteen feet above my head, perfectly motionless excepting a slight movement of the wings, looking as if he meditated an attack; and indeed I did sometimes fear that he would treat me as he did the crows. As I came nearer, his mate flew up out of the bushes, and added her demonstrations to his. Their movements in the air were beautiful. One would beat himself up quite high, and then hover, or apparently rest at that altitude, as if too light to come down, at last floating earthward, pausing now and then, as if he absolutely could not return to our level.

Occasionally my presence caused a domestic scene not easy to interpret. Madam, no doubt fully aware of the prying ways of the human family, sometimes hesitated to return to her little ones in the bushes. She flew around uneasily, alighting here and there, anxious and worried, but plainly afraid of exposing her precious secret. Then her "lord and master" took her in hand, flying at her, and following wherever she fled before him, till he almost overtook her, when she dropped into the marsh, and

with a low, satisfied chuckle he took a wide circle around and returned to his tree. Scolding all the time, she remained some minutes in the deep grass, then flew up high, and floated down to the alder clump where the nest was placed. Upon this, her observant lord, whose sharp eyes nothing escaped, instantly flew down again, dashed impetuously through the alders, and without pausing returned to his post. Now how should one interpret that little family interlude?

Later, when the young were out of the nest and quite expert on wing, the redwing's relations with them puzzled me, also. I often saw the two who appeared to compose the family flying about with their mother, and I knew they were his because he frequently joined the party. But their conduct seemed unnatural, and a doubt stole over me whether this bird — this individual, I mean — could be a domestic tyrant. I knew from previous studies that the love-making manners of the redwing are a little on the "knock-down-and-drag-out" order of some savage tribes of our own species. To chase the beloved until she drops with fatigue seems to be the blackbird idea of a tender attention, and possibly the pursuit of his spouse already spoken of may have been of this sort, merely a lovely demonstration. But with the babies it was a different thing. Heretofore I had seen blackbird fathers devoted attendants on their young, working as hard as the mothers in seeking supplies, and following up the wandering brood to administer them. But this bird, I observed, was avoided by the little folk. When he showed inclination to join the family party on one of its excursions, they shied away from him, and if he came too near they uttered a sort of husky "huff," like the familiar protest of a cat. With the same sound they greeted him and moved away when he approached a bush where they sat. Perhaps this crustiness of de-

meanor was the natural result of his long weeks of anxiety and trouble as protector during their helpless infancy ; perhaps he was tired out and exhausted, and it was not irritability, but nervous prostration that made him appear so unamiable. Indeed, I do not see how it could be otherwise, after his exciting life. And may that not explain the fact that when the young are grown, the singer shakes off all family ties and joins a flock of his comrades, while mother and young remain together ? Since he insists on taking his family responsibilities so hard, he cannot be blamed for desiring a rest for part of the year.

Now that the nest was deserted and the young were always going about with their mother, I wondered that the head of the family did not relax his vigilance over the meadow and abandon his two watch-towers ; but save that his enticing song came up to me oftener than his cries of distress, his habits were not materially altered. One day, when I thought his summer troubles ought surely to be over, a fresh anxiety came to him. Several women and girls, with a dog, appeared on the marsh, which at low tide was in some parts explorable. The human members of the party amused themselves with bathing and wading in the now shallow stream ; but the dog acted like one gone mad, dashing about on those peaceful flats where so many birds were enjoying themselves quietly, rushing full gallop from one group to another, wading or swimming the winding stream every time he came to it, and barking at the top of his voice every instant. Birds rose before him in flocks, sandpipers took to their wings in panic, swallows swooped down over him in anxious clouds, sharp-tailed sparrows and all other winged creatures fled wildly before this "agitator" who seemed to have no aim except to disturb, and reminded me irresistibly of his human prototype. Somewhere in that "league upon league of marsh

grass," I suppose, were the blackbird's little folk ; for the watcher on the bank was in deepest tribulation, and his outcries quickly brought me down to see what had happened.

The Young Americans of the redwing family are as vivacious and uneasy as might be expected of the scions of that house. No sooner do they get the use of their sturdy legs than they scramble out of the nest and start upon their bustling pilgrimage through life, first climbing over the bushes in their neighborhood, and as they learn the use of their wings becoming more venturesome, till at last, every time a hard-working mother brings a morsel of food, she has to hunt up her straggling offspring before she can dispose of it. Though eager for food as most youngsters, they are altogether too busy investigating this new and interesting world to stay two minutes in one place. So far from waiting, like Mr. Micawber, for something to turn up, they proceed, the moment they can use their limbs, to attack the problem of delay for themselves ; to wait is not a blackbird possibility. It is needless to say that such preternaturally sharp and wide-awake Young Americans very soon graduate from the nursery.

The last trial that came to the blackbird, and the one, perhaps, that induced him finally to abandon his watch-towers and join his friends on the bank farther down, was the appearance one day in the meadow of a new importation from the city, a boy marked out for notice by a striking yellow-and-black cap. The instant he entered the inclosure afar off the redwing uttered a shriek of hopeless despair, as who should say, "What horrible yellow-headed monster have we here ?" and as long as he remained the bird cried and bewailed his fate and that of his family, as if murder and sudden death were the sure fate of them all. It was the last act in the blackbird drama on the meadow.

Olive Thorne Miller.

RECENT HISTORICAL BIOGRAPHY.

It is no insignificant mark of the subsidence of a too partisan view of American history that the biographer of Samuel Adams undertakes a narrative of the life of Adams's great political antagonist, Governor Hutchinson,¹ and performs his task neither as detractor nor as apologist, but with sincere intention of weighing fairly the evidence to be had regarding his subject. The result is a sympathetic biography in so far as the writer puts himself dramatically in the place of Hutchinson; it is also, though to less extent, a critical study of the character of the man; but it is above all a dispassionate though not cold-blooded analysis of the elements which were brewing before the final storm of the American Revolution burst. There is, moreover, what one is not sorry to see, a certain generous judgment of a man who was a fair representative of a class that has had scant justice done it by American historical writers. The inevitable doom of the Loyalists by contemporary patriots has been the traditional temper in which they have been regarded by the descendants of those patriots, and it is, we repeat, one indication of the rise of a less prejudiced historical spirit that so fair and reasonable a book as this *Life of Hutchinson* should appear. It is not needed that each new generation should revise the judgments in history of its predecessor, but it is not unlikely that we are entering upon a period when the historical questions of issue between the United States and Great Britain will be subjected to a fresh examination. In this revision we shall see not so much the correction of fact as the shifting of emphasis; and just as the patriots themselves rapidly changed the contention from a point of constitutional law to one

of natural rights, so we are likely to lay less stress upon a formula such as taxation without representation, and more upon those fundamental considerations of self-government and freedom of trade which were behind the growth of the colonies in consciousness of integrity.

Mr. Hosmer, for example, repeatedly calls attention, as other writers have done, to the existence not merely of an American party in Parliament, but of a cleavage in English political thought which was not geographical; and he recognizes the fact that as the contest between the English and the French which resulted in the overthrow of New France in America was a world-contest, and had its theatre in both Europe and America, even in Asia also, so the struggle in Boston was not a mere colonial conflict, but a readjustment of constitutional limits on both sides of the water. He points out in a most interesting way how closely Hutchinson's theoretical solution of the problem he encountered tallies with the actual adjustment of relations now existing between England and her colonies in Canada, Australia, and elsewhere, though we doubt if the supremacy of Parliament is quite as inviolable as Mr. Hosmer assumes. It may be, as he says, that let "a crisis arise involving the interests of the whole, none of the colonial members would to-day question the right and duty of the English Parliament to step into the leadership, with authority, if need were, to dictate east and west, as far as the drum-beat extends, what measures should be taken and what sums should be contributed to maintain the general welfare;" but such a crisis is far more easily met than one which involves a contention between the policy of an imperial Parliament and the inter-

¹ *The Life of Thomas Hutchinson, Royal Governor of the Province of Massachusetts Bay.* By

JAMES K. HOSMER. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1896.

est of some remote colony, as Australia, and signs are not wanting that the colony would in that event insist upon its own prerogative.

The figure of Hutchinson himself, as drawn by Mr. Hosmer, is one to be respected, and for whose sorry end a compassion may be felt; but though his ability is conceded, and his integrity and high character are built up in the reader's mind by many generous touches, there remains a slight impatience at the dryly legal bent of his mind. It would certainly seem as though some of the tact which the governor evidently perceived would reduce the strain between Parliament and the colony might well have been used by himself. The rupture, however, was no doubt inevitable; it is easy to see this when we read in the light of the event, and it is one of the dramatic incidents of our history that the man who stood in Boston as the representative of the British government was a New Englander of New Englanders, and the man who, by his statesman-like handling of the finances of the province, had made possible the success of the patriots in overthrowing the order for which he stood. Hutchinson's whole temper was aristocratic, and the contest in which he became involved, and as outlined in this fruitful biography, is full of suggestion for the student of current problems in government. Mr. Hosmer has executed his task with fidelity and skill, and we have no hesitation in pronouncing his book one of the most satisfactory as it is one of the most interesting contributions ever made to American historical biography.

In two volumes of 800 pages¹ Miss Boudinot has reared a monument befitting the memory of her granduncle, the devoted patriot and excellent man, Elias Boudinot, of Elizabethtown, New Jersey. The outbreak of the war of independence

found him, entering middle life, busily practicing law. As a member of county committee and of the Provincial Congress of New Jersey, organized in 1774 and 1775 to promote the common purpose of the colonies, Boudinot was of the foremost in labors for the American cause; but he was also moderate, checking the zeal of Witherspoon in his eagerness for independence, for which, however, Boudinot was equally ready when the time was ripe.

Washington, during the campaign of 1776-77 in the Jerseys, formed a high opinion of the character and influence of Boudinot, and in April, 1777, offered and urged upon him the office of commissary-general of prisoners in the army of America. His services in this capacity for more than a year were valuable to the patriot cause, and the details which the editor furnishes from the letters and notebooks of Boudinot are of fresh interest, and add something to our knowledge of the treatment and exchange of prisoners during the Revolution.

Boudinot resigned this office in 1778, to serve a year in the Continental Congress. He was again elected by the legislature of New Jersey a delegate to Congress in 1781, and reelected in 1782. By the system of rotation then in vogue, the presidency of Congress fell to New Jersey, and Boudinot was chosen to that office in the latter year. It became his lot, therefore, to perform special duties on the occasions which marked the close of the war; on behalf of Congress to sign the Articles of Peace, to thank Washington for his conduct of the war, to receive the minister from the Netherlands. All these, and the ordinary duties of the presiding officer of Congress, Boudinot discharged with grace and dignity. At this time, too, after Livingston's resignation, he had charge of the affairs of the foreign office.

¹ *The Life, Public Services, Addresses, and Letters of Elias Boudinot, LL. D., President of the Continental Congress.* Edited by J. J.

BOUDINOT, Member of the New Jersey Historical Society. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1896.

To the first Congress under the Constitution Boudinot was sent as one of the Federalist members from New Jersey. He served three terms, from 1789 to 1795, and during these years he acted on several of the most important committees. From the *Annals of Congress* Miss Boudinot reprints his speeches, many of which discuss the graver questions of that formative time: notably, the first revenue act, the establishment of the executive departments, the national bank, the power of removal from office, the slave trade, the pay of the late army, the vindication of Hamilton, then Secretary of the Treasury, and the regulations of commerce with Great Britain. In these efforts Boudinot is at his best. The republication of these speeches is timely at this hour. For training the citizen or the public man of to-day in the temper and spirit proper to discuss questions of current interest, many of which are not unlike those of Boudinot's time, no better means are at hand than those offered in his speeches.

At the close of Boudinot's career in Congress, in 1795, Washington appointed him director of the mint. Boudinot modestly accepted the office, and filled it for ten years, when he resigned, and retired, after a public service of nearly a generation, to private life. He died in 1821, aged nearly eighty-two.

Boudinot's chief characteristics were his piety, — the expression of which, especially in his earlier years, seems to us of to-day somewhat excessive, — his sincere and self-sacrificing patriotism, a strong and abiding love for his family, his sense of what is fair and just in all questions under discussion, and his wisdom in counsel. In short, in these volumes, in which his own acts and words portray his life, we find the prototype of the American gentleman, kindly, well trained, and useful. Here was indeed one of the "Fathers," whose existence as models of wisdom and propriety we are at times tempted to doubt, when the

passions and partisanship of that day are revealed to us. In this entire record Boudinot utters not one bitter word.

His relations with Washington and Hamilton were most happy. During the war he sometimes sent news to Washington and offered him advice, but in a most docile temper accepted the better information and actions of Washington which proved to be contrary to his suggestions. Hamilton, as a lad, attended school at Elizabethtown, and was often welcomed within the circle of Boudinot's family. Boudinot, in 1793, calmly, clearly, and dispassionately vindicates Hamilton from the charges of official misconduct.

The pictures which the letters selected by Miss Boudinot give of the best family life of New Jersey a hundred years ago are delightful. Charming is the insight we get into the character of William Bradford, who was the son-in-law of Boudinot, and whom Washington made Attorney-General in his cabinet. Americans must lament anew the early death of Bradford.

In the main Miss Boudinot's work has been well done. For the busy man the reprints may appear too long, but he can skip the purely formal and official parts; and some of the trivial family incidents might have been omitted without loss. Nor does the editor, in her purpose to let letters and records tell the whole story, take the pains always to supply connecting links; thus from the average reader too much effort is required to avoid confusion. Rarely, the editor is not careful of her English. The spirit of the antiquarian sometimes prevails over the historic sense, and therefore there is lacking a discrimination as to the relative value of facts; and again, as in the story of Arnold's treason, Boudinot's *Reminiscences* are backed up by the editor by authority which is not latest nor best. Neither John Marshall nor Washington Irving was first of all a historian. Similar criticism would apply to the account of De Grasse's share in the siege of Yorktown.

Still, Miss Boudinot deserves warm thanks from the student of American history, from the lover of his country and of mankind, for the results of labors prompted by real patriotism and a proper family pride.

A faithful and detailed account of any prominent American family in the Eastern States, whose records go back to the time when the first English settlers were engaged in cutting down the primeval forests for the purpose of obtaining sites for homes, will always throw an interesting light on the influences which have given shape to the communities on the Atlantic coast as we know them to-day. Such an account, extending from the early colonial age to the present, will reflect in many of its most important aspects the general course of our national growth. This is notably true of the histories of those families of Virginia which are identified in a conspicuous way with the principal events in the annals of that Commonwealth.

The successive periods in the development of the social and economic system of Virginia, periods which made a deep impression upon the fortunes of its families, have been singularly unlike in their character. First we observe the conditions prevailing in the age of the earliest pioneers alone, when the axe played an equal part with the rifle in enlarging the boundaries of civilization. Then followed the age when the planters, loyal to the king and true to the traditions of their race, erected everywhere in the older parts of the colony a society marked by all of the characteristics belonging to ancient communities. This in turn was succeeded by the interval leading up to the Revolution, an interval full of those memorable agitations foreshadowing the approaching storm. Then came the war of independence, the successful issue of which tore asunder the ties of association binding the families of Virginia to the

mother country. In the long period extending from the surrender of Cornwallis to the passage of the ordinance of secession, there existed a social life — conservative, peaceful, and uneventful — which rested upon the institution of slavery and the pursuit of agriculture, taking its character partly from the one and partly from the other. The late war broke upon this state of society, upheaving the whole fabric of it as in the throes of an earthquake; and when the tumult had passed away that fabric lay in ruin. A new order has arisen, one differing as much from that prevailing before the civil war as it does from that prevailing before the Revolution.

It can perhaps be said that no other people of the same race have in so short a time, comparatively considered, gone through a greater number and variety of vicissitudes, — vicissitudes which have struck, each in its turn, a telling blow at existing conditions, and in one instance, the late war, have practically revolutionized the whole state of society.

It is impossible to read Mr. Alexander Brown's latest work, *The Cabells and their Kin*,¹ without being very much impressed by the shadow which these successive periods in the story of Virginia — each so distinctly marked in its character, several so full of heroic tumult — have thrown upon his pages, as he relates the history of the different generations of the Cabell family. The background to the lives of its members consists of this changing drama, which controlled the fortunes of the community at large. From this point of view the work has great historical interest and value. This is more especially true of the parts treating, on the one hand of the Cabells who lived before and during the Revolutionary contest, and on the other of the Cabells who lived before and during the late war: the former contending for the overthrow of the supremacy of nature

¹ *The Cabells and their Kin*. A Memorial Volume of History, Biography, and Genealogy.

By ALEXANDER BROWN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

in a wide circuit of primeval forest, laying the foundation of new communities, building up large private fortunes, and taking an active part in the storm of the Revolution; the latter participating in those civic struggles which slavery brought about, and finally in that terrible war which these struggles precipitated.

Although the first of the American Cabells did not arrive in Virginia until 1724, more than one hundred years after the settlement of Jamestown Island, nevertheless the earliest annals of that family are associated with the rude conditions of life on the frontier. We discover in these annals evidence of every step in the resolute struggle to establish new homes in the ancient forests, and of the successful effort to erect a system of local government by the introduction of courts and vestries, at the very time that the Indians had not yet permanently retired beyond the mountains, and when strange and savage beasts still roamed the woods. Dr. William Cabell, the founder of the American branch of the family, was the first Englishman to obtain a patent to lands in the valley of the James River, lying near the foothills of the Blue Ridge. He stated, in a petition offered in court many years afterwards, that he had carried the settlements fifty miles further westward than they had been planted before. In doing so, while making his survey, he had been seized by the Indians, who resented his intrusion into their favorite hunting-grounds. From the mouth of the modern Rivanna — the stream upon which Monticello, the home of Jefferson, is situated — to the mountains there stretched a vast wilderness, which had been explored only by intrepid hunters and traders. When Dr. Cabell died, in 1774, this region, once the home of savages and wild beasts alone, had come into the possession of a large white population. Residences had been erected on the different estates, plantation edifices, stores, warehouses, churches, and court-houses built, and roads opened.

The great body of the inhabitants were of the purest English blood. A large number of the planters resembled Dr. Cabell in being men of ancient descent. Dr. Cabell himself was sprung from a stock which had been established in England since the Norman Conquest, had owned valuable landed estates, had occupied noble family seats and possessed wide influence. They had endowed churches and founded chapels, on the windows of which were emblazoned their coats-of-arms. The father of Dr. Cabell was the owner not only of a large personal estate, but also of extensive property in land in the vicinity of Frome, and all of his connections were firm and loyal supporters of church and state. The son, like so many others in the same period who sought new homes in the west, abandoned all of these substantial advantages of fortune, leaving behind his native community with its firmly established society, its peaceful and orderly pursuits, to become a pioneer on the frontiers of a far distant colony, where dangers hitherto unknown confronted him, and where the first seed of civilization had to be planted. The reward for this self-denial, energy, and enterprise, however, was great; for, dying, he devised to each of his children plantations many thousand acres in area, with a full equipment of buildings, servants, slaves, and livestock.

The second era in the history of the American Cabells — of even greater interest than the first — was that in which the storm of the Revolution arose, and finally expended its force in the triumph at Yorktown. The records of the family throw important light on the sentiments of the people of Virginia throughout this memorable period. Colonel William Cabell, the son of the founder, was a member of the General Assembly as early as 1757. He was present in the House when Patrick Henry offered his famous resolutions, May 29, 1765, and we find him in 1766 declining the office of deputy escheator because it was neces-

sary that it should be filled by a friend of the crown. From this time until the adjournment of the convention of 1788 he kept a diary, in which he noted, amid a great variety of details relating to other subjects, the course of the political events which were then stirring the minds of men. Mr. Brown has given copious extracts from this diary, which are of marked historical interest. We find that Colonel Cabell, like all of his associates, was firmly opposed to the oppressive measures of Great Britain, but nevertheless entertained the hope, until the passage of the Boston Port Bill, that the differences between the mother country and the colonies would be settled without bloodshed. "No one can deny," he is reported as then exclaiming, "that the people of Virginia have been loyal subjects. They have borne their grievances with patience, and have petitioned respectfully for their removal. All their remonstrances and memorials have been treated with neglect and contempt, and now we are to be gagged. We must fight, and, for one, I care not how soon." From this time he became an unswerving supporter of the various measures adopted for the safety of the colony. We find him from 1774 to 1776 chairman of his county committee. He was a member of the convention of 1775, and assisted in bringing in an ordinance for raising a large body of troops for immediate service. In the same year he was appointed a member of the committee of safety for Virginia at large, which called him away from home for long periods. This committee having the selection of all military officers, its members were debarred from holding any military position. He was a member of the convention of 1776, and was one of the committee to prepare a declaration of rights and to draw up a form of government. He was also elected the first senator from the Amherst district under the new Constitution.

The spirit of the people in the stress

of these trying times was reflected in the action of the county committees. These appear, without exception, to have shared the boldness and resoluteness of the committee of Cumberland, which in 1775 instructed the representatives of that county in the Assembly "to declare for an independency, and to abjure any allegiance to his Britannick Majesty and bid him a good-night forever;" and when war had broken out, they made every sacrifice to insure the successful consummation of the cause of the Revolution. The people bore a heavy burden of taxation without a murmur. The public charge imposed upon land and the great bulk of the personal property was already very onerous. In addition, taxes were laid on brandy, whiskey, tobacco, plate, specie, paper money, carriage-wheels, glass windows, billiard-tables, marriage and tavern licenses. There were poll and specific taxes. Nor were they levied once in the course of twelve months; there were taxes payable in each month of the year.

Incidental to the account of the political life at this time, Mr. Brown's work gives much information as to prices, which were now greatly inflated. Thus in 1780 twenty head of bullocks and barren cows were valued at over seven thousand pounds sterling in Virginia currency. A pound of bacon sold for eight dollars. For attendance upon one session of the Assembly Colonel Cabell was paid ten hundred and seventy-eight pounds sterling. The expense of boarding in Staunton, where the Assembly met in 1781, amounted to fifteen hundred dollars for the interval between June 12 and June 23, a period of ten days.

The expedients adopted in local manufacture are of interest. We find Colonel Cabell, in 1776, planting the seeds of cotton, flax, and hemp with a view to obtaining the material for his own weaving; and for the same reason he gave much attention to sheep husbandry. He also set up iron-works on one of his es-

tates in order to promote the manufacture of iron. On several occasions, he distilled in one year as much as one hundred and fifty gallons of brandy. During the progress of the war he erected the dwelling-house known as "Union Hill," which has been so intimately associated with the Cabell family. The timber of which it was constructed was cut, sawed, and placed in position by his own servants and slaves; the bricks were made in his own kilns; while the greater number of the nails were manufactured by hand in his own blacksmiths' shops. Like all the mansions of the planters of Virginia at that day, this residence had many outbuildings, such as the picking, spinning, weaving, and dyeing houses; the sewing-rooms and laundry; the dairy, the storeroom, the smoke-house, the kitchen, the poultry-houses, the coach-house, the ice-house, the cow-houses, the stable occupied by the horses in use by the family, and the houses for the servants and slaves attached to the residence. In addition to these structures — some built of wood, some of brick or stone — in the immediate vicinity, there were, on another part of the estate, near the manager's home, the farm stables; the barns, corn and tobacco houses, shops for shoemakers, blacksmiths, wheelwrights, carpenters, coopers, masons, and other artisans; the tannery, distillery, and grist-mill. At this time, the only means of transporting the tobacco to market consisted of the bateaux which were used in the navigation of the Upper James River. The hogsheads were placed on board, and thus conveyed to Richmond; the stream being in many places obstructed by falls, making the passage a dangerous one to boatman and cargo.

In the long interval between the close of the Revolution and the breaking out of the civil war the Cabell family expanded greatly in number, and in its dif-

ferent branches obtained marked distinction in all the departments of life. There was hardly a year in the whole course of that long period when a Cabell did not represent his division of the State in the House of Delegates, the state Senate, or the national House of Representatives. The family gave to the Commonwealth a governor and also a president of the Court of Appeals. In the persons of members of the family bearing a different name, they gave to the national government a Vice-President, and several occupants of the highest diplomatic positions abroad, while in the field of literature several of the Cabell kin have won celebrity. Spreading out as each generation came into active life, the family established itself in all that part of Virginia where it had its first seat. Offshoots bearing the same name, or sharing its blood only, passed at an early date across the barrier of mountains, and made a permanent settlement in the most beautiful regions of Kentucky, and from thence emigrated as far as Texas, and even to the country lying beyond the Rockies. That migratory instinct, coupled with the desire to improve one's fortunes which has had so powerful an influence in bringing about the occupation of the West, is nowhere more fully recorded than in this volume by Mr. Brown; this gives the work an additional value from the light which it throws upon the movement of population from the East to the western and southwestern wilderness.

Few episodes in American history approach in picturesqueness the part borne by Lafayette in our struggle for national existence as described in the elaborate volumes of Mr. Tower.¹ At an age that many now pass in college, and even while yet so young as to be jeeringly alluded to by Cornwallis as "that boy," he made himself so important a factor in the Revolution as truly to savor of romance.

¹ *The Marquis de La Fayette in the American Revolution. With Some Account of the Attitude of France towards the War of Independ-*

dence. By CHARLEMAGNE TOWER, Jr., LL. D. In two volumes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1895.

rather than fact. Indeed, were the incidents of his career told as fiction, their improbability would go far to mar the artistic effect. It is true that much of this air of romance is due to the French view of the contest; for whatever the Revolution was to our ancestors, to the French, and particularly to Lafayette, it was never a quarrel over so many pence duty on tea, nor even over the broader right of self-taxation. To them it was the outburst of a people against enslavement; an object-lesson of the theories — then very much in vogue — taught by Montesquieu and the Encyclopædists, rendered in this case doubly interesting because directed against an hereditary and triumphant enemy. All France, but especially the nobility, the army, and (of course) the ladies, went wild with an enthusiasm at once the embarrassment and the delight of the French government; which, hoping to use the opportunity to injure Great Britain, chose not to dampen the popular sentiment, yet found great difficulty in preventing the outburst from compromising France in her relations with that country. Indeed, the acts of Louis's cabinet strongly suggest the tight-rope performer in the skill with which the balance between open war and secret encouragement was maintained for so many months.

Under the impulse of this enthusiasm many foreigners desired to serve in the American army. The commissioners at Paris, the Congress, and Washington were besieged by "thousand of officers" of France with offers and demands. Even such veterans as Prince Ferdinand, Marshal Broglie, and the Duke de Lauzun were among those who caught the fever, and would gladly have accepted American commissions had sufficient rank been granted them. In this public excitement, it is not strange that Lafayette, of both the nobility and the army, should be infected with the prevailing ferment. He had distinctly the qualities that made the contest appeal to him strongly. But

twenty-two years of age, with a temperament that he candidly spoke of as "my own warmth," his foible, according to his admiring friend Jefferson, was "a canine appetite for popularity and fame." That such a man sought service in America when so many in France wished to do so is not strange, but that he should have succeeded so far beyond his own expectations, and so greatly beyond any other of his countrymen, is truly marvellous.

The path to success was not a smooth one. However eagerly fostered by our diplomats and statesmen, the French alliance and the French nation were objects of suspicion in the colonies; for Americans had been too long imbued with hatred of that people easily to regard them as friends. When the probability of French aid was argued in connection with the Declaration of Independence, it was seriously urged in Congress that the people would never consent to the landing of French troops in the colonies. When Lafayette first arrived, one of his party wrote that "the populace of Charleston, as well as that of all this part of the continent, detest the French;" adding, "This is not the case in good society." This state of mind was typical of the whole country, and the French alliance was the act of the intellectual classes of America, long regarded with suspicion by the common people. How ingrained this feeling was is shown by the outburst against the French on the failure of the attack on Newport, when Lafayette himself records that "the people turned mad at their [the French] departure, and, wishing them all the evils in the world, did treat them as a generous one would be ashamed to treat the most inveterate enemies." The condition, indeed, became so critical to the alliance that the French minister considered it necessary to hire the popular but mercenary pen of Thomas Paine "in inspiring the people with sentiments favorable to France and the alliance." In 1779, when

American affairs seemed most desperate, even Lafayette was doubtful as to what kind of a reception a French force would meet with in America.

Such was the public mood when Lafayette offered his sword to the American cause, and his success, as compared with that of his fellow French, can be easily understood when his attitude, compared with theirs, is considered. He begged, never demanded, a commission; he did not haggle for rank or money, but fought as a volunteer, without command and without pay, wherever there was fighting to be done. While the Continental army was the laughter of the foreign officers, he said, "I am here to learn, not to teach." When Steuben criticised the want of discipline, Lafayette claimed that "bravery took the place with them of science." While others were abusing America, its people, its officials, and its army, Lafayette records only love and praise, and his letters to his wife are full of admiration for all he saw. He himself indicated the cause for the unpopularity of the foreign officers, and of the opposite in his own case, in his plan for a detachment of French troops, in which he warned Vergennes not to send colonels used to the luxuries of Paris, for "we shall need officers who know how to submit to annoyances, to live frugally, to avoid all airs, particularly a sharp and peremptory manner."

Such conduct could not but win him his way. A few weeks after his arrival he was the close friend of Washington, who yielded his friendship so slowly; and the commander-in-chief, who had seen only embarrassment in Lafayette's advent, soon wrote to Congress, "It appears to me, from a consideration of his illustrious and important connections, the attachment he has manifested for our cause, and the consequences which his return in disgust might produce, that it will be advisable to gratify him in his wish for a brigade." Nor was it only here that he won trust. He was quickly

on the best terms with all of the officers, and the rank and file soon styled him familiarly and endearingly "the Marquis." As time went on his influence on all sides waxed, till Chastellux declared that "private letters from him have frequently produced more effect upon some of the States than the strongest exhortations of the Congress;" and Marbois wrote to Vergennes: "It is difficult to imagine, monseigneur, to what extent the prudence of M. le Marquis de Lafayette, joined to firm and decided conduct, has won the affections of the inhabitants. His presence attracts both men and supplies. No man, say the delegates [of Congress] from Virginia and Maryland, except Washington, would have obtained such universal popularity; having shown in his first campaign bravery even to rashness, he now shows consummate prudence. On his arrival in Virginia the people were aghast at his youth, but now they would regret exceedingly to see the command pass into other hands." Even Lafayette marveled at his own success, and confessed, "I am forced myself to smile sometimes; . . . even in this country where people do not smile as readily as we do at home."

Of this brilliant and generous story Mr. Tower has written a most admirable account. Although, we believe, the author's first work in American history, there is no trace of the tyro, and the book is at once scholarly and interesting. The wealth of original material included cannot fail to make it the standard authority on Lafayette's service in America, and scarcely less so on the whole history of the French alliance. Mr. Tower is a skilled linguist, and his translations from Doniol, from the Stevens Facsimiles, and from other sources are a distinct boon, the more that most of the papers which he includes are printed in their entirety. In every respect the book shows a balance of view and an accuracy of treatment that deserve the highest recognition and praise.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

NATURE AND TRAVEL.

By Oak and Thorn, a Record of English Days, by Alice Brown. (Houghton.) Several of the graceful sketches of travel contained in this book are known to readers of *The Atlantic*, but they are of such a nature as tempt to a second reading; for, barring an occasional forced note, Miss Brown's manner has a charm not indeed independent of her matter, but felicitously making it as good as new a second time. The element of delight in the hunting of small deer is present in the sketches, and Miss Brown shows herself a true lover of the chase, if it be for nothing more substantial than the actual Cranford or Falstaff's cup.—*Spring Notes from Tennessee*, by Bradford Torrey. (Houghton.) In changing his base of operations from New England to the South, Mr. Torrey has not permitted his friends the enemy to escape. In other words, in visiting Florida and Tennessee, he has chosen in each case the time when the New England birds are passing through on their way north. A pilgrimage to the old battlefields about Chattanooga gave the opportunity for these latest observations; but when to the older acquaintances a number of native Tennessee birds are added, the reader will not wonder that the author's attention is not entirely occupied by the historical associations of the place. Mr. Torrey's studies in human nature are always sweet and refreshing, and if at times the humor seems a bit strained, or the incident perhaps trivial, we are little inclined to quarrel with so good an observer. Indeed, in combining accuracy of observation with happiness of description and charm of style Mr. Torrey is unexcelled among American writers of outdoor papers. For the benefit of ornithologists an annotated list of ninety-three birds is given.—*Journal of a Few Months' Residence in Portugal*, by Dora Wordsworth [Mrs. Quillinan]. Edited by Edmund Lee. (Longmans.) The name of Dora Wordsworth is so intimately associated with her father's life and poetry that many of those who love the poet will ask for no other introduction to this volume; yet the charm of the book is not borrowed

solely from the name of Wordsworth. The simplicity of a poet's "beloved child" runs through its pages, written with the old-fashioned refinement of a lady's memoirs of half a century ago. The *Journal* is a narrative of a year's sojourn in a country still little visited by the tourist throng, with few incidents of note, but enlivened by much vivacious and intelligent description. It is interesting to see her father's deep and comprehensive love of nature spring up in Dora Wordsworth's mind as each new landscape appears. Hers is a delight as genuine as his, although to her the highest form of utterance was denied. Throughout the *Journal* there is no lack of the "sportive wit" which her father wrote of, but could never feel, yet the humor is pleasant rather than amusing. Could we ask more of a Wordsworth?—*Venezuela, a Land where it's always Summer*, by William Eleroy Curtis. With a Map. (Harpers.) The book is not profound, but it is chatty and entertaining, and gives us an interesting picture of scenery, history, and life. The author's point of view seems to be that of an untraveled American. He describes what he found in a short journey into the disputed Guiana territory, but does not discuss the merits of the case, though an appendix contains the official correspondence between the United States and Great Britain. The story of the life of Guzman Blanco, self-styled "the Illustrious American," is well worth reading for the glimpse it gives into the ways of South American politicians as well as for its portrayal of a unique personality.—*Little Idyls of the Big World*: being a few World-Problems stated, but not solved; some Human Documents unrolled; and some Sights that suggest, by W. D. McCrackan. (Knight.) Twenty sketchy impressions of travel make up the book thus magniloquently heralded; but the magniloquence is in the title; the sketches themselves show a good observer and thoughtful student.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Brother and Sister, a Memoir and the Letters of Ernest and Henriette Renan, translated by Lady Mary Loyd. (Macmillan.)

We have noted the appearance of an excellent translation, by Miss Alger, of *Ma Sœur Henriette*. Another English version of that memoir is given in this volume, together with the later published letters that illustrate and supplement it, as they do also those chapters in the *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse* which describe with such extraordinary minuteness and impressiveness the struggles of a young and devout soul with insistent questionings and ever growing doubts. The sister, to whom it may almost be said that Renan owed everything, was too sacred a memory to be introduced to the public in that work, and it is only since the brother's death that his readers have had the assurance given them, if any needed it, that the few earnest words in the *Souvenirs* were not a mourner's tribute to a sister transfigured by death, but only a simple verity. The letters selected by Madame Renan extend from March, 1842, to December, 1845, the first years of Henriette's life as a governess in Poland; and though her material care for her family is constantly manifest, the main subject of the correspondence is the spiritual unrest of the young seminarian, which his sister meets, and even divines, at every stage, with her exquisite sympathy. It is the record not only of a tender and passionate devotion, but of a rare soul communion. "So perfect," says the brother, "was the union of our minds that we scarcely needed to communicate our thoughts. . . . With her a part of my actual being passed away." Lady Mary Loyd again proves herself an exceedingly good translator, the book is handsomely printed, and the illustrations of the original are reproduced. — *A Few Memories*, by Mary Anderson [Mrs. de Navarro]. (Harpers.) Miss Anderson's career, when we consider her absolute want of any artistic training, either by association or by education, not to mention the more serious lack of a genuine artistic temperament, was almost as marvelous as those of certain aspirants of fiction, who, with the least possible preparation, at once become stars of the first magnitude. "The life of youth and beauty is too short for the bringing of an actress to her perfection," wrote a critic whose dictum in this matter no one would be likely to gainsay; yet to this untaught and ignorantly, if magnificently, audacious girl, for her earliest and crudest efforts came popular favor and

its rewards such as the great artists whom she emulated knew only after years of wearisome, not to say painful apprenticeship. So we fear that her object in writing her memoirs — to show stage-struck young girls the difficulties and hardships of the life they long for — will defeat itself, for the volume will be an incentive rather than a warning. Mrs. de Navarro modestly disclaims the possession of literary skill, nor are her comments on things dramatic of special value; but she has written an exceedingly agreeable and readable book, excellent in arrangement, admirably simple and straightforward in style, refreshingly free from self-consciousness or vanity. From first to last we are in contact with a frank, ingenuous, cheerfully self-reliant, and thoroughly healthy nature. The English reminiscences, recording the pleasantest social experiences, beside notable theatrical successes, form the most interesting as they are the best written part of the work. Half a dozen charming portraits are given, — one from a photograph taken within a year being perhaps the most attractive of all; but we wish a seventh could have been added, recalling as far as might be the beauty and impressiveness of the central figure in the statue scene of *The Winter's Tale*. — *History of Prussia under Frederic the Great, 1756-1757*, by Herbert Tuttle. (Houghton.) This volume, continuing Mr. Tuttle's important historical series, was ready for the printer at the author's death, and is complete for the period treated, a period of great dramatic interest. The subject is handled dramatically, also; that is, the telling points are brought out clearly from a mass of detail. Controverted points are dealt with thoroughly enough to show the writer's opinion and the reasons for it, but not pedantically nor in a way to confuse the reader. The excessively tangled diplomacy of the time is made as clear, probably, as it can be made. The account of the very famous battles which occurred in these sixteen months is managed very cleverly, so as to give a good idea of the movements of the troops without resort to technicalities. The style is simple and direct, yet not dull. Professor Herbert B. Adams furnishes a good biographical sketch of the unusual scholar lost to America by death, and a portrait is prefixed. — *Charles XII. and the Collapse of the Swedish Empire, 1682-1719*, by R. Nisbet Bain. *Heroes of the Nations Series*.

(Putnam's.) Mr. Bain has that easy mastery of his subject which enables him to treat a large and complex theme lucidly and not ineffectively within the strait limits set by the series to which his monograph belongs, while its popular character in no wise unfavorably affects its scholarly accuracy and breadth of view. Especially noteworthy is the vivid and carefully considered presentment of Charles XI., a more attractive and also a truer portrait than the unlovely one which Voltaire has made familiar to generations of readers, and the father's character serves as an aid towards the clearer understanding of certain qualities in the son. Viewing the latter as a ruler, we can hardly fail to regard him as the Madman as well as the Lion of the North, but he was one of the greatest and most heroic of soldiers, a man literally in love with war from his youth up, incapable of fear, absolutely undaunted by or indifferent to difficulties, hardships, and pain, having in a supreme degree many of the traits that go to the making of a national hero. But if at times he seemed filled with the Berserker rage of his pagan ancestors, he was a man of kindly nature, of strong domestic affections, a warm friend, and withal as devout as one of Cromwell's Ironsides, and austere almost to asceticism in his life; in short, a perplexing mixture of viking, paladin, and puritan. This book should help correct various errors, the chief responsibility for which rests upon Voltaire's history, a work that Mr. Bain in his haste is inclined to call a romance, but which belongs to the domain of great literature, and is possessed of perennial life and influence. — *The United States of America, 1765–1865*, by Edward Channing. (Macmillan.) This volume in the Cambridge Historical Series shows an excellent sense of proportion. Possibly the fact that it was written for an English series by an American scholar had some influence on its form, for it is admirably adapted to meet in a dignified way the foolish strictures of a recent writer in Blackwood. A comprehensive knowledge of modern, especially English history is apparent as the measuring-rod, so that the book, though strictly occupied with the history of the United States, is not written as if there were no other history. The discussion of special topics, as for example the New England town meeting, shows the training and the thoroughness of the writer.

POETRY.

The Marriage of Guenevere, a Tragedy, by Richard Hovey. (Stone & Kimball.) It is matter for congratulation that a few, at least, of our younger verse-writers are beginning to abandon the tiny lyric forms which have so long eked out an apologetic existence in friendly nooks and crevices of the monthly magazines, and are nerving themselves for efforts of more scope and moment. Mr. Hovey has gone at his task valiantly, and has marked out his work on commendably large and vigorous lines. Unfortunately, the dramatic machine proves, in places, too pretentious; for Mr. Hovey's gift is by no means a distinctively dramatic one, and the dialogue, as well as the characterization, lacks the thrust, incisiveness, and body necessary to an adequate carrying out of the scenic idea. Accordingly, the later scenes, where the dramatic situation grows more complex and the author cannot rely on the liquid flow of his blank verse, are disappointing. To a mind unenlightened concerning the symbolist cult and the immunities granted its votaries, it is a trifle discomposing to find Dagonet, the court fool, furnished forth with a full wallet of Elizabethan quips and similes, and to witness Guenevere engaged in masquerading pranks which remind us of Watteau and the Petit Trianon. — *The Road to Castaly*, by Alice Brown. (Copeland & Day.) There runs through this little collection a buoyant, healthy, out-of-door strain that is hardly suggested by the conventional title. In such poems as *Wood-Longing* and *Pan* we catch the real rapture of communion with the green world, so fatally easy to simulate, so winning and persuasive when genuinely uttered. *A West-Country Lover* and *On the Field* have a robust martial ring that is rare enough to be worth recognition, and in such little bits as *Fore-Warned* there is evidence that the author has not studied in vain the delightful song-writers of the Jacobean and Carolian periods. — *In Unknown Seas*, by George Horton. (University Press.) Two characteristics of a good poet Mr. Horton possesses in generous measure, the gift of melody and the gift of sense-perception. The little lyrics, written for the most part in a six-line stanza with alternating masculine and feminine rhymes, drift along in rich, lulling cadences, form-

ing, dissolving, and re-forming in pictures vivid and delicate as the sunset clouds of the "unknown seas" through which he sails. It is perhaps pardonable skepticism which refuses to grant the force of the epithet in the title which Mr. Horton has chosen, since the subjects which he handles so satisfactorily come dangerously near being hackneyed, but it would be ungrateful not to dwell with emphasis upon the sensuous charm and sincere poetic impulse of the little volume. — *Dumb in June*, by Richard Burton; *Undertones*, by Madison Cawein. (Copeland & Day.) The first two volumes of the *Oaten Stop Series* are bound in attractive Quakerish covers, and are of a size and shape which fit them for pocket companionship. Fortunately, their contents bear out the invitation to summer strolls and hedge-side lingerings with the Muse. Mr. Cawein's work especially is marked at times by exquisite delicacy of nature-impression, and by a minute but never fussy realism in the treatment of country sights and sounds. Many of his phrases ring clear and sound from a new mint. He has in no small degree the instinct for the "unexpected and inevitable word." Mr. Burton's volume is more reflective and remote, but shows an equal sincerity, and at times a more spontaneous lyrical impulse. — *In the Young World*, by Edith Thomas. (Houghton.) Miss Thomas's audience is well assured, and this collection of prettily fanciful verse, dealing with the imaginative world of childhood, will not disappoint the readers of her previous books. — *Hills of Song*, by Clinton Scollard. (Copeland & Day.) Though there is some undeniably good verse scattered through Mr. Scollard's pages, there is little which engages us by any distinctive charm, which makes us see an old thing with a new and startled recognition. The hills have been traversed by many bards and bardlets, and somehow the paths seem somewhat worn and unvisited by compensatory violets. — *The Pilgrim, and Other Poems*, by Sophie Jewett [Ellen Burroughs]. (Macmillan.) Well-tuned, lucid verse, with a note of strenuous thought that sometimes lifts the lines above the level of quiet agreeableness.

LITERATURE.

Two Unpublished Essays, by Ralph Waldo Emerson, with an Introduction by E. E. Hale. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.) As a boy

of seventeen, at Harvard College, Emerson wrote a dissertation upon *The Character of Socrates*, in competition for the Bowdoin Prize. With a similar object he wrote in the following year (1821) another essay, upon *The Present State of Ethical Philosophy*. Could two titles show more clearly that the child is father of the man? Young Emerson was nothing if not theoretic. Throughout the two essays there is a most philosophical disregard of facts. Wrapped up in the unpractical world of eighteenth-century thinkers, — the world of Stewart and Paley, — he loves to speculate and to draw broad conclusions. Even at this time Emerson had read extensively, and what is more, he had learned to appreciate many widely varying schools of thought. Despite its precocity, his mind was still essentially immature. His style is formal and dry, with an amusing touch of the pedantry of a past age; his thought is vigorous, but not concise. It is interesting to note that the committee of award, among whom sat President Kirkland, Dr. William Ellery Channing, and William Prescott, decided in each case that as none of the competitors appeared worthy of the first prize, the second should be adjudged to Ralph Waldo Emerson. — *Sunrise Stories, a Glance at the Literature of Japan*, by Roger Riordan and Tozo Takayanagi. (Scribners.) To meet the modern demand for all that is Japanese, this volume gives in popular form a survey of the literature of Japan from early times, and of the myths and folk-stories with which it is interwoven. The stories are told with the simplicity their subjects demand, and that they lack any peculiar charm is owing, perhaps, to their necessary condensation. The translations of Japanese verse with which the book is sprinkled are somewhat disappointing if the reader look for vigorous thought foreign to our own. The book contains, however, much that is curious and suggestive. It will surprise readers of English literature to note the prominence of women at an early stage in the literary history of Japan. — *Romeo and Juliet* and *Titus Andronicus* have been added to the *Temple Shakespeare*. (Macmillan.) The latter has, facing the etched frontispiece of London Bridge, Aldrich's lines, "The folk who lived in Shakespeare's day." — *Shakespeare and his Predecessors*, by Frederick S. Boas, M. A.

(Scribners.) A study of all the works of Shakespeare, in their approximate chronological order, preceded by a judicious attempt to gather together the results of recent investigation concerning Shakespeare's organic relation to the dramatic movement in Elizabethan England.—The Gospel of Buddha, according to the Old Records, told by Paul Carus. (Open Court Publishing Co.) A free popular working over of the content of the sacred books of Buddhism, partly by way of translation, partly by way of original elucidation of Buddhist doctrine.

EDUCATION AND TEXTBOOKS.

An Introduction to the Study of American Literature, by Brander Matthews. (American Book Co.) Mr. Matthews wisely follows the course of brief studies of individual writers, for it is difficult to make much of a scientific study of environment and all the other philosophical conditions which teachers of literature dearly love. The sketches are brief, good natured, lively, not too profound, but really calculated to interest young students. A fairly good apparatus of bibliographical notes accompanies each sketch.—The Voice and Spiritual Education, by Hiram Corson. (Macmillan.) Readers of The Atlantic will scarcely have forgotten the suggestive paper by Dr. Corson printed in the number for June, 1895. The small volume now published is upon the same general line, though wider in its reach. Indeed, by an easy road Dr. Corson strays off into the field of coeducation, but his most effective work is his criticism of public readers.

FICTION.

The two latest novels of Mr. Henry Seton Merriman, The Sowers (Harpers) and The Grey Lady (Macmillan), show the same qualities that speedily won recognition for his earlier tales,—a clever manipulation of telling incidents, and a bright and occasionally epigrammatic style. Indeed, we think The Sowers may be considered its author's best book, despite the fact that some of the characters are familiar acquaintances, especially the cool, self-possessed, all-knowing, and benevolent man of the world, who is the Anglo-Russian hero's friend and factotum; the heroine, half lady and half adventuress, with dangerous secrets in her past; and the unscrupulous French diplomat; while the rather cheap cynicism

with which Mr. Merriman's society sketches are flavored will certainly not commend itself to the judicious. But the story is told with sustained spirit and force, and will pretty surely hold the reader till the end. The Grey Lady, in every way a lesser book, is burdened with such improbabilities of plot, and the characters, though not without a measure of vitality, so plainly exist for the sake of the story, that it is no small credit to the author's skill as a *raconteur* that the narrative, for the moment, almost produces the effect of sober realism.—Mr. W. Pett Ridge, who has of late printed a good many lively and readable short stories and sketches in various London papers, has now brought out two novels, A Clever Wife and The Second Opportunity of Mr. Staplehurst. (Harpers.) Both relate to the world of second-rate but rising journalists, *littérateurs*, artists, and actors, and in a certain tone and temper, particularly in matters of sentiment, the influence of Dickens is plainly, and in a few instances drolly perceptible. Mr. Ridge's humor is generally of an agreeable, if too often of a commonplace quality, and there are some happy strokes in his character-drawing. The heroine of A Clever Wife, however,—a young novelist who marries, but from principle endeavors to live a quite independent life, and is of course finally brought to a properly penitent and domestic frame of mind,—never succeeds in being quite alive. Mr. Staplehurst is a popular writer, who, in the calm happiness of his prosperous middle age, thinks longingly of his vanished youth, and for a few weeks is granted the boon of being twenty-two once more, turning the same to exceedingly ill account. It is a little hard for the writer that comparisons will be pretty sure to be made between this fantasy and Mr. Anstey's Vice Versâ.—The Apotheosis of Mr. Trawley, by E. Livingston Prescott. (Harpers.) This tale, which is well written and far from dull, can be safely commended to youthful or unsophisticated readers. Its hero, a young man with the beauty of Apollo, the strength of an athlete (though both his heart and lungs are weak), and the manners and sensibilities of a gentleman, is, owing to an unfortunate training, a card-sharper, and in other ways one who lives by his wits. His regeneration begins when he saves the beautiful daughter of an affluent family

from drowning, and forthwith falls in love. He tries various honest callings, pursued always by his evil repute, and is finally driven to become a virtuous and hard-working coster; but the dear lost uncle turns up millionaire, and the history ends with a wedding. The story is a curious mixture of realism and romantic melodrama. — *Nobody's Fault*, by Netta Syrett. The Keynotes Series. (Lane, London; Roberts, Boston.) The clever girl educated above her station, who is wretched in the world of her parents and their friends, is not unknown in fiction, particularly in these latter days; but her trials are recounted here with a good deal of freshness and force. Indeed, the story of Bridget Ruan's young life is very well told, and it is only when the heroine is re-introduced to us as the wife of a rich, heartless husband that we become assured that we have one of the usual forms of the up-to-date novel, with its inevitable *finale*, — a struggle between love and duty, or, as some of the strugglers would say, between love and conventionality. In this case it is a woman who does not; a certain feeling for her mother restrains her. — Another addition to the Keynotes Series is *Platonic Affections*, by John Smith; and the wonder is how it should have got there. For the tales of this series, if often of the Yellow Book order, generally have not been dull, so far as we have examined them. But this very amateurish production is tiresome and unnatural, and its absurdity fails to amuse. — *Galloping Dick*, being Chapters from the Life and Fortunes of Richard Ryder, otherwise *Galloping Dick*, Sometime Gentleman of the Road, by H. B. Marriott Watson. (Stone & Kimball.) A fine air of swash-buckler bravado, of wigs and swords, of lonely roads and theatrical inn parlors, together with a really delightful instinct on the part of the writer for what is at once picturesque and humorous in the gesticulating human scene, makes the half dozen stories of this volume capital reading. The diction is a sufficiently good imitation of late seventeenth-century English to satisfy any one not irritably disposed, and the characterization, though avowedly external, is vivid and amusing. — *The Comedy of Cecilia*, by Caroline Fothergill. (Black, London; Macmillan, New York.) This brief tale is clever and crude, and, despite the latter quality, is also entertaining in its way.

Even though Cecilia laughs from the first page to the last, the title of her history is a bit of sarcasm; that is, if we are able to take her story at all seriously. But aspiring young ladies at our century's end are hardly kept in a *Clarissa Harlowe* state of bondage, and if they were they would beat against the bars with a vigor that would generally prove effectual. Cecilia's declaration of independence after her enforced marriage is good as a climax and a stroke of poetic justice, but we doubt her living up to it. — *Where Highways Cross*, by J. S. Fletcher. Iris Series. (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York.) A little idyl telling of the love of a well-to-do and upright farmer of forty for a young woman who, in her despair and desolation, comes to his house as a sort of upper servant. Readers of the slightest experience at once are aware that the heroine's husband, who was convicted for a crime which he did not commit and who died in attempting to escape, is neither dead nor innocent, and that he will duly appear and bring unhappiness to the farmer, who will behave with great generosity and self-abnegation. An agreeable simplicity of style and an occasional felicitous touch in the narrative cannot conceal its essential weakness and commonplaceness. — *Effie Hetherington*, by Robert Buchanan. (Roberts.) It is unfortunate that we must preface any remarks concerning a novel of such undeniable dramatic power by classing it among those volumes which, with small compliment to man, are called men's books. The more's the pity, since the fabric of the story is built upon a really noble type of self-devotion. The uncouth Scotch hero, Richard Douglas, loves with unreasoning adoration a worse than shallow girl. The other characters stand within the shadow of the background, and the interest centres on the contrast of the capricious worthlessness of Effie Hetherington with the savage heroism of her lover. Apart from singular originality of plot, the great merit of the story lies in the underlying nobility of Richard Douglas, which, at first hidden beneath his coarse exterior and brutal manners, leaves behind it a clear and fine impression. — *Earth's Enigmas*, a volume of stories by Charles G. D. Roberts. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.) None of these stories are more effective than those which describe the eternal warfare of wild beasts in obedience to a

law of nature more cruel than they. Mr. Roberts knows the depths of the forest, and the senses of his readers are alive to its smells, its colors, and its sounds. Most of these tales illustrate the life of a logging camp: some are dramatic, others highly imaginative, and one — *The Romance of an Ox-Team* — is idyllic. Throughout the book the author has shaped his language with the nicety of an accomplished workman, though, unlike the very best, he has not learned to hide all traces of his art. — *Your Money or Your Life*, by Edith Carpenter (Scribners), as we are told in a prefatory note, "obtained the prize of \$1000 in the story competition instituted by the New York Herald in 1895." It is interesting to learn what kind of a story competent judges have thought most acceptable to the masses of the novel-reading public. The book is eminently "smart." As might be guessed, ardent love-making of a popular but unimaginative type is coupled with wild adventure that grows wilder as the plot unfolds. This is, however, the weaker side of the story. The young civilization in the Far West is described with vivacity and wit. — *Amos Judd*, by J. A. Mitchell. (Scribners.) A boy rajah, cursed with the spirit of prophecy, taken from his native India under circumstances never fully disclosed, and deposited in the bosom of an honest Connecticut household, is hardly a figure calculated to limit the range of romance. Yet in this novel the author wisely restricts the field of his hero's adventures. *Amos Judd*, brought up as a gentleman farmer, pays his court to an extraordinary girl in scarcely so poetic a manner as one might hope for from a rajah endowed with the beauty and riches of the fabled princes on the banks of the Ganges. The interest, in which the story is by no means lacking, centres in the hero's gift of prophecy, which lends itself well to the purpose in view, and which the author emphatically and certainly very sanely divorces from all suggestion of hypnotic influence. — An ingenious idea is happily treated in the tale of *The Captured Cunarder*, by William H. Rideing, now published in book form by Copeland & Day. The assault, capture, and subsequent depredations on the high seas of the good ship *Grampania*, under the guiding spirit of Captain O'Grady, patriot, Fenian, and pirate, are told with a comic seriousness that might

well repay the reader for double the hour he spends in the perusal. — *Out of Town*, with Illustrations by Rosina Emmet Sherwood. (Harpers.) If the test of a story be in the reading, no accusation against a volume intended solely to amuse can be more fatal than the charge of dullness. There may be worse faults; that is the unpardonable sin. The offense of *Out of Town* is aggravated. A series of the faintest of faint character sketches is strung upon an attenuated thread of romance. These sketches, illustrating the life of suburban New Yorkers, are intended to recall to the mind those very scenes and characters from which the reader hopes at least to find a secure refuge in books. True to life *Out of Town* undoubtedly is, but here truth has long ceased to be a virtue. — *The Bicyclers*, and *Three Other Farces*, by John Kendrick Bangs. (Harpers.) It is a peculiarity, and an excellent one, of this volume that in each farce the curtain rises on the same group of actors, although in every case the plot thickens along very different lines. Thus, while the reader has the pleasure of continually recognizing former acquaintances among the *dramatis personæ*, he is never wearied by protracted harping on a single note. Nothing truer can be said of a farce than that it has a distinct time limit. No broad and unadulterated humor is quite so funny after half a hundred pages have flown. This Mr. Bangs recognizes, and his device accomplishes its end. — *Tommy Toddles*, by Albert Lee. With Illustrations by Peter S. Newell. (Harpers.) Tommy Toddles's adventures in the world of dreams are one more attempt to imitate the inimitable. No other child can ever hope to walk in Alice's Wonderland. Mr. Lee's book, though not prosaic and occasionally funny, is totally without the irresponsible imagination which makes Lewis Carroll's a classic. Spontaneity of invention is the best gift of a children's author. Mr. Lee's dreams are not dreamed, but manufactured. The really comic element of the book lies in Mr. Newell's pictures, which give Tommy Toddles and his friends more character than they deserve. — *A House of Cards*, by Alice S. Wolf. The Peacock Library. (Stone & Kimball.) A pallid and amateurish work, the characters of which persist in appearing of the same unsubstantial material as the house which they inhabit. —

A Master Spirit, by Harriet Prescott Spoford. Ivory Series. (Scribners.) This little volume is interesting to the student of the art of fiction by reason of its peculiar technique. The narrative, which is a common enough one in motive, proceeds with a peculiar airy swing and disregard for the matter-of-fact sequence of details, which makes it almost lyrical in effect. As a study in narrative, it is well worth attention. — Anthony Graeme, by Edith Gray Wheelwright. (Bentley.) An abstract and coldly intellectual nature, gradually warmed and humanized by the influence of love to which, for purely selfish reasons, it has exposed it-

self, — this is not an altogether novel theme, but Miss Wheelwright has grasped it with a good deal of earnestness and imaginative force. The mild English air of the novel, its reliance on familiar types of character and of ethical sentiment, and its occasional lack of the realism that goes with worldliness will not prejudice it too much in discerning minds. — *Unc' Edinburg*, a Plantation Echo, by Thomas Nelson Page. Illustrated by B. West Clinedinst. (Scribners.) This well illustrated and handsomely printed and bound little volume is the fourth of Mr. Page's tales to be reissued in this attractive style.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A City by Starlight. How subtly interwoven, yet how contradictory, are expectations and realizations! The Algiers of my "inward eye" was one of those fantastic places possible only in the mind of a child, with airy domes of Kubla Khan and blazing with the jewels of the Arabian Nights. A little girl, I watched a beautiful bride draw a quaint cloak over her shining hair, explaining, "It is a burnous; it came from Algiers;" and the child, hungry for beauty, silently resolved (as children are always resolving), When I am a woman, I will go to Algiers, I will have a burnous, I will be lovely as she is.

I am a woman, I have been to Algiers, but — need I say? — the burnous of beauty is still as elusive as the flying garment of Daphne to the eager fingers of Apollo.

All through the seasickness and weariness of the long voyage my childish purpose was a staying staff. Even the lovely Azores, stately Gibraltar, and the blue Kabyl mountains were only a prelude for my eager mind. The ship reached Algiers after the night had fallen, and as we steamed across the dark, smooth waves, a broad belt of flashing, sea-reflected lights was the bright sign of a city of magic mystery. Down below the steamer twinkled the lanterns of scores of little, shifting, rocking rowboats, plied by dark Charons who vociferated in a strange tongue and contended for their prey, bumping their crafts into one another, well-

nigh swamping the miniature fleet of swinging light and swarthy boatmen.

Venturing into the realm of the unknown, I crept down the ladder-like descent of the ship's side and sank into a fluctuating barge which was rowed away by two demons of Doré's *Inferno*; and as we floated off, leaving the high white ship, a towering friendly refuge of safety and civilization, we seemed to be floating down to obscure and perilous adventure, for our sombre rowers, when addressed in the tongues of Europe, muttered, "Turco, Turco," and swore and cursed in a rabidly strange speech as we bowed our heads to pass under the cordage of other ships in the shadow, and jarred roughly into a great lonely buoy bobbing up and down on the black sheen of the waves. But at last, after strange curves, we touched the pier, and stepped uncertainly ashore to pay our fare to a burly Turkish receiver, who, with the most innocent air, nimbly exchanged my twenty-franc gold piece for a ten-franc one, and then as nimbly forgot the English and French he had been glibly speaking before, to present a stolid Eastern front of dumb incomprehension.

Then came a swift drive up a long curving road to the city set upon a hill, and a chill of disappointment fell upon me at sight of the tall arcades, the cheap cafés, the flaring gas of an ordinary French or Italian town. Where was my visionary city? But at that moment we dashed past a gleaming

white mosque with a great group of gigantic feathery palms, and Bedouins in loose white garments glided noiselessly by, felt-shod like Silence in Ariosto's fabled Cavern of Sleep. Other shades flitted past in dark vestments wound about their persons in the fashion of the old family-Bible folk. As we climbed the narrow streets there were glimpses into dark interiors, places of Turkish coffee, of bread-making and sweet-meats; disclosing groups of Arabs, dark browed, impassible, contemptuous of childish Western curiosity. In the archway of a lovely Moorish building stood a stately Arab in soft white woolen robes, who led us into a marble gallery crusted with iridescent tiles and glistening mosaics and mystical Arabic inscriptions, where other figures in their all-enveloping garments reclined on the pavement, resting after the bath, never even raising the head to note the idle intruders. Two bazaars, goaded to activity by news of the foreign ship in port, were thrown open to reveal recesses rich as the cave of Aladdin.

I was told that in the darkness on the heights was the old Moorish quarter, with dim, crooked ways, and that in the shadows away to the east of the city were hanging gardens, fanned by palm and tamarisk, luxuriant with orange and fig and pomegranate. I might not see them, but as we rowed back through the night the perfume of the words fell upon my fancy, and wrought a sensuous loveliness rarer than any sung by Persian poet; for the suggestions of closed gates, of unsung songs, of veiled beauty, have a charmed potency beyond that vouchsafed to any actual experience. As we floated away from this city seen only by starlight, memory and imagination worked together and blended what I had dreamed with what I had seen, into a beautiful whole.

— Was it mere coincidence ?

Who was the Imitator, — Dickens or Thackeray ?
Was it the result of unconscious imitation ? Was it the influence of what the Germans call the

Zeitgeist ? Was it intentional on the part of one or the other ? These questions are suggested by two books which first appeared as serials, starting at about the same time, and but for the illness of one author would have been concluded at about the same date. The authors are William Makepeace Thackeray and Charles Dickens. The books are *Pendennis* and *David Copperfield*.

Of course the first step in the inquiry is to point out the similarity. These books are the histories of two young men of the upper middle class. They start from childhood, and go on to manhood. *Copperfield* is told autobiographically, *Pendennis* in the third person; but this is a very slight difference, since Arthur's moods and fancies are depicted with as great freedom as the confidences of David are given. In fact, with a very little change of phrasing either serial might have been written in the manner of the other, at least so far as their two heroes are concerned. Both begin life in a country home, both find their career in London life. Both are half-orphans, and their fathers play little or no part in the management of the children. *Pendennis* is influenced largely by his uncle, *Copperfield* by his aunt. Both have their early love-affairs, but each finds the true partaker of his heart at the close of the story. While *Pendennis* has his passion for the Fotheringay, and then for Blanche Amory, but finally discovers that Laura Bell is really dear to him, David marries Dora only to find her unfitted for any real companionship, and turns to Agnes at the last. Laura and Agnes are both interested in the heroes, but guard the secret of their preference. Each receives the confidences of the man she is in love with, — confidences poured out in all the unconsciousness of masculine selfishness and pre-occupation.

If the novels are alike in their love-story, they are alike also in their presentment of friendship. Each hero derived two friends from school or college days, — the elder a mentor, the younger a foil. Steerforth and Traddles are to *Copperfield* what Warrington and Harry Foker are to *Pendennis*. The characters are as diverse as can be well imagined, but their relative distance, attitude, and grouping are much the same.

The comic element in both stories is founded on the same type of impecunious conviviality. Costigan is the fellow of Micawber, — an Irish Micawber as Micawber is an English Costigan. The villainous element is represented in both by two valets, Mr. James Morgan and Littimer the imperturbable; also by Amory in the one, and Uriah Heep in the other.

Both Arthur and David make their way by literary success, after a nominal apprenticeship to the law.

But one of the most striking features, and that which first arrested my attention, is the similarity in the two episodes of Steerforth and little Emily, and Pendennis and Fanny Bolton. Each is the case of a young man in a gentleman's rank in life attracted by the beauty of a girl of a lower order. The one yields to the temptation and ruins his victim; the other resists, and while he is temporarily weak is not wicked. As I re-read the two situations side by side, it seemed impossible not to feel that the treatment of the one was advisedly based on the treatment of the other, and that here was the keynote of the likeness of the novels. In both stories these portions are episodic; that is, they could be cut out without impairing the continuity of the fiction, though they are most skillfully interwoven into the fabric. Each has its implied moral. Steerforth should have kept away from the girl who attracted him, or else have married her. He is dramatically drowned in retributive justice, and melodramatically Ham Peggotty sacrifices his own life to save him. Arthur, on the other hand, after he has quite conquered his passion for Fanny, is deeply stirred by a strong impulse of generous remorse for having touched Fanny's heart, and angry at what he feels to be the gross injustice of his mother and Laura. He is on the point of rushing back to London and marrying her instantly, when he is restrained by Warrington's story of his own unfortunate marriage. Dickens looks at the matter from the popular and democratic side, Thackeray from the aristocratic and society point of view; he feels that by the canon of *noblesse oblige* the prince of Fair-oaks should respect the innocence of the porter's daughter, yet if it compelled him to make her his partner for life, it would condemn him to misery should she persist in misplacing her aspirates and eating peas with her knife. Thackeray understood, probably far better than Dickens ever did, that these vulgarisms in the British woman, albeit slight in themselves, are the signs and concomitants of a coarseness of fibre and an incapacity of culture. Whatever may be the case now, when Thackeray wrote, the distinctions between class and class in British society were almost as marked as the stratifications of geology, and would suffer no mixing.

There is a fact which bears upon this.

The incident of Fanny Bolton and all that part of the story which turns upon it belong to the portion of Pendennis which appeared after the illness which Thackeray underwent while writing it. There is hardly a doubt, from various allusions, that it was written after convalescence. By that time Dickens had put forth his chapters in which the story of little Emily is told, and in all probability Thackeray had read them. My theory is that Thackeray seized the idea of recasting the whole situation on what he considered a truer and fairer model. Whether the entire novel was intended as a rival to that of Dickens, worked out with a difference, yet on the same ground plan, — even as two architects might each design a cathedral, eager to emulate, but careful not to copy; — it is impossible now to say.

Another explanation has been already suggested, namely, that of the *Zeitgeist*, — that the impulse dominating these two stories was in the air, so to speak, of the times. There is no question but that there was borne into the English mind at that period a strong tidal movement toward better views of life. The accession of Victoria, a maiden queen, her happy marriage, the purity of her court, the religious awakening of the Oxford Revival, the political emancipation following on the Reform Bill, — all combined to lift the tone of English social life for a season. The reprobates who figure in Thackeray's pages are the men of a by-gone age, the Steynes and Colchicums of the regency and reign of George IV.

Dickens, while always perfectly clean, did not rise to the full conception of the new order. His is purely an outside view of the course of Steerforth, modeled on the stage tradition of the dissolute patrician and the wronged plebeian maiden. On the other hand, the portrait of Pendennis in this affair, his vanity and his principle contending, is a work of far higher art; but it is higher art because built upon a foundation of deeper insight into social problems, of juster judgment and a manlier ethical standard. Therefore, my view is that, so far as one story is a following of the other, in no sense can it be called an imitation.

Another kind of evidence is to be found in the fact that the variations and contrasts strike one as express rather than incidental. They are such as would suggest themselves to writers aware that they were treading in

the same path, and therefore sedulous not to step in the footprints of each other. The illustration of this is found in the two very marked pairs of Helen Pendennis and Laura Bell in the one story, and Mrs. Steerforth and Rosa Dartle in the other. There are the same relations toward an only and petted son, the same situation of mistress and companion, the same feeling on the part of the dependant as to the son's conduct toward his mother. But while the two run almost absolutely parallel, the one is in the light and the other in the shade; or rather, one may say that the two studies of the same subject are made with the manifest intent to offer opposed conceptions. Take two historical portraits of Mary Queen of Scots, of Oliver Cromwell, or of the first Napoleon, such as one may easily find, and the differences will hardly be greater. One cannot help feeling that the purpose of the one writer was to reverse the judgment of the other. Especially does this seem true of Rosa Dartle and Laura Bell, both in the same state of dependence, both clear-sighted and watchful observers of the bearing of mother and son; and yet one the most vicious and odious of vixens, and the other the truly lovely girl whom Arthur feels himself hardly worthy to mate with. The contrast is one obtained in either case by artistic power; but as Rosa is wholly unnecessary to the unfolding of the story, and Mrs. Steerforth hardly less so, the thought will occur, Why are they brought in at all, unless for a special purpose?

The question then arises, Who was the follower and who the followed? I think that without question the follower was Thackeray. Dickens made his reputation early, before any sense of rivalry could have arisen,—that feeling which makes a man say, in looking at another's work, "I could do that better than he." Thackeray was a skillful imitator. Passages in his *Esmond* and *Virginians* are masterly in their reproduction of old styles. No one else has so succeeded in presenting a Frenchman's English, its Gallic idioms literally rendered in English words. He did not hesitate at following Disraeli in introducing the Marquis of Hertford, Theodore Hook, and Croker, and his portraits are felt to be equally good likenesses. Dickens, on the other hand, drew from what he saw from street to street and shop to shop, from his own home circle, and

ever with the strong instinct of caricature, so that he felt unwilling to risk his reputation as a painter of portraits, but sought to be a composer of scenes so ideally amusing as to make one overlook the exaggeration of the art. Dickens never distrusted himself, Thackeray often did.

If then there was a designed attempt at comparison, it was on the part of Thackeray, the one whom I consider far the greater artist, and personally the more admirable man. There was no plagiarism, no attempt to win credit by adopting another's ideas. It was simply the conceded right of rowing over the same course, of sailing in the same regatta, of playing at the same chessboard. Perhaps this last metaphor may express what was the real effort. Each man has his own pieces and moves them in his own way, but of necessity the white and the red have the same aspect and semblance; their power depends upon the way in which they are handled. A pawn has a pawn's capacity, but it may become a queen. Let the chess-playing reader work out this illustration to suit himself.

The Area of Patriotism. — Of the two most universal and most vital among all human associations, the family and the state, the family has remained essentially the same in every truly civilized race since the days of Socrates; though his is, perhaps, hardly the ideal type of happy family life. But patriotism, the love of the state, has become for many modern men a singularly complex motive. Does an ardent "annexationist" in Brooklyn, New York, to-day owe his allegiance directly to his own city of a million souls; or to an ideal metropolis of Manhattan; or to the State of New York, which, through its legislature, is strong enough to efface the one and to create the other; or, lastly, to that wide union of States for which, it may be, he has already risked his life on the tented field? To all four, in varying degree, he might reply.

Yet even the smallest of these concentric units is vastly beyond the wildest dreams of the Hellenic statesman or sage. The broadest of Greek philosophers declared a state of a hundred thousand citizens to be inconceivable, because the leaders could not know personally all their supporters. Nay, Aristotle ridiculed the unwieldiness of a state containing five thousand voters.

The passionate devotion of an ancient

hero, or even of a mediæval patriot, attached him chiefly, if not solely, to a single city, endeared by lifelong association, sacred as the home of his living kindred and the burial-place of his dead. Usually it was a walled town inhabited by a few thousand citizens, all known to one another by face and name. When the millions of Persian invaders poured into Greece, the probable destruction of Hellenic liberty could draw together for mutual defense but a petty minority of the race from a mere handful of cities. Even among these, the fiercest jealousy and bitterness broke out the very night before Salamis. It was in truth the Athenians rather than the Greeks who on that great day fought for and won their liberty.

Such political conditions have passed away forever. A single city is no longer even the heart and centre of a state. All roads will never again lead to Rome; still less will Nürnberg's hand go through every land; it is doubtful, even, if a Parisian populace could to-day overturn the government of France. Yet allegiance to a small state, though merged in a greater political unit, dies slowly. Not many years ago the question was often addressed to a casual acquaintance in Munich or Dresden, "Are you a lover of the Fatherland or a 'Prussian'?" To this day, for many a brave German, Württemberg or Brunswick (perhaps even Bremen or Lübeck) is "Fatherland;" the ethnic union cemented by Sadowa and Sedan is still a hateful foreign yoke.

We have no quarrel with those wider and still widening ideals of patriotism that everywhere seem gaining ground. Germany is a far mightier name than Württemberg, Italy than Tuscany. Through Panslavism, Pantentism, Pananglicism, may yet arrive the day, foreseen by the most loyal and conservative poet of our age, when

"The war-drums throb no longer, and the battle-flags are furled

In the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

What we are attempting, however, especially to point out is that modern life has largely divorced, often cleft into many parts, two impulses which in the best days of ancient civilization were almost inseparable, or even fused into a single passion,—the love of country and the love of home. Patriotism in the larger or national sense is doubtless sufficiently strong to-day, though

by no means always a pure or generous passion. Men are quite ready enough to fight and to die for the supposed honor of their countries.

But the development of adequate local and civic pride as a motive for wise and generous devotion of wealth and genius, time and toil, to the highest public interests, seems, on the other hand, the most crying need of our American civilization; and we have something to learn from older and smaller states. In equipping a trireme for war, or a chorus for the contest of dramatists in time of peace, wealthy Athenian citizens vied with each other in profuseness and splendor. True, less noble motives were skillfully and wisely enlisted in the service of patriotism; for the dramatic poet who wrote text and music of an Agamemnon or an Antigone, trained the actors, drilled the chorus, and often played his own part in the theatre, had a very humble place in the deep-graven inscription cut to commemorate the victory of the rich Athenian who paid the expenses of the day. Time, however, usually rights these things. The path to political ambition as well as to more lasting fame was perhaps oftenest opened by lavish expenditure for the public. It was largely through her children's gifts, too, that Athens herself became a great museum of art. Her streets, the open squares, each temple close, above all the Acropolis, were crowded with statues, pillars, porticos, and yet loftier edifices, erected in large part by grateful victors, and dedicated to the people's gods. This was indeed the only creditable use to which a trophy could be put. But we need not look across twenty-four centuries for an Athenian example which should bring the blood to our cheek. The antiquity of a few Attic monuments (including the stadion, which was recently renewed by a generous Hellenic patriot for the revived Olympic games) should not conceal the truth that the present city of Athens is a creation of the last half century. It is, in fact, younger than Brooklyn or Chicago, and has probably not a tithe of either's wealth. Yet this capital of a race scanty in numbers and by no means opulent is already richly adorned with museums, hospitals, schools, libraries, and memorials of every sort, the free gifts of loyal and generous private citizens. The new Greek man is like the old in this, at least: he is passion-

ately ambitious; he is eager that his own name shall be known and held in honor in his beloved city.

Cuculus Parlorensis. — If I were an ornithologist, my first effort would be to study and describe the cuckoo of the cuckoo-clock. Yet I should have to depart from the custom of my fellow students of birds, who invariably begin whatever they write about cuckoos with a quotation from Wordsworth; for, with my eye on the object, I could not ask with any conscience,

"O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?"

Nor could I with any fairness lay at his door — how happy, by the way, is our figurative speech! — the charge of making too free with other birds' nests. Neither with voice nor with eggs have I known my *Cuculus parlorensis* to wander from the carved Swiss clock which has been his home these many years.

As an unprofessed bird lover, however, I may surely tell what I have observed of his habits. Prevented by obvious disabilities from laying in alien nests, this bird, in a kindred instinct, is closely allied with the cuckoo of the outer air. Indeed, he surpasses this wanderer in unconventionalism, and even chooses a mate from a family not his own. The little brown whippoorwill who sings the quarter-hours by his side is manifestly "the lady of the house." Her quiet plumage, her less florid song, and, be it said, her strict attention to business mark her as the intended mother of the family, should a true springtime — "the only pretty ring time" — ever come to the childless pair.

That other seasons, common to all birds, come in their turn to the singers of the clock, the male bird, the cuckoo himself, clearly shows. There are periods when unfailing signs tell us that he is moulting. I have not actually gathered feathers from the floor beneath him, but his drooping manner, the spasmodic utterance of his song, and, I have sometimes fancied, his haste to snap back into retirement when he has not been at his best in looks or voice, — all these things have seemed to show that he was changing the outworn garment of one year for a newer coat.

As to his migrations there cannot be a possibility of doubt. There have been years when they were enforced, when the closing of the house in which the clock has hung,

and the envelopment of the clock in blankets to shield it from the winter chill, have removed the cuckoo and his mate from sight and hearing. Yet voluntary acts on the part of the bird himself have not been lacking to show his migratory habit. Indeed, at this very writing he is not with us. Unable to flock with other birds of his kind before his departure, he announced his restlessness by several unwonted bursts of song. Striking thirteen one midnight, and almost bringing me out of a warm bed to see if burglars were making way with him, was one of his first manifestations of the uneasy spirit. Soon afterwards the dinner-table was cheered by the striking of thirty-five instead of seven. The real migration, however, did not occur until one evening when, to the amazement of all hearers, sixty-two "cuckoos" rang forth, the weight sinking note by note until it met the base resistance of the floor. But for this uncompromising arrest the bird might have been singing still. Yet when the full stop came, I was convinced that the migration was an accomplished fact. And so it was. Not a note has been heard from the cuckoo since. If I could not begin with Wordsworth, I can at least end with him, and say in sober sadness,

"Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing."

The Real Paul — The Paul et Virginie of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre at once became a classic, and so is likely to be read forever. Its readers will always wonder how far the touching story is true and how real its personages were. The author wrote without winking that it was "over-true." He gave a precise confirmation of its genuineness, with date and names. One day, he says, while walking in the king's garden at Paris, a lady, accompanied by her husband, approached him. Having assured herself that she was addressing the author of Paul et Virginie, she spoke these words: "The person whose unhappy end you have so truthfully described in the shipwreck of the Saint-Géran was my relative. I am a creole of the island of Bourbon" (Réunion).

Bernardin de Saint-Pierre added: "I afterwards learned that the lady was the wife of M. de Bonneuil, first *valet de chambre* of Monsieur [the future Louis XVIII.]. This lady has since permitted me to publish her testimony to the truth of the disaster, and has related to me circumstances well calcu-

lated to add to the interest of the deaths of this sublime victim of virginal modesty and her unfortunate lover."

This statement would have entered into authentic literary history if an inconveniently curious Academician had not looked through the documents in the case some fifty years later. The shipwreck of the Saint-Géran was due to its running aground off the Ile de France (now Mauritius). The French were then masters of the island, and, following their constant administrative traditions, they made copious *procès-verbaux* of the event. The ship was wrecked on the 17th of August, 1744, but it was only in 1821 that these records came to light in the archives of the Court of Appeals of the island of Bourbon. Whatever details of the shipwreck were in the possession of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre must have been gathered by him from hearsay in 1760, the year of his visit to the Isle of France. Making all allowance for the growth of a legend during the sixteen years after the shipwreck, we have still to conclude with M. Lemontey that Paul et Virginie and the story of its confirmation as well are pure creations of genius. The few possible hints which the imaginative writer may have received from the accounts of the real shipwreck are scarcely more than the two unconnected newspaper items to which Robert Louis Stevenson ascribed the genesis of his Pavilion on the Links.

First of all, there was a Mademoiselle Caillon, who was on the fore-castle as the vessel was going down. A second lieutenant of the ship itself, M. Longchamps de Montendre, was climbing along the side in order to jump off, when he spied the woman, and went back to try to persuade her to follow his example. That was all of the real idyl.

Second, and quite apart from the former fact, Edme Carret, who was in charge of the life-boat, testified that he called out to the captain, Delamare, just as the ship was beginning to sink, "Monsieur, leave off your jacket and breeches, and you will save yourself more easily." The captain answered, "It is not decent for one in my office to get to land naked, and I have papers in my pockets which I must not leave." And this was all of the heroic modesty, which is none the less worthy of esteem because it was mixed up with the fidelity of a brave mariner to his charge.

The other idyllic scene, in which Paul and Virginia find a common shelter from the rain under her upturned *jupon*, is an idealized reminiscence of what the author acknowledged he had once seen in his youth in the Faubourg Saint-Marceau of old Paris. The scene in which Virginia goes to the planter of the Black River to beg his pardon for a runaway slave was inspired by the similar intercession made in Poland in favor of a fugitive serf by the Princess Marie Miesnik. The romance of "bleeding Poland" was a part of the sentiment of court circles in France before the Revolution. Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, like a true literary workman (whose heart is put into his work), took the name of his heroine—Virginie de La Tour—from two love-affairs of his own. At one time of his wandering early life he was to have been married in Berlin to Virginia Taubenheim. In his youth his family intended to marry him to Mademoiselle de La Tour, a niece of General Bosquet. Paul was the religious name of a friar to whom he was much attached. It was the age of Rousseau,—a *fin de siècle* of what Schiller rightly named (and perhaps not wrongly praised) *Sentimentalität*.

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DAYS WITH MRS. STOWE.

FLORENCE, the city of charms and flowers, was the spot where I first met Mrs. Stowe. She was delighting herself in the fascinations of that lovely place. Not alone every day, but every second as it passed, was full of eager interest to her. She could say with Thoreau, "I moments live who lived but years." We had both been invited to a large reception, one evening, in one of the old palaces on the Arno. There were music and dancing, and there were lively groups of ladies and gentlemen strolling from room to room, contrasting somewhat strangely in their gayety with the solemn pictures hanging on the walls, and a sense of shadowy presence which seems to haunt those dusky interiors. A certain discrepancy between the modern company and the surroundings, a weird mingling of the past and the present, made any apparition appear possible, and left room only for a faint thrill of surprise when a voice by my side said, "There is Mrs. Stowe." In a moment she approached and I was presented to her, and after a brief pause she passed on. All this was natural enough, but a wave of intense disappointment swept over me. Why had I found no words to express or even indicate the feeling that had choked me? Was the fault mine? Oh yes, I said to myself, for I could not conceive it to be otherwise, and I looked upon my opportunity, the gift of the gods, as utterly and forever wasted. I was depressed and sorrowing over the vanishing of a presence I might perhaps

never meet again, and no glamour of light, or music, or pictures, or friendly voices could recall any pleasure to my heart. Meanwhile, the unconscious object of all this disturbance was strolling quietly along, leaning on the arm of a friend, hardly ever speaking, followed by a group of traveling-companions, and entirely absorbed in the gay scene around her. She was a small woman, and her pretty curling hair and far-away dreaming eyes, and her way of becoming occupied in what interested her until she forgot everything else for the time, all these I first began to see and understand as I gazed after her retreating figure.

Mrs. Stowe's personal appearance has received scant justice and no mercy at the hand of the photographer. She says herself, during her triumphal visit to England after the publication of *Uncle Tom*: "The general topic of remark on meeting me seems to be that I am not so bad looking as they were afraid I was; and I do assure you, when I have seen the things that are put up in the shop windows here with my name under them, I have been lost in wondering imagination at the boundless loving-kindness of my English and Scottish friends in keeping up such a warm heart for such a Gorgon. I should think that the Sphinx in the London Museum might have sat for most of them. I am going to make a collection of these portraits to bring home to you. There is a great variety of them, and they will be useful, like the Irishman's guide-board which showed 'where

the road did not go.' " I remember once accompanying her to a reception at a well-known house in Boston, where, before the evening was over, the hostess drew me aside, saying, "Why did you never tell me that Mrs. Stowe was beautiful?" And indeed, when I observed her in the full ardor of conversation, with her heightened color, her eyes shining and awake, but filled with great softness, her abundant curling hair rippling naturally about her head and falling a little at the sides (as in the portrait by Richmond), I quite agreed with the lady of the house. Nor was that the first time her beauty had been revealed to me, but she was seldom seen to be beautiful by the great world, and the pleasure of this recognition was very great to those who loved her.

She was never afflicted with a personal consciousness of her reputation, nor was she trammelled by it. The sense that a great work had been accomplished through her only made her more humble, and her shy, absent-minded ways were continually throwing her admirers into confusion. Late in life (when her failing powers made it impossible for her to speak as one living in a world which she seemed to have left far behind) she was accosted, I was told, in the garden of her country retreat, in the twilight one evening, by a good old retired sea-captain who was her neighbor for the time. "When I was younger," said he respectfully, holding his hat in his hand while he spoke, "I read with a great deal of satisfaction and instruction Uncle Tom's Cabin. The story impressed me very much, and I am happy to shake hands with you, Mrs. Stowe, who wrote it." "I did not write it," answered the white-haired old lady gently, as she shook the captain's hand. "You did n't?" he ejaculated in amazement. "Why, who did, then?" "God wrote it," she replied simply. "I merely did his dictation." "Amen," said the captain reverently, as he walked thoughtfully away.

This was the expression in age of what lay at the foundation of her life. She always spoke and behaved as if she recognized herself to be an instrument breathed upon by the Divine Spirit. When we consider how this idea absorbed her to the prejudice of what appeared to others a wholesome exercise of human will and judgment, it is not wonderful that the world was offended when she once made conclusions contrary to the opinion of the public, and thought best to publish them.

Mrs. Stowe was a delightful talker. She loved to gather a small circle of friends around a fireside, when she easily took the lead in fun and story-telling. This was her own ground, and upon it she was not to be outdone. "Let me put my feet upon the fender," she would say, "and I can talk till all is blue."

It was my good fortune to be in Mrs. Stowe's company once in Rome when she came unexpectedly face to face with an exhibition of the general feeling of reverence and gratitude towards herself. We had gone together to the rooms of the brothers Castellani, the world-famous workers in gold. The collection of antique gems and the beautiful reproductions of them were new to us. Mrs. Stowe was full of enthusiasm, and we lingered long over the wonderful things which the brothers brought forward to show. Among them was the head of an Egyptian slave carved in black onyx. It was an admirable work of art, and while we were enjoying it one of them said to Mrs. Stowe, "Madam, we know what you have been to the poor slave. We are ourselves but poor slaves still in Italy: you feel for us; will you keep this gem as a slight recognition of what you have done?" She took the jewel in silence, but when we looked for some response, her eyes were filled with tears and it was impossible for her to speak.

When the hours of her European play-day grew near the end, she began to lay plans for returning home in the steamer

with those who had become dear to her, and in one of her notes of that period she wrote to me: "On the strength of having heard that you were going home in the *Europa* June 16, we also have engaged passage therein for that time, and hope that we shall not be disappointed. . . . It must be true; we can't have it otherwise. . . . Our southern Italy trip was a glory — it was a rose — it was a nightingale — all, in short, that one ever dreams; but alas! it is over."

It was a delightful voyage in every sense; and at that period a voyage was no little matter of six days, but a good fourteen days of sitting together on deck in pleasant summer weather, and having time enough and to spare. Hawthorne and his family also concluded to join the party. Mrs. Hawthorne, who was always the romancer in conversation, filled the evening hours by weaving magic webs of her fancies, until we looked upon her as a second Scheherazade, and the day the head was to be cut off was the day we should come to shore. "Oh," said Hawthorne, "I wish we might never get there." But the good ship moved steadily as fate. Meanwhile, Mrs. Stowe often took her turn at entertaining the little group. She was seldom tired of relating stories of New England life and her early experiences.

When the ship came to shore, Mrs. Stowe and her daughters went at once to Andover, where Professor Stowe had remained at his post during their long absence in Europe. She went also with equal directness to her writing-desk, and though there are seldom any dates upon her letters, the following note must have been written shortly after her return: —

"MY DEAR MR. FIELDS, — Agnes of Sorrento was conceived on the spot, — a spontaneous tribute to the exceeding loveliness and beauty of all things there.

"One bright evening, as I was entering the old gateway, I saw a beautiful young girl sitting in its shadow selling oranges. She was my Agnes. Walking

that same evening through the sombre depths of the gorge, I met 'Old Elsie,' walking erect and tall, with her piercing black eyes, Roman nose, and silver hair, — walking with determination in every step, and spinning like one of the Fates glittering silver flax from a distaff she carried in her hands.

"A few days after, our party being weather-bound at Salerno had resort to all our talents to pass the time, and songs and stories were the fashion of the day. The first chapter was my contribution to that entertainment. The story was voted into existence by the voices of all that party, and by none more enthusiastically than by one young voice which will never be heard on earth more. It was kept in mind and expanded and narrated as we went on to Rome over a track that the pilgrim Agnes is to travel. To me, therefore, it is fragrant with love of Italy and memory of some of the brightest hours of life.

"I wanted to write something of this kind as an author's introduction to the public. Could you contrive to print it on a fly-leaf, if I get it ready, and put a little sort of dedicatory poem at the end of it? I shall do this at least in the book, if not now."

In the autumn of 1862 a plan for leaving Andover altogether was finally matured. She wrote: "You have heard that we are going to Hartford to live, and I am now in all the bustle of house-planning, to say nothing of grading, underdraining, and setting out trees around our future home. It is four acres and a half of lovely woodland on the banks of a river, and yet within an easy walk of Hartford, — in fact in the city limits; and when our house is done, you and yours must come and see us. I would rather have made the change in less troublous times, but the duties here draw so hardly on Mr. Stowe's strength that I thought it better to live on less and be in a place of our own, and with no responsibilities except those of common gentleness."

The war, the enlistment of her second son, the eldest having already died, filled her heart and mind afresh with new problems and anxieties. She wrote the following hurried note from Hartford in 1862, which gives some idea of her occupations and frame of mind: "I am going to Washington to see the heads of departments myself, and to satisfy myself that I may refer to the Emancipation Proclamation as a reality and a substance, not to fizzle out at the little end of the horn, as I should be sorry to call the attention of my sisters in Europe to any such impotent conclusion. . . . I mean to have a talk with 'Father Abraham' himself, among others."

Mrs. Stowe lost no time, but proceeded to carry out her plan as soon as practicable. Of this visit to Washington she says little in her letters beyond the following meagre words: "It seems to be the opinion here not only that the President will stand up to his proclamation, but that the Border States will accede to his proposition for emancipation. I have noted the thing as a glorious expectancy! . . . To-day to the home of the contrabands, seeing about five hundred poor fugitives eating a comfortable Thanksgiving dinner, and singing, 'Oh, let my people go!' It was a strange and moving sight."

It was left for others to speak of her interview with President Lincoln. Her daughter was told that when the President heard her name he seized her hand, saying, "Is this the little woman who made the great war?" He then led her apart to a seat in the window, where they were withdrawn and undisturbed by other guests. No one but those two souls will ever know what waves of thought and feeling swept over them in that brief hour.

Afterwards she heard these words pronounced in the Senate Chamber in the Message of President Lincoln; it was in the darkest hour of the war, Mrs. Stowe wrote, when defeat and discouragement

had followed the Union armies and all hearts were trembling with fear: "If this struggle is to be prolonged till there be not a home in the land where there is not one dead, till all the treasure amassed by the unpaid labor of the slave shall be wasted, till every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be atoned by blood drawn by the sword, we can only bow and say, 'Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints!'"

The following year was made memorable in Mrs. Stowe's life by the marriage of her youngest daughter. Again I find that no description can begin to give as clearly as the glimpses in her own letters the multifarious responsibilities which beset her. She says: "I am in trouble, — have been in trouble ever since my turtle-doves announced their intention of pairing in June instead of August, because it entailed on me an immediate necessity of bringing everything out of doors and in to a state of completeness for the wedding exhibition in June. The garden must be planted, the lawn graded, harrowed, rolled, seeded, and the grass up and growing, stumps got out and stumps and trees got in, conservatory made over, belts planted, holes filled, — and all by three very slippery sort of Irishmen who had rather any time be minding their own business than mine. I have back doorsteps to be made, and troughs, screens, and what-not; papering, painting, and varnishing, hitherto neglected, to be completed; also spring house-cleaning; also dressmaking for one bride and three ordinary females; also — and — and —'s ward-robres to be overlooked; also carpets to be made and put down; also a revolution in the kitchen cabinet, threatening for a time to blow up the whole establishment altogether." And so the letter proceeds with two more sheets, adding near the end: "I send you to-day a 'Chimney Corner' on Our Martyrs, which I have written out of the fullness of my heart. . . . It is an account of the martyrdom

of a Christian boy of our own town of Andover, who died of starvation and want in a Southern prison on last Christmas Day."

With her heroic nature she was always ready to lead the forlorn hope. The child no one else was willing to provide for, the woman the world despised, were brought into her home and cared for as her own. Unhappily, her delicate health at this time (though she was naturally strong), her constant literary labors, her uncertain income, her private griefs, all united, caused her to fall short in ability to accomplish what she undertook: hence there were often crises from sudden illness and non-fulfillment of engagements which were very serious in their effects, but the elasticity of her spirits was something marvelous and carried her over many a hard place.

In the autumn of 1864 she wrote: "I feel I need to write in these days, to keep from thinking of things that make me dizzy and blind, and fill my eyes with tears so that I cannot see the paper. I mean such things as are being done where our heroes are dying as Shaw died. It is not wise that all our literature should run in a rut cut through our hearts and red with our blood. I feel the need of a little gentle household merriment and talk of common things, to indulge which I have devised the following."

Notwithstanding her view of the need and her skillfully devised plans to meet it, she soon sent another epistle, showing how impossible it was to stem the current of her thought:—

November 29, 1864.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I have sent my New Year's article, the result of one of those peculiar experiences which sometimes occur to us writers. I had planned an article, gay, sprightly, wholly domestic; but as I began and sketched the pleasant home and quiet fireside, an irresistible impulse *wrote for me* what followed, — an offering of sympathy to the

suffering and agonized whose homes have forever been darkened. Many causes united at once to force on me this vision, from which generally I shrink, but which sometimes will not be denied, — will make itself felt.

Just before I went to New York two of my earliest and most intimate friends lost their oldest sons, captains and majors, — splendid fellows physically and morally, beautiful, brave, religious, uniting the courage of soldiers to the faith of martyrs, — and when I went to Brooklyn it seemed as if I were hearing some such thing almost every day; and Henry, in his profession as minister, has so many letters full of imploring anguish, the cry of hearts breaking that ask help of him. . . .

It was during one of Mrs. Stowe's visits to Boston in the ensuing year that she chanced to talk with greater fullness and openness than she had done with us before on the subject of Spiritualism. In the simplest way she affirmed her entire belief in manifestations of the nearness and individual life of the unseen, and gave vivid illustrations of the reasons why her faith was thus assured. She never sought after such testimony, so far as I am aware, unless it may have been to sit with others who were interested, but her conclusions were definite and unvarying. At that period such a declaration of faith required a good deal of bravery; now the subject has assumed a different phase, and there are few thinking people who do not recognize a certain truth hidden within the shadows. She spoke with tender seriousness of "spiritual manifestations" as recorded in the New Testament and in the prophets. From his early youth her husband had possessed the peculiar power of seeing persons about him who could not be perceived by others; visions so distinct that it was impossible for him to distinguish at times between the real and the unreal. I recall one illustration

which had occurred only a few years previous to their departure from Andover. She had been called to Boston one day on business. Making her preparations hurriedly, she bade the household farewell, and rushed to the station, only to see the train go out as she arrived. There was nothing to do but to return home and wait patiently for the next train; but wishing not to be disturbed, she quietly opened a side door and crept noiselessly up the staircase leading to her own room, sitting down by her writing-table in the window. She had been seated about half an hour when Professor Stowe came in, looked about him with a preoccupied air, but did not speak to her. She thought his behavior strange, and amused herself by watching him; at last the situation became so extraordinary that she began to laugh. "Why," he exclaimed, with a most astonished air, "is that you? I thought it was one of my visions!"

It may seem a singular antithesis to say of the writer of one of the greatest stories the world has yet produced that she has not been a student of literature. Books as a medium of the ideas of the age, and as the promulgators of morals and religion, were of course like the breath of her life; but a study of the literature of the past as the only true foundation for a literature of the present was outside the pale of her occupations, and for the larger portion of her life outside of her interest. During the riper season of her activity with the pen, the necessity of studying style and the thoughts of others gained a larger hold upon her mind; but she always said, with a twinkle of amusement and pride, that she never could have done anything without Mr. Stowe. He knew everything, and all she had to do was to go to him. Of her great work she has written, in that noble introduction to the illustrated edition of *Uncle Tom*: "The story can less be said to have been composed by her than imposed upon her. . . . The book insisted upon getting

itself into being, and would take no denial."

It is easily seen that it was neither a spirit of depreciation of knowledge nor lack of power to become a student which made her fail to obtain adjuncts indispensable to great writers, but her feet were led in other paths and her strength was needed for other ends. Madame George Sand said, writing of *Uncle Tom* soon after its publication: "If its judges, possessed with the love of what they call 'artistic work,' find unskillful treatment in the book, look well at them to see if their eyes are dry when they are reading this or that chapter. . . . I cannot say that Mrs. Stowe has talent, as one understands it in the world of letters, but she has genius, as humanity feels the need of genius, — the genius of goodness, not that of the rules of letters, but of the saint."

At this period, as she had an accessible home in the pleasant city of Hartford, strangers and travelers often sought and found her. In one of her familiar notes of 1867 she wrote: "The *Amberleys* have written that they are coming to us to-morrow, and of all times, accordingly, our furnace must spring a leak. We are hoping to make all right before they get here, but I am really ashamed to show such weather at this time of year. Poor America! It's like having your mother expose herself by a fit of ill temper before strangers. . . . Do, I beg, write to a poor sinner laboring under a book." And again, a little later: "*The book* is almost done — hang it! but done well, and will be a good thing for young men to read, and young women too, and so I'll send you one. You'll find some things in it, I fancy, that I know and you don't, about the times before you were born, when I was 'Hush, hush, my dear-ing' in Cincinnati. . . . I smell spring afar off — sniff — do you? Any smell of violets in the distance? I think it comes over the water from the Pamfili Doria."

A new era opened in Mrs. Stowe's life when she made her first visit to Florida, in the winter of 1867. She was tired and benumbed with care and cold. Suddenly the thought came to her that she would go to the South, herself, and see what the stories were worth which she was constantly hearing about its condition. In the mean time, if she could, she would enjoy the soft air, and find retirement in which she might continue her book. She says in one of her letters:—

"Winter weather and cold seem always a kind of nightmare to me. I am going to take my writing-desk and go down to Florida to F——'s plantation, where we have now a home, and abide there until the heroic agony of between-ity, the freeze and thaw of winter, is over, and then I doubt not I can write my three hours a day. Meanwhile, I have a pretty good pile of manuscript. . . . The letters I have got about blossoming roses and loungers in linen coats, while we have been frozen and snowed up, have made my very soul long to be away. Cold weather really seems to torpify my brain. I write with a heavy numbness. I have not yet had a *good* spell of writing, though I have had all through the story abundant clairvoyance, and see just how it must be written; but for writing some parts I want *warm* weather, and not to be in the state of a 'froze and thawed apple.' . . . The cold affects me precisely as extreme hot weather used to in Cincinnati, — gives me a sort of bilious neuralgia. I hope to get a clear, bright month in Florida, when I can say something to purpose.

"I did want to read some of my story to you before I went. I have read it to my husband, and though one may think a husband a partial judge, yet mine is so nervous and so afraid of being bored that I feel as if it were something to hold him; and he likes it, — is quite wakeful, so to speak, about it. All I want now, to go on, is a good *frame*, as

father used to say about his preaching. I want calm, soft, even dreamy, enjoyable weather, sunshine and flowers. Love to dear A——, whom I so much want to see once more."

Unhappily, she could not get away so soon as she desired. There were contracts to be signed and other businesses to arrange. These delays made her visit southward much shorter than she intended, but it proved to be only the introduction, the first brief chapter as it were, of her future winter life in Florida. Before leaving she wrote as follows to her publisher:—

"I am so constituted that it is absolutely fatal to me to agree to have *any* literary work done at certain dates. I *mean* to have this story done by the 1st of September. It would be greatly for my pecuniary interest to get it done before that, because I have the offer of eight thousand dollars for the newspaper use of the story I am planning to write after it. But I am bound by the laws of art. Sermons, essays, lives of distinguished people, I can write to order at times and seasons. A story comes, grows like a flower, sometimes will and sometimes won't, like a pretty woman. When the spirits will help, I can write. When they jeer, flout, make faces, and otherwise maltreat me, I can only wait humbly at their gates, watch at the posts of their doors.

"This story grows even when I do not write. I spent a month in the mountains in Stockbridge *composing* before I wrote a word.

"I only ask now a good physical condition, and I go to warmer climes hoping to save time there. I put everything and everybody off that interferes with this, except Pussy Willow, which will be a pretty story for a child's 'series.'"

At last she sailed away, about the 1st of March, 1867, and with that delightful power of knowing what she wanted, and being content when she attained her end,

which is too rare, alas! Her letters glowed and blossomed and shone with the fruit and flowers and sunshine of the South. It was hardly to be expected that her literary work could actually reach the printers' hands under these circumstances as rapidly as if she had been able to write at home: therefore it was with no sense of surprise that we received from her, during the summer of 1868, what proved to be a chapter of excuses instead of a chapter of her book: "I have a long story to tell you of *what* has prevented my going on with my story, which you must see would so occupy all the nerve and brain force I have that I have not been able to write a word except to my own children. To them in their needs I *must* write *chapters* which would otherwise go into my novel."

About this period she found herself able to come again to Boston for a few days' visit. There were often long croonings over the fire far into the night; her other-worldliness and abstractions brought with them a dreamy quietude, especially to those whose harried lives kept them only too much awake. Her coming was always a pleasure, for she made holidays by her own delightful presence, and she asked nothing more than what she found in the companionship of her friends.

The visits to Florida had now become necessary to her health, and before long she perceived that to pass the entire winter there, and to surrender her large house in Hartford, was the next step for her to take. She wrote from Florida: "I am leaving the land of flowers on the 1st of June with tears in my eyes, but having a house in Hartford, it must be lived in. I wish you and —— would just come to see it. You have no idea what a lovely place it has grown to be, and I am trying to sell it as hard as a snake to crawl out of his skin. Thus on, till reason is pushed out of life. There's no earthly sense in having anything, — lordy massy, no! By the bye, I must

delay sending you the ghost in the Captain Brown House till I can go to Natick and make a personal inspection of the premises and give it to you hot."

Her busy brain was again at work with new plans for future books and articles for magazines. "Gladly would I fly to you on the wings of the wind," she says, "but I am a slave, a bound thrall to *work*, and I cannot work and play at the same time. After this year I hope to have a little rest, and above all things I won't be hampered with a serial to write. . . . We have sold out in Hartford."

All this routine of labor was to have a new form of interruption, which gave her intense joy. "I am doing just what you say," she wrote, "being first lady-in-waiting on his new majesty. He is very pretty, very gracious and good, and his little mamma and he are a pair. . . . I am getting to be an old fool of a grand-ma, and to think there is no bliss under heaven to compare with a baby." Later she wrote on the same subject: "You ought to see my baby. I have discovered a way to end the woman controversy. Let the women all say that they won't take care of the babies till the laws are altered. One week of this discipline would bring all the men on their marrow-bones. Only tell us what you want, they would say, and we will do it. Of course you may imagine me trailing after our little king, — first granny-in-waiting."

In the summer of 1869 there was a pleasant home at St. John's Wood, in London, which possessed peculiar attractions. Other houses were as comfortable to look at, other hedges were as green, other drawing-rooms were gayer, but this was the home of George Eliot, and on Sunday afternoons the resort of those who desired the best that London had to give. Here it was that George Eliot told us of her admiration and deep regard, her affection, for Mrs. Stowe. Her reverence and love were expressed with such tremulous sincerity that the speaker

won our hearts by her love for our friend. Many letters had already passed between Mrs. Stowe and herself, and she confided to us her amusement at a fancy Mrs. Stowe had taken that Casaubon, in Middlemarch, was drawn from the character of Mr. Lewes. Mrs. Stowe took it so entirely for granted in her letters that it was impossible to dispossess her mind of the illusion. Evidently it was the source of much harmless household amusement at St. John's Wood. I find in Mrs. Stowe's letters some pleasant allusions to this correspondence. She writes: "We were all full of George Eliot when your note came, as I had received a beautiful letter from her in answer to one I wrote from Florida. She is a noble, true woman, and if anybody does n't see it, so much the worse for *them*, and not her." In a note written about that time Mrs. Stowe says she is coming to Boston, and will bring George Eliot's letters with her that we may read them together; but that pleasant plan was only one of the imagination, and was never carried out. Her own letter to Mrs. Lewes, written from Florida in March, 1876, may be considered one of the most beautiful and interesting pieces of writing she ever achieved.

This friendship was one that greatly enlisted Mrs. Stowe's sympathies and enriched her life. Her interest in any woman who was supporting herself, and especially in any one who found a daily taskmaster in the pen, and above all when, as in this case, the woman was one possessed of great moral aspiration half paralyzed in its action by finding itself in an anomalous and (to the world in general) utterly incomprehensible position, made such a woman like a magnet to Mrs. Stowe. She inherited from her father a faith in the divine power of sympathy, which only waxed greater with years and experience. Wherever she found a fellow mortal suffering trouble or dishonor, in spite of hindrance her feet were turned that way. The genius of George Eliot and the contrasting ele-

ments of her life and character drew Mrs. Stowe to her side in sisterly solicitude. Her attitude, her sweetness, her sincerity, could not fail to win the heart of George Eliot. They became loving friends.

It was the same inborn sense of fraternity which led her, when a child, on hearing of the death of Lord Byron, to go out into the fields and fling herself, weeping, on the mounded hay, where she might pray alone for his forgiveness and salvation. It is wonderful to observe the influence of Byron upon that generation. It is on record that when Tennyson, a boy of fifteen, heard some one say, "Byron is dead," he thought the whole world at an end. "I thought," he said one day, "everything was over and finished for every one; that nothing else mattered. I remember that I went out alone and carved 'Byron is dead' into the sandstone."

From this time forward Mrs. Stowe was chiefly bound up in her life and labors at the South. In 1870, speaking of some literary work she was proposing to herself, she said: "I am writing as a pure recreative movement of mind, to divert myself from the stormy, unrestful present. . . . I am being *châtelaine* of a Florida farm. I have on my mind the creation of a town on the banks of the St. John. The three years since we came this side of the river have called into life and growth a thousand peach-trees, a thousand orange-trees, about five hundred lemons, and seven or eight hundred grapevines. A peach orchard, a vineyard, a lemon grove, will carry my name to posterity. I am founding a place which, thirty or forty years hence, will be called the old Stowe place. . . . You can have no idea of this queer country, this sort of strange, sandy, half-tropical dreamland, unless you come to it. Here I sit with open windows, the orange buds just opening and filling the air with sweetness, the hens drowsily cackling, the men planting in the field, and callas and wild roses blossoming out of doors.

We keep a little fire morning and night. We are flooded with birds; and by the bye, it is St. Valentine's Day. . . . I think a uniform edition of Dr. Holmes's works would be a good thing. Next to Hawthorne he is our most exquisite writer, and in many passages he goes far beyond him. What is the dear Doctor doing? If you know any book good to inspire dreams and visions, put it into my box. My husband chews endlessly a German cud. I must have English. Has the French book on Spiritualism come yet? If it has, put it in. . . . I wish I could give you a plateful of our oranges. . . . We had seventy-five thousand of these same on our trees this year, and if you will start off quick, they are not all picked yet. Florida wants one thing, — grass. If it had grass, it would be paradise. But nobody knows what grass is till they try to do without it."

Three months later she wrote: "I hate to leave my calm isle of Patmos, where the world is not, and I have such quiet long hours for writing. Emerson could *insulate* himself here and keep his electricity. Hawthorne ought to have lived in an orange grove in Florida. . . . You have no idea how small you all look, you folks in the world, from this distance. All your fusses and your fumings, your red-hot hurrying newspapers, your clamor of rival magazines, — why, we see it as we see steamboats fifteen miles off, a mere speck and smoke."

It was a strange contrast, and one at variance with her natural taste, which brought her before the public as a reader of her own stories in the autumn and winter of 1872-73. She was no longer able to venture on the effort of a long story, and yet it was manifestly unwise for her to forego the income which was extended to her through this channel. She wrote: "I have had a very urgent business letter, saying that the lyceums of different towns were making up their engagements, and that if I were going into it I must make my engagements now.

It seems to me that I cannot do this. The thing will depend so much on my health and ability to do. You know I could not go round in cold weather. . . . I feel entirely uncertain, and, as the Yankees say, 'did n't know what to do nor to don't.' My state in regard to it may be described by the phrase 'Kind o' love to — hate to — wish I did n't — want ter.' I suppose the result will be I shall not work into their lecture system."

In April she wrote from Mandarin: "I am painting a *Magnolia grandiflora*, which I will show you. . . . I am appalled by finding myself booked to read. But I am getting well and strong, and trust to be equal to the emergency. But I shrink from Tremont Temple, and — does not think I can fill it. On the whole, I should like to begin in Boston." And in August she said: "I am to begin in Boston in September. . . . It seems to me that is a little too early for Boston, is n't it? Will there be anybody in town then? I don't know as it's my business, which is simply to speak my piece and take my money."

Her first reading actually took place in Springfield, not Boston, and the next day she unexpectedly arrived at our cottage at Manchester-by-the-Sea. She had read the previous evening in a large public hall, had risen at five o'clock that morning and found her way to us. Her next readings were given in Boston, the first in the afternoon, at the Tremont Temple. She was conscious that her effort at Springfield had not been altogether successful, — she had not held her large audience; and she was determined to put the whole force of her nature into this afternoon reading at the Tremont Temple. She called me into her bedroom, where she stood before the mirror, with her short gray hair, which usually lay in soft curls around her brow, brushed erect and standing stiffly. "Look here, my dear," she said: "now I am exactly like my father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, when he was going to preach," and she

held up her forefinger warningly. It was easy to see that the spirit of the old preacher was revived in her veins, and the afternoon would show something of his power. An hour later, when I sat with her in the anteroom waiting for the moment of her appearance to arrive, I could feel the power surging up within her. I knew she was armed for a good fight.

That reading was a great success. She was alive in every fibre of her being: she was to read portions of Uncle Tom's Cabin to men, women, and children who could hardly understand the crisis which inspired it, and she determined to effect the difficult task of making them feel as well as hear. With her presence and inspiration they could not fail to understand what her words had signified to the generation that had passed through the struggle of our war. When her voice was not sufficient to make the audience hear, men and women rose from their seats and crowded round her, standing gladly, that no word might be lost. It was the last leap of the flame which had burned out a great wrong. From this period, although she continued to write, she lived chiefly in the retirement of the Florida orange grove, which she always enjoyed. Her sympathy was strong with the new impetus benevolent work in cities had received, and she helped it from her "grotto" in more ways than one. Sometimes she would write soothing or inspiriting letters, as the case might demand, to individuals.

Meanwhile, the comfort she drew in from the beauty of nature and the calm around her seemed yearly to nourish and renew her power of existence. Questions which were difficult to others were often solved to her mind by practical observation. It amused her to hear persons agitating the question as to where they should look to supply labor for the South. "Why," she remarked once, "there was a negro, one of those fearfully hot days in the spring, who was dig-

ging muck from a swamp just in front of our house, and carrying it in a wheelbarrow up a steep slope, where he dumped it down, and then went back for more. He kept this up when it was so hot that we thought either one of us would die to be five minutes in the sun. We carried a thermometer to the spot where he was working, to see how great the heat was, and it rose at once to one hundred and thirty-five degrees. The man, however, kept cheerfully at his work, and when he went to his dinner sat with the other negroes out in the white sand without a bit of shade. Afterward they all lay down for a nap in the same sheltered locality. Toward evening, when the sun was sufficiently low to enable me to go out, I went to speak to this man. 'Martin,' said I, 'you've had a warm day's work. How do you stand it? Why, I could n't endure such heat for five minutes.' 'Hah! hah! No, I s'pose you could n't. Ladies can't, missus.' 'But, Martin, are n't you very tired?' 'Bress your heart, no, missus.' So Martin goes home to his supper, and after supper will be found dancing all the evening on the wharf near by! After this, when people talk of bringing Germans and Swedes to do such work, I am much entertained."

Many were the pleasant descriptions of her home sent forth to tempt her friends away from the busy North. "Here is where we read books," she said in one of her letters, written in the month of March. "Up North nobody does, — they don't have time; so if — will mail his book to Mandarin, I will 'read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.' We are having a carnival of flowers. I hope you read my Palmetto Leaves, for then you will see all about us. . . . Our home is like a martin-box. . . . I cannot tell you the quaint odd peace we have here in living under the oak. 'Behold she dwelleth under the oak at Mamre.' All that we want is friends, to whom we may say that solitude is sweet. We have some neighbors, however, who have made

pretty places near us. Mr. Stowe keeps up a German class of three young ladies, with whom he is reading *Faust* for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time, and in the evening I read aloud to a small party of the neighbors. We have made up our home as we went along, throwing out a chamber here and there, like twigs out of the old oak. . . . The orange blossoms have come like showers of pearl, and the yellow jessamine like golden fleeces, and the violets and the lilies, and azaleas. This glorious, budding, blossoming spring, and we have days when merely to breathe and be is to be blessed. I love to have a day of mere existence. Life itself is a pleasure when the sun shines warm, and the lizards dart from all the shingles of the roof, and the birds sing in so many notes and tones the yard reverberates; and I sit and dream and am happy, and never want to go back North, nor do anything with the toiling, snarling world again. I do wish I could gather you both in my little nest."

She is like her father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, in many things. The scorching fire of the brain seemed to devour its essence, and she has endured, as he did

before her, some years of existence when the motive power of the brain has almost ceased to act. She has become "like a little child," wandering about, pleased with flowers, fresh air, the sound of a piano, or a voice singing hymns, but the busy, inspiring spirit is asleep.

Gradually she is fading away, shrouded in this strange mystery, hovered over by the untiring affection of her children, sweet and tender in her decadence, but "absent."

At the moment when this brief memorial was receiving a final revision before going to the press, the news reached me of the unloosing of the last threads of consciousness which bound Mrs. Stowe to this world.

A great spirit has performed its mission and has been released. The world moves on unconscious; but the world's children have been blessed by her coming, and they who know and understand should praise God reverently in her going. "As a teil tree, and as an oak, whose substance is in them, when they cast their leaves: so the holy seed shall be the substance thereof."

"My sword shall be bathed in heaven."

Annie Fields.

PRESENT CONDITIONS OF LITERARY PRODUCTION.

THE present interregnum in the realm of the higher creative literature offers an inviting theme for rhetorical variations to the ready writer. The pessimist is prepared to demonstrate that the materialistic temper of the age, the preoccupation of the most vigorous minds with physical science or with the industrial conquest of the world, the exploitation of every incipient notoriety by the "syndicate," the debasement of English speech by the newspaper press, the tame cosmopolitan monotony which is everywhere

effacing the last vestiges of local color and local feeling, the tyranny exercised by the taste of the common-schooled millions who have been taught to read, but have never learned to discriminate. — that these and other characteristics of our hustling time create an atmosphere that blights in the bud all promise of artistic excellence. The optimist rejoins that these gloomy prognostications are the offspring of the ineradicable illusion that sees the golden age behind us; and that, instead of deploring the extinction

of those literary mastodons and dodoes, the epic and the heroic tragedy, and yearning for visitations of that ineffable and indefinable something called genius, we should rather rejoice in the superabundance of vigorous, wholesome talent that we possess. The reviewer of recent poetry accumulates on his desk in six months more good verse than you shall find in an average volume of Johnson's Poets. Our newspapers and periodicals print every month enough "crisp" prose to fill a wilderness of Tatlers, Idlers, Ramblers, and Citizens of the World. And granting a momentary and accidental dearth of commanding poetic genius, the outlook to-day is surely no darker than it was after the death of Burns, in 1796, two years before the publication of Lyrical Ballads, or in 1824, after the death of Keats, Shelley, and Byron, when Wordsworth's work was virtually finished and Tennyson's not yet begun, when Robert Montgomery and Felicia Hemans were the chief luminaries in the poetical firmament, and when Beddoes wrote that the disappearance of Shelley from the world "seemed to have been followed by instant darkness and owl-season."

Such special pleadings are quite as entertaining, and perhaps at bottom quite as philosophical, as the illusory endeavor to estimate and accurately to forecast the issues of the inconceivably complex conditions that govern the life of the spirit in modern civilization, and its reflection in literature and art. Yet the attempt may have the tonic value that belongs to all communion with large ideas. It is of the nature of what Renan calls "a philosophical examination of conscience." It helps us to find ourselves amid the infinite dispersion of modern intellectual activity, and to adjust our own work to some broad conception of the evolutionary stream of tendency or design of the whole.

The century of literary production whose account is vaguely felt to be closed

by the deaths of Tennyson, Browning, and Matthew Arnold in England, of Victor Hugo, Renan, and Taine in France, and of the last survivors of the New England poets and essayists in America, is one of the richest in the annals of mankind. Of the three ages that may be fairly compared with it, the Periclean, the Augustan, and the Elizabethan, it is distinctly inferior only to the first. What the literature of the nineteenth century lacks of classic symmetry and finish of form, or of Elizabethan imaginative vigor is more than compensated by its superior range, originality, and subtlety of thought. We stand at the close of one of the most notable efflorescences of the human spirit. By what analogies shall we endeavor to estimate the probable duration of the period of lean years that may reasonably be expected to follow the fat? The intense vitality and the wide diffusion and inexhaustible resources of modern civilization forbid our thinking for a moment of a blight like that which befell Greek letters after Chæroneia, still less of that millennial mediæval silence, broken at last by the voice of Dante, in which the chaotic elements of the modern world took shape. The genius of our race removes the fear of so complete an abdication of literature in favor of science and erudition as that which, in Germany, followed upon the brief reign of Lessing, Schiller, and Goethe; and the accelerated march of modern progress forbids our anticipating as long a period of stagnation as that which England required, in Lowell's phrase, "to secrete the materials for another great poet after Chaucer." We ask rather, Is the present period of dullness merely a temporary lull, such as accident or the rhythmic law of growth imposes on every continuous development, — a break comparable to that which, in the decade following 1825, appears to divide the age of Shelley, Keats, Byron, Scott, Wordsworth, Lamb, Hallam, Rogers, Moore, Bentham, and Hazlitt from that of

Carlyle, Macaulay, Tennyson, Dickens, Thackeray, Stuart Mill, Browning, Darwin, Spencer, Ruskin, and Arnold; or does it really mark the close of a secular era, and must we expect to wander for at least a generation in a wilderness of conflicting aims and tentative efforts before creative genius can find a new kingdom of thought and emotion to subdue and cultivate?

All depends, of course, upon the meaning of our terms. The supply of literature will not fail, if by literature we mean spicy reportorial history of the progress of the world, deftly turned ballads and verses vain, and entertaining fiction. Mr. Traill's list of authentic living bards, Mr. Stedman's Poets American and Victorian Anthology, and the recent collections of the poetry of Australia and of Canada offer appalling statistical evidence that, however it be with the taste for reading, the taste for writing verse is not on the wane. The laws of supply and demand will continue to raise up craftsmen who can spin a good yarn, produce a timely magazine article, and cultivate the annual crop of summer novels. (We do not apprehend a general decay of talent, nor do we tremble, like the naïve disputants in the controversy of the ancients and moderns, lest the effete world may no longer produce the intellectual giants she bore in her lusty prime. "Summa tamen omnia constant." The resources of nature are infinite. When we are told that the death of a Shelley, a Tennyson, or even a Shakespeare extinguishes the sun, we smile, and answer with Schopenhauer's World Spirit, "The sources from which individuals and their works arise are inexhaustible and infinite as space and time.")

Kipling, Lang, Stevenson, Hardy, Howells, James, Meredith, Watson, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Pierre Loti, Melchior de Vogüé, Bourget, Le Maître, Brunetière, to cite the first that suggest themselves, are endowed, perhaps, with quite as much native talent as the great names

that dominate the literature of England and France from 1830 to 1870; yet something constrains us to doubt their exerting an equal influence in moulding the thoughts of men, and to ask whether the age of which they are the spokesmen will contribute its quota to the abiding literature of the world. Mr. Howells would turn our thoughts from this unprofitable query to reflection on the relativity of all human duration: let us think of the time when the world with all its literature will grow cold and fall into the sun, and we shall then be content to edify and entertain our contemporaries by honest, veritist novels, without repining that our labors are not likely to endure as long as *Paradise Lost* or the *Critique of Pure Reason*. But this argument really proves too much, and drives us directly to the question of Tennyson's Despair:—

"Tho', glory and shame dying out forever in
endless time,

Does it matter so much whether crowned for
a virtue or hanged for a crime?"

Until this world does fall into the sun, the distinction between books that enter into the permanent literature of a people and books that win a temporary vogue is as real as any other difference that agitates the minds of men. The individual writer would certainly prefer his book to survive. And so, though conscious of the stony face of time and of the sullen Lethe rolling doom, we may justly estimate the artistic achievement of a generation by its permanent qualities, and may reasonably inquire whether there are not in the existing conditions of literary production some serious obstacles to the writing of books that will live. I think we may discern at least two classes of such hindrances: first, the temptation to intellectual dispersion and hasty, premature production; and second, the temporary exhaustion of available *motifs* in the higher fields of literature.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the first point. On the slightest indication

of talent, a young writer's name is heralded to the four quarters of the globe. He is interviewed in the *Revue Bleue*, and introduced by the *Revue des Deux Mondes* to its cosmopolitan *clientèle*. His copy is eagerly competed for by publishers and "syndicates," and he is tempted to produce copy in excess of his inspiration. Gabriele d'Annunzio, whose poems were published and extensively criticised when he was fourteen, and Rudyard Kipling and Richard Harding Davis, developed by reporting, and celebrities when hardly out of their teens, are typical illustrations of the forcing process which the newspaper age applies to budding genius. No one denies the good side of this commercialism. It is pleasanter for the author than the old alternative of Grub Street or the patron. Everybody recognizes the justice of Thackeray's and Zola's manly protests against the silly affectation of scorning to write for pay. The spur of the ambition to get on in the world, to win an honorable competence, is probably helpful to a certain kind of literary craftsmanship. It increases the output without impairing the quality. But it is more hostile than penury, dependence on a patron, or the exercise of a regular profession, to the slow, concentrated brooding necessary to the production of permanent world-books. Dante's epic would perhaps not have made him lean for twenty years if a nineteenth-century magazine had stood ready to pay the distinguished Florentine exile a thousand florins for a canto. It is true that while noble poetry has rarely been produced for money, the giant novelists of the first two thirds of the century—Scott, Balzac, Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot—made, and aimed at making, large sums by their pens. But, if I mistake not, they had all, except possibly Dickens, endured a long maturing apprenticeship before the time of temptation came, and even then they generally gave two years to a book, where their livelier successors give one.

This modern haste is not always to be deprecated. There are some brains whose first sprightly runnings cannot be improved by pains. But there are others for whom we could desire periods of enforced leisure and abstinence from printer's ink, even at the cost of some sacrifice of immediate notoriety and material convenience. While Mr. Andrew Lang earns perhaps ten or fifteen thousand a year turning paragraphs for the *Daily News* or lively introductions to blue and green fairy-books, the *magnum opus*, of which we all know him to be capable, "goes the way of Mr. Casaubon's Key to All Mythologies." It is possible that it is not in Mr. Marion Crawford to produce anything more than a good story, but neither he nor anybody else can possibly know till he ceases to turn out a good story every year. When we contemplate the array of volumes written in feverish haste by Stevenson, to pay for oceanic and transcontinental voyages and the building of roads and chalets on South Sea islands, we cannot suppress the wish that his fine genius could have matured itself more at leisure, and sought its inspirations less exclusively in the picturesque external panorama of the globe. While nobody would wish Mr. Kipling other than he is, the time may come, after the incomparable vivacity of his impressions of the bustling world has been blurred, when the development of his genius will be checked for lack of the very bookish philosophy "that deals with people's insides from the point of view of men who have no stomachs," which he now so cordially despises.

But though the commercial spirit may here and there mislead or dissipate a fine talent, its effects are necessarily transient. Men of genuine inspiration will find a way to keep their souls alive, and after a time literature will adjust itself to the new conditions. The dearth of fresh material, if a fact, is a more serious obstacle. If, as La Bruyère said

two hundred years ago, "*tout est dit*," if the experience of our age has found adequate expression, literature can only repeat and refine upon what has been said until new revelations are vouchsafed by the Master of the Show. But the optimist will scout the notion that the significance of modern life has been exhausted by the literature of the nineteenth century. Genius may at any time reveal new aspects of life to which we were blind before, or cast the glamour of poetry and art over material hitherto deemed intractable. The progress of science is a daily confutation of those who would prescribe metes and bounds to our thoughts. The spectroscope, the telephone, and the Roentgen rays have thrice within our memory, like the gods in Pindar, "made forecast forsworn." Scientific discovery is followed by mechanical invention, and this by readjustment of industrial and social conditions, with bewildering rapidity; and while the great world spins down the ringing grooves of change, we need fear no stagnation in literature. Plausible as this may sound, however, it does not touch the real question. We may concede the realization of their wildest dreams to the enthusiasts of modern progress, and still hold that no changes which may reasonably be anticipated will supply fresh motives or forms to the literature of the next few decades.

Something of this exhaustion has been felt at the close of every great creative age of literature. Greek epic perished not merely because the development of Greek civilization had created an environment unfavorable to that species of art, but because the epic ideal of life and the epic form of poetry had yielded all their fruits; because there had been so many and such excellent epics that even in that early day

"the love of letters overdone

Had swamped the sacred poets with themselves;" and as an epic poet of the sixth century B. C. plaintively said, "the latest run-

ners in the race could find no opening in the press to drive the sacred car of poetry to its goal."

Greek tragedy virtually died with Euripides, not because Athens ceased to produce men of fine literary genius or because the fourth-century Athenians had duller poetic sensibilities than their ancestors, but because all possible expressions and combinations of the ideals and conventions of heroic tragedy had been essayed, and Euripides himself was forced to innovate to the verge of the fantastic and the grotesque in order to sustain interest in motives and types that had become hackneyed. No really new ideas entered into Greek speculation in the centuries that followed Aristotle, because the analyses and constructions of Plato and Aristotle had taken up the entire experience of the Greek race and exhausted its philosophical significance. A new religion, a new social and political life, a new science, were required to open up fresh fields for philosophy. Similarly, it might be shown how the Italian poetry of the Renaissance, the Elizabethan drama, the French classic literature of the seventeenth century, each ran its appointed course, until the aspect of life it reflected lost its interest, or the artistic medium employed, its charm. Or, to generalize more broadly, we might trace the gradual dying out of the impulse of the Renaissance and the Reformation during the century and a half that preceded the French Revolution. The fresh forces which entered into life and literature at that time called forth the splendid outburst of nineteenth-century philosophy and poetry, and now, after the lapse of a hundred years, reflection on the past and observation of the present both indicate that this impulse, too, is spent.

The new criticism and historical science of Germany and the enlargement of the mental horizon by the revelations of physical science broke down the barriers set to free speculation by mediæval

orthodoxy, and left thought as untrammelled as it was in early Ionia, while supplying it with an infinitely greater mass of definite fact to work up into its total imaginative interpretation of the world. Aristotle predicted in one of his earlier writings that philosophy would be consummated within a few decades. He was not altogether wrong. No discoveries and no experiences that he could have foreseen would have suggested any further competing schemes for the unification of human knowledge beyond those with which he was familiar. The only distinctively new idea in modern philosophy was the explicit recognition, enforced by the progress of physiological and anatomical discovery, of the purely subjective character of sense perception of the external world. On this centred the whole philosophical movement from Descartes to Kant. The alternatives that remained for speculative and constructive philosophy after the Kantian criticism were hardly more numerous than those that presented themselves to the contemporaries of Empedocles, Parmenides, and Democritus. Before the year 1870 they had all been worked out in imposing and ingenious systems, and the present generation has been able to add nothing of significance. The currents of contemporary philosophic thought may be enumerated on the fingers of one hand. There is positivism for those who acquiesce in the scientific colligation of facts; positivism plus evolution for Mr. Herbert Spencer, and the disciples who refine upon and improve his expression, but add nothing to his substance; critical Kantianism for those who prefer to approach positivism by the way of a destructive criticism of the "metaphysical faculty;" sentimental mystical Kantianism for those who employ criticism to reduce reason to a strict neutrality in order that they may philosophize with their hearts; and lastly, not inconsistent with criticism and evolution, but adding to both an ideal touch of

poetic animism, the philosophy of Schopenhauer, who has now for thirty years been quietly exploited by an increasing number of ingenious writers, and who by the close of another decade will perhaps prove, as the distinguished French critic Ferdinand Brunetière prophesies, the chief philosophical influence in the literature of the second half of the century. I cannot stop to verify these generalizations on the minor philosophical literature of the day. It would not be difficult, after analyzing out the contributions of Kant, Schopenhauer, scientific positivism, and Spencerian evolution, to determine the residue of speculative originality even in such leaders as Wundt, Riehl, and Alfred Fouillée; still less in the *kleine Wundtianer*, in the young psychologists who develop suggestions of Taine in France, or in the army of writers in England and America who paraphrase or refute Herbert Spencer.

Philosophical literature promises little beyond elegant eclecticism and special monographs on questions of detail in psychology or the history of philosophy. I do not see that any conceivable advance of physical science could alter these conditions. The reduction of the chemical elements to modifications of one primary substance and the constitution of chemistry as a branch of mathematical physics, the establishment of the spontaneous origin of life, the complete localization or the demonstrated impossibility of the localization of cerebral functions, the convertibility in practice of all forms of energy, the working out of sidereal evolution as fully as biological evolution has been traced, the invention of flying-machines and of instruments to do for the eye what the telephone has done for the ear, — the realization of these and of other dreams of modern science would not appreciably affect our attitude towards ultimate philosophic problems. They have all been discounted in advance. Nothing short of a revolution in human ideas beyond all rational surmise,

or a recovery of philosophical *naïveté* by some violent interruption to our civilization, could make possible hereafter the rearing of those ambitious structures of thought which sheltered and lent unity to the higher intellectual life of the past.

No such general prediction can be ventured with regard to poetry. As long as there are living men there will be songs of life and love and death, and songs sung for the mere delight of singing. When other inspirations fail, we can put all Roman history into madrigals, like Molière's Marquis, or all the Elizabethan dramatists into sonnets. We can always tell again the tale of Helen of Troy, or lament the decay of poesy at Wordsworth's grave, or turn the prose of Sir Thomas Malory into melodious triple and quadruple rhymes. "The future of poetry is immense," Matthew Arnold tells us. It has an immense future behind it, we are tempted to add, in the words of Heine's epigram on Alfred de Musset; for by present indications it will be a future of study and enjoyment of the poetry of the past. There is nothing in this to surprise us. The relative preponderance of the poetry of the present must always decline with every added century of continuous accumulation of literary treasure. And this tendency will be most strongly felt after a period of intellectual expansion such as that through which we have just passed. In such a case, the necessity and the inspiration of a fresh outburst of original song must come from the shock of a revolution in social and industrial conditions, or the revelation of a new world of thought. We can clearly trace the operation of these conditions in the renewal of poetry at the beginning of the past century, and we can as clearly see the improbability of their recurrence in the near future. The poetry of the last hundred years has been inspired by the French Revolution and the rise and progress of democracy; by the new and grandiose conceptions of modern sci-

ence; by the transformation of the material conditions of existence, the growth of population, and the expansion of civilization over the face of the globe which science has made possible; and in part also by a more critical and sympathetic historic study of the past.

The extensive and ever increasing literature devoted to the criticism or to the mere exposition and popularization of the thought of Wordsworth, Shelley, Tennyson, and Browning indicates how completely their poetry has expressed the new views and aspirations of the century. Now these ideas may have many further developments in practice, for practice always lags behind the prophetic vision of the poet. But what new inspirations have they for poetry? The possibilities of democracy, we are eloquently told by Symonds, Howells, Gosse, Garland, and countless others, have not begun to be exhausted. Perhaps not in politics and social life, but what remains for the imagination? The bards of future democracy can hardly sing of

"man

Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless,
Exempt from awe, worship, degree,"

with more enthusiasm than Shelley, or declaim more vehemently against the tyranny of priests and kings than Byron and Swinburne, or affirm a more catholic comradeship than Whitman. Shall they put into rhyme the ingenious visions of Looking Backward or Mr. Walter Besant's schemes for making a paradise of East London, which after all are hardly as good raw material for poetry as Plato's Republic? Is Mr. William Morris more genuinely inspired in News from Nowhere than he was in the mediæval and mythological tales of The Earthly Paradise?

Similar objections arise when we are told of the new worlds which the revelations of physical science are to open up to the Muse. Wordsworth's oft-quoted preface predicts that science will become poetical when science has grown familiar

to our thoughts. But the larger conceptions of science are anticipated by the poet's imagination. The passages about evolution in Shelley's Prometheus, in Browning's Paracelsus, and in Tennyson's In Memoriam are finer than anything on the subject written since the publication of The Origin of Species, — better certainly than Mathilde Blind's Ascent of Man, Watson's Dream of Man, or anything in Sully-Prudhomme or Madame Ackermann. No Yerkes or Lick telescope can give us a deeper sense of the appalling infinities of space than Tennyson's Vastness. No new contrivance of inventive ingenuity can surprise the poet who has already seen "the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;" and it is not probable that the minuter details and processes of science or the ingenuities and conveniences of mechanical invention can ever be turned to poetical uses. Tennyson's exquisite judgment extinguished the jets of gas that flared in the first edition of The Palace of Art, and replaced them by

"pure quintessences of precious oils
In hollow'd moons of gems."

The Muse will always prefer such illumination to the latest triumph of the Baconian natural magic of Tesla or Edison. And we may safely predict in general that the unerring instinct of Tennyson has marked the limits which poetry will not soon pass in the use of specific scientific material. For poetry lives in the symbol as shown to the sense and in the meaning as revealed to the spirit, and these the analyses of science do not touch.

There remains the abstract possibility of the evolution of new perceptions and a new æsthetic. "Anything might happen if you give it time enough," says the father of history, in this at one with the latest school of thought. But we cannot accept the *bizarrieries* of Mallarmé or of that very Belgian Shakespeare, Maeterlinck, as heralds of the change. The new æsthetic thus far is

mainly an exaggeration of well-known *procédés* of the old rhetoric, — symbolism, suggestion, allegory, far-fetched metaphor and epithet, calculated reticences and mysticism. The trick is altogether too easy, and we feel that the witty good sense of Jules Le Maître has said the last word of sane criticism on this point when he exclaims, "But after all, how much harder the old masterpieces must have been to write!"

In verse construction this straining after novelty manifests itself in the two opposite extremes of form and formlessness. The French poet either seeks with the Parnassians and Hérédia to surpass Victor Hugo in sonorousness and richness of rhyme, or impatiently rejects the yoke of convention, and builds his alexandrines of eleven or thirteen syllables as caprice may dictate. In England and America, a minority, inspired by the practice of Browning and the precept and example of Whitman, are fain "to break down the barriers of form between prose and poetry, for the most cogent purposes of these great inland states," while the majority undertake to gild the refined gold and paint the lily of the diction of Tennyson and Keats, or strive with Sidney Lanier after more luscious verbal melodies and more curiously complicated harmonies than Swinburne has achieved.

"And idly tuneful the loquacious throng
Flutter and twitter prodigal of time,
And little masters make a toy of song,
Till grave men weary of the sound of rhyme."

Nay, the very author of this weighty protest, himself a thoughtful and conscientious artist, is powerless to rise above the limitations which make his volume a cento of reminiscences of the great Victorian poets and thinkers who have already expressed all that he or any poet of the day has to tell us.

But it is not in poetry or philosophy that the heralds of the "new spirit" in literature and the new æsthetic put their trust. These outworn vessels cannot

contain the strong fermentation of the new truth. The task of literature henceforth is, not to idealize or schematize life, they say, but to paint it with relentless fidelity and analyze it with scientific precision. For these purposes the best adapted literary forms are prose fiction and the realistic modern drama. The true life of literature to-day, they affirm, is with the great Latin masters abroad, and with Ibsen, Tolstóy, Dostoyevsky, and the vigorous young school of local novelists in America. These are the precursors of a new literature, which is to be as much broader, truer, and humaner than the old as the civilization, science, and universal democracy of the twentieth century will surpass the slowly decaying feudalism of the centuries of transition from Shakespeare to Tennyson. To speed the coming of this glorious time, we must dethrone the crumbling literary idols of the past; Europe must purify herself of the last remnants of the insidious feudal poison that lurks in Shakespeare and Scott; free-born America must cast the yoke of Europe from her neck, and the men of the Mississippi Valley, who, we are told, produce more wheat and possess a higher average culture than any equal body of population in the world, must rise in revolt against the provincial despotism of Boston and New York, and create a literature as broad as their prairies and as shaggy in its native strength as their buffaloes.

This is more than a prophecy; it is a programme. It converts a languid academical discussion into a conflict of aims and ideals. We cannot really forecast the literature of the twentieth century, though it may amuse us to try. But all serious thinkers are bound to have an opinion as to the methods and tendencies in education and the guidance of opinion that will best prepare a healthy soil for its growth. The mature literary worker must seek his inspiration where he finds it. If Mr. Howells really thinks that he feels a deeper debt to Tolstóy

than to any other of his literary passions, we must acquiesce in the inexplicable, though rejoicing for his sake that he first formed himself by a long study of saner models. But it is one thing for a master of realist fiction to affirm that Ibsen or Tolstóy or Valdés stimulates him, and another thing to urge, as a recent veritist critic does, that they and their fellows be preferred, in the education and reading of the young, not only to Thackeray, George Eliot, and Scott, but to Wordsworth and Shakespeare. Let us not confuse the issue. We may well concede that the novel of local color and the unconventional naturalistic drama are the most prosperous forms of literature to-day and contain the most promise for the immediate future. We may cordially admit that it is better to do what Miss Wilkins does for the life of the New England village, or Octave Thanet for the thriving towns of Iowa, or Mr. Fuller for the motley procession which strives to keep up with the swift march of events that is converting the overgrown village of Chicago into the metropolis of a continent, or Mr. Cable for his Creoles, or Miss Murfree for her Tennessee Mountaineers, than it would be to invent belated tales of chivalry or impossible adventures in fantastic Eldorados of unknown Africa. We may grant all this, and yet demur to the exaltation of this excellent work above all other forms of artistic endeavor. When those who announce the advent of the reign of veritist fiction declare that the literature of the future must, in Emerson's phrase, "deal with God's chancellors, cause and effect;" that it must represent things, persons, relations, and characters as grown-up men and women know them to be, and not as children and dreamers would fain make believe that they are, we cordially concur, — making only some slight reservation on behalf of the natural human impulse "to raise and erect the mind by submitting the shows of things to the desires

of the mind." But when they go on to say that this special phase of the development of the novel and the drama is the final flower and consummation of literature, that the study of its masterpieces ought to blot from our memories all trivial fond records of classicism, feudalism, and romanticism, and that to understand and perfect its methods and to multiply its products is to be the one task of studious and literary effort in the coming age, it is necessary to protest.

The ends and aims of literature are as manifold as the instincts and faculties of man. They cannot be limited to the observation and reproduction of the life of the present. What Mr. Howells calls the "foolish old superstition that literature and art are anything but the expression of life" is really the everlasting truth that literature and art are not merely the satisfaction of the love of imitation, but the exercise and gratification of tastes and instincts for symmetry, harmony, unity, and definition which life in the ordinary sense fails to satisfy. The limitation of literature to the expression of life holds good only if interpreted as the tautologous truism that one must be very much alive to produce literature that will live. The realistic novel has made it forever impossible that we should acquiesce in violation of essential truth for literary effect. It cannot permanently maintain our present zest of curious interest in the literary reflection of unessential fact. "I could come every afternoon of my life to look at the farmer's girl boiling her iron teakettle and baking shortcake," avers the bard of democracy. But men of less catholic sympathy are beginning to find it monotonous, and our grandsons may marvel as much at our enjoyment of a faithful description of flat-hunting, or our toleration of the minute portrayal of the processes of mining in Zola's *Germinal*, as we do at the admiration of our grandfathers for the technical accuracy of the description of the method

of taking the Azimuth in Falconer's epic of *The Shipwreck*. To what can these laborious inventories of unconcerning things lead? The society depicted by Balzac is obsolete; that of Zola obsolescent. We need a new *Comédie Humaine* every thirty years. By the time our rising school of local novelists have recorded every American dialect and taken the precise altitude of the barometer of ennui in their respective Western towns or Kansas farms, the conditions will have changed so that the whole work will have to be done over again, — "a thing imagination boggles at." The photographing of the present is an estimable and for the time the most flourishing branch of literary craftsmanship; but the prospect of its exclusive predominance over the literary activity and intellectual life of the future would be intolerable.

It is not to be feared. There is another factor to be taken into the reckoning beside the temporary failure of inspiration for poetry and philosophy or the growing tyranny of the realist novel. I refer to the influence of our great universities in creating a criticism based on fuller knowledge, in diffusing a truer appreciation of the value of our heritage of three thousand years of European culture, and in establishing a rational adjustment of the claims upon our attention of the present and the past. The growth of graduate instruction in the United States during the last two decades is a phenomenon which cannot be overlooked in any attempt to estimate the forces which are destined to shape the opinions and determine the spiritual life of the coming generation. Twenty years ago, when the Johns Hopkins University opened its doors, there was virtually no systematic non-professional teaching of graduates in this country. The fourth edition of the graduate students' manual, recently issued, contains a formidable list of advanced courses in seventeen great departments of human

knowledge, offered by twenty-four colleges and universities. These institutions award annually more than two hundred fellowships of the value of five hundred dollars or more each, and an equal number of scholarships yielding an income of from one hundred to three hundred dollars. During the past year more than a thousand professors were wholly or partly engaged in giving non-professional graduate instruction to more than three thousand students. The enormous intellectual effort represented by these figures cannot fail in the near future to affect powerfully both the producers and the readers and critics of literature. To begin with, the new highly specialized professorial chairs offer to the literary aspirant, confronted with the alternative of journalism or making a hit with a popular novel, a third possible *modus vivendi*. Secure in a specialty and an income, he may cultivate at leisure any slender literary faculty he may possess. The divine spark, supposing it to dwell in him, will not necessarily be extinguished in the freer life and less crushing routine of the modern university. But in default of genius, if he will make the effort, as Dryden words it, "to wear off the rust he has acquired in laying in a stock of learning," he may hope to contribute a much-needed element of sanity, breadth of view, and respect for sound traditions to a literature too much dominated by the methods of journalism and the short story, and too exclusively preoccupied with the immediate present.

The connection of literature with the professorial chair is, of course, no absolutely new thing, as the names of Ticknor, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, and more recently of Boyesen, McMaster, Woodrow Wilson, Shaler, Brander Matthews, and Woodberry, remind us. The new thing is the rapid diffusion of the university spirit from Maine to California, and the fact that an increasing proportion of the upper class journeyman work of literature is being done by men

who have imbibed that spirit. The young doctor who returns from Germany, or goes out from the graduate school of Harvard, Johns Hopkins, or the University of Chicago, takes with him to the smallest college town of Iowa or Nebraska the university ideal, a very different thing from the old college education. He communicates the stimulus of this ideal to the management of the college library, to the local lecture committee, to his old-fashioned colleagues, and to his more ambitious students. Whatever his pedantries or crudities, he represents in one line of intellectual endeavor, which serves him as a norm for others, no local provincial or partial standard, but the absolutely best attainable in the civilized world to-day. There are ten such men in our smaller college towns now where a few years ago there was one. In another generation they will predominate in even the remotest college faculties. They are preparing the improved school and college textbooks of the future. They are writing in *The Nation* and the *Chicago Dial* the book reviews that carry most weight with the intelligent public, and some of the more ambitious among them are slowly maturing books which, although belonging to the borderland between literature and scholarship, will perhaps contribute as much to the literature of the future as works that lie on the border-line between literature and journalism.

For one of the ways in which the university spirit will prepare the soil for the literature of the future will be by abolishing the false antithesis between scholarship and life which has been pressed on behalf of a literature and an education wholly dissociated from the past. There is really as much life in hearing a young woman read Sophocles as in watching her boil the teakettle. The impulse that drives our millionaires to lavish their wealth on the endowment of universities is as truly vital as that which makes a howling bedlam of the stock

exchange. No one who really knows our great universities can doubt that the pulse of American life beats as full and strong there as in any counting-room, manufactory, or caucus in the land. The error of the bookworm who despises the life of the people is no grosser than that of the popular rhetorician who withholds the name of life from life's finest and intensest manifestations. Now, scholarship, culture, study, bookishness, in short, so far from losing their hold on the intellectual élite of the world, will occupy a relatively larger place in the literature of the coming age. It is mere rhetoric to oppose the living present to the dead past, and protest that it is our duty to "surmount the gorgeous history of feudalism," and descend into the broad, fertile fields of democracy and science.

Literature can never be democratic in the sense of universal in its appeal. It will always be the affair of a minority, — an ever increasing minority, let us hope. The average man will read the newspapers, if he reads at all; little as he may care for Wordsworth or Milton, the veritist novel of the day leaves him still more indifferent. The devotees of Ibsen, Tolstóy, Valdés, and the other Scandinavian or Latin masters whom we are bidden to accept as the latest and greatest birth of time may take heart: a broader and sounder culture, now accessible to all who care for it, will enable them, while relishing the piquancy and actuality of the literature of the moment, to penetrate the slight veil of strangeness that bars them from communion with the master spirits of the past, and to acknowledge in them, no idols, but true divinities. For it is no disparagement of the present, but only an extension back through the ages of that democratic brotherhood of which we hear so much, to recognize that the stored quintessence of thirty centuries of thought and feeling must contain more lasting spiritual sustenance for those who know how to seek it than the utterance of the hour,

however timely. The taking stock of this inheritance, the sifting, classification, and reinterpretation of it in relation to the present, has become in France and Germany a branch of literature coördinate with and hardly inferior in general estimation to "creative" work. In this great task America has as yet borne little part; but she is now at last prepared to enter upon it, and pending the arrival of a new world-epoch of original creation, the occupation of this field is likely to be the distinctive literary effort of the next quarter of a century. The doctors' dissertations that are beginning to stream from our university presses do not all belong to literature even by their themes; but the writing and printing among us of even the feeblest of them will seriously modify the tastes and critical standards of a little circle of active minds. Collectively, they will combine with other forces to form a small but influential reading public, that will not only tolerate but demand stronger food than American literature has usually supplied in the past.

The lightness of touch that has given so widespread a popularity to the American magazine is a charming thing; but no great literature will hereafter be produced among a people so much afraid of serious reading as the American public has hitherto been. I do not mean to imply that the sole service of our university publications to literature will be to inure the public to dry reading. While our traditions and ideals are as yet mainly those of the German universities, there are encouraging signs here and there of an evolution in our scholastic essays towards the type of the French *étude*, which for all its learning is often a contribution to real literature. The fostering of this tendency will produce among us a band of scholars who will have learned to combine some grace of form with their erudition, and who will meet the serious reading public at least halfway.

The result, if I may hazard a final

prediction, will be that we shall soon have, to counterbalance our flourishing local fiction and the pretty bric-à-brac of the magazines, a vigorous and readable literature of scholarship, history, literary interpretation, and criticism, — a literature not without interest and use for

the present, and not without promise for the future. For the literature of the future, whatever else it may be, will not be based on ignorance, nor will it contract to the trivialities of the hour the horizon of the being that looks before and after.

Paul Shorey.

THE SPIRIT OF AN ILLINOIS TOWN.

IN THREE PARTS. PART ONE.

ON THE NORTH SIDE.

THE prairie was intersected by two railroads, and at their junction, without a single natural advantage, the town sprang up. Neither lake nor stream, neither old woods nor diversity of hills, lured man's enterprise to the spot; nothing but the bald rolling prairie, gorgeous if you rode into its distances, with scarlet bunches of paint-lady, small yellow sunflowers, and lavender asters, and acres of other blooms. In yet undrained slues the iris flags stood in ranks, and at a passing touch millions of sensitive-plants folded their lace leaves and closed their black-eyed maize-colored blossoms. By such tokens it was early autumn the first evening Sam Peevey and I walked north along one of the principal streets to our new boarding-house.

We had begun by sleeping on benches provided for visiting subscribers in the sanctum of our new paper, and eating crackers and cheese and such cheap browse as the restaurants afforded. Sam was proud of this, and intended to put it in his future political speeches. As for me, I was ready for anything at that time. But our newspaper had so prospered that we could now afford to live in a house, and pay a woman who kept no other guests a modest price for boarding us.

Our belongings had already been sent to her care, and we hoped the drayload would impress her. Sam did the partnership hoping, for I did n't care for anything in the world. The street along which we walked to our new experiences had been a Pottawatomie trail from the Great Lakes; and mindful of bygones, the founders of the town called it on their map Trail Street. Further justice had been done the Pottawatomies, and their forerunner in path-making, the buffalo, by naming the town Trail City. Long gaps of vacant lots still showed between buildings. Shopping women had to walk half a mile from the north side to the south side, matching samples. It was the favorite joke of merchants in this direction to bid their customers, "Give us a call on your way to Chicago." Some still thought the supremacy of trade might be wrested from Main Street on the south side, but others were wavering toward that thoroughfare. On every hand were scattering houses, from mansions having their own gas, and their water propelled by gayly painted windmills, to the rudest shelters of pine, in which lot-owners tabernacled until they could do better; every man's first care being to secure what promised to be the most valuable location he could command.

Resin weed, strung with lumps of translucent gum, brushed our knees at

the edge of the sidewalk, which like a narrow endless bridge carried us above the black soil. This causeway let directly into many front rooms where the functions of humble life went on almost in public. But the virgin town was still untainted with deep poverty or vice. It had kept itself entirely free, Sam informed me, from that American institution called the saloon, so different from foreign wineshops. We were literally walking through a square mile of Ohio cheer, New England thrift and conscientiousness, Kentucky hospitality, New York far-sightedness with capital to back it, and native Illinois grit. The very air, resinous and sweet, had a peculiar tingle that a man, having once felt, cannot forget. Everybody was going to succeed, and on the way could put up with a few inconveniences.

The sun, a plainly defined ball, was melting away in its own radiance, and flattening as it melted, just above the horizon. This unobstructed setting made weird and long-shadowed effects. I hung back to see it touch ground beyond low buildings. Now it was half gone — now three quarters; now it was a disk of gold — a quivering thread of fire — and now a memory. The wanness of sudden twilight stole eastward. The whole wide land was a map. A freight-train trailed off into glorified northern prairie. The town-herder was bringing cows out of the west, and we could hear farmers' wagons rattling home on the dry autumnal plain. Everybody wore a satisfied grin, because the days of rattlesnake-fighting were over and a long-looked-for millennium had come. Eastward, on a billow of the prairie, a land agent with his swarm of followers could be seen offering lots. Under the clang of locomotive bells and the scattered noises of a skeleton corporation came the suction hint of the note of the bull-goose or thunder-pumper, like a buried village working its pumps.

There were a great many passers, for

people were continually walking about to gloat over the promised land, and brag, — north side, south side, or west side; the southwest quarter did not count, being reserved for driving-parks, manufactories, and other municipal appendages.

Sam was always in a hurry, but he let me see the sunset as a spectacle of local value. Sam was broad and pink and muscular. He had been the athlete of our class, while I was only the poor fellow who carried off college honors. He intended to go in for politics from the ground up. Congress was one of his goals. Congress indorsed you for the presidency, or any other job that came your way after you had been elected town alderman. Sam put a great deal of time into what he called making himself solid with people, and left me to do the office work; but I did n't want to be solid with people. The only endearing characteristic of the town was its Americanness. The raw land, the unfinished, the glad rush, the high, clear air, the jolly insolence of independent human beings, — how American they all were! I had been so sick for things American. In Paris it had seemed impossible to wait until the ship ferried me over. Gorgeous autumn colors of my country, high zenith shining as no other sky shines, clean gladness of a landscape unsoaked by mediæval filth, primitive still, but full of promise that no words can set forth, — my God! how my soul shouted hallelujah, while I whizzed through in a dining-car, paying five prices for a vile breakfast and rancid butter! If a man could always be coming home from Europe, he might accomplish something by the mere rise of his spirits. That was when I thought I could begin again where I had left off six years before.

"I'm hungry," said Sam. "And we're going to the house of one of the best amateur cooks in Trail City. But they say she has a falling jaw, and we don't want to let it drop on us. She's a holy terror over poor Kate Keene."

Why don't you limber up, Seth, and fascinate folks as you used to before you went abroad? Travel's taken all the life out of you. Six years more of Europe would have made you an imbecile."

"Who's Kate Keene?"

"You did n't need six years more; you're an imbecile now. Ever since you dumped your baggage in Trail City and walked into the War Path office, you've had the names of all the inhabitants put at your pen's end. Who's Colonel York? Who's Banker Babcock? I'll make you a little catechism."

"You'll make me an apology. You are taking an unpopular manner with me, and may lose my vote."

"Try to feel a little interest in humanity around you, Seth," pleaded Sam. "When Esther comes into the office to scrub, you do take her boy on your knee, and notice her and even her confounded crane."

"Esther comes only once a month. If we could afford to have her oftener, it might exhaust me."

"I tell you it is n't liked, Seth."

I laughed because he could think that would make any difference to me.

"Some of the finest families in the United States have gathered to this town," blustered Sam. "Lucia and Alice York and Teresa Babcock, — where will you find prettier girls? And if you look at externals, there'll be plenty of people sitting down to well-served dinners when we sit down to supper."

"I don't look at externals."

"I wish you did. For a fellow that works like a horse, you take confounded little notice of what's around you. Now, we ought to be laying our plans to get hold of some of this land while it's comparatively cheap. It'll be worth a hundred dollars an acre some time. Rich, black, deep" —

"Up to a man's knees," said I.

"Or a mule's," assented Sam. "And we want some. You had a fortune when you left college." He gave me that cast

of the eye with which he always approached this subject. It was almost a compensation to me for the loss of my fortune to see how defrauded Sam felt.

"If I had it now, would I be here?"

"But how could you run through with it — all?"

"Same old way."

"You had fifty thousand dollars."

"And you'll come back at me fifty thousand times to make me account for every dollar of it."

"You ought to account to somebody."

"That's been one of my fatal troubles, Sam: there was no one for me to account to, — no father, mother, brother, or sister."

"I'd be a brother to you and show you where to put it now, if you had it. I don't understand how you let foreigners rob you so; you're no profligate. Buying old books and old pictures is n't absolute drunkenness."

I never excused myself to Sam or helped him to better understanding of my affairs. We were partners, with all we both had staked in our little printing-house, and I had dropped into that place when I came back because it was the first thing that offered. When Sam had given me a thought, he went on: —

"Poor Keene, his profligacy was absolute drunkenness. We came here to start the paper together. I did n't know as much as I do now. I had been rubbing around at different jobs four or five years, trying to study law and one thing or another, without enough money to live on, and dabbling with newspapers all the time. In six months Keene had us sold out, and he was in the gutter. So I tried it again alone. He was as bright a fellow as you are, but he could n't be kept steady. We opened the new graveyard with him just before you came. He never did a more distinguished thing than plant his carcass on that slope. We made an occasion of it, like laying a corner-stone. Poor Kate! He left her without a cent in the world, and without a re-

lation except this half-aunt. I should say she was left literally on her wits; and she needs them, to get on with Mrs. Jutberg. Jutberg is a Swede, well-to-do, but probably the most regretful Swede that ever was in a hurry to marry an American woman. I never saw him do anything but follow his wife submissively into church. But she has religious ecstasies, and they tell this story of him: One night he sat watching Mrs. Jutberg in disgust while she paraded the aisles shouting, 'I want to be a burden-bearer!' and the next morning he refused to carry any coal into the house for her. 'Get on to dat burden yourself,' Jutberg says. 'You vas so sweet on burdens, I let you bear dat one.'"

Any but homeless men might have entered Mrs. Jutberg's sphere apprehensively. The two or three weeks I had camped in the office with Sam separated me from my former life, and the square, roomy house typified a return to civilization. From the porch inward one was impressed by exquisite rigorous house-keeping. An odor of roses sifted about. There was not a speck of dust on the furniture or on the framed hair-flowers and ancient sampler-work in the parlor. I wondered if the orphan Kate Keene held levees of youthful people in this little salon. She was nowhere to be seen, and neither was there any visible servant. Mrs. Jutberg received us with brisk dispatch. She was a small woman, of excellent trim figure, though I thought her sallow face a sullen one. Her teeth were large and broad. With unusual scrutiny I detected a looseness about the lower part of her face, which seemed thrown on its own support. But when you are predisposed against a person, and find that person a quick-footed and capable domestic angel, small minor imperfections go for nothing. Our rooms had the sweetness of lavender in the sheets. My box of books had been opened and arranged on standing shelves by some one who knew their value. I had a comfort-

able feeling in the house, such as I thought I should never have again in the world.

Sam and I sat down in state with the Swedish host in the dining-room, and the hostess herself served us.

"Good-evening, gentlemens," he said, holding knife and fork upright in his fists; and I thought he was a dear blue-eyed old fellow who would appreciate sitting and smoking in silence with a companion after meals. Sam gormandized on broiled prairie chicken and talked all the time, but the fragrance of the tea floated Mr. Jutberg and myself into a smiling, unspoken friendship. It was a meal to set a man on Mount Olympus, Sam said, becoming heartily solid with Mrs. Jutberg, who appeared distrustful of the praises of men's mouths, yet exacting of appreciation. It did indeed mark a new era after bread and cheese and restaurant stuff, and there was no restraining the vigor it put into Sam. He rushed forth, as soon as he rose from the table, into the dusk streets, where the kerosene lamps were yet unlighted, to further cultivate the influence of woman, or pursue patrons for advertising, or talk his kind of politics, or continue what he called hustling along the development of the town.

I was used to Sam's desertions in the evening, for we never went in the same direction if we walked, and often I lighted a lamp in the office and read or wrote, beetles and evening street noises buzzing up from the sidewalks. The discipline on the sanctum benches made me look forward to a bed with gratitude that astonished me, and the very best preparation for such bliss seemed a smoke on the porch with Mr. Jutberg. So we sat down, with our feet on the top step, he and his pipe, and I and one of my treasured cigars.

"I vas not a feller dat talk much ven I smoke," remarked Mr. Jutberg before each man sunk into his own sweet trance; and I responded, "The same."

His gentle Swedish monotone was

more soothing than his tobacco. The sky seemed to let its stars down almost within reach, and over eastern hummocks we could watch the unobstructed rising of constellations. There was no light in the house except in the kitchen, at the end of the hall behind us. We could hear the tinkle of dishes being washed and set on shelves, and by turning our heads could see Mrs. Jutberg and another figure passing back and forth. I wondered if the two women of the house ate in secret, and like the priests of the oracles performed their feats by hidden machinery? After my life of fierce and sickening passion these saltless doings were infinitely peaceful.

There had not been an audible word spoken in the house, when the clamor of a shrew began, almost lifting Mr. Jutberg and me, like a powder explosion, from the top step. He turned toward me, pipe in mouth, his face drawn back in apprehensive horizontal lines. I began a Latin quotation under my breath, but the terrible words of that incensed woman could not be shut out. Her voice soared and spread, and must have filled the air for several blocks. I have heard hysterical cries, but never anything so like the shrieking of a human beast. The mire of Billingsgate market and its red-faced fishwives at once came into my mind. Could any one have imagined this trim, pleasant-spoken, and skilled American woman was such a devil? The opinion of neighbors was no check on Mrs. Jutberg. She called her young relation names. The insanity of her anger being restrained by nothing but religion, she doomed the poor girl to fire and flame, which is the second death and a well-deserved one.

I saw a figure dart across the lighted space with its hands over its ears, and Mrs. Jutberg pursued it. It was then that her shrewish face worked in a spasm. The muscles struggled ineffectually while she chewed air with dreadful mouthings and contortions of the countenance, and

beckoned to us with imperative hand. I leaped up, convinced that the woman was in a fit, but Mr. Jutberg shook the ashes deliberately out of his pipe.

"It vas notting but her yaw come unyointed," he explained in gentle monotone. "I put it up again. But, by Vash-inton and all dem big fellers! it vas better out of yoint dan it vas in."

The girl's hand was stretched forth to help Mrs. Jutberg, but Mrs. Jutberg slapped at it. My friend arose, straightening his stiffened limbs, and went in to the rescue. At my distance I thought I heard a slight click which might signify that his surgery was effectual. Mrs. Jutberg worked her jaw up and down, recovering command of it; and then, without a word to acknowledge his services, she turned her back and went into darkness at the rear of the house. We heard a door slam. Her husband took his hat from the hall and passed me, with an apology for our interrupted smoke.

"I yust valk out behind her aviles and keep her in sight. It make her so mad ven her yaw come unyointed she not stay in de house aviles, but go out and valk de streets in her sunbonnet. Seem like ven I put it up she blame me because it come down."

I shared Mr. Jutberg's feeling of uneasiness and responsibility because Mrs. Jutberg could no longer bear to be in the house with us. The long streets, safe though poorly lighted, would lead her past much jollity and banjo and guitar playing. Nearly everybody was young and happy.

I thought it a pity that Protestant churches never keep open doors for weary and passion-tormented souls, as the Catholic church does. Toilers who left their work for a minute's prayer in the cathedral were a common sight abroad; and the dim light and holy silence must have done a lurid spirit like Mrs. Jutberg much good. There was a wide sprinkling of variously housed denominations all over town. Every man had put his

hand in his pocket to help the churches, and none more generously than the banker, Mr. Babcock, until he called a halt with sudden thought.

"Look here, boys! We'll have the preachers of all these churches to keep by and by. Let up on subscriptions. We won't build any more."

I had smoked out my cigar and thrown the stump away, when it occurred to me what guileless people these were to leave their young relation alone in the house with a stranger. Ashamed of the thought because it was un-American, I rose to go to bed, when we met in the hall. The young girl was carrying a lamp. There was no back stairway in the house, I understood afterwards, and the kitchen lamp was the only one she was allowed to make use of. It was clean and bright as the flambeaux of the wise virgins, showing her face and brown hair, and her black dress, short like a little girl's around the ankles. She was lithe and long-bodied, with an undulous motion as she walked, which struck me as the perfection of young grace. I did not expect to find anything perfect in Mrs. Jutberg's relation, though I was as indifferently sorry for the lot of the unprotected creature as I could be for anything.

We stopped, — I to give her the right of way up the stairs, and she in humility to decline it. The sickening shame which the young experience when their guardians degrade themselves made her avoid my eyes. I knew instantly that one of her ideals of life was high breeding, — daughter of a drunkard and niece of a scold!

I said, "Good-evening," and she answered, "Good-evening."

"Adams, one of Mrs. Jutberg's boarders," I mentioned, to quiet any misapprehension.

"Yes, I know."

"I'm going upstairs, too. Shall I carry the lamp for you?"

She gave it to me; but, with a touching swiftness which moistened my own

eyes, she turned against the stair-side and burst out crying.

"Oh, come, now," I objected, "don't do that."

I looked around and set the lamp on a step. It threw our shadows across the narrow passage, but I put my length in front of her as a screen from the street. Her slim sides expanded and contracted with the effort she made to hold her sobs. That helpless crying into which a visibly brave creature fell cut me up. I did not know how to comfort her; but I could have brought her Mrs. Jutberg's jaw on a salver.

"Never mind," I said; "I don't believe anybody heard but myself, and it makes no difference, anyway."

The girl began to laugh, and lifted her head, though tears ran down her clear cheeks. "It was n't that."

"What was it, then?"

"Oh, you look like my father, — you look like my father!" She flung herself against the stair-side and sobbed again.

This was flattering to a man who had had some measure of success: I looked like a sot, the opener of the new cemetery, the mortuary corner-stone, so to speak, of Trail City. I passed my hand through the thin layer of hair on my cadaverous head, being unable to hit on any suitable response.

Her second fit of weeping was short, and she dried her face, showing the freshest innocence I had ever seen on a human countenance. The guilelessness of childhood was supplemented by something like a high spiritual brightness which gave her an intent and all-alive look. Among chance comings of children into this world, I divined, whatever her parentage had been, that hers was a happy chance. She attracted the material needful to make her life.

"My father has only been dead a few months. I have n't got used to it yet."

"He left you here, did he?" I remarked, making a case against the man I resembled.

"Only until I am eighteen. After I am eighteen I may go where I please."

"He made that provision for you?"

"He only told me to stay until I was of age; and I will do as he told me."

"Perhaps he thought you would be taking a husband by that time."

"No, indeed. I am never going to marry. My father told me not to."

"He was a man of sense," I admitted, feeling more reconciled to the resemblance.

"He was the best man in the world. Other people have bad faults, but he had only one little weakness. You don't know what my father was to me. I miss him" — She stopped, catching her lip in her teeth.

The forcible reminder which I had been of this good man for the first time suggested itself as an advantage. A differentiation, palpable as air, set the child apart to me, and gave me some hold on the only friendship I felt moved to seek. I was possessed to let out my story, which had cost lying to keep from American ears, to a person I had talked with five minutes. Sam had labored on me incessantly, and closed me up tighter all the time; and for backing he had our college years. This girl was not acquainted with my kind of grief. It was in fact unfit to mention to her. You knew by instinct she was the species of innocent who might stand in the thick of intrigue and never see it, keeping company with holy angels all the time. But I felt sure she could help me with my intolerable load just as she defended her father's little weakness.

I took up the lamp and rested it on the flat newel, detaining her when she would have continued up the stairs.

"I wish you would sometimes call me father. Not openly, I mean — but sometimes. I had a child of my own, and he died. I think of him day and night, like a woman."

"But where is the child's mother?"

"That is what I have asked myself a

great many times," I said deliberately. "'Where is the child's mother?' And the only satisfactory answer I could ever give was, 'Damn the child's mother.' She left her little sick boy with me, and she left me because she had impoverished me. But the boy, he was old enough to call me father, and I should like — to hear the word once in a while."

My young confessor took hold of a narrow ribbon and drew a packet out of her bosom, her wide and solemn eyes transfixing me while she prepared to exchange confidences. From the packet she unfolded a paper, and gave into my hand her father's last will and testament. I read it by the lamplight.

"Kate, my child, you are the only thing that excuses me for ever having lived. I want you to make a success of life, my girl. Do it for me. Cover my failure. Don't idolize anybody, Kate, but be friends with all. Be cautious about men; some of them are worse even than I am.

"It's a battle, my child, getting through the world. The people you see best off have their fights as well as the rest of us. But if you get through with credit, think what it will be to your mother and me. For God's sake, Kate, my love, do your best; and if they let a fellow out on the other side, I will watch you night and day. Your

FATHER."

I gave her back the paper, and she folded and returned it to its place. By one impulse we then shook hands, feeling that we had made a compact of friendship.

She said, "You may call me Kate."

I said, "My name is Seth."

We stood with our eyes cast down, as became the importance of the moment.

"Well, good-night," said Kate. "Good-night — father."

"Good-night, Kate."

I gave her the lamp and turned again to the porch, where I sat until Sam came home.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES.

THE appearance, almost simultaneous, of the memoirs of Barnard and McCosh invites attention to the remarkable renaissance now in progress in the higher educational systems of the United States. It is worthy of note that these memoirs are coincident with change of name, both at Princeton and at Columbia, from "College" to "University." In New York the change of name goes with a change of location. New buildings are to be erected upon an admirable site; large gifts are coming in; and there is an exemplary union of metropolitan influences and interests around the historic Columbia and its inspiring leader. At Princeton the enlarged campus has been covered with a group of academic halls, well adapted to their purpose, and so arranged as to produce a most agreeable impression. Under the guidance of one who is equally qualified for the exposition and defense of the local traditions, and for their application to the new conditions of society, Nassau Hall begins its fourth half-century with a new name, and the College of New Jersey becomes Princeton University. But these outward changes are of little importance unless they are signs of inward grace, and at a distance far more attention will be given to the products of the university than to its buildings and apparatus. The eyes of educated men throughout the country will henceforth be directed to these new universities as exponents of a desire and an endeavor to secure for the twentieth century higher, better, and more varied education, and every patriotic scholar will desire for both institutions the highest success.

I propose to make these volumes the occasion for some comments upon the actual problems of higher education in this country; but before entering upon

such inquiries a few words must be said regarding F. A. P. Barnard and James McCosh, the men whose work suggests this article. Both began life as country boys, of good heredity and good environment, without extraordinary gifts, opportunities, or education. Both led noble lives, continued to ripe old age and consecrated to the improvement of college education. Both were naturally conservative of the conservatives, — one trained in Scotland, and one in New England, where traditions of Calvinistic theology and of classical studies were dominant, and where there was little desire for change; but both, by gradual processes, came to see the inadequacy of the agencies then employed for the education of American youth. Both were suggestive and persistent, and both succeeded in securing a good deal of support for their progressive views, though both at times were depressed by obstructions. Barnard was naturally a mathematician and physicist, with a decided bent toward theology; and McCosh was essentially a philosopher and theologian, with a strong bias in favor of science: so that they were well fitted to be mediators between the two camps, which at one time threatened open and vehement hostilities all along the line. The state of the times and of Barnard's mind is illustrated by the theme of his inaugural address when he came to Columbia. It was a discussion of the relations of physical science to revealed religion.

Barnard's personal influence was, unfortunately, restricted by his deafness, against which he contended with all the known acoustic helps, but which precluded him, nevertheless, from active participation in conversations and debates. But the stalwart McCosh loved the fray. For many years he was the

most picturesque person upon the educational platform. His fine head and face, his Scotch accent, his racy language, and his unconscious egotism made him everywhere, among his "boys" on the campus or among the elders of the Assembly, a man of mark.

The two presidents are sure to be remembered among the best administrators of their generation, with Wayland, Tappan, Walker, Hopkins, and Woolsey, — seven wise men; yet these all belonged to a transition period. They saw in advance of them, and to some extent around them, good things that they could not attain to. "I was so vain as to think," says McCosh in his farewell speech (1888), "that out of our available materials I could have constructed a university of a high order. But this privilege has been denied me. The college has been brought to the very borders, and I leave it to another to carry it over into the land of promise." Likewise, Barnard says in his last report (1888): "It is the unavoidable tendency of things to press upon Columbia College, more and more constantly from year to year, the duty of providing for the wants of the superior class of students; that is to say, the business of proper university instruction." But there was not money enough in either institution. The fruit was not yet ripe.

If, therefore, the reader turns to the memoirs of McCosh and Barnard for light upon the functions of universities, he will surely be disappointed. They were essentially collegians, striving to amend the existing colleges, to make them freer and better, and to devise new arrangements for the education of youth. Consequently, their biographies are largely taken up with discussions pertaining to the discipline and methods of undergraduate instruction. Both were capable of entering on the higher problems, yet neither broke away, as did Eliot and White, from the fetters of the past.

If we look over the period covered by

these memoirs, we can see what changes have come to pass. Briefly stated, they are these. It is most remarkable that pecuniary resources have increased enormously, and this has made possible better buildings, larger libraries, more teachers. Private gifts, land grants, and legislative appropriations have all contributed to this result. With more liberal expenditures there has been greater freedom in every detail. The rigidity of discipline has been relaxed, manners are not so stiff, there is far less of petty regulation, the preaching is not as severe, the methods of living are much more civilizing. "The curriculum" has gone. Either absolute election or a very large amount of choice is now permitted. With the abandonment of one fixed course, the required amount of Greek and Latin has been greatly diminished, and it is demonstrated that classical studies have gained more than they have lost by this change. History, English, French, and German receive an amount of attention that was not given to these subjects thirty years ago. On the other hand, there is less attention to public speaking. Of great importance is the wide introduction of laboratory methods in the study of science, especially in physics, chemistry, physiology, botany, and geology. Athletics have made marvelous advances. Finally, the admission of women to the advantage of higher education, either by co-education, or by "annexes," or by separate foundations, is one of the greatest gains of the period under review.

During all this time two underlying tendencies have been at work, and it cannot yet be said that an agreement has been reached. On the one hand, the importance of the college has been enforced as a place of intellectual and moral discipline, where positive, well-defined acquisitions are demanded of every pupil. The other tendency is to depreciate the college. It has seemed, for example, as if the older colleges would be

transformed into something very like the philosophical faculties of a German university, and as if the disciplinary part of education would be remanded to the best preparatory schools, which would thus become "colleges." Dr. Barnard seriously discussed the giving up of the undergraduate classes in Columbia. Cornell University, in its early days, offered the freedom of university study to those who had been trained in academies and high schools without requiring intermediate collegiate work. The lists of electives offered at Harvard and Yale, and the proposals which are made, occasionally, to allow undergraduate courses to be counted as part of a preparation for the baccalaureate degree, and simultaneously as part of the preparation for a professional degree, are additional signs that the distinction between collegiate and university work is not yet perfectly clear. But unless I am mistaken, the number steadily increases of those who believe in upholding the American college, freed, enlarged, and improved, and yet as heretofore a place of discipline, social, intellectual, and moral, — a place where the habits of scholarship are formed, and the taste for science and literature is developed. The rigid training of a college, or its equivalent, seems to many the best if not the indispensable prerequisite for the advanced work of a university. It is in most cases the desirable basis for professional study in law, medicine, and theology, as well as for those innumerable arts and sciences which are commonly grouped in the faculty of philosophy. But, as Professor Goodwin clearly demonstrated in his Phi Beta Kappa speech, an immense loss of time occurs in the years antecedent to college. Boys do not begin the college training until they are eighteen years of age, and at its conclusion they are naturally impatient for professional life or for business. This is one of the unfortunate and yet remediable conditions of higher education in this country.

There is another serious question. The large institutions are growing larger and larger. This lessens the spirit of fellowship, the ties of classmates, the possibilities of personal guidance. The smaller colleges claim, with a good deal of force, that they can give better collegiate training than the so-called universities. Among other problems, the question of residence becomes more and more difficult to deal with, as the number of students grows larger. Coincidentally, "fraternities" are rapidly increasing, and are coming to be fortified places of intellectual and social influence. Many of them are really academic hostelries, managed by undergraduates and free from the supervision of the authorities. To meet some of these difficulties and dangers, it is not impossible, perhaps not unlikely, that the larger institutions, possessing many dormitories, will make each one of them (subordinate to the university government) a distinct college, with a master, tutors, library, and refectory, like the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. Each such hall would be likely to have its special characteristics. In one might congregate the lovers of the classics. Scientific students would be found elsewhere. The students looking forward to law, medicine, or theology might likewise have halls where those of kindred tastes would make their homes. In some such way, the beauty of the English collegiate system might be restored to our academic life, from which it has unfortunately departed. Certainly, without provisions for the common life, colleges and universities lose much of their inspiration and charm.

The frequency with which the question is asked, "What is the difference, after all, between colleges and universities?" shows that even in educated circles the distinction is nominal rather than real. To one the university is "a collection of books;" to another it is "a place where nothing useful is taught;" to another it is "a combination of four

faculties;" to another it is "an institution where anybody may learn anything;" to another it is a group of educational establishments under one governing board; to another it is an authority for the bestowal of degrees; to many others it is only a more stately synonym for colleges. Antecedent to all these phrases is that by which Paris, the mother of universities, was once designated, "*Societas magistrorum et discipulorum*." Barnard came very near the right expression when he claimed that the university must be "a school of all learning that the necessities of the age demand." Whatever may be the best definition of a university, its functions are clearly to be discovered. It must above all things be a seat of learning, where the most cultivated scholars reside, where libraries, laboratories, and scientific collections are liberally kept up, and where the spirit of inquiry and investigation is perpetually manifested. It must be a shrine to which the outside world will resort for instruction and guidance upon the problems of the day, scientific, literary, educational, political. It must be a place from which are sent forth important contributions to science, — theses, memoirs, books. Here every form of scientific investigation should be promoted. Researches too costly for ordinary purses should be prosecuted at the expense of the general chest. Expeditions should be sent forth from time to time to engage in investigations on the seashore or on the mountains. Physical and astronomical instruments of the most improved forms should be devised, procured, and frequently renewed. The literatures of all nations, ancient and modern, should have their devotees. Every school of philosophy should be interpreted. Historical and political inquiry should be diligently promoted. The problems of modern society, economical, industrial, financial, administrative, philanthropic, demand the most careful examination. All these re-

searches should go forward in an atmosphere of repose and leisure, very different from that of business and professional engagements.

It is hardly necessary to add that in such a university it is most desirable that there should be a college or school of the liberal arts, where youth distinguished by talents and purposes may be introduced to the allurements of learning, and that there should be one or more professional schools, and, if possible, a *studium generale* affording opportunities to study any branches of science or letters. Nor are the applied sciences, for which Mr. Morrison has recently made such a vigorous plea, to be excluded from the academic grove. Rather inscribe upon its portals, "*Humani nihil a me alienum puto*."

All this is very costly, but the requisite money is sure to come when the needs are felt. It is not important for every institution to encourage all sciences. There is no such thing as a "complete" university, except in Utopia. It is possible, and surely desirable (as President Kellogg, of the University of California, has suggested), that the universities of the next century will be distinguished by special traits, each aiming at superiority in some chosen department; it may be medicine, jurisprudence, applied science, the classics, or mathematics. But it is essential to a university, whether broad or narrow its domain, that it should be pervaded by a right spirit, — the spirit of freedom, courage, enthusiasm, patience, coöperation, and above all things by the spirit of truth. With the endowments for university purposes there will probably be just such needless reduplications as the country has seen in the domain of collegiate work. With multiplication will come rivalry, and with rivalry antagonism, and with antagonism great waste of force. It will be most unfortunate for the world if the form of ecclesiastical or denominational universities prevails. There may be a place for a

great Catholic university, but why the Protestant bodies should seek to emphasize in universities their peculiar tenets, or should endeavor to keep the control of scientific and literary investigation in the hands, let us say, of the Plymouth Brethren or the great Sandemanian Sanhedrim, is by no means obvious to one who has studied the growth of knowledge and the agencies by which human progress has been promoted. Concentration is what is wanted, not reduplication. We have "germs" enough in our educational nursery to supply the needs of the country for fifty years to come.

On the maintenance of universities modern civilization depends. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good," is their motto. No tradition, however venerable, no dogma pronounced by the most illustrious councils, no hypothesis and no theory sanctioned by the authority of genius or learning, can escape from scrutiny, and none can long survive if it is found to rest upon false premises, imperfect knowledge, or fallacious reasoning. The universities are the discoverers and explorers of new domains. They are the modern judges of the world. Neither the state nor the church can reverse their decisions. By better instruments, more accurate knowledge, more precise methods, and more acute reflection, they will of their own accord amend their conclusions. The very processes they employ in ascertaining the truth are favorable to the development of critics and the education of acute and independent intellects, that will improve upon the instruction of their own most wise and honored teachers. It is the business of science to forge the instruments by which its present conclusions may be modified, its present vision extended. The processes of inquiry and of verification which during the nineteenth century have led to marvelous advances in the domain of astronomy, physics, chemistry, physiology, and medicine, full of benefits to the

human race, are already employed in the working-rooms of the jurist, the historian, the economist, the archæologist, the exegete, the philologist. The lessons of man's experience in legislation and administration under all forms of government are to be applied to the politics of the day. Vagueness, uncertainty, doubt, and guesses will give way before the light of knowledge. Rare minds will first perceive the truths, and then will teach others. In due time the advanced positions of the philosophers and scholars will be occupied by the multitude, and onward will go the forces of the universities to make new conquests in the dark continents of ignorance and uncertainty till there are no new fields to conquer.

It was pathetic to hear Lord Kelvin say, at his recent jubilee, — Lord Kelvin, the greatest living physicist, the discoverer, inventor, and philosopher, — that his life seemed to him a failure, so little progress had he made in the sciences to which his days have been devoted. But on the other hand, his career ought to quicken all who believe in universities to renew their efforts to discover the men of rare abilities, to nourish them with fit intellectual diet, to provide them with the financial support requisite for their researches, and to reward them with every sort of recognition which will quicken, and not dampen, their enthusiasm. If Lord Kelvin, looking back upon the fifty years which constitute the age of electrical discovery, can perceive, like one who stands upon a mountain top, like Moses upon Pisgah, a vast unoccupied land of promise, surely Harvard and Yale, Princeton and Columbia, Cornell and Johns Hopkins, and all their sister institutions should say, "Ours be the task to engage in the pursuit of science by our observers and thinkers, by our researchers and philosophers; for we are sure that the liberation of mankind from error and ignorance will establish the reign of health, comfort, peace, happiness, and virtue."

D. C. Gilman.

SINTAMASKIN : A MIDWINTER FAIRYLAND.

THE early morning of Thursday, the last day of January, was clear and still. The heavy snowstorm of the day before had ceased during the night, leaving a new layer, a foot in depth, upon that which already lay deep over mountain and lake, and piling itself high upon every branch and twig of the dense forest about us. I had awakened at three, still conscious of the effects of yesterday's long tramp, when Peter and I had followed for eight hours the fresh tracks of a herd of seven caribou, far over steep hills, through heavy timber, and in deep, soft snow, only to find that the waning day bade us strike out for camp; for the further route of our game was still to be disentangled from a labyrinth of tracks made where they had stopped to feed. We had eaten our lunch as we marched, delay being a thing to avoid, and fire out of the question on so fresh a trail; and when we reached camp again, just as darkness closed in, we were a tired and hungry pair. So it was with difficulty now that I summoned up resolution to perform the duty of which the biting cold upon my face and the snapping of the log walls of our camp apprised me, and resisted the insidious argument that I really was not awake. To leave the snug shelter of warm blankets in order to rake together a few almost extinct embers, nurse them into a glow, and pile the stove full of wood is not an alluring task at such a time; but camp-fire etiquette, sometimes relaxed in the milder autumn season, must be rigidly adhered to, even indoors, in these long, frigid winter nights. Therefore my companion and I had made the usual agreement that he who woke first should forthwith replenish the fire, and as his deep breathing was now proof that nothing was to be expected of him, I conquered my slothful disinclination, and a roaring blaze at

last rewarded my efforts. Then I opened the door upon such a night as only the northern winter can show.

Silence, absolute and supreme; the rich purple-black of the sky revealing its immeasurable depth, in which hung, clear and round and at many distances, the myriad stars which filled it; in the north the great pale arc of the aurora reflected faintly on the white snow lying over the open space of the river in front of us. But the keen air allowed little time for more than a swift glance; then a match lighted showed the mercury at eighteen degrees below zero, — not extreme, but cold enough to make blankets desirable; so I got back into them without further delay, and fell asleep.

The next thing I knew, some one else was poking the fire; the room was warm, and the light of day came through the windows. I turned and saw the red "tuque," straight black hair, and copper skin of Peter lit up by the flames as he bent over the stove. Seeing me stir, he remarked that breakfast was nearly ready, and that the morning was "varry cold." Signs of life now appeared in George, my companion, and soon we were at breakfast, with that appetite which surely is not the least boon of a woodland life. Peter was right about the cold. It was nearly eight o'clock now, and the thermometer stood at twenty-seven degrees below zero, but the cloudless sky and perfectly still air were a promise that this would be the best of all days for a winter tramp. The journey we had planned was a rather long one and offered a considerable variety of snow-shoeing, but we were in good trim for it, and had no fear of rough climbing or tangled windfalls.

The use of snow-shoes is not a difficult matter even for the beginner. Like every other form of athletic pursuit, it

requires some practice to overcome the awkwardness of first attempts, and to acquire familiarity in dealing with the little complications of woodland travel, such as windfalls, thick bush, and steep places. But the same is true to some extent of all walking, and there is no reason why any one who likes wholesome exercise, and can ride a horse or a bicycle, row a boat or paddle a canoe, should hesitate about making a winter hunt through fear of the much-exaggerated difficulties of snow-shoeing.

I write this because I have so often been asked by my fellow sportsmen whether the art of snow-shoeing were not so difficult as to stand in the way of a winter camping-trip. I think this idea arises partly from the fact that some writers have mistaken their own lack of skill or want of competent instruction, or perhaps their pig-headedness, for an inherent difficulty in the sport they describe; and I think I have even detected occasionally traces of a desire to magnify their own exploits by exaggerating the difficulty of what they have done; but these exaggerations are to be deplored when they tend to discourage others from wholesome enjoyments. To return to our day's journey.

This was the last day of the open season; to-morrow the law would stand between our rifles and the game, — no obstacle, perhaps, save to a sportsman's conscience. George was safe from a blank score, — he had killed his caribou, a young bull, two days before; but I had not yet had a shot. Peter had urged upon me strongly the desirability of our taking up again the tracks of yesterday where we had left them, back in the mountains, saying, "Ah 'll t'ought he's not go varry far; sure he's got wan varry large caribou; that's good chance for find 'um:" and had this not been our last day I should probably have adopted

this plan. But the trip decided upon was to a point which I had long wished to reach, and it had been postponed from day to day since our arrival here, for various reasons. It offered, moreover, a fair probability of seeing game, — caribou, that is, for we had found no sign of moose upon any of the hills, which we had explored in many directions. So Peter's views did not prevail.

Now as for the place we were going to, I knew little more than that, some years before, when poring over a map of this region, lost in speculations concerning the distant lakes and rivers, my fancy had been captivated by a name, the name of a lake, — Sintamaskin,¹ — which lay some distance beyond the farthest point I had then reached in my brief camping-trips. Names are misleading. This is a country of many lakes, greatly diverse in character and of very varying degrees of beauty; and I had no reason to suppose that this lake possessed any special charm to distinguish it from the hundreds of others about it. Yet the name lingered in my memory, and in those sudden waves of longing that come to all of us who love the woods it would recur to me with a strange wild flavor of the far-away northern forest. Gradually, however, it faded from my recollection, and had not been recalled to me until a few days ago, when, as we were setting out upon our trip, a friend, familiar with all this region, said, "You 'd better go over to Lac Sintamaskin;" and after describing it he added, "You 'll see fine timber there; you know, it has never had a dam on it." Just what this meant can best be realized by those to whom our northeastern wilderness is known. The first act of the devastating lumberman, about to ply his trade on any lake and its tributaries, is to build across the outlet of that lake a big dam, which, through the indifference

gonquin word is *Sattamoshké*, and is said to signify "Shallow River."

¹ Sintamaskin: the first syllable nasal, like the French *saint*; accent on the last syllable, which is pronounced as English *kin*. The Al-

of improvident legislatures, he is allowed to leave, and which remains, for years after his operations are concluded, a hideous monument to the brutality of man. By means of the dam the water of the lake is raised far above its natural level; the shores are drowned, and their original beauty is forever destroyed. The waters recede, but they leave behind them a ghastly fringe of bare stones and dead gray trees, to take the place of the banks carpeted to the water's edge with velvety many-hued mosses; the lovely grass-grown beaches of pebbles and white sand; the graceful boughs of the innumerable forest trees which hung over all and mirrored their shimmering foliage in the tranquil waters. Sometimes indeed it happens, as in the case of one exquisite jewel of the wilderness I have in mind, — the Little Wayagamae, — that a lake has an outlet which for some reason cannot be dammed, but which furnishes enough water without a dam to float away the logs on the spring freshets. In these cases the heavy hand of the impious and wasteful lumberman falls less cruelly, and if fire does not follow in his train, destroying all, we dismiss him from our thoughts, with curses upon him only for having cut down all the pines. But Sintamaskin, I learned, falls within neither of these categories. High upon the very summit of the hills, and distant only some three miles from the main river, it discharges its waters down the steep mountains in a tumbling, rock-strewn flood, and dam or no dam, the lumberman cannot handle his logs in that precipitous descent. Some day he will find another way, perhaps, but for the present nature's defense holds good and this spot is still inviolate. So it seemed that I might look for some sort of confirmation of my fancies concerning it. To be sure, now that the deep snow had blotted out all but the boldest shore-lines, we could hardly hope to realize one of the greatest beauties of this still unmolested lake. But my re-

solve to go there was none the less firm, and even George, to whom the whole country was a new wonder, caught something of the infection, so that now both our voices were raised against the proposal of the Indian* to take up again the trail of yesterday, and our start was made upon the road to Sintamaskin.

For the first time since our arrival in camp we set forth all together, George and I and our two Indians, whom, since they were both named Pierre, we distinguished by calling one Peter and the other Pierre Joseph. They were both typical members of the Abenaki race. Pierre Joseph, whom we found here, is a somewhat morose and taciturn creature, given, say those who know him, to fits of impracticable sullenness at times, which make him an undesirable partner. Hence he tends his traps alone, which are scattered through the woods to the west and north of us, on the upper branches of the Wastaneau and the waters flowing into the Vermillon; and in this vast waste he leads his solitary life, unsolicitous of human companionship, making day by day the round of his traps, with the leathern strap across his forehead by which he drags the toboggan carrying his furs and his supplies. At the end of the day's journey he finds shelter in one of the little round-topped bark wigwams that he has built in convenient places. He is universally conceded to be a skilled hunter, and despite his rather gloomy reputation he was always obliging enough while with us.

Peter is a character, an old friend of mine, a tall man of quiet movements. His complexion is somewhat ruddier than is usual among his degenerate people, and his features have something of the aquiline which typifies the Indian. His expression is of both dignity and sweetness, his courtesy unfailing, and his industry untiring. He has the keenest sense of humor and is a most entertaining story-teller; his voice soft and musical. Altogether he has a winning personality,

whose only fault is the old one that has been the ruin of his race, and that has led him into serious trouble more than once upon his return to the haunts of men. And yet so ingratiating is this personality that time and again, by sheer virtue of that alone, he has restored himself to favor among those who had every reason to exhibit only severity. He is a descendant and bears the surname of that captive from the neighborhood of Deerfield, Samuel Gill, whose story Parkman tells in *A Half-Century of Conflict*. Now, after nearly two centuries, here was I, in part the descendant of that nation which, through the ferocity of its blood-thirsty savage allies, had been so bitterly hated and so desperately feared by the struggling colonies, and with me as guide in the trackless Canadian wilds was this child of the wilderness, this descendant of the little Massachusetts Puritan.

The first three miles of our journey were northward down the river upon which our camp faced, the south branch of Wastaneau. At this point, about a mile below the lake of the same name, it is a quiet, winding stream, flowing between banks that in summer are low and grassy, with the hills rising behind them on either hand; but now the snow had in great part obliterated the distinction between river and bank, and we cut off many turns of the stream, passing over land where a few isolated twigs, sticking at random from the white surface, were all that indicated the thick bushes I should see when paddling my canoe here the following September. Gradually the hills approached the river and the low banks disappeared; one or two rocks showed their heads in a narrow place. The men went slowly, sounding with poles through the snow to see if the ice were good, — the first premonition of what lay but a little way beyond; for there the river leaped suddenly over the brink of a ragged wall of rock, and, turning sharp to the east, went dashing and roaring down into a

deep gorge, through which it swirled in foaming whirlpools and cascades. Cliffs and great walls of forest-clad mountain rose sheer above it; between them we saw it far beneath us, to where it turned around the shoulder of a mountain and ran off again to the north, to its junction with the other branches, the *Rivière du Milieu* and the *Rivière du Nord*. Thence the three streams, united, flow eastward into the St. Maurice — *Madoba-lod'ni-tukw*, the Abenaki call it — some twenty-five miles below La Tuque, ancient gathering-place of the dreaded Iroquois in their bloody raids upon their northern neighbors.

At the falls we left the river and began our climb up the mountain. It was a long and toilsome ascent, guided only by the blazed trees, — for there was no other sign of portage, — and as steep as it is practicable to climb on snow-shoes. We pulled ourselves up by branches and the trunks of trees, often holding to them with one hand, and reaching back with the other to grasp the extended rifle of the man below and haul him up; continually fearful lest the soft snow might slide with us bodily and send us rolling helpless downward. We were up at last, however; and now our path was easier, though still rough and along the side of steep slopes, and up and down many sharp pitches. We were passing through a heavy forest, our course to the east, about parallel with the ravine of the river. We went, of course, in single file, the men taking turns at leading, for the work of him who "breaks track" is much the hardest. The snow was about four feet deep on a level, and far more than that in places. It was soft, and though our snow-shoes were large — very different from the slender toys one sees in the shop windows of Montreal — our tracks were at least a foot in depth. This meant heavy going for us, though it did not seem to impede the caribou. The trees on our left opened, and our path led near the edge of the ravine. It was just at the

point where it turned to the north, and through the snow-laden branches we caught glimpses of a marvelous distance : long walls of mountain, russet and gray with the naked limbs of great hard-wood trees, or deep green with tier upon tier of spruce and fir ; here and there the light green of a pine, — all hoary with snow lying high upon every branch, even to the very top of the tallest trees ; then farther lines of hills, their banks of evergreens showing an unimaginable deep blue in this intensely clear air ; beyond all, in the extreme distance, faint, translucent hills of blue and violet melting into the sky, and one clear note of rosy white, a far-away burned mountain.

Next we plunged into dense forest of deep green : the ground was level ; were it summer we should be walking on spongy green moss. All about us the tall straight stems of spruce and fir rose high into the air, their dark branches interlacing overhead. Among their feet were the little balsams, an endless wealth of Christmas trees ; but here their fragrant branches were adorned only with snow, piled upon them so deep that they were pyramids of white, merely flecked here and there with a green which by contrast looked black and colorless. So thick they stood that we could see for only a few yards, and their branches brushed our faces and sent heavy showers and lumps of snow upon us as we passed. The hoarse croak of a raven overhead brought to my mind visions of Norse gods, skin-clad and with black wings upon their heads.

Then the ground lifted again, the birches and moosewood reappeared, the forest was more open and more varied, the ground rough and broken. And so, now on rocky hard-wood ridges, again through sombre swamps of evergreens, went our way, nearly three miles in all, until at last a sudden downward slope brought us to the border of a little lake. We crossed first this, and next a narrow strip of spruce-grown land, and we had reached Lac Clair.

This is a large, open lake, with fine woods about it and some picturesque low cliffs along its eastern shore, but not on the whole a very interesting spot. We crossed it in a northeasterly direction, two miles, carefully scanning its unbroken white stretch for signs of game. We found nothing but the record of a little woodland tragedy : the footprints of a hare bound across the lake, at first near together, then suddenly far apart as he had leaped for his life ; approaching, at an angle, other tracks, those of a marten ; then the two mingled, a disturbed place in the snow, drops of blood ; and last, the tracks of the marten back to the shore, partly obliterated by the wide trail of the object he had dragged along.

Off the lake and another climb, stiff as the first, but shorter, three quarters of a mile through heavy forest, and then Lac Long, head of the waters we had followed. As its name implies, it is a long and narrow lake, through which we passed, and here we saw tracks of caribou, — made before yesterday's snow, however, so that they were not of great interest to us. Another short stretch of woodland and we came to Lac aux Truites. This was Sintamaskin water, and here for the first time we saw the pine in any quantity. Opposite us, about half a mile away, the eastern shore rose abruptly in a bold cliff, and upon its brow and on every ledge and projection of its face the pines stood in rows, their green plumes clear and beautiful against the blue of a cloudless sky. The cliff extended to the north, past the lake, and formed one wall of a ravine through which the outlet flowed ; down this we went toward the object of our journey, a mile away, — down a short way, then along a level stretch. The forest was heavy, — here and there a big pine, many tall spruces, and massive, splendid gray birches, whose rough bark, always full of color, was now, against the snow, of intense vividness of rose and violet. Then

the last slope downward, rough and rocky, and here stood the trees which are, to my mind, perhaps the greatest glory of Sintamaskin, — white birches, not the slender saplings of our local woods, but magnificent great fellows, two feet in diameter, their wonderful bark curling in scrolls where, in its exuberance, it had peeled away ; silvery white in summer, — or now against the blue sky, — by contrast with the snow they were salmon and golden, their color intensified by the lumps of snow piled up on every projecting edge of bark. They grew even to the shore, where they mingled with the cedars, whose feathery branches overhang the clear green water in summer-time, but whose lower limbs were now buried beneath the sloping snow.

We came out upon a long and narrow bay, the southwestern corner of the lake. On the left was a ridge covered with spruce and hard wood ; on the right a high and precipitous wall of cliff and tumbled masses of granite, upon which rose rank upon rank of the sombre-hued and rigid spruce and fir, and high above all the graceful forms and lighter green of the pines.

In single file we advanced, — Pierre ahead, then I, George next, and Peter bringing up the rear, — and as we neared the mouth of the bay the great expanse of white opened before us ; we saw that its farther shores were thickly wooded and the hills not very high to the east, for the lake lies well up at their tops. In front of us was an island, five hundred yards away ; to the north, others. They were rocky, fringed with cedar, and above these, again, were the birch and pine.

Further examination of the scenery was cut short ; for as we reached the open and turned northward along the western shore, Pierre Joseph and I, who were somewhat ahead of the others, saw what brought us to a halt, namely, fresh tracks. They led across our path straight for the nearest island. The caribou were not long gone, and we instinct-

ively lowered our voices to a whisper as we discussed the probability of their being behind the island. But no ; as I looked ahead again I saw another line across the snow. We advanced ; these tracks led back from the island to the shore, and were so fresh that at the bottom of each deep hoof-print the water which overlay the ice under the heavy snow was not yet frozen, — a significant fact with the temperature still well below the zero point. There was no whispering now ; we raised our eyes to the shore, which was in shade and fringed with a dense growth of cedars. Too bad, — they had gone up into the woods ; it was past midday and too late to follow them far ; if we had only got here a little sooner ! But hold on ! What's that ? In the gloom of the dark cedars I saw a dim gray shape, motionless ; then another. And now I realized that I had done a foolish thing, one that some years of experience should have taught me to avoid : I had left the cover on my rifle. Slowly and cautiously I drew it off, not daring to make a sudden movement, but breathless with the fear that the game might start ; for one jump into the bush and the only chance would be gone. My heart was beating so that I wondered if the caribou would not hear it, when just as I got the rifle free they started, — not two of them, but three, and not into the woods, but straight across us out over the lake, about a hundred yards away. They were running, and with a swiftness that demanded quick shooting, and that was surprising in snow which, though less deep here than in the timber, still was such that a man would be practically helpless in it without snowshoes. They sank so deep that as they ploughed ahead the movement of their legs could hardly be seen, but was more than suggested by the flying lumps and clouds of snow that rose about them. Their thick-set bodies loomed large and dark against the dazzling surface beyond them, and contrasted sharply with their

long hoary manes. I sighted on the leader and fired, and as I saw him stagger perceptibly I heard another shot. George had come up and was beside me, opening fire on the second. I kept on at the first one, shooting as long as he moved; but at the third shot he pitched forward and lay in the snow. Then as I turned my head I saw George's beast sinking, and we both fired almost together at the third, now a good long shot, but after another volley down he went, too. Luck, pure and simple, after all; but then we had expended considerable skill during the past week with little to show for it, and this we considered our fairly earned reward. Then we made the tour of our quarry, — three bulls. No *coup de grâce* was needed; they were stone-dead. They lay upon their sides, with heads outstretched, and the tumbled snow covering up their heavy powerful legs and big round black hoofs which carry them abroad when all other deer are fast bound by impassable barriers of snow. Their sleek sides glistened in the sunshine, and we saw the color of their bodies, — a hue the exactest balance between brown and gray; an absolute neutral, which, with their white heads and long-haired gray throats, makes them seem of the very essence of the northern forest and the winter rime.

Our guides began at once to busy themselves with the preparations for luncheon, always to me one of the most interesting episodes of a winter day's journey. The foot of a bold rock on the shore was selected as a suitable place against which to build the fire; the snow about it tramped down to make it more firm. The men drew little axes, shaped like tomahawks, from the sashes wound about their waists: one of them attacked a dry dead tree which stood near by, his unerring strokes ringing clear and sharp on the still air; the other vanished within the woods, where he selected a fir-balsam and cut it down.

We heard the crashing as it fell, and saw a cloud of snow-dust rise among the trees. Presently he reappeared, bearing upon his shoulder a length of the trunk, which he threw upon the snow before the rock; then away again, to return with a great load of the thick green branches, which he piled upon the log. This was to be our seat. Then he turned to help his comrade, who was chopping up the dry wood of the dead tree. They brought loads of this; it was built up against the rock; strips of fat bark were torn from a birch and thrust under and among the sticks, the match was applied, and in a moment the crackling flames were shedding a heat more than grateful to him who, warm and a little tired with the toil of long and heavy tramping, soon had begun to chill under inaction in the keen cold. Meanwhile, one of our Indians had taken the tin pail and gone out a way upon the lake. He took off one of his snow-shoes and used it as a spade to dig a hole in the snow; at the bottom he found slush, through which he broke with a few blows of the head of his axe. Below again was water, a few inches deep, and under that the ice. He dipped his pail full and returned to the fire. A green pole was driven into the snow, and from the end of it the pail of water was hung over the flames. This was to make the tea, universal comfort and mainstay of the sojourner in the wilderness. The tin cups and plates were spread upon the green boughs; a plate of cold bacon and pork was set near the fire to warm; a loaf of bread was cut into generous slices, which were toasted at the flames upon the ends of sharpened sticks; and in an incredibly short time, since it was beginning to seem that this was a pretty bleak place after all, we were basking in the warmth of a roaring fire, and partaking heartily of hot drink and smoking food. Then pipes, lit with hot coals, were never better, and at last we rose, strengthened and refreshed, ready to set out upon the long

tramp home, more than ten miles away. It would be long past nightfall before we reached it ; but the hills on our homeward trail sloped downward, the moon would be high in a cloudless heaven, and though weary we should be happy : so the rapidly lengthening shadows gave us no uneasiness as we turned our faces away from Sintamaskin.

When next I came it was in the blue and golden haze of a sunny September afternoon. We had toiled slowly up the long portage from the St. Maurice, three miles of continuous steep ascent, the men and I heavily laden ; we had reached the lake, and the men had returned for another load. I agreed to meet them at the portage on the farther shore, and then we two, my wife and I, embarked in a tiny birch canoe. We were in a little landlocked bay, so closed at the farther end by narrows as to seem a pond ; beyond them it opened out again, and again narrows appeared beyond ;

thence we passed by deep winding channels among many islands which border the eastern shore. The water was crystal-clear and green ; the rocks were mottled with lichens and carpeted with velvet moss, emerald-green, white, and crimson ; the drooping boughs of aromatic cedars curved over the limpid depths ; against their deep green the scarlet berries of the mountain-ash blazed in the sun, and among them stood the silvery stems of giant birches, their exquisite tops shimmering green and gold against the blue of the sky. And above all, upon every little island and over all the hills, rose the stately pines, in whose topmost branches the soft west wind sang the song it sings to all upon whom the wilderness has laid its spell, calling upon us to return again, with a voice that can never be long denied.

To many this is a fine, large lake, well wooded, but in which unfortunately there are no fish ; to a few of us Sintamaskin is a fairyland.

C. Grant La Farge.

A HOLIDAY WITH MONTAIGNE.

It was my good luck to spend my last holidays with two companions. One was my canoe, — a canvas canoe painted maroon. Its paddle has but one blade. There is a seat for another paddler in the bow, and room amidships for a passenger to lie quite comfortable. It is somewhat difficult for one to paddle a canoe meant for two. You put your kit and a bag of sand in the bow, lean a little to one side, and take your strokes as even as you can. In this way, in calm weather, you make good speed ; but when the wind blows a few points off the bow, nothing but great experience or sudden genius will help you. The canoe moves as if of a sudden it had heard music from Venusberg ; it whirls about, once,

twice, and breaks into a jig ; then frolicking with the wind, pirouettes back whence you came, bobbing its bow like a *maître de danse*. “ Certes c’est un sujet merveilleusement vain, divers et ondoyant que ” le canot.

I started at the southern end of Lake George. The cars had been hot, and the freight-master and expressman had both laid violent hands on my canoe. From them I rescued it only by paying fees under duress, which were subsequently returned to me by persons in authority. The sun was high, a light breeze blew upon my back, a soft gray cloud hung over me like an umbrella. My pack and the sand-bag balanced my stroke. My sandwiches and a bottle of

soda-water lay safe in a tin pail under the seat. The blue-gray hills rose sleepily in the distance. The trees on the shore bunched themselves into indistinctness, and hid all but the chimneys of the houses. A noisy, self-assured little launch puffed up to us, and finding us in all points uninteresting, whistled off up the lake. I became perfectly content.

My other companion, carefully covered by a rubber blanket, lay still a little forward of the middle thwart. He was very fine in a new half-calf binding, which he had got from the money saved by the economy of a foot in the length of the canoe. The lake was so smooth that there was no danger of water-drops, and I took off the rubber blanket that I might see him. He looked very dignified in his bronze-and-black covering. I had been told that a canoe trip offered me a rare opportunity to learn what science in one of its branches had been doing of late, — science in popular dress humbling itself to the level of lewd persons, like Bolingbroke on a holiday. I thanked the teller, but took my four volumes of Montaigne. It is not well to cope with a man of the world in the city: he has you at disadvantage and presumes upon it; he turns all the happenings among crowded men and women into parables for his triumph and your discomfort. I would not willingly meet Æsop in Alexandria, or Horace in Rome. In the country you and your man of the world are man to man. There his knowledge cannot put you out of countenance; his experience is no better than oyster-forks in a jungle. Nothing is more delightful than to be with Montaigne on water and under trees. He ceases to be a man of the world, and plays the elder brother come back from far travel and from meeting many men. No matter how often you have read him in town, he seems more kind, more simple, more genuine, when you meet him in this way and hear him talk at ease. It is a constant pleasure to find how

quick is his sympathy with happiness, how keen his compassion for sorrow. In town it is the fashion to say that he is shrewd, well informed, a man of fine observation, a master of special pleading, above all a man who will neither affirm nor deny, a skeptic. In the country we say what a good fellow he is. To countrymen, he who has no certainties, who will not affirm, is no better than the Spirit that denies. One is the master, the other the man. We who like to affirm, and take our oaths that the sky is blue, the earth solid, who know that right is right, and have propositions like theorems in geometry on heights and depths and breadths, commonly entertain slight respect for the skeptic. How is there leisure to hesitate and stand aloof in such justling times? We want a St. Paul, an Emperor Julian, a Wendell Phillips. There are two sides, if you will, we say, but there is no middle ground.

“Questo misero modo

Tengon l'anime triste di coloro,
Che visser senza infamia e senza lodo.”

In our time, so full of vigorous beliefs of its own, M. Renan finds in the highest type of man “le don de sourire de son œuvre, d'y être supérieur.” But no man heeds. The world is full of undoubting believers; they believe the head or the tail of the coin. Renan's followers have pockets crammed with beliefs of their own, bawling to the public to try them. They trundle their push-carts down the boulevard hawking new creeds: “Par ici, mes amis, par ici! Voici des croyances neuves, voici la Vérité.” In the city such men vex us. Let us remain by ourselves. Why must we join this guild, this club of notions, that body metaphysical? In the moment of vexation, before the foam of it settles, quit the busy hum of men, shoulder your paddle, grasp Montaigne, and in your canoe, gliding under willow-trees, beliefs lose their terrors; you “first endure, then pity, then embrace.” In the city Mon-

taigne is sympathetic, he agrees with all you say against these licentious venders ; but in the country, where, to quote M. Renan again, "on croît lourdement," where beliefs are heavy but persuasive as poppy and mandragora, Montaigne is indispensable as an antidote.

Lake George is pretty well surrounded by a cordon of houses, but by a discriminating course these may be avoided. There is a little cove hid behind a point of land, which, beaked with a rock, juts into the lake. It is hard by a house marked "The Antlers" on the map. This map you buy in the cars from the newsboy. It is the appendix to a book containing a eulogy on Lake George. Leave the eulogy on the seat ; the map is very useful. This little cove has a graveled edge whereon to beach the canoe. From the rocky beak you dive into three fathoms of transparent water down towards the blue-green rocks at the bottom. After that sandwiches and soda-water. Next a pipe filled with long cut, and opening volume one, the spirit of Michel de Montaigne sits beside you discoursing. A skeptic, using the word with reference to life in general, is intended to mean one whose ideas have no home, but travel from inn to inn like wandering Jews ; a man whose mind is like a fine lady before a milliner's mirror, who tries on one bonnet after another, looks at it before and behind, over the shoulder, at this angle and that, but cannot prevail upon herself to say, I take this, this is mine. And as this word is commonly used of one with whom the speaker finds some fault, it carries a tinge of ill ; it signifies a person who does not believe that men act from disinterested motives, does not recognize the importance of human feelings, who denies the dignity of human existence, — one in whose presence we are ashamed of our love for the melodramatic. The greatest believer in humanity that has ever lived in Europe is Shakespeare. If a man be morbid, if somebody's toes

tread upon the kibes on his heel, if he be disheartened by ill success in his government of life, and, like the blind man beating the post, can discover no virtue in men and women, he betakes himself to Shakespeare. There he finds the dignity of man written in capital letters. So it is with the books of all great men, or perhaps one should say of all great men whose fame and books have lived. Men and women do not cherish those who despise them. The books of misanthropes lie unread in national museums. Dust to dust. There is no resurrection for them. Therefore one has a right, in approaching a man whose books are on the shelves of every library, to assume that he is not a skeptic in any unworthy sense. To judge a man, mark what interests him. Positive testimony, as lawyers say, outweighs negative evidence. In his discourse *De la Tristesse*, Montaigne tells how, after his capture by Cambyes, Psammenitus watched with apparent serenity his son marched to death, his daughter borne away a slave, but on beholding one of his servants maltreated burst into weeping. It might be thought, says Montaigne, that his fortitude, equal to the first sorrows, had at last been overcome, as the last straw breaks the camel's back. But when Cambyes questioned him, Psammenitus answered, "It is because this last displeasure may be manifested by weeping, whereas the two former exceed by much all meanes and compasse to be expressed by teares." He tells so many anecdotes of this kind that we are bound to reject the word "skeptick" as applicable to Montaigne in any mean and narrow sense.

If there be in him one quality more than another that wins the affection of the reader, it is a certain manner of courtesy, of hospitality, familiar, yet of trained urbanity withal, which infects all these discourses. The reader finds that Montaigne is wise, but he meets no suggestion that he himself is foolish ; he discovers that Montaigne is of wide experience,

and he does not stop to think it odd that this experience, though so broad, tallies at all points with his own, which, had he stopped to think, he would have known to be narrow. It is with such skill and good breeding that your host leads you from matter to matter. He spreads before you one thing after another with the freshness and unexpectedness of a conjurer who suddenly out of your own memory produces meditations and reflections which you had not known were there. It is as if you were both ruminating upon a theme of common experience. Intermingled with his stories and reflections, his talk about himself, with its apparent self-revelation, pleases us wholly. Montaigne affects to wish us to believe that the book is about himself. He keeps repeating, "C'est moy que je peins." "These are but my fantasies, by which I endeavour not to make things known, but myself." "Others fashion man, I repeat him; and represent a particular one but ill made." While the book is in your hand, this egotism, or rather, say friendliness, seems to indicate a discriminating intimacy with you, giving you to feel that, unconsciously as it were, he bends and unfolds himself in consequence of the atmosphere of your personality. It is this flattery in his urbanity that has made people believe in his simplicity and sincerity. Readers should be guileless as children, simple, innocent, unsophisticated. And it may be that Montaigne is genuine. Breeding need not displace nature. Montaigne does not become a double-dealer because his manners are good and put us at our ease. One is a little ashamed to question Montaigne's portrait of himself. Yet it is hard not to do so, for he has the manner of a well-graced actor; he recalls M. Coquelin too much. There is no imputation of ill upon Montaigne in suggesting that he does not give us his real picture. Unless a man's heart be pure gold, the public weal does not demand that he wear it on his sleeve. Moreover, it may be that Montaigne en-

deavors to draw himself, and yet, his talents not permitting, does not. Howbeit, his manner has a perpetual charm. One would have young men fashion their outward behavior upon M. de Montaigne.

From this little cove near The Antlers there are some seven miles to the Narrows, and it is well worth while to cover them before sunset, in order to see the shadow from the western hills crawl up on those to the east. It means a steady and industrious paddle. I had consulted the map as to where to spend the night, and had determined upon the clump of houses denominated "Hulett's;" for the size of the asterisk on the map seemed to import an inn or a lodging-house, and suggested to my luxurious mind generous accommodations,—perhaps Bass's ale for dinner, and a bath. The wind blew from behind quite fresh. I tucked Montaigne well under his blanket, tilted the canoe slightly to the side I paddled on, and watched the gradual sinking of the sun and the little splashes of the waves as they ran beside me. After a paddle of a number of miles comes fatigue between the shoulder-blades; it can be likened to nothing but a yoke or the old man that sat astraddle of Sindbad's neck. On feeling this yoke, to obtain relief, you paddle on the other side of the boat. A better remedy is to take a swim. The wind blew fast up the Narrows, and I was thankful it came to aid me, for I could not have made head against it. Spray from the wave-tops splattered into the canoe, and it was hard to keep it steady. It was as if the bow had a potent desire to look round at me. First it swerved to right, then to left, and after trying this succession for a number of times, lulling me into routine and security, after a turn to starboard, it made believe to turn as usual to port; but just when my paddle was ready to meet that manœuvre it swung back to starboard, splattering the water so thick that Montaigne stood well in need of his blanket. Then the canoe lay limp, as if it were

completely exhausted and wholly meritorious, like Roland in the market-place at Aix. Every wave tipped it to and fro, while I brandished the paddle to right and to left to keep from shipping enough water to sink me. After a few minutes, like a puppy that has been playing dead dog, it jumped to what would have been its keel if it had had one, and shot on over the water. The setting sun shed a golden brown over the hilltops to the east; under the shadow-line the trees passed into gloom, and haze rose from the water's edge as if to hide a troop of Undines coming forth from their bath. To the west, against the ebbing light, the hills stood out black, and the little islands passed quickly by dotted with wooden signs, "government property," which looked in the distance like gray tombstones. I went ashore to lie down, rest, and read for a few minutes before dark. It may be the trees, the wind moving among the leaves, the jagged outline of the leaves themselves, or merely the smell of the pines, it may be the water of the lake rippling over the changing colors of the stones, it may be the sky framed by the boughs overhead, or it may be all in combination, yet by them and in them a man grows wiser, his limitations relax their tentacles and loose their hold,

"While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony and the deep power of joy
We see into the life of things."

Nature proffers a test of genuineness for a book the like of which cannot be found elsewhere. Out of doors, amid the simpler life of earth, motives for deception fail, masks are cumbersome; disguises grow too heavy to wear, and are transparent at that. By some strange power, the inner reality throws its shine or shadow through the man's waistcoat, through the book's cover, over the outer semblance. The pine is the clearest-eyed tree of all trees. Its needles are so many magnets pointing towards the truth. Read Cervantes under the pine-tree, and you will

find the marks of Don Quixote's heels and lance-butt fresh in the moss. Read Dante after the sun has set, when the light begins to fail and the chill wind rises, and you must stop your ears against the "sospiri, pianti, ed alti guai." For a long time, if I were in doubt about a book, whether it were genuine or not, I used to climb with it up among the branches of a sugar-maple. There my doubts were solved. Simplicity meets simplicity. They will find one another, like Pyramus and Thisbe, unless one or both be dead. It makes one marvel to mark how sensitive the pine-tree is to its company. Its tones, its shape, its colors, vary; it draws in its needles and protrudes them as if it fetched deep breaths. Its voice has the bass notes of seriousness and the treble of a boy's merriment. The deep brown resin on its trunk holds the light as if there were fire within. I think there is a strain of Clan Alpine in us all. We owe allegiance to the pine.

Perhaps Montaigne does not sympathize with great emotions, but he is interested, deeply interested, in the drama of human existence; he has the instinct of dramatic feeling; he cares not only for the free play of life, but also for a particular outcome; he prefers one issue to another: not that Virtue should be rewarded and Vice punished, but that Prudence should be happily married and Folly be pointed at. Common Sense is the god of his divinity.

Pascal complains, "Montaigne parloit trop de soi." A grievous fault if a man lack charm, but Montaigne is charming. One would not that young Apollo—he that is killing a lizard on a tree-stump—should wear jacket and trousers. Montaigne makes no pretense of self-effacement. He says, I will write about myself. He embroiders "Ego" on his banner, and under that sign he has conquered. If men dislike apparent egotism, let them leave Montaigne. Such men should vex themselves at all expression, for all fiction and art are ripe with personality.

But is this portrait of Montaigne by himself really indicative of egotism? For my part, it is as if Boswell had found Dr. Johnson in himself. Here is a man with a rare gift of delineation. He sits for his own portrait. But above this rare gift and controlling it sits the indeterminate soul; and as essay succeeds essay, this soul, uncertain of itself, half mocking his readers, half mocking himself, says, Here is the portrait of Michel de Montaigne; but if you ask me, reader, if it be like me, — *eh bien, que sçay-je?*

In half an hour I was in the canoe again, laboring vigorously. After a paddle in rough waters of half a dozen miles a man of ordinary brawn begins to think of shore. The sun had set, the western light had faded and gone. The stars were out. Hulett's, with its cold bath, cool ale, and hot beefsteak, began to stand out very clear and distinct before my mind's nose and eyes, but there were no physical signs of it. Hulett's has a post-office, and in view of this governmental footing it is, to my thinking, under a sort of national obligation to shine out and be cheerful to all wayfarers by land and water. I kept my eyes fixed over the starboard bow. The miles grew longer; ordinary miles became nautical. The yoke upon my neck would not budge, shift the paddle as I might. The wind dropped down; the water reflected Jupiter looking out through a rift in the clouds; the widening lake lay flat to the shore, over which hung a blackness that I took to be the outline of the hills. The monotony of the stroke, usually so favorable to reflection, played me false. The beat of the paddle, which during the day had had a steady half-musical splash, and had scattered drops like the tang of a rhyme at the end of every stroke, made no sounds but bath — bath — bath — Bass — Bass — Bass — Hu — Hu — Hu — letts — letts — letts. But no lights; only the flat water and the dark outline widening out. Montaigne vanished from my mind. I thought of

nothing, and repeated to myself solemnly, "A miss is as good as a mile, — a miss is as good as a mile;" wondering what conclusion I could draw from this premise. Lights at last. First one, which grew and expanded and divided in two, then in four, and other lights appeared beyond. In a few minutes I dragged the canoe up on a little beach, tipped it upside down, tucked a volume of Montaigne under my arm, slung my night-pack on my paddle, and approached a piazza and voices. I skirted these, and reached a back door. A low growl elicited a pleasant "Be quiet," from some one in authority. The light streamed from the opened door. I explained my desires, and received a short answer that this house took lodgers, but that it was very particular, and "what's more, the house is full." I guessed that my appearance made against me. I trusted that my speech was better than my clothes, and tried to remember what I could of travelers in distress. I felt for my purse. A very worn and dingy leather met my fingers. I withdrew my hand and talked fast, recalling how Ulysses' volubility had always stood him in good stead. I was successful. The house expanded, put forth an extra room; a tub was found, also chops and Milwaukee beer.

What a blessing is the power of recuperation in man! Dinner done, I lighted my pipe and fell into discourse with Montaigne. This after-dinner time is the time of all the day to sit with Montaigne. The mind rests at ease upon its well-nourished servant, and lack of desire begets interest. You yield to the summons of *bien-être*; the land of socialists, of law, of railroads and timetables, bows and withdraws, leaving you alone in the world of leisure. More than in other worlds Montaigne is at home here. His voice has leisure in it. The titles of his discourses, Of Sadnesse, Of Idleness, Of Lyers, Whether the Capitaine of a Place Besieged Ought to Sallie

Forth to Parlie, Of the Incommodity of Greatnesse, are leisurely; his habit is leisurely. Leisure sits in his chair, walks when he walks, and clips out anecdotes from Plutarch for him. It were a good wager that Bordeaux, during his mayoralty, abounded in trim gardens. Yet there is nothing lazy here. Jacques Bonhomme may be lazy, *bourgeois gentils-hommes* may be lazy, but Montaigne has leisure. As you read you have time to contemplate and reflect; you are not impatient to pass through the garnishment of his essay and come to the pith, in which you believe that Montaigne will most truly say what he truly thinks. Here is the intellectual charm of the book, — out of all he says to lay hands upon his meaning and ascertain his attitude. The problem is ever present. Is there an attempt on his part, by an assumed self-revelation, to mislead, or does the difficulty lie in his very genuineness and simplicity? Does his belief lie concealed in his anecdotes, or is it set forth in his egotistical sentences? Is he playing his game with you, or only with himself? To my mind, it is as if he divided himself and were playing blind-man's-buff; one half blindfolded, groping and clutching, the other half uncaught still, crying, "Here I am!" The same impression is left whether he talks of himself or suggests theories of life and death. "The world runnes all on wheelles. All things therein moove without intermission; yea, the earth, the rockes of Caucasus, and the Pyramides of Ægypt, both with the publike and their own motion. Constancy it selfe is nothing but a languishing and wavering dance. I cannot settle my object; it goeth so unquietly and staggering, with a naturall drunkenesse. I take it in this plight, as it is at th' instant I amuse my selfe about it. I describe not the essence but the passage; not a passage from age to age, or as the people reckon, from seaven yeares to seaven, but from day to day, from minute to minute. My history must

be fitted to the present." Is not this sense of uncertainty the very effect Montaigne wishes to leave upon the reader's mind? And how could he do it better than by putting forth a portrait of himself, saying, This is according to the best of my knowledge, and refusing to say, This is a true picture? If a man, set to the task of describing himself, cannot accomplish it, what assurance of correspondence have we between things in themselves and our knowledge, which for the most is nothing but portraits of things drawn by others, and coming to us through a succession, each copy in which is stamped with uncertainty? Has he not left this portrait of himself as the great exemplar of his doctrine? It is his secret. Whatever it be, it is his humor, his chosen method of expression. I believe he wishes to tell the reader about himself, but cannot be sure that he is showing himself as he is. He found much pleasure in trying to explain himself by sayings and stories gathered from Plutarch. There was something in the ingenuity of the method that gratified him.

Montaigne was born near Bordeaux, in 1533. His father was an admirer of the new learning, and Michel was put in care of a Latin-speaking man servant. Later he was taught Greek, but with little success, for it passed from him. At twenty-one he became a member of the Bordeaux Parlement. At his father's wish, he translated from the Spanish the Natural Theology of Raymond Sebond, and made a *mariage de convenance*. After his father's death, in 1568, he took possession of the Château de Montaigne, and soon set himself to the business of writing essays.

Montaigne published the first complete edition of his essays in 1588, and afterwards he revised it, adding, enlarging, amending, with the greatest care. He died in 1592, and in 1595 Made-moiselle de Gournay, a lady of industry and letters, published a new edition with his changes. There could be no better

evidence of the work and anxiety spent upon these essays than that given by a comparison of the two editions. Montaigne wrote them and rewrote them. One can feel the hesitation and deliberation with which he chose his words. He says: "It is a naturall, simple, and unaffected speech that I love, so written as it is spoken, and such upon the paper as it is in the mouth, a pithie, sinnowie, full, strong, compendious, and material speech, not so delicate and affected as vehement and piercing. Rather difficult than tedious, void of affectation, free, loose and bold; not Pedanticall, nor Frier-like, nor lawyer-like, but rather downe right, as Suetonius calleth that of Julius Cæsar." The French men of letters in the seventeenth century thought that Montaigne had no art, and in England, George Savile, the distinguished Marquis of Halifax, in accepting the dedication of Cotton's translation, says: He "showeth by a generous kind of negligence that he did not write for praise, but to give the world a true picture of himself and of mankind. . . . He hath no affection to set himself out, and dependeth wholly upon the natural force of what is his own and the excellent application of what he borroweth." With great respect let it be said that this is a mistake. Montaigne had great art, and not art alone, but arts and artifice of all kinds. Every great book is a work of art. Every book that survives its own generation is a work of art. No one knew this better than Montaigne. He desired immortality, and wrote to that end. His book is the fruit of hard labor, of thought deliberate, considerate, affectionate; it has been meditated awake, and dreamed upon asleep; cogitated walking, talking, afoot, and on horseback. Nothing in it has been left to chance and the minute. The manuscript at breakfast was his newspaper, after dinner his cigar; out of doors it was in his pocket, it lay under his pillow at night.

Sitting in his library in the third story

of the château's tower, pacing up and down the corridor leading to it, cantering on his comfortable cob, promenading in his vegetable garden, you would think him as far and safe from disturbance as from the volcanoes in the moon. Yet when he betook himself to his château it was but twelve months before the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Leaguers and Huguenots, men with the meanest conception of leisure, ramped about the land. Montaigne ate and slept in his unguarded house; read Seneca and Jacques Amyot; picked up sentences on the vanity of life wherever he could find them, fixing them into the walls of his library; was amiable to his wife and tended his daughter's education, while idealism and turbulence ranged abroad, spilling the wines of "Burgundy and milk of France."

For a book to succeed in surviving its own generation is a strange matter. Force, says science, is eternal; but what is force? Calvin lies neglected on the shelf, while Michel de Montaigne prospers and multiplies. His children, the essayists, are like sparrows in spring, singing, chattering, chirping everywhere.

The bed at S—— Point that night was very comfortable. The next day I learned by circuitous questioning — for I regret to say that I had let my hostess understand, or rather I had not corrected her misunderstanding, that her house had been my hope and aim all the weary afternoon — that I had passed Hulett's in the dark. Post-office, inn, cottages, boat-house, all abed by nine o'clock, and lamps extinguished. Never was there such a pitiful economy of light. To reach the northern end of the lake needs but a short paddle. At that point is a little shop, where cider and ginger-pop are sold. The proprietor has a horse and cart, and for a dollar will ferry a canoe across to Lake Champlain. The little river that connects the two lakes is impassable on account of its fall. The mills make a poor return for the turn-

ing of their wheels by fouling the water. All the way to Ticonderoga the water looks like slops. There is little pleasure rowing there. I passed the night at Ticonderoga Hotel, and left at dawn. The day began to break as I launched my canoe. Near the shore stood a clump of locust-trees, whose branches inter-arched, dividing the eastern sky into sections of orange, green, and pink; their trunks black as ink from rain in the night, save on the edges, where the morning colors streaked the outlines with yellow light. In the afternoon of the day before, under the shadow of the trees, I had wondered whether Montaigne had sympathy for the bigger emotions of life. In the early morning I knew that he had not. The rising sun is imperious in its requisition. Under its rays, the blood flows fast, muscles tighten, eyes brighten, cheeks color, sinews swell. We want love, ambition, recklessness, prayer, fasting, perils, and scars. Talk to us then of

"Le donne, i cavalier, l'arme, gli amori,
Le cortesie, l'audaci imprese."

Keep Seneca and Epictetus for winter evenings, sewing societies, and convalescence. By ill luck it happened that the sun was not an hour high, and the light ran over the ripples on the lake as if creation were beginning, and creation's lord were

"in Werdelust
Schaffender Freude nah,"

when I opened Montaigne and read that he had once been in love. "*Je m'y eschauday en mon enfance, et y souffris toutes les rages que les poëtes disent advenir à ceux qui s'y laissent aller sans ordre et sans jugement.*" "And truly, in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this." O Montaigne, O Polonius, is your knowledge of life as great as of these matters?

Montaigne had a wife who had no part in "*toutes les rages.*" One day, when he was carried home to all appearances dead, he was met by "*ceux de ma famille, avec les cris accoustumez en*

telles choses." He had children. They died, and he says: "I lost two or three at nurse, if not without regret, at least without repining. . . . The generality of men think it a great blessing to have many children; I, and some others, think it as happy to be without them." The Huguenots give up peace, content, worldly prosperity, health, and friends for an idea, and they vex him with their nonconformist nonsense. Is not Paris worth a mass? Is not peace more than the absence of branched candlesticks? The Catholics die for love of the habit of ages, for tradition, for the divinity in asceticism; and Montaigne *professes* to be of their faith, *he* too has their religion. He is surrounded by soldiers, and what to him are the big wars, the plumed troops, the neighing steed, the spirit-stirring drum?

I put Montaigne hastily back under his blanket and paddled hard, chanting songs of America. That night I reached Westport. Lake Champlain is too big for a canoe; it is too wide; the wind blows too fresh, and unless you hug the indented shore you lose the pleasure of an ever shifting scene. The steamboats shake the water most immoderately. The only way to encounter their swell is to meet it bow on, and lift the boat over the crest of each roll with a downward stroke of the paddle. At Westport I got aboard the Chateaugay, and disembarked about noon at a point on the east side of the lake, opposite Plattsburg. There I had a very good dinner. It is not far thence to the border. The lake sluggishly glides into the river Richelieu. Never was a less appropriate christening; for a meeker, duller, feebler river it were hard to imagine. I had had thoughts of a lively current hurrying me along, but for the life of me I could not tell which way the river was running. Running, I say, but there was no more run than Richelieu in this river, except down a certain rocky declivity, several miles long, where the water,

much against its will, gives little automatic, jerky jumps, bumping along till it reaches level again. The first night on the river I passed at Rouse's Point. Nothing but Montaigne could have enabled me to free myself from the oppression of the dining-room, bed-room, guests, and hotel clerk. None but Jeremiah could live there. I had to pay four dollars for the discomforts of the night. Extortion should be resisted. But "there is nothing I hate more than driving of bargains: it is a meere commerce of dodging and impudencie. After an hour's debating and paltring, both parties will goe from their words and oaths for the getting or saving of a shilling."

The river Richelieu has its defects and its virtues. Its chief defect, and a monstrous one when days are hot and no wind blows, is that it has no pool, no hollow, no recess, for a bath. Bushes, lily-pads, water-docks, and darnels, all manner of slimy herbs range in unbroken ranks all along the sides. To take a jump from the canoe in the middle of the river is a facile feat, "*sed revocare gradum, hic labor est.*" I poked along for hours, examining every spot that looked as if a pebbled bottom might lie underneath, but found nothing, until I saw a tiny rivulet, so little that it would take ten minutes to fill a bathtub, trickling down a bank steeper than ordinary. Here the oozy greenery parted respectfully and left an open path for the little brook to make head into the river. One step from the shore the bottom sunk two fathoms deep. I tried to mark the spot on my map for the sake of future travelers; but there was no indication of its place; not even the little house across the river was noted, the presence of which, perhaps, should have disturbed me.

The virtues of the Richelieu are those of the people past whose houses it flows, if those aggregates of roofs, walls, and chimneys can be called houses. In New England a house implies a family, — fa-

ther and mother, children, chickens, and live creatures in general. These houses have bare existence, no more. Not a man is to be seen. The flat fields spread far away on either side, and there are signs of tillage, also pastures tenanted by pigs. Along the river runs a road, and at intervals of half a mile little unpainted houses with closed doors and shut windows stand square-toed upon it. Once or twice I saw a woman sewing or knitting on the doorstep, her back turned; and I would paddle nearer and strike my paddle a little more noisily for the sake of a *bonjour*, or at least of a look with a suggestion of interest or human curiosity. The backs remained like so many Ladies of Shalott fearful of consequences. Perhaps they could see me in a mirror, perhaps there had been a time when they used to look; but the river had been so unremunerative that now no splash, how noisy soever, could provoke a turn of the head. It was the land of Nod. Some children I saw, but voiceless children, playing drowsy games or sleepily driving sleeping pigs afield. Bitten with curiosity and afraid to drink the river's water, I went up to one of these houses at noontide. I made a half circle to the back, and found a door open. In the kitchen sat two women, an old man, and one or two children; the women busy sewing, the old man braiding a mat from long strips of colored cloth. They all looked up at me and called to the dog, which had shown more interest in me than I cared for. One of the defects of the Richelieu is its dogs. Never were there such dogs. Dogs by courtesy, for they have legs, tail, head, ears, and if you go near, they growl, their hair bristles, and their tails point stiffly to the ground; but they are not the dogs honest folks are wont to meet, — mere gargoyles cast in animated clay. They fetch their hide from long-haired dogs, Scotch perhaps, their tails from English bulls, their throats from hounds, their snouts from pointers, their

forepaws from dachshunds, their hind-legs from Spitz, their teeth from jackals; their braying, barking, snarling voices are all their own.

"Bonjour," said I, after the dog had lain down. "Voulez-vous avoir la bonté de me donner du lait, madame?" The children stared as before; the women looked at each other, and then at me. I repeated my question, hat in hand. They still stared. "J'ai soif," I continued; "l'eau du fleuve est d'une telle couleur que j'en ai peur." A light broke over the old man's face; one of the women questioned him. "Il veut du lac." "Ah, du lac," and they all smiled, and then clouded up, looking dubious. "Je veux en acheter," said I intelligently. "Ah, il veut en acheter. C'est bien," and the older woman shouted for Jacques. A round-faced young man clambered down a ladder from the attic above the cattle-sheds, and presently brought me some very good milk, with which I filled my pail and departed. As I paddled off I looked back to see who was watching me, making sure that at least a child or the dog would have sufficient curiosity to see the last of me. Not a sign; the house stared indifferently at the water.

I passed one night at St. Johns, which stands at the southern end of the canal. The canal runs for twelve miles past the Chambly Rapids, the same that vexed Samuel Champlain when he made his first voyage of discovery, coming down from Mont Real to punish the Iroquois and to see what he could see. The lying Algonquins, in their eagerness to have his company, had told him that there was no obstacle for the canoes. In this town I lodged in a French inn. The host was large and portly, — somewhat too much given to looking like the innkeeper in Doré's Don Quixote, but a very good fellow. There is red wine in his cellar, and his wife cooks omelets with golden-brown tops.

Montaigne is sometimes held up as

the type of the man of the world. It may be that he is such, but for those of us who are somewhat abashed at so fine a title, who have been taught to consider a man of the world as a hireling of the Prince of this World, and prefer to cope with a man of our hundred, the name may carry them into error. It is true that Montaigne went to Paris while Catherine de' Medici and her sons held their court, and to Venice while the fame of Lepanto still hung over the Adriatic; but he did not become a man of the world, supposing that traveling to the worldly cities of the world can so fashion a man. "Ces belles villes, Venise et Paris, alterent la faveur que je leur porte, par l'aigre senteur, l'une de son maret, l'autre de sa boue." In Venice there had been a man of the world, Pietro Aretino, called *Divine* by his compatriots, "in whom except it be an high-raised, proudly puffed, mind-moving and heart-danting manner of speech, yet in good sooth more than ordinarie, wittie and ingenious; but so new fangled, so extravagant, so fantastical, so deep-laboured; and to conclud, besides the eloquence, which be it as it may be, I cannot perceive anything in it, beyond or exceeding that of many other writers of his age, much lesse that it in any sort approacheth that ancient divinitie." One suspects that it was not lack of style in Aretino that repelled Montaigne, but the superabundance of his disgusting nature. A man of the world does not have likes and dislikes; he has amusements and interests, excitements even, ennui, tedium, and vacuity. This aversion from Aretino betrays Montaigne. He would conceal it as a mere pricking of his literary thumbs, but the truth will out. There was not lurking in Montaigne's closet any skeleton of satiety. That is the mark of the man of the world. Not abroad, but in his château, in his study on the third story of the tower, is Montaigne at his ease. The world comes to him there, but what

world? This terrestrial globe peopled with ignorance and knowledge, custom and freedom, "captive good" and "captain ill," where Guise and Navarre break the peace in all the bailiwicks in France? By no means. It is Plutarch's world, a novel world of Greeks and Latins, more like Homer's world than another, where princes and heroes perform their exploits from some Scamander to the sea and back again. Plutarch was his encyclopædia of interest. The man of the world watches the face of the world, walking to and fro to see what there may be abroad. Not so Montaigne. He cares little for the contemporary world of fact, even for the city of Bordeaux, his charge. Plutarch for him; and what had Plutarch to do with the harvests and vintages of Bordeaux, with Gascon deaths and Gascon burials, with marriages and children, with drawing water and baking bread, with Ave Marias and Sunday holidays? The heroic, the superhuman, the accomplishment of aspirations and hopes, — these are the domain of Plutarch and also of Romance. Montaigne would not have liked to be dubbed romantic, and clearly he was not; yet the glance and glitter of Romance caught the fancy of this late child of the Renaissance. It is said that the ebb tide of the new birth tumbled him over in its waves and left him lying on the wet sands of disillusion. If this be so, why did he seek and get the citizenship of Rome? Was it not that "Civis Romanus sum" was one of the great permanent realities to his imagination? Why is it that he fills his pages with the romance of Alexander, Scipio, and Socrates? Why do the records of fearlessness facing death, of the stoic suffering the ills of life with a smile, of men doing deeds that surpass the measure of a man's strength, drag him to them? He will not have his heroes belittled. "Moreover, our judgments are but sick, and follow after the corruption of our manners. I see the greater part

of the wits of my time puzzle their brains to draw a cloud over the glory of the noble and generous feats of old — *grande subtilité*." The spirit of the Renaissance that wrought by land and sea in his father's time still lingered. How could a man of letters escape the spirit of freedom and belief in possibility that the lack of geography and the babyhood of science spread thick over Europe? To the west lay America and mystery. From the east news might come to-morrow that the men of Asia were masters of Vienna. From the spire of Bordeaux Cathedral a mayor standing a-tiptoe might see the cut of Drake's jib as he sailed up the Gironde. Romance impregnated the air. Into France, reformation, Roman law, the arts of Italy, were come at double-quick, and to the south, in a certain place in La Mancha, El Señor Quxada, or Quesada, gave himself over to reading books of knight-errantry with so much zeal that he clean forgot to go a-hunting, and even to attend to his property; in fact, this gentleman's curiosity and nonsense in this matter reached such a pitch that he sold many an acre of cornfields in order to buy books of knight-errantry. Montaigne had too much of Polonius to behave in that way; nevertheless, the desire to reach out beyond the chalk-line drawn by the senses was potent with him. He goes round and round a subject not merely to show how no progress can be made towards discovering the inner reality of it, but partly to see if he cannot discover something. The make-weights that kept him steadfast in sobriety were his curiosity and his wit. Wit is the spirit that ties a man's leg. It cannot abide half-lights, shadows, and darkness. Wit must deal with the immediate, with the plat of ground round which it paces its intellectual circuit. Wit has a lantern, which sheds its beams, revealing unexpected knowledge, but it turns the twilight beyond that circle of light into darkness. Ariosto's wit makes his verses, but bars

him from poetry. Spenser's lack of wit allows him to make poetry, but barricades him from readers. Shakespeare and Cervantes were great enough to dominate their wit, but Montaigne's clasped hands with his curiosity, and the two led him as the dog leads a blind man. The instinct in them has guided him to immortality. In curiosity Montaigne was of his father's time. Curiosity was one of the makers of the Renaissance. It has not the graces of resignation and of contemplation, it lacks the self-respect of belief and the self-sufficiency of unbelief, but it accomplishes more than they, it must be reckoned with. It is the force underlying science. It is the grand vizier of change. Curiosity whispered to Columbus, plucked Galileo by the sleeve, and shook the apple off Newton's apple-tree. Montaigne was a curious man. The English language lacks nicety in not having two words for the two halves of curiosity: one for Francis Bacon; one for my landlady's neighbor, she that lives behind us to the left, whose window commands our yard. But if there were, could we apply the nobler adjective to Montaigne? Does he want to *know*, like Ulysses? Will he to ocean in an open boat,

"yearning in desire

To follow knowledge like a sinking star" ?

Or does he rest content with the ordinary wares of knowledge, sold in market overt, and is he satisfied with ruminating over them, hands in pockets, leaving others to buy and use?

The placidity of his life is another proof of his fondness for romance. A man of the world must go out into the world to seek the motion and the tap-tap of the free play of life, in order to satisfy the physical needs of sight and sound. The man of imagination and romance sits in his study, and heroes, heroines, gryphons, and Ganelons come huddling about his chair. To Montaigne the world came through his books, yet he is not a representative scholar. His companion-

ship with books is based on friendship, not on desire for knowledge. There is no latent Faust in him. He is a man of the library. Of all great men of letters, more than the rest he has his writing-table backgrounded and shut in by bookshelves. Cicero is a man of the forum, Voltaire of the theatre, Walter Scott of the tourney. Montaigne is at home with books, not with men. Of the former, his cronies are Plutarch, Seneca, Cicero, Horace. He cares not so much about states and policies as he does how states long dead and policies forgotten appear to philosopher and poet. He is indifferent to morals as affecting the happiness of men, and eagerly interested in them as a topic of conversation, as an occasion whereby opinion may take the foils against opinion, and thought click against its fellow. Nor is he fond of poetry except as it serves to embroider his monologues. Life itself interests him chiefly as a matter for talk. And how good his talk is, how excellent his speech! With his heart, or what of heart he had, in his books, it is natural that he wished to appear among men of letters in his best array. He was ambitious, when men thenceforward should read Cicero and Seneca, that Michel de Montaigne should be read too, and that his style should stand beside theirs, uncovered, *par inter pares*. Sainte-Beuve, making mention of Calvin, Rabelais, Pascal, and Montaigne, says that Rabelais and Montaigne are poets. But Montaigne clearly does not fill an English-speaking man's conception of a poet. It must be, I think, that Sainte-Beuve was under the influence of Montaigne's language, and therefore called him so. That was natural. The French tongue at that time had a strong element of poetry; it bore deeper marks of its originals. It had not yet come under the complete dominion of narrow prosody and syntax. The words had in a measure the simplicity, the indecision of outline, the rude strength, of the Teutonic languages. Old English

words, at times, like the conspirators in Brutus' garden, come-fraught with greater meaning that they are indistinct; their shadows fall about them, hiding their feet; they glide into your presence: so it is with Montaigne's words. Nowadays French words have evolutions and drills, accepted manœuvres; they savor of mathematics and bloodless things. The French language of to-day has altered its sixteenth-century habit more than English has. No Bible arrested its development; it had no Elizabethans to disdain conformity. Montaigne has the simplicity, the directness of expression and exposition, of the men of to-day, but the poetical quality that lurks in his words and phrases they have not inherited.

At St. Johns is the custom house, but the office was locked at a reasonable hour in the morning for calling, and I felt under no further obligations towards the Canadian government. Here also is the place to pay the canal toll, and in exchange receive a ticket which gives permission to pass all the locks. The toll-taker wrote me out a permit, full of dignity, authorizing the ship *Sickle-Fin*, weighing not more than one ton, whereof Captain —, naming me, was the master, laden with ballast (Montaigne), to travel free through all the locks.

It is the every-day humanity in Montaigne that binds us to him. It is his lack of capacity for self-sacrifice, his inability to believe, his ignorance of love, his innocence of scorn. These are our common property. He likes the comforts that we like; he values security, ease, simplicity, a fire on the hearth, a book in the hand, fresh water in summer. He never makes us ashamed.

The next night I passed at Belœil. Here I was the sport of indecision for an hour, unable to make up my mind where to pass the night. There were three hotels, two on my left, one on my right. While looking at each in turn,

I resolved to go to one of the other two. Finally I made my choice. I selected a little wooden house, with a little bar-room, a little dining-room, and a very tiny larder, and beer of a despicable quality. I had ham and eggs for dinner, — “*Si l'on avait su que Monsieur allait venir, on aurait pu avoir un bifteck,*” — ham and eggs for breakfast, and an offer to put up ham and eggs for my lunch.

The villages along the river are all on one pattern. In the centre is a very large church, so big that you see it far off, long before there is any other indication of human life. The church is built on a rectangle, with a pointed roof and a tall spire tipped with a weather-cock. The roof is covered with tin, unpainted, which does not rust, perhaps because the air is so dry, and flashes very gaudily in the sun. Grouped about the church are large red brick buildings facing a little green. These are the houses for priests and nuns, with the offices for parish work. Images of the Virgin and saints stand about. The grass-plot and the paths are well kept, and were it not that the rest of the village does not seem to share in this prosperity, it would be a very pleasant sight. At St. Ours, where I passed the next night, there was an attractive house, shut in by a garden and well protected by trees, that had the look of accumulated savings; but in general there was little sign of the comforts so often seen in the small manufacturing villages of New England, — no sound of a lawnmower, no croquet, no tennis.

The river Richelieu joins the St. Lawrence at Sorel. There I found that the St. Lawrence is too big and strong for a canoe, at least when paddled in a jogging, unsophisticated way. I put my canoe aboard the steamer, and bought a ticket for Quebec. In my stuffy cabin, under the dim gaslight, I admired Montaigne's imperturbability and his ceaseless interest in things.

Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.

THE OLD THINGS.

XIV.

WHEN Owen and Fleda were in her father's little place, and, among the brandy-flasks and pen-wipers, still more disconcerted and divided, the girl had — to do something, though it would make him stay — ordered tea, he put the letter before her quite as if he had guessed her thought. "She's still a bit nasty, — fancy!" He handed her the scrap of a note which he had pulled out of his pocket and from its envelope. "Fleda Vetch," it ran, "is at 10 Raphael Road, West Kensington. Go to see her, and try, for God's sake, to cultivate a glimmer of intelligence." When, in handing it back to him, she took in his face, she saw that its heightened color was the effect of his watching her read such an allusion to his want of wit. Fleda knew what it was an allusion to, and his pathetic air of having received a little slap in the face, tall and fine and kind as he stood there, made her conscious of not quite concealing her knowledge. For a minute she was kept silent by an angered sense of the trick that had been played her. It was a trick because Fleda considered there had been a covenant; and the trick consisted of Mrs. Gereth's having broken the spirit of their agreement while conforming in a fashion to the letter. Under the girl's menace of a complete rupture, she had been afraid to make of her secret the use she itched to make; but, in the course of these days of separation, she had gathered pluck to hazard an indirect betrayal. Fleda measured her hesitations, and the impulse which she had finally obeyed and which the continued procrastination of Waterbath had encouraged, had at last made irresistible. If, in her high-handed manner of playing their game, she had not named the thing hiding, she had named the hiding-place.

It was over the sense of this wrong that Fleda's lips closed tight: she was afraid of aggravating her case by some ejaculation that would make Owen prick up his ears. A great, quick effort, however, helped her to avoid the danger; with her constant idea of keeping cool and repressing a visible flutter, she found herself able to choose her words. Meanwhile, he had exclaimed, with his uncomfortable laugh, "That's a good one for me, Miss Vetch, is n't it?"

"Of course you know by this time that your mother's very sharp," said Fleda.

"I think I can understand well enough when I know what's to be understood," the young man asserted. "But I hope you won't mind my saying that you've kept me pretty well in the dark about that! I've been waiting, waiting, waiting, so much has depended on your news. If you've been working for me, I'm afraid it has been a thankless job. Can't she say what she'll do, one way or the other? I can't tell in the least where I *am*, you know. I have n't really learnt from you, since I saw you there, where *she* is. You wrote me to be patient, and upon my soul I *have* been. But I'm afraid you don't quite realize what I'm to be patient with. At Waterbath, don't you know? I've simply to account and answer for the damned things. Mona looks at me and waits, and I, hang it, I look to you and do the same." Fleda had gathered fuller confidence as he continued; so plain was it that she had succeeded in not dropping into his mind the spark that might produce the glimmer invoked by his mother. But even this fine assurance gave a start when, after an appealing pause, he went on: "I hope, you know, that after all you're not keeping anything back from me."

In the full face of what she was keeping back such a hope could only make

her wince ; but she was prompt with her explanations in proportion as she felt they failed to meet him. The smutty maid came in with tea-things, and Fleda, moving several objects, eagerly accepted the diversion of arranging a place for them on one of the tables. "I've been trying to break your mother down, because it has seemed there may be some chance of it. That's why I've let you go on expecting it. She's too proud to veer round all at once, but I think I speak correctly in saying that I've made an impression upon her."

In spite of ordering tea, she had not invited him to sit down ; she herself made a point of standing. He hovered by the window that looked into Raphael Road ; she kept at the other side of the room ; the stunted slavey, gazing wide-eyed at the beautiful gentleman, and either stupidly or cunningly bringing but one thing at a time, came and went between the tea-tray and the open door.

"You pegged at her so hard ?" Owen asked.

"I explained to her fully your position, and put before her much more strongly than she liked what seemed to me her absolute duty."

Owen waited a little. "And having done that, you departed ?"

Fleda felt the full need of giving a reason for her departure ; but at first she only said, with cheerful frankness, "I departed."

Her companion again looked at her in silence. "I thought you had gone to her for several months."

"Well," Fleda replied, "I could n't stay. I did n't like it. I did n't like it at all, — I could n't stand it," she went on. "In the midst of those trophies of Poynton, living with them, touching them, using them, I felt as if I were backing her up. As I was not a bit of an accomplice, as I hate what she has done, I did n't want to be, even to the extent of the mere look of it, — what is it you call such people ? — an accessory after the fact."

There was something she kept back so rigidly that the joy of uttering the rest was double. She felt the sharpest need of giving him all the other truth. There was a matter as to which she had deceived him, and there was a matter as to which she had deceived Mrs. Gereth, but her lack of pleasure in deception as such came home to her now. She busied herself with the tea, and, to extend the occupation, cleared the table still more, and spread out the coarse cups and saucers and the vulgar little plates. She was aware that she produced more confusion than symmetry, but she was also aware that she was violently nervous. Owen tried to help her with something ; this made rather for disorder. "My reason for not writing to you," she pursued, "was simply that I was hoping to hear more from Ricks. I've waited from day to day for that."

"But you've heard nothing ?"

"Not a word."

"Then what I understand," said Owen, "is that, practically, you and mummy have quarreled. And you've done it — I mean you personally — for me."

"Oh no, we have n't quarreled a bit !" Then, with a smile, "We've only diverged."

"You've diverged uncommonly far !" and Owen laughed back. Fleda, with her hideous crockery and her father's collections, could conceive that these objects, to her visitor's perception even more strongly than to her own, measured the length of the swing from Poynton and Ricks ; she was aware, too, that her high standards figured vividly enough even to Owen's simplicity to make him reflect that West Kensington was a tremendous fall. If she had fallen, it was because she had acted for him. She was all the more content he should thus see she *had* acted, as the cost of it in his eyes, was none of her own showing. "What seems to have happened," he exclaimed, "is that you've had a row with her and yet not moved her !"

Fleda considered a moment; she was full of the impression that, notwithstanding her scant help, he saw his way clearer than he had seen it at Ricks. He might mean many things; and what if the many should mean in their turn only one? "The difficulty is, you understand, that she does n't really see into your situation." She hesitated. "She does n't comprehend why your marriage has n't yet taken place."

Owen stared. "Why, for the reason I told you: that Mona won't take another step till mother has given full satisfaction. Everything must be there. You see, everything *was* there, the day of that fatal visit."

"Yes, that's what I understood from you at Ricks," said Fleda, "but I have n't repeated it to your mother." She had hated, at Ricks, to talk with him about Mona, but now that scruple was swept away. If he could speak of Mona's visit as fatal, she need at least not pretend not to notice it. It made all the difference that she had tried to assist him and had failed: to give him any faith in her service she must give him all her reasons but one. She must give him, in other words, with a corresponding omission, all Mrs. Gereth's. "You can easily see that, as she dislikes your marriage, anything that may seem to make it less certain works in her favor. Without my telling her, she has suspicions and views that are simply suggested by your delay. Therefore it did n't seem to me right to make them worse. By holding off long enough, she thinks she may terminate your engagement. If Mona's waiting, she believes she may at last tire Mona out." That, in all conscience, Fleda felt was lucid enough.

So the young man, following her attentively, appeared equally to feel. "So far as that goes," he promptly declared, "she *has* at last tired Mona out!" He uttered the words with a strange approach to hilarity.

Fleda's surprise at this approximation

left her a moment looking at him. "Do you mean your marriage is off?"

Owen answered with a kind of gay despair. "God knows, Miss Vetch, where or when or what my marriage is! If it is n't 'off,' it certainly, at the point things have reached, is n't *on*. I have n't seen Mona for ten days, and for a week I have n't heard from her. She used to write me every week, don't you know? She won't budge from Waterbath, and I have n't budged from town." Then he suddenly broke out, "If she *does* chuck me, will mother come round?"

Fleda, at this, felt that her heroism had come to its real test, — felt that in telling him the truth she should effectively raise a hand to push his impediment out of the way. Was the knowledge that such a motion would probably dispose forever of Mona capable of yielding to the conception of still giving her every chance she was entitled to? That conception was heroic, but at the same moment it reminded Fleda of the place it had held in her plan, she was also reminded of the not less urgent claim of the truth. Ah, the truth, — there was a limit to the impunity with which one could juggle with it! Was n't what she had most to remember the fact that Owen had a right to his property, and that he had also her vow to stand by him in the effort to recover it? How did she stand by him, if she hid from him the single way to recover it of which she was quite sure? For an instant that seemed to her the fullest of her life she debated. "Yes," she said at last, "if your marriage is really abandoned, she will give up everything she has taken."

"That's just what makes Mona hesitate!" Owen honestly exclaimed. "I mean the idea that I shall get back the things only if she gives me up."

Fleda thought an instant. "You mean, hesitate to keep you, — not hesitate to renounce you?"

Owen looked a trifle bewildered. "She

does n't see the use of hanging on, as I haven't even yet put the matter into legal hands. She's awfully keen about that, and awfully disgusted that I don't. She says it's the only real way, and she thinks I'm afraid to take it. She has given me time, and then given me again more. She says I give mummy too much. She says I'm a muff to go pottering on. That's why she's drawing off so hard, don't you see?"

"I don't see very clearly. Of course you must give her what you offered her; of course you must keep your word. There must be no mistake about *that*!" the girl declared.

Owen's bewilderment visibly increased. "You think, then, as she does, that I *must* send down the police?"

The mixture of reluctance and dependence in this made her feel how much she was failing him. She had the sense of "chucking" him, too. "No, no, not yet!" she said, though she had really no other and no better course to prescribe. "Does n't it occur to you," she asked in a moment, "that if Mona is, as you say, drawing away, she may have, in doing so, a very high motive? She knows the immense value of all the objects detained by your mother, and to restore the spoils of Poynton she is ready — is that it? — to make a sacrifice. The sacrifice is that of an engagement she had entered upon with joy."

Owen had been blank a moment before, but he followed this argument with success, — a success so immediate that it enabled him to produce with decision, "Ah, she's not that sort! She wants them herself," he added; "she wants to feel they're hers; she does n't care whether I have them or not! And if she can't get them, she does n't want *me*. If she can't get them, she does n't want anything at all."

This was categoric; Fleda drank it in. "She takes such an interest in them?"

"So it appears."

"So much that they're *all*, and that she can let everything else absolutely depend upon them?"

Owen weighed her question as if he felt the responsibility of his answer. But that answer came in a moment, and, as Fleda could see, out of a wealth of memory. "She never wanted them particularly till they seemed to be in danger. Now she has an idea about them; and when she gets hold of an idea — Oh dear me!" He broke off, pausing and looking away as with a sense of the futility of expression: it was the first time Fleda had ever heard him explain a matter so pointedly or embark at all on a generalization. It was striking, it was touching to her, as he faltered, that he appeared but half capable of floating his generalization to the end. The girl, however, was so far competent to fill up his blank as that she had divined, on the occasion of Mona's visit to Poynton, what would happen in the event of the accident at which he glanced. She had there with her own eyes seen Owen's betrothed get hold of an idea. "I say, you know, *do* give me some tea!" he went on, irrelevantly and familiarly.

Her profuse preparations had all this time had no sequel, and, with a laugh that she felt to be awkward, she hastily complied with his request. "It's sure to be horrid," she said; "we don't have good things." She offered him also some bread and butter, of which he partook, holding his cup and saucer in his other hand and moving slowly about the room. She poured herself a cup, but did not take it; after which, without wanting it, she began to eat a small stale biscuit. She was struck with the extinction of the unwillingness she had felt at Ricks to contribute to the bandying between them of poor Mona's name; and under this influence she presently resumed: "Am I to understand that she engaged herself to marry you without caring for you?"

Owen looked out into Raphael Road.

"She *did* care for me awfully. But she can't stand the strain."

"The strain of what?"

"Why, of the whole wretched thing."

"The whole thing has indeed been wretched, and I can easily conceive its effect upon her," Fleda said.

Her visitor turned sharp round. "You *can*?" There was a light in his strong stare. "You can understand it's spoiling her temper and making her come down on *me*? She behaves as if I were of no use to her at all!"

Fleda hesitated. "She's rankling under the sense of her wrong."

"Well, was it *I*, pray, who perpetrated the wrong? Ain't I doing what I can to get the thing arranged?"

The ring of his question made his anger at Mona almost resemble for a minute an anger at Fleda; and this resemblance in turn caused our young lady to observe how handsome he looked when he spoke, for the first time in her hearing, with that degree of heat, and used, also for the first time, such a term as "perpetrated." In addition, his challenge rendered still more vivid to her the mere flimsiness of her own aid. "Yes, you've been perfect," she said. "You've had a most difficult part. You've *had* to show tact and patience, as well as firmness, with your mother, and you've strikingly shown them. It's I who, quite unintentionally, have deceived you. I have n't helped you at all to your remedy."

"Well, you would n't, at all events, have ceased to like me, would you?" Owen demanded. It evidently mattered to him to know if she really justified Mona. "I mean, of course, if you *had* liked me,—liked me as *she* liked me," he explained.

Fleda looked this inquiry in the face only long enough to recognize that, in her embarrassment, she must take instant refuge in a superior one. "I can answer that better if I know how kind to her you've been. *Have* you been

kind to her?" she asked, as simply as she could.

"Why, rather, Miss Vetch!" Owen declared. "I've done every blessed thing she wished. I rushed down to Ricks, as you saw, with fire and sword, and the day after that I went to see her at Waterbath." At this point he checked himself, though it was just the point at which her interest deepened. A different look had come into his face as he put down his empty teacup. "But why should I tell you such things, for any good that it does me? I gather that you've no suggestion to make me now except that I shall request my solicitor to act. *Shall* I request him to act?"

Fleda scarcely heard his words; something new had suddenly come into her mind. "When you went to Waterbath after seeing me," she asked, "did you tell her all about that?"

Owen looked conscious. "All about it?"

"That you had had a long talk with me, without seeing your mother at all?"

"Oh yes, I told her exactly, and that you had been most awfully kind, and that I had placed the whole thing in your hands."

Fleda was silent a moment. "Perhaps that displeased her," she at last suggested.

"It displeased her fearfully," said Owen, looking very queer.

"Fearfully?" broke from the girl. Somehow, at the word, she was startled.

"She wanted to know what right you had to meddle. She said you were not honest."

"Oh!" Fleda cried, with a long wail. Then she controlled herself. "I see."

"She abused you, and I defended you. She denounced you"—

She checked him with a gesture. "Don't tell me what she did!" She had colored up to her eyes, where, as with the effect of a blow in the face, she quickly felt the tears gathering. It was a sudden drop in her great flight, a

shock to her attempt to watch over what Mona was entitled to. While she had been straining her very soul in this attempt, the object of her magnanimity had been pronouncing her "not honest." She took it all in, however, and after an instant was able to speak with a smile. She would not have been surprised to learn, indeed, that her smile was strange. "You said a while ago that your mother and I had quarreled about you. It's much more true that you and Mona have quarreled about *me*."

Owen hesitated, but at last he brought it out: "What I mean to say is, don't you know, that Mona, if you don't mind my saying so, has taken it into her head to be jealous."

"I see," said Fleda. "Well, I dare say our conferences have looked very odd."

"They've looked very beautiful, and they've *been* very beautiful. Oh, I've told her the sort you are!" the young man pursued.

"That of course has n't made her love me better."

"No, nor love me," said Owen. "Of course, you know, she *says* she loves me."

"And do you say you love her?"

"I say nothing else, — I say it all the while. I said it the other day a dozen times." Fleda made no immediate rejoinder to this, and before she could choose one he repeated his question of a moment before. "*Am* I to tell my solicitor to act?"

She had at that moment turned away from this solution, precisely because she saw in it the great chance of her secret. If she should determine him to adopt it, she might put out her hand and take him. It would shut in Mrs. Gereth's face the open door of surrender: she would flare up and fight, flying the flag of a passionate, an heroic defense. The case would obviously go against her, but the proceedings would last longer than Mona's patience or Owen's propriety.

With a formal rupture he would be at large; and she had only to tighten her fingers round the string that would raise the curtain on that scene. "You tell me you 'say' you love her, but is there nothing more in it than your saying so? You would n't say so, would you, if it's not true? What in the world has become, in so short a time, of the affection that led to your engagement?"

"The deuce knows what has become of it, Miss Vetch!" Owen cried. "It seemed all to go to pot as this horrid struggle came on." He was close to her now, and, with his face lighted again by the relief of it, he looked all his helpless history into her eyes. "As I saw you and noticed you more, as I knew you better and better, I felt less and less — I could n't help it — about anything or any one else. I wished I had known you sooner, — I knew I should have liked you better than any one in the world. But it was n't you who made the difference," he eagerly continued, "and I was awfully determined to stick to Mona to the death. It was she herself who made it, upon my soul, by the state she got into, the way she sulked, the way she took things, and the way she let me have it! She destroyed our prospects and our happiness, upon my honor. She made just the same smash of them as if she had kicked over that tea-table. She wanted to know all the while what was passing between us, between you and me; and she would n't take my solemn assurance that nothing was passing but what might have directly passed between me and old mummy. She said a pretty girl like you was a nice old mummy for me, and, if you'll believe it, she never called you anything else but that. I'll be hanged if I have n't been good, have n't I? I have n't breathed a breath of any sort to you, have I? You'd have been down on me hard if I had, would n't you? You're down on me pretty hard as it is, I think, are n't you? But I don't care what you say now, or what

Mona says, either, or a single rap what any one says: she has given me at last, by her confounded behavior, a right to speak out, to utter the way I feel about it. The way I feel about it, don't you know, is that it had all better come to an end. You ask me if I don't love her, and I suppose it's natural enough you should. But you ask it at the very moment I'm half mad to say to you that there's only one person on the whole earth I *really* love, and that that person" — Here Owen pulled up short, and Fleda wondered if it was from the effect of his perceiving, through the closed door, the sound of steps and voices on the landing of the stairs. She had caught this sound herself with surprise and a vague uneasiness: it was not an hour at which her father ever came in, and there was no present reason why she should have a visitor. She had a fear, which after a few seconds deepened: a visitor was at hand; the visitor would be simply Mrs. Gereth. That lady wished for a near view of the consequence of her note to Owen. Fleda straightened herself, with the instant thought that if this was what Mrs. Gereth desired, Mrs. Gereth should have it in a form not to be mistaken. Owen's pause was the matter of a moment, but during that moment our young couple stood with their eyes holding each other's eyes, and catching the suggestion, still through the door, of a murmured conference in the hall. Fleda had begun to make the movement to cut it short, when Owen stopped her with a grasp of her arm. "You're surely able to guess," he said, with his voice dropped and her arm pressed as she had never known such a drop or such a pressure, — "you're surely able to guess the one person on earth I love?"

The handle of the door turned, and Fleda had only time to jerk at him, "Your mother!"

The door opened, and the smutty maid, edging in, announced, "Mrs. Brigstock!"

XV.

Mrs. Brigstock, in the doorway, stood looking from one of the occupants of the room to the other; then they saw her eyes attach themselves to a small object that had lain hitherto unnoticed on the carpet. This was the biscuit of which, on giving Owen his tea, Fleda had taken a perfunctory nibble: she had immediately laid it on the table, and that subsequently, in some precipitate movement, she should have brushed it off was doubtless a sign of the agitation that possessed her. For Mrs. Brigstock there was apparently more in it than met the eye. Owen, at any rate, picked it up, and Fleda felt as if he were removing the traces of some scene that the newspapers would have characterized as "lively." Mrs. Brigstock clearly took in also the sprawling tea-things, and the mark as of high water in the full faces of her young friends. These elements made the little place a vivid picture of intimacy. A minute was filled by Fleda's relief at finding her visitor not to be Mrs. Gereth, and a longer space by the ensuing sense of what was really more compromising in the actual apparition. It dimly occurred to her that the lady of Ricks had also written to Waterbath. Not only had Mrs. Brigstock never paid her a call, but Fleda would have been unable to figure her as so employed. A year before, the girl had spent a day under her roof, but had never felt that Mrs. Brigstock regarded this as constituting a bond. She had never stayed in any house but Poynton where the imagination of a bond, one way or the other, prevailed. After the first astonishment she dashed gayly at her guest, emphasizing her welcome, and wondering how her whereabouts had become known at Waterbath. Had not Mrs. Brigstock quitted that residence for the very purpose of laying her hand on the associate of Mrs. Gereth's mis-

conduct? The spirit in which this hand was to be laid our young lady was yet to ascertain; but she was a person who could think ten thoughts at once, — a circumstance which, even putting her present plight at its worst, gave her a great advantage over a person who required easy conditions for dealing even with one. The very vibration of the air, however, told her that whatever Mrs. Brigstock's spirit might originally have been, it had been sharply affected by the sight of Owen. He was essentially a surprise: she had reckoned with everything that concerned him but his presence. With that, in awkward silence, she was reckoning now, as Fleda could see, while she effected with friendly aid an embarrassed transit to the sofa. Owen would be useless, would be deplorable: that aspect of the case Fleda had taken in as well. Another aspect was that he would admire her, adore her, exactly in proportion as she herself should rise gracefully superior. Fleda felt for the first time free to let herself "go," as Mrs. Gereth had said, and she was full of the sense that to "go" meant now to aim straight at the effect of moving Owen to rapture at her simplicity and tact. It was her impression that he had no positive dislike of Mona's mother; but she could not entertain that notion without a glimpse of the implication that he had a positive dislike of Mrs. Brigstock's daughter. Mona's mother declined tea, declined a better seat, declined a cushion, declined to remove her boa: Fleda guessed that she had not come on purpose to be dry, but that the voice of the invaded room had itself given her the hint.

"I just came on the mere chance," she said. "Mona found yesterday, somewhere, the card of invitation to your sister's marriage that you sent us, or your father sent us, some time ago. We could not be present, — it was impossible; but as it had this address on it, I said to myself that I might find you here."

"I'm very glad to be at home," Fleda responded.

"Yes, that does not happen very often, does it?" Mrs. Brigstock looked round afresh at Fleda's home.

"Oh, I came back from Ricks last week. I shall be here now till I don't know when."

"We thought it very likely you would have come back. We knew, of course, of your having been at Ricks. If I did not find you, I thought I might perhaps find Mr. Vetch," Mrs. Brigstock went on.

"I'm sorry he's out. He's always out, — all day long."

Mrs. Brigstock's round eyes grew rounder. "All day long?"

"All day long," Fleda smiled.

"Leaving you quite to yourself?"

"A good deal to myself, but a little, to-day, as you see, to Mr. Gereth," and the girl looked at Owen to draw him into their sociability. For Mrs. Brigstock he had immediately sat down; but the movement had not corrected the sombre stiffness taking possession of him at the sight of her. Before he found a response to the appeal addressed to him Fleda turned again to her other visitor. "Is there any purpose for which you would like my father to call on you?"

Mrs. Brigstock received this question as if it were not to be unguardedly answered; upon which Owen intervened with pale irrelevance: "I wrote to Mona this morning of Miss Vetch's being in town; but of course the letter had not arrived when you left home."

"No, it had not arrived. I came up for the night, — I've several matters to attend to." Then looking with an intention of fixedness from one of her companions to the other, "I'm afraid I've interrupted your conversation," Mrs. Brigstock said. She spoke without effectual point, had the air of merely announcing the fact. Fleda had not yet been confronted with the question of the sort of person Mrs. Brigstock was; she had only been confronted with the ques-

tion of the sort of person Mrs. Gereth scorned her for being. She was really, somehow, no sort of person at all, and it came home to Fleda that if Mrs. Gereth could see her at this moment she would scorn her more than ever. She had a face of which it was impossible to say anything but that it was pink, and a mind that it would be possible to describe only if one had been able to mark it in that same fashion. As nature had made this organ neither green nor blue nor yellow, there was nothing to know it by: it strayed and bleated like an unbranded sheep. Fleda felt for it at this moment much of the kindness of compassion, for Mrs. Brigstock had brought it with her to do something for her that she regarded as delicate. Fleda was quite prepared to help it to perform, if she should be able to gather what it wanted to do. What she gathered, however, more and more, was that it wanted to do something different from what it had wanted to do in leaving Waterbath. There was still nothing to enlighten her more specifically in the way her visitor continued: "You must be very much taken up. I believe you quite espouse his dreadful quarrel."

Fleda vaguely demurred. "His dreadful quarrel?"

"About the contents of the house. Are n't you looking after them for him?"

"She knows how awfully kind you've been to me," Owen said. He showed such discomfiture that he really gave away their situation; and Fleda found herself divided between the hope that he would take leave and the wish that he should see the whole of what the occasion might enable her to do for him.

She explained to Mrs. Brigstock: "Mrs. Gereth, at Ricks, the other day, asked me particularly to see him for her."

"And did she ask you also particularly to see him here in town?" Mrs. Brigstock's hideous bonnet seemed to argue for the unsophisticated truth; and it was on Fleda's lips to reply that such

had indeed been Mrs. Gereth's request. But she checked herself, and before she could say anything else Owen had addressed their companion:—

"I made a point of letting Mona know that I should be here, don't you see? That's exactly what I wrote her this morning."

"She would have had no doubt you would be here, if you had a chance," Mrs. Brigstock returned. "If your letter had arrived, it might have prepared me for finding you here at tea. In that case I certainly would n't have come."

"I'm glad, then, it did n't arrive. Would n't you like him to go?" Fleda asked.

Mrs. Brigstock looked at Owen and considered: nothing showed in her face but that it turned a deeper pink. "I should like him to go with *me*." There was no menace in her tone, but she evidently knew what she wanted. As Owen made no response to this, Fleda glanced at him to invite him to assent; then, for fear that he would n't, and would thereby make his case worse, she took upon herself to declare that she was sure he would be very glad to meet such a wish. She had no sooner spoken than she felt that the words had a bad effect of intimacy: she had answered for him as if she had been his wife. Mrs. Brigstock continued to regard him as if she had observed nothing, and she continued to address Fleda: "I've not seen him for a long time, and I've particular things to say to him."

"So have I things to say to you, Mrs. Brigstock!" Owen interjected. With this he took up his hat as if for an immediate departure.

The other visitor, meanwhile, turned to Fleda. "What is Mrs. Gereth going to do?"

"Is that what you came to ask me?" Fleda demanded.

"That and several other things."

"Then you had much better let Mr. Gereth go, and stay by yourself and

make me a pleasant visit. You can talk with him when you like, but it is the first time you've been to see me."

This appeal had evidently a certain effect; Mrs. Brigstock visibly wavered. "I can't talk with him whenever I like," she returned; "he has n't been near us since I don't know when. But there are things that have brought me here."

"They are not things of any importance," Owen, to Fleda's surprise, suddenly announced. He had not at first taken up Mrs. Brigstock's expression of a wish to carry him off: Fleda could see that the instinct at the bottom of this was that of standing by her, of seeming not to abandon her. But abruptly, all his soreness working within him, it had struck him that he should abandon her still more if he should leave her to be dealt with by her other visitor. "You must allow me to say, you know, Mrs. Brigstock, that I don't think you should come down on Miss Vetch about anything. It's very good of her to take the smallest interest in us and our horrid little squabble. If you want to talk about it, talk about it with *me*." He was flushed with the idea of protecting Fleda, of exhibiting his consideration for her. "I don't like your cross-questioning her, don't you see? She's as straight as a die: I'll tell you all about her!" he declared, with an excited laugh. "Please come off with me and let her alone."

Mrs. Brigstock, at this, became vivid at once; Fleda thought she looked uncommonly queer. She stood straight up, with a peculiar distention of her whole person and of everything in her face but her mouth, which she gathered into a small, tight orifice. Fleda was painfully divided; her joy was deep within, but it was more relevant to the situation that she should not appear to associate herself with the tone of familiarity in which Owen addressed a lady who had been, and was perhaps still, about to become his mother-in-law. She laid on Mrs. Brigstock's arm a repressive hand. Mrs.

Brigstock, however, had already exclaimed on her having so wonderful a defender, "He speaks, upon my word, as if I had come here to be rude to you!"

At this, grasping her hard, Fleda laughed; then she achieved the exploit of delicately kissing her. "I'm not in the least afraid to be alone with you, or of your tearing me to pieces. I'll answer any question that you can possibly dream of putting to me."

"I'm the proper person to answer Mrs. Brigstock's questions," Owen broke in again, "and I'm not a bit less ready to meet them than you are." He was firmer than she had ever seen him: it was as if she had not known he could be so firm.

"But she'll only have been here a few minutes. What sort of a visit is that?" Fleda cried.

"It has lasted long enough for my purpose. There was something I wanted to know, but I think I know it now."

"Anything you don't know I dare say I can tell you!" Owen observed, as he impatiently smoothed his hat with the cuff of his coat.

Fleda by this time desired immensely to keep his companion, but she saw she could do so only at the cost of provoking on his part a further exhibition of the sheltering attitude, which he exaggerated precisely because it was the first thing, since he had begun to "like" her, that he had been able frankly to do for her. It was not in her interest that Mrs. Brigstock should be more struck than she already was with that benevolence. "There may be things you know that I don't," she presently said to her, with a smile. "But I've a sort of sense that you're laboring under some great mistake."

Mrs. Brigstock, at this, looked into her eyes more deeply and yearningly than she had supposed Mrs. Brigstock could look; it was the flicker of a certain willingness to give her a chance. Owen, however, quickly spoiled every-

thing. "Nothing is more probable than that Mrs. Brigstock is doing what you say ; but there's no one in the world to whom you owe an explanation. I may owe somebody one, — I dare say I do ; but not you, no !"

"But what if there's one that it's no difficulty at all for me to give?" Fleda inquired. "I'm sure that's the only one Mrs. Brigstock came to ask, if she came to ask any at all."

Again the good lady looked hard at her young hostess. "I came, I believe, Fleda, just, you know, to plead with you."

Fleda, with a bright face, hesitated a moment. "As if I were one of those bad women in a play?"

The remark was fatal. Mrs. Brigstock, on whom her brightness was lost, evidently thought it singularly free. She turned away, as from a presence that had really defined itself as objectionable, and Fleda had a vain sense that her good humor, in which there was an idea, was taken for impertinence, or at least for levity. Her allusion was improper, even if she herself was n't; Mrs. Brigstock's emotion simplified: it came to the same thing. "I'm quite ready," that lady said to Owen, rather mildly and woundedly. "I do want to speak to you very much."

"I'm completely at your service." Owen held out his hand to Fleda. "Good-by, Miss Vetch. I hope to see you again to-morrow." He opened the door for Mrs. Brigstock, who passed before the girl with an odd, averted salutation. Owen and Fleda, while he stood at the door, then faced each other darkly and without speaking. Their eyes met once more for a long moment, and she was conscious there was something in hers that the darkness did n't quench, that he had never seen before, and that he was perhaps never to see again. He stayed long enough to take it, — to take it with a sombre stare that just showed the dawn of wonder; then he followed Mrs. Brigstock out of the house.

XVI.

Owen had uttered the hope that he should see her the next day, but Fleda could easily reflect that he would n't see her if she were not there to be seen. If there was a thing in the world she desired at that moment, it was that the next day should have no point of resemblance with the day that had just elapsed. She accordingly projected an absence: she would go immediately down to Maggie. She ran out that evening and telegraphed to her sister, and in the morning she quitted London by an early train. She required for this step no reason but the sense of necessity. It was a strong personal need; she wished to interpose something, and there was nothing she could interpose but distance, but time. If Mrs. Brigstock had to deal with Owen, she would allow Mrs. Brigstock the chance. To be there, to be in the midst of it, was the reverse of what she craved; she had already been more in the midst of it than had ever entered into her plan. At any rate, she had renounced her plan; she had no plan now but the plan of separation. This was to abandon Owen, to give up the fine office of helping him back to his own; but when she had undertaken that office she had not foreseen that Mrs. Gereth would defeat it by a manœuvre so simple. The scene at her father's rooms had extinguished all offices, and the scene at her father's rooms was of Mrs. Gereth's producing. Owen, at all events, must now act for himself: he had obligations to meet, he had satisfactions to give, and Fleda fairly ached with the wish that he might be equal to them. She never knew the extent of her tenderness for him till she became conscious of the present force of her desire that he should be superior, be perhaps even sublime. She obscurely made out that superiority, that sublimity, might n't after all be fatal. She closed her eyes, and lived for a day or two in the mere

beauty of confidence. It was with her on the short journey; it was with her at Maggie's; it glorified the mean little house in the stupid little town. Owen had grown larger to her: he would do, like a man, whatever he should have to do. He would n't be weak, — not as she was: she herself was weak, exceedingly.

Arranging her few possessions in Maggie's fewer receptacles, she caught a glimpse of the bright side of the fact that her old things were not such a problem as Mrs. Gereth's. Picking her way with Maggie through the local puddles, diving with her into smelly cottages, and supporting her, at smellier shops, in firmness over the weight of joints and the taste of cheese, it was still her own secret that was universally interwoven. In the puddles, the cottages, the shops, she was comfortably alone with it; that comfort prevailed even while, at the evening meal, her brother-in-law invited her attention to a diagram, drawn with a fork on too soiled a tablecloth, of the scandalous drains of the Convalescent Home. To be alone with it she had come away from Ricks; and now she knew that to be alone with it she had come away from London. This advantage was of course menaced, but not immediately destroyed, by the arrival, on the second day, of the note she had been sure she would receive from Owen. He had gone to West Kensington and found her flown, but he had got her address from the little maid, and then hurried to a club and written to her. "Why have you left me just when I want you most?" he demanded. The next words, it was true, were more reassuring on the question of his steadiness. "I don't know what your reason may be," they went on, "nor why you've not left a line for me; but I don't think you can feel that I did anything yesterday that it was n't right for me to do. As regards Mrs. Brigstock, certainly I just felt what was right, and I did it. She had no business whatever to attack you that way, and I

should have been ashamed if I had left her there to worry you. I won't have you worried by any one; no one shall be disagreeable to you but me. I did n't mean to be so yesterday, and I don't to-day; but I'm perfectly free now to want you, and I want you much more than you've allowed me to explain. You'll see if I'm not all right, if you'll let me come to you. Don't be afraid, — I'll not hurt you nor trouble you. I give you my honor I'll not hurt any one. Only I *must* see you, on what I had to say to Mrs. B. She was nastier than I thought she could be, but I'm behaving like an angel. I assure you I'm all right, — that's exactly what I want you to see. You owe me something, you know, for what you said you would do and have n't done; what your departure without a word gives me to understand — does n't it? — that you definitely can't do. Don't simply forsake me. See me, if you only see me once. I shan't wait for any leave, — I shall come down to-morrow. I've been looking into trains, and find there's something that will bring me down just after lunch, and something very good for getting me back. I won't stop long. For God's sake, be there."

This communication arrived in the morning, but Fleda would still have had time to wire a protest. She debated on that alternative; then she read the note over, and found in one phrase an exact statement of her duty. Owen's simplicity had expressed it, and her subtlety had nothing to answer. She owed him something for her obvious failure, and what she owed him was to receive him. If indeed she had known he would make this attempt, she might have been held to have gained nothing by her flight. Well, she had gained what she had gained, — she had gained the interval. She had no compunction for the greater trouble she should give the young man; it was now doubtless right that he should have as much trouble as possible. Maggie, who thought she was in her confidence, but

was not, had reproached her for having left Mrs. Gereth, and Maggie was just in this proportion gratified to hear of the visitor with whom, early in the afternoon, she would have to ask to be left alone. Maggie liked to see far, and now she could sit upstairs and rake the whole future. She had known that, as she familiarly said, there was something the matter with Fleda, and the value of that knowledge was augmented by the fact that there was apparently also something the matter with Mr. Gereth.

Fleda, downstairs, learned soon enough what this was. It was simply that, as he announced the moment he stood before her, he was now all right. When she asked him what he meant by that, he replied that he meant he could practically regard himself henceforth as a free man; he had had, at West Kensington, as soon as they got into the street, such a horrid scene with Mrs. Brigstock.

"I knew what she wanted to say to me: that's why I was determined to get her off. I knew I should n't like it, but I was perfectly prepared," said Owen. "She brought it out as soon as we got round the corner; she asked me point-blank if I was in love with you."

"And what did you say to that?"

"That it was none of her business."

"Ah," said Fleda, "I'm not so sure!"

"Well, I am, and I'm the person most concerned. Of course I did n't use just those words: I was perfectly civil, quite as civil as she. But I told her I did n't consider she had a right to put me any such question. I said I was n't sure that even Mona had, with the extraordinary line, you know, that Mona has taken. At any rate, the whole thing, the way I put it, was between Mona and me; and between Mona and me, if she did n't mind, it would just have to remain."

Fleda was silent a little. "All that did n't answer her question."

"Then you think I ought to have told her?"

Again our young lady reflected. "I think I'm rather glad you did n't."

"I knew what I was about," said Owen. "It did n't strike me that she had the least right to come down on us that way and ask for explanations."

Fleda looked very grave, weighing the whole matter. "I dare say that when she started, when she arrived, she did n't mean to 'come down.'"

"What then did she mean to do?"

"What she said to me just before she went: she meant to plead with me."

"Oh, I heard her!" said Owen. "But plead with you for what?"

"For you, of course, — to entreat me to give you up. She thinks me awfully designing, — that I've taken some sort of possession of you."

Owen stared. "You have n't lifted a finger! It's I who have taken possession."

"Very true, you've done it all yourself." Fleda spoke gravely and gently, without a breath of coquetry. "But those are shades between which she's probably not obliged to distinguish. It's enough for her that we're singularly intimate."

"I am, but you're not!" Owen exclaimed.

Fleda gave a dim smile. "You make me at least feel that I'm learning to know you very well when I hear you say such a thing as that. Mrs. Brigstock came to get round me, to supplicate me," she went on; "but to find you there, looking so much at home, paying me a friendly call, and shoving the tea-things about, that was too much for her patience. She does n't know, you see, that I'm after all a decent girl. She simply made up her mind on the spot that I'm a very bad case."

"I could n't stand the way she treated you, and that was what I had to say to her," Owen returned.

"She's simple and slow, but she's not a fool: I think she treated me, on the whole, very well." Fleda remembered

how Mrs. Gereth had treated Mona when the Brigstocks came down to Poynton.

Owen evidently thought her painfully perverse. "It was you who carried it off; you behaved like a brick. And so did I, I consider. If you only knew the difficulty I had! I told her you were the noblest and straightest of women."

"That can hardly have removed her impression that there are things I put you up to."

"It did n't," Owen replied, with candor. "She said our relation, yours and mine, is n't innocent."

"What did she mean by that?"

"As you may suppose, I particularly inquired. Do you know what she had the cheek to tell me?" Owen asked. "She did n't better it much: she said she meant that it's excessively unnatural."

Fleda considered afresh. "Well, it is!" she brought out at last.

"Then, upon my honor, it's only you who make it so!" Her perversity was distinctly too much for him. "I mean you make it so by the way you keep me off."

"Have I kept you off to-day?" Fleda sadly shook her head, raising her arms a little and dropping them.

Her gesture of resignation gave him a pretext for catching at her hand, but before he could take it she had put it behind her. They had been seated together on Maggie's single sofa, and her movement brought her to her feet, while Owen, looking at her reproachfully, leaned back in discouragement. "What good does it do me to be here, when I find you only a stone?"

She met his eyes with all the tenderness she had not yet uttered, and she had not known till this moment how great was the accumulation. "Perhaps, after all," she risked, "there may be, even in a stone, still some little help for you."

Owen sat there a minute staring at her. "Ah, you're beautiful, more beautiful than any one," he broke out, "but I'll be hanged if I can ever understand

you! On Tuesday, at your father's, you were beautiful, — as beautiful, just before I left, as you are at this instant. But the next day, when I went back, I found it had apparently meant nothing; and now again, that you let me come here and you shine at me like an angel, it does n't bring you an inch nearer to saying what I want you to say." He remained a moment longer in the same position, then he jerked himself up. "What I want you to say is that you like me, — what I want you to say is that you pity me." He sprang up and came to her. "What I want you to say is that you'll save me!"

Fleda hesitated. "Why do you need saving, when you announced to me just now that you're a free man?"

He too hesitated, but he was not checked. "It's just for the reason that I'm free. Don't you know what I mean, Miss Vetch? I want you to marry me."

Fleda, at this, put out her hand in charity; she held his own, which quickly grasped it a moment, and if he had described her as shining at him, it may be assumed that she shone all the more in her deep, still smile. "Let me hear a little more about your freedom first," she said. "I gather that Mrs. Brigstock was not wholly satisfied with the way you disposed of her question."

"I dare say she was n't. But the less she's satisfied, the more I'm free."

"What bearing have *her* feelings, pray?" Fleda asked.

"Why, Mona's much worse than her mother. She wants much more to give me up."

"Then why does n't she do it?"

"She will, as soon as her mother gets home and tells her."

"Tells her what?" Fleda inquired.

"Why, that I'm in love with *you*!"

Fleda debated. "Are you so very sure she will?"

"Certainly I'm sure, with all the evidence I already have. That will finish her!" Owen declared.

This made his companion thoughtful again. "Can you take such pleasure in her being 'finished,' a poor girl you've once loved?"

Owen waited long enough to take in the question; then, with a serenity startling even to her knowledge of his nature, "I don't think I can have *really* loved her, you know," he replied.

Fleda broke into a laugh, which gave him a surprise as visible as the emotion it testified to. "Then how am I to know that you 'really' love — anybody else?"

"Oh, I'll show you that!" said Owen.

"I must take it on trust," the girl pursued. "And what if Mona does n't give you up?" she added.

Owen was baffled but a few seconds; he had thought of everything. "Why, that's just where you come in."

"To save you? I see. You mean I must get rid of her for you." His blankness showed for a little that he felt the chill of her cold logic; but as she waited for his rejoinder, she knew which of them it cost most. He gasped a minute, and that gave her time to say, "You see, Mr. Owen, how impossible it is to talk of such things yet!"

Like lightning he had grasped her arm. "You mean you *will* talk of them?" Then, as he began to take the flood of assent from her eyes, "You *will* listen to me? Oh, you dear, you dear, when, when?"

"Ah, when it is n't mere misery!" The words had broken from her in a sudden, loud cry, and what next happened was that the very sound of her pain upset her. She heard her own true note; she turned short away from him; in a moment she had burst into sobs; in another his arms were round her; the next she had let herself go so far that even Mrs. Gereth might have seen it. He clasped her, and she gave herself, — she poured out her tears on his breast; something prisoned and pent throbbled and gushed; something deep and sweet surged up, — something that came from

far within and far off, that had begun with the sight of him in his indifference, and had never had rest since then. The surrender was short, but the relief was long: she felt his lips upon her face and his arms tighten with his full divination. What she did, what she *had* done, she scarcely knew: she only was aware, as she broke from him again, of what had taken place in his own quick breast. What had taken place was that, with the click of a spring, he saw. He had cleared the high wall at a bound; they were together without a veil. She had not a shred of a secret left; it was as if a whirlwind had come and gone, laying low the great false front that she had built up stone by stone. The strangest thing of all was the momentary sense of desolation.

"Ah, all the while you *cared*?" Owen read the truth with a wonder so great that it was visibly almost a sadness, a terror caused by his sudden perception of where the impossibility was not. That made it all perhaps elsewhere.

"I cared, I cared, I cared!" Fleda moaned it as defiantly as if she were confessing a misdeed. "How could n't I care? But you must n't, you must never, never ask! It is n't for us to talk about!" she insisted. "Don't speak of it, don't speak!"

It was easy indeed not to speak when the difficulty was to find words. He clasped his hands before her as he might have clasped them at an altar; his pressed palms shook together while he held his breath, and while she stilled herself in the effort to come round again to the real and the right. He helped this effort, soothing her into a seat with a touch as light as if she had really been something sacred. She sank into a chair, and he dropped before her on his knees; she fell back with closed eyes, and he buried his face in her lap. There was no way to thank her but this act of prostration, which lasted, in silence, till she laid consenting hands on him,

touched his head and stroked it, held it in her tenderness while he acknowledged his long density. He made the avowal seem only his, — made her, when she rose again, raise him at last, softly, as if from the abasement of shame. If in each other's eyes now, however, they saw the truth, this truth, to Fleda, looked harder even than before, — all the harder that when, at the very moment she recognized it, he murmured to her ecstatically, in fresh possession of her hands, which he drew up to his breast, holding them tight there with both his own, "I'm saved, I'm saved, — *I am!* I'm ready for anything. I have your word. Come!" he cried, as if from the sight of a response slower than he needed, and in the tone he so often had of a great boy at a great game.

She had once more disengaged herself, with the private vow that he should n't yet touch her again. It was all too horribly soon, — her sense of this was rapidly surging back. "We must n't talk, we must n't talk; we must *wait!*" she intensely insisted. "I don't know what you mean by your freedom; I don't see it, I don't feel it. Where is it yet, where, your freedom? If it's real there's plenty of time, and if it is n't there's more than enough. I hate myself," she protested, "for having anything to say about her: it's like 'waiting for dead men's shoes'! What business is it of mine what she does? She has her own trouble and her own plan. It's too hideous to watch her and count on her!"

Owen's face, at this, showed a reviving dread, the fear of some darksome process of her mind. "If you speak for yourself I can understand, but why is it hideous for *me?*"

"Oh, I mean for myself!" Fleda said impatiently.

"I watch her, I count on her: how can I do anything else? If I count on her to let me definitely know how we stand, I do nothing in life but what she herself has led straight up to. I never

thought of asking you to 'get rid of her' for me, and I never would have spoken to you if I had n't held that I *am* rid of her, that she has backed out of the whole thing. Did n't she do so from the moment she began to put it off? I had already applied for the license; the very invitations were half addressed. Who but she, all of a sudden, demanded an unnatural wait? It was none of *my* doing; I had never dreamed of anything but coming up to the scratch." Owen grew more and more lucid, and more confident of the effect of his lucidity. "She called it 'taking a stand,' to see what mother would do. I told her mother would do what I would make her do; and to that she replied that she would like to see me make her first. I said I would arrange that everything should be all right, and she said she really preferred to arrange it herself. It was a flat refusal to trust me in the smallest degree. Why then had she pretended so tremendously to care for me? And of course, at present," said Owen, "she trusts me, if possible, still less."

Fleda paid this statement the homage of a minute's muteness. "As to that, naturally, she has reason."

"Why on earth has she reason?" Then, as his companion, moving away, simply threw up her hands, "I never looked at you — not to call looking — till she had regularly driven me to it," he went on. "I know what I'm about. I do assure you I'm all right!"

"You're not all right, — you're all wrong!" cried Fleda in despair. "You must n't stay here, you must n't!" she repeated, with clear decision. "You make me say dreadful things, and I feel as if I made *you* say them." But before he could reply she took it up in another tone: "Why in the world, if everything had changed, did n't you break off?"

"I" — The inquiry seemed to have moved him to stupefaction. "Can you ask me that question, when I only wanted

to please you? Did n't you seem to show me, in your wonderful way, that that was exactly how? I did n't break off just on purpose to leave it to *her*. I did n't break off so that there should n't be a thing to be said against me."

The instant after her challenge Fleda had faced him again in self-reproof. "There *is* n't a thing to be said against you, and I don't know what nonsense you make me talk! You *have* pleased me, and you've been right and good, and it's the only comfort, and you must go. Everything must come from Mona, and if it does n't come we've said entirely too much. You must leave me alone — forever!"

"Forever?" Owen gasped.

"I mean unless everything is different."

"Everything *is* different — when I *know*!"

Fleda winced at what he knew; she made a wild gesture which seemed to whirl it out of the room. The mere allusion was like another embrace. "You know nothing — and you must go and wait! You must n't break down at *this* point."

He looked about him and took up his hat: it was as if, in spite of frustration, he had got the essence of what he wanted, and could afford to agree with her to the extent of keeping up the forms. He covered her with his fine, simple smile, but made no other approach. "Oh, I'm so awfully happy!" he exclaimed.

She hesitated: she would only be impeccable, even though she should have to be sententious. "You'll be happy if you're perfect!" she risked.

He laughed out at this, and she wondered if, with a new-born acuteness, he saw the absurdity of her speech, and that no one was happy just because no one could be what she so lightly prescribed. "I don't pretend to be perfect, but I shall find a letter to-night!"

"So much the better, if it's the kind of one you desire!" That was the most

she could say, and having made it sound as dry as possible, she lapsed into a silence so pointed as to deprive him of all pretext for not leaving her. Still he stood there, playing with his hat. Suddenly she asked, "When did you say Mrs. Brigstock was to have gone back?"

Owen stared. "To Waterbath? She was to have spent the night in town, don't you know? But when she left me after our talk, I said to myself that she would take an evening train. I know I made her want to get home."

"Where did you separate?" Fleda asked.

"At the West Kensington station, — she was going to Victoria. I had walked with her there, and our talk was all on the way."

Fleda pondered a moment. "If she did go back that night, you would have heard from Waterbath by this time."

"I don't know," said Owen. "I thought I might hear this morning."

"She can't have gone back," Fleda declared. "Mona would have written on the spot."

"Oh yes, she *will* have written bang off!" Owen cheerfully conceded.

Fleda thought again. "Then, even in the event of her mother's not having got home till the morning, you would have had your letter at the latest to-day. You see she has had plenty of time."

Owen hesitated; then, "Oh, she's all right!" he laughed. "I go by Mrs. Brigstock's certain effect on her, — the effect of the temper the old lady showed when we parted. Do you know what she asked me?" he sociably continued. "She asked me in a kind of nasty manner if I supposed you 'really' cared anything about me. Of course I told her I supposed you did n't, — not a solitary rap. How could I suppose you *do*, with your extraordinary ways? It does n't matter; I could see she thought I lied."

"You should have told her, you know, that I had seen you in town only that one time," Fleda observed.

"By Jove, I did, — for *you*! It was only for you."

Something in this touched the girl so that for a moment she could not trust herself to speak. "You're an honest man," she said simply, at last. She had gone to the door and opened it. "Good-by."

Even yet, however, Owen hung back. "But even if there's no letter" — he began. He began, but there he left it.

"You mean, even if she does n't let you off? Ah, you ask me too much!" Fleda spoke from the tiny hall, where she had taken refuge between the old barometer and the old mackintosh. "There are things too utterly for yourselves alone. How can I tell? What do I know? Good-by, good-by! If she does n't let you off, it will be because she *is* attached to you."

"She's not, she's not: there's nothing in it! Does n't a fellow know? — except with *you*!" Owen ruefully added. With this he came out of the room, lowering his voice to secret supplication, pleading with her really to meet him on the ground of the negation of Mona. It was this betrayal of his need of support and sanction that made her retreat, — harden herself in the effort to save what might remain of all she had given, given probably for nothing. The very vision of him as he thus morally clung to her was the vision of a weakness somewhere in the core of his bloom, a blessed manly weakness, of which, if she had only the valid right, it would be all a sweetness to take care. She faintly sickened, however, with the sense that there was as yet no valid right poor Owen could give. "You can take it from my honor, you know," he whispered, "that she loathes me."

Fleda had stood clutching the knob of Maggie's little painted stair-rail; she took, on the stairs, a step backward. "Why then does n't she prove it in the only clear way?"

"She *has* proved it. Will you believe it if you see the letter?"

"I don't want to see any letter," said Fleda. "You'll miss your train."

Facing him, waving him away, she had taken another upward step; but he sprang to the side of the stairs, and brought his hand, above the banister, down hard on her wrist. "Do you mean to tell me that I must marry a woman I hate?"

From her step she looked down into his raised face. "Ah, you see it's not true that you're free!" She seemed almost to exult. "It's not true, it's not true!"

He only, at this, like a buffeting swimmer, gave a shake of his head and repeated his question: "Do you mean to tell me I must marry such a woman?"

Fleda hesitated; he held her fast.

"No. Anything is better than that."

"Then, in God's name, what must I do?"

"You must settle that with her. You must n't break faith. Anything is better than that. You must at any rate be utterly sure. She *must* love you, — how can she help it? I would n't give you up!" said Fleda. She spoke in broken bits, panting out her words. "The great thing is to keep faith. Where *is* a man if he does n't? If he does n't, he may be so cruel. So cruel, so cruel, so cruel!" Fleda repeated. "I could n't have a hand in *that*, you know: that's my position, — that's mine. You offered her marriage: it's a tremendous thing for her." Then looking at him another moment, "I would n't give you up!" she said again. With a quick dip of her face she reached his hand with her lips, pressing them to the back of it with a force that doubled the force of her words. "Never, never, never!" she cried; and, scrambling up the stairs, got away from him even faster than she had got away from him at Ricks.

Henry James.

ABOUT FACES IN JAPANESE ART.

I.

A VERY interesting essay upon the Japanese art collections in the National Library was read by Mr. Edward Strange at a meeting of the Japan Society held last year in London. Mr. Strange proved his appreciation of Japanese art by an exposition of its principles, — the subordination of detail to the expression of a sensation or idea, the subordination of the particular to the general. He spoke especially of the decorative element in Japanese art, and of the Ukiyo-yé school of color-printing. He remarked that even the heraldry of Japan, as illustrated in little books costing only a few pence each, contained “an education in the planning of conventional ornament.” He referred to the immense industrial value of Japanese stencil designs. He tried to explain the nature of the advantage likely to be gained in the art of book illustration from the careful study of Japanese work; and he indicated the influence of Japanese methods in the work of such artists as Aubrey Beardsley, Edgar Wilson, Steinlen Ibels, Whistler, Grasset, Cheret, and Lantrec. Finally, he pointed out the harmony between certain Japanese principles and the doctrines of one of the modern Western schools of Impressionism.

Such an address could hardly fail to provoke adverse criticism in England, because it suggested a variety of new ideas. English opinion does not prohibit the importation of ideas: it will even complain if fresh ideas be not regularly set before it. But its requirement of them is aggressive: it wants to have an intellectual battle over them. To persuade its acceptance of new beliefs or thoughts without opposition, to coax it to jump to a conclusion, were about as easy as to make the mountains skip

like rams, and the little hills like lambs of the flock. It must first be convinced of the absolute correctness of every single step in the mental process by which the new conclusion has been reached, — though willing to be convinced, providing the idea is not morally “dangerous.” That Mr. Strange’s just but almost enthusiastic admiration of Japanese art could pass without challenge was not possible; but one would scarcely have anticipated a challenge from the ranks of the Japan Society itself. The report, however, shows that Mr. Strange’s views were received even by the society in the characteristic English way. The idea that English artists could learn anything important from the study of Japanese art methods was practically pooh-poohed; and the verbal criticisms made by various members indicated that the philosophic part of the paper had been either misunderstood or unnoticed. One gentleman innocently complained that he could not imagine “why Japanese art should be utterly wanting in facial expression.” Another declared that there could never have been any lady like the ladies of the Japanese prints; and he described the faces therein portrayed as “absolutely insane.”

Then came the most surprising incident of the evening, — the corroboration of these adverse criticisms by his Excellency the Japanese Minister, with the apologetic remark that the prints referred to “were only regarded as common things in Japan.” Common things! The artists named were Hokusai, Toyokuni, Hiroshigé, Kuniyoshi, Kunisada! But his Excellency seemed to think the subject trifling; for he took occasion to call away the attention of the meeting, irrelevantly as patriotically, to the triumphs of the war. In this he reflected faithfully the Japanese *Zeitgeist*, which

can scarcely now listen with patience to the foreign praise of Japanese art. Unfortunately, those dominated by the just and natural martial pride of the hour do not reflect that while the development and maintenance of great armaments — unless effected with the greatest economical caution — might lead in short order to national bankruptcy, the future industrial prosperity of the country is likely to depend in no small degree upon the conservation and perfection of the national art sense. Nay, those very means by which Japan won her late victories were largely purchased by the commercial results of that very art sense to which his Excellency seemed to attach no importance. Japan must continue to depend upon her æsthetic faculty, even in so commonplace a field of industry as the manufacture of mattings; for in mere cheap production she will never be able to undersell China.

II.

Although the criticisms provoked by Mr. Strange's essay were unjust to Japanese art, they were quite natural, and indicated nothing worse than ignorance of that art and miscomprehension of its purpose. It is not an art of which the meaning can be read at a glance: years of study are necessary for a right comprehension of it. I cannot pretend that I have mastered the knowledge of all its moods and tenses, but I can say truthfully that the faces in the old picture-books and in the cheap prints of to-day, especially those of the illustrated Japanese newspapers, do not seem to me in the least unreal, much less "absolutely insane." There was a time when they did appear to me fantastic. Now I find them always interesting, sometimes pretty, occasionally beautiful. If I am told

that no other European would say so, then I must declare all other Europeans wrong. I feel sure that if these faces seem to most Occidentals either absurd or soulless, it is only because most Occidentals do not understand them; and even if his Excellency the Japanese Minister to England be willing to accept the statement that no Japanese women ever resembled the women of the Japanese picture-books and cheap prints, I must still refuse to do so.¹ Those pictures, I contend, are true, and reflect intelligence, grace, and beauty. I see the women of the Japanese picture-books in every Japanese street. I have beheld in actual life almost every normal type of face to be found in a Japanese picture-book: the child and the girl, the bride and the mother, the matron and the grandparent; poor and rich; charming or commonplace or vulgar. If I am told that trained art critics who have lived in Japan laugh at this assertion, I reply that they cannot have lived in Japan long enough, or felt her life intimately enough, or studied her art impartially enough, to qualify themselves to understand even the commonest Japanese drawing.

Before I came to Japan I used to be puzzled by the absence of facial expression in certain Japanese pictures. I must confess that the faces, although not even then devoid of a certain weird charm, seemed to me impossible. Afterwards, during the first two years of Far-Eastern experience, — that period in which the stranger is apt to imagine that he is learning all about a people whom no Occidental can ever really understand, — I could recognize the grace and truth of certain forms, and feel something of the intense charm of color in Japanese prints, but I had no perception of the deeper

¹ That Japanese art is capable of great things in ideal facial expression is sufficiently proved by its Buddhist images. In ordinary prints the intentional conventionalism of the faces is hardly noticeable when the drawing is upon a small scale. The suggestion of beauty

is perceptible in such cases. But when the drawing has a certain dimension, — when the face-oval, for instance, has a diameter of more than an inch, — the same treatment seems unnatural to eyes accustomed to look closely for elaborated detail.

meaning of that art. Even the full significance of its color I did not know: much that was simply true I then thought outlandish. While conscious of the charm of many things, the reason of the charm I could not guess. I imagined the apparent conventionalism of the faces to indicate the arrested development of an otherwise marvelous art faculty. It never occurred to me that they might be conventional only in the sense of symbols which, once interpreted, would reveal more than any Western drawing can express. But this was because I still remained under old barbaric influences, — influences that blinded me to the meaning of Japanese drawing. And now, having at last learned a little more, it is the Western art of illustration that appears to me conventional, undeveloped, semi-barbarous. The pictorial attractions of English weeklies and of American magazines now impress me as flat, coarse, and clumsy. My opinion on the subject, however, is limited to the ordinary class of Western illustration as compared with the ordinary class of Japanese prints.

Perhaps somebody will say that, even granting my position, the meaning of any true art should need no interpretation, and that the inferior character of Japanese work is proved by the admission that its meaning is not universally recognizable. Whoever makes such a criticism must imagine Western art to be everywhere equally intelligible. Some of it — the very best — probably is; and some of Japanese art also is. But I can assure the reader that the ordinary art of Western book illustration or magazine engraving is just as incomprehensible to Japanese as Japanese drawings are to Europeans who have never seen Japan. For a Japanese to understand our common engravings, he must have lived abroad. For an Occidental to perceive the truth, or the beauty, or the humor of Japanese drawings, he must know the life which those drawings reflect.

One of the critics at the meeting of

the Japan Society found fault with the absence of facial expression in Japanese drawing as conventional. He compared Japanese art on this ground with the art of the old Egyptians, and held both inferior because restricted by convention. Yet surely the age which makes Laocoön a classic ought to recognize that Greek art itself was not free from conventions. It was an art which we can scarcely hope ever to equal; yet it was more conventional than any existing form of art. And since it proved that even the divine could find development within the limits of artistic convention, the charge of formality is not a charge worth making against Japanese art. Somebody may respond that Greek conventions were conventions of beauty, while those of Japanese drawing have neither beauty nor meaning. But such a statement is possible only because Japanese art has not yet found its Winckelmann nor its Lessing, whereas Greek art, by the labor of generations of modern critics and teachers, has been made somewhat more comprehensible to us than it could have been to our barbarian forefathers. The Greek conventional face cannot be found in real life, no living head presenting so large a facial angle; but the Japanese conventional face can be seen everywhere, when once the real value of its symbol in art is properly understood. The face of Greek art represents an impossible perfection, a superhuman evolution. The seemingly inexpressive face drawn by the Japanese artists represents the living, the actual, the every-day. The former is a dream; the latter is a common fact.

III.

A partial explanation of the apparent physiognomical conventionalism in Japanese drawing is just that law of the subordination of individualism to type, of personality to humanity, of detail to feeling, which the miscomprehended lecturer, Mr. Edward Strange, vainly tried to teach the Japan Society something

about. The Japanese artist depicts an insect, for example, as no European artist can do: he makes it live; he shows its peculiar motion, its character, everything by which it is at once distinguished as a type, — and all this with a few brush-strokes. But he does not attempt to represent every vein upon each of its wings, every separate joint of its antennæ: ¹ he depicts it as it is really seen at a glance, not as studied in detail. We never see all the details of the body of a grasshopper, a butterfly, or a bee, in the moment that we perceive it perching somewhere; we observe only enough to enable us to decide what kind of a creature it is. We see the typical, never the individual peculiarities. Therefore the Japanese artist paints the type alone. To reproduce every detail would be to subordinate the type character to the individual peculiarity. A very minute detail is rarely brought out except when the instant recognition of the type is aided by the recognition of the detail; as, for example, when a ray of light happens to fall upon the joint of a cricket's leg, or to reverberate from the mail of a dragon in a double-colored metallic flash. So likewise in painting a flower, the artist does not depict a particular, but a typical flower: he shows the morphological law of the species, or, to speak symbolically, nature's thought behind the form. The results of this method may astonish even scientific men. Alfred Russel Wallace speaks of a collection of Japanese sketches of plants as "the most masterly things" that he ever saw. "Every stem, twig, and leaf," he declares, "is *produced by single touches of the brush*; the character and perspective of very complicated plants being admirably given, and the articulations of stem and leaves shown in a most scientific manner." (The italics are my own.) Observe that while the work is simplicity itself, "produced by single

touches of the brush," it is, nevertheless, in the opinion of one of the greatest living naturalists, "most scientific." And why? Because it shows the type character and the law of the type. So again, in portraying rocks and cliffs, hills and plains, the Japanese artist gives us the general character, not the wearisome detail of masses; and yet the detail is admirably suggested by this perfect study of the larger law. Or look at his color studies of sunsets and sunrises: he never tries to present every minute fact within range of vision, but offers us only those great luminous tones and chromatic blendings which, after a thousand petty details have been forgotten, still linger in the memory, and there recreate the *feeling* of what has been seen.

Now this general law of the art applies to Japanese representations of the human figure, and also (though here other laws too come into play) of the human face. The general types are given, and often with a force that the cleverest French sketcher could scarcely emulate; the personal trait, the individual peculiarity, is not given. Even when, in the humor of caricature or in dramatic representation, facial expression is strongly marked, it is rendered by typical, not by individual characteristics, just as it was rendered upon the antique stage by the conventional masks of Greek actors.

IV.

A few general remarks about the treatment of faces in ordinary Japanese drawing may help to the understanding of what that treatment teaches.

Youth is indicated by the absence of all but essential touches, and by the clean, smooth curves of the face and neck. Excepting the touches which suggest eyes, nose, and mouth, there are no lines. The curves speak sufficiently of fullness, smoothness, ripeness. For illustrative

¹ Unless he carves it. In that case, his insect — cut in bone or ivory, and appropriately colored — can scarcely be distinguished from

a real insect, except by its weight, when held in the hand. Such absolute realism, however, is only curious, not artistic.

purpose it is unnecessary to elaborate feature; for the age is correctly indicated by the style of the coiffure and the fashion of the dress. In female figures, the absence of eyebrows, also, indicates wifehood; a straggling tress signifies grief; troubled thought is shown by an unmistakable pose or gesture. Hair, costume, and attitude are indeed enough to explain almost everything. But the Japanese artist knows how, by means of extremely delicate variations in the direction and position of the half dozen touches indicating feature, to give some hint of character, whether sympathetic or unsympathetic; and this hint is seldom lost upon a Japanese eye.¹ Again, an almost imperceptible hardening or softening of these touches has moral significance. Still, this is never individual; it is only the faintest possible hint of a physiognomical law. In the case of immature youth, boy and girl faces, there is only a general indication of softness and gentleness, — the abstract rather than the concrete charm of childhood.

In the portrayal of maturer types the lines are more numerous and more accentuated, in recognition of the fact that character necessarily becomes more marked in middle age, as the facial muscles begin to show. But there is only the suggestion of this change, not any study of individualism.

In the representation of old age, the Japanese artist shows us all the wrinkles, the hollows, the shrinking of tissues, the "crow's-feet," the gray hairs, the change in the line of the face following upon the loss of teeth. His old men and women show character. They delight us

by a certain worn sweetness of expression, a look of benevolent resignation; or they repel us by an aspect of cunning, avarice, or envy. There are many types of old age; but they are types of human conditions, not of personality. The picture is not drawn from a model; it is not the reflection of an individual existence: its value is made by the recognition which it exhibits of a general physiognomical or biological law.

Here it is worth while to notice that the reserves of Japanese art in the matter of facial expression accord with the ethics of Oriental society. For ages the rule of conduct has been to mask all selfish feeling as far as possible, — to hide pain and passion under an exterior semblance of smiling amiability or of impassive resignation. One key to the enigmas of Japanese art is Buddhism.

V.

I have said that when I now look at a foreign illustrated newspaper or magazine I can find little pleasure in the engravings. Most often they repel me. The drawing seems to me coarse and hard, and the realism of the conception petty. Such work leaves nothing to the imagination, and usually betrays the effort which it cost. A common Japanese drawing leaves much to the imagination, — nay, irresistibly stimulates it, — and never betrays effort. Everything in a common European engraving is detailed and individualized. Everything in a Japanese drawing is impersonal and suggestive. The former reveals no law: it is a study of particularities. The latter invariably teaches something of law, and

¹ In modern Japanese newspaper illustrations (I refer particularly to the admirable woodcuts illustrating the *feuilletons* of the Osaka Asahi Shimbun) these indications are quite visible even to a practiced foreign eye. The artist of the Asahi Shimbun is a woman.

I am here reminded of a curious fact which I do not remember having seen mention of in any book about Japan. The newly arrived Westerner often complains of his inability to

distinguish one Japanese from another, and attributes this difficulty to the absence of strongly marked physiognomy in the race. He does not imagine that our more sharply accentuated Occidental physiognomy produces the very same effect upon the Japanese. Many and many a one has said to me, "For a long time I found it very hard to tell one foreigner from another: they all seemed to me alike."

suppresses particularities except in their relation to law.

One may often hear Japanese say that Western art is too realistic; and the judgment contains a certain amount of truth. But the realism in it which offends Japanese taste, especially in the matter of facial expression, is not found fault with merely because of minuteness of detail. Detail in itself is not condemned by any art; and the highest art is that in which detail is most exquisitely elaborated. The art which saw the divine, which rose above nature's best, which discovered supramundane ideals for animal and even floral shapes, was characterized by the sharpest possible perfection of detail. And in the higher Japanese art, as in the Greek, the use of detail aids rather than opposes the aspirational aim. What most displeases in the realism of our modern illustration is not mere multiplicity of detail, but, as we shall presently see, *character* of detail.

The queerest fact about the suppression of physiognomical detail in Japanese art is that this suppression is most evident just where we should least expect to find it, namely, in those creations called "This-miserable-world pictures" (*Ukiyo-yé*), or, to use a corresponding Western religious term, "Pictures of this Vale of Tears." For although the artists of this school have really given us pictures of a very beautiful and happy world, they professed to reflect truth. One form of truth they certainly gave, but after a manner totally at variance with our common notions of realism. The *Ukiyo-yé* artist drew actualities, but not repellent or meaningless actualities, proving his rank even more by his refusal than by his choice of subjects. He looked for dominant laws of contrast and color, for the general character of nature's combinations, for the order of the beautiful as it was and is. Otherwise his art was in no sense aspirational; it was the art of the larger comprehension of things as they are. Thus he was rightly

a realist, notwithstanding that his realism appears only in the study of constants, generalities, types. And as expressing the synthesis of common fact, the systematization of natural law, this Japanese art is by its method scientific in the truest sense. The higher art, the aspirational art (whether Japanese or old Greek), is, on the contrary, essentially religious by its method.

Where the scientific and the aspirational extremes of art touch, one may expect to find some universal æsthetic truth recognized by both. They agree in their impersonality: they refuse to individualize. And the lesson of the very highest art that ever existed suggests the true reason for this common refusal.

What does the charm of an antique head express, whether in marble, gem, or mural painting, — for instance, that marvelous head of Leucothea which prefaces the work of Winckelmann? Needless to seek the reply from works of mere art critics. Science alone can furnish it. You will find it in Herbert Spencer's essay on Personal Beauty. The beauty of such a head signifies a superhumanly perfect development and balance of the intellectual faculties. All those variations of feature constituting what we call "expression" represent departures from a perfect type just in proportion as they represent what we term "character;" and they are, or ought to be, more or less disagreeable or painful because "the aspects which please us are the outward correlatives of inward perfections; and the aspects which displease us are the outward correlatives of inward imperfections." Mr. Spencer goes on to say that although there are often grand natures behind plain faces, and although fine countenances frequently hide small souls, "these anomalies do not destroy the general truth of the law any more than the perturbations of planets destroy the general ellipticity of their orbits."

Both Greek and Japanese art recognized the physiognomical truth which

Mr. Spencer put into the simple formula, "Expression is feature in the making." The highest art, Greek art, rising above the real to reach the divine, gives us the dream of feature perfected. Japanese realism, so much larger than our own as to be still misunderstood, gives us only "feature in the making," or rather, the general law of feature in the making.

VI.

Thus we reach the common truth recognized equally by Greek art and by Japanese art, namely, the non-moral significance of individual expression. And our admiration of the art reflecting personality is, of course, non-moral, since the delineation of individual imperfection is not, in the ethical sense, a subject for admiration.

Although the facial aspects which really attract us may be considered the outward correlatives of inward perfections, or of approaches to perfections, we generally confess an interest in physiognomy which by no means speaks to us of inward *moral* perfections, but rather suggests perfections of the reverse order. This fact is manifested even in daily life. When we exclaim, "What force!" on seeing a head with prominent bushy brows, incisive nose, deep-set eyes, and a massive jaw, we are really expressing our recognition of force, but only of the sort of force underlying instincts of aggression and brutality. When we commend the character of certain strong aquiline faces, certain so-called Roman profiles, we are really commending the traits that mark a race of prey. It is true that we do not admire faces in which only brutal, or cruel, or cunning traits exist; but it is true also that we admire the indications of obstinacy, aggressiveness, and harshness when united with certain indications of intelligence. It may even be said that we associate the idea of manhood with the idea of aggressive power more than with the idea of any other power. Whether this power

be physical or intellectual, we estimate it in our popular preferences, at least, above the really superior powers of the mind, and call intelligent cunning by the euphemism of "shrewdness." Probably the manifestation in some modern human being of the Greek ideal of masculine beauty would interest the average observer less than a face presenting the abnormal development of traits the reverse of noble, since the intellectual significance of such beauty could be realized only by persons capable of appreciating the miracle of a perfect balance of the highest possible human faculties. In modern art we look only for the feminine beauty which appeals to the feeling of sex, or for that child beauty which appeals to the instincts of parenthood; and we should characterize real beauty in the portrayal of manhood not only as unnatural, but as effeminate. War and love are still the two dominant tones in that reflection of modern life which our serious art gives. But it will be noticed that when the artist would exhibit the ideal of beauty or of virtue, he is still obliged to borrow from antique knowledge. As a borrower, he is never quite successful, since he belongs to a humanity in many respects much below the ancient Greek level. A German philosopher has well said, "The resuscitated Greeks would, with perfect truth, declare our works of art in all departments to be thoroughly barbarous." How could they be otherwise in an age which openly admires intelligence less because of its power to create and preserve than because of its power to crush and destroy?

Why this admiration of powers which we should certainly not like to have exercised against ourselves? Largely, no doubt, because we admire what we wish to possess, and we understand the immense value of aggressive power, intellectual especially, in the great competitive struggle of modern civilization.

As reflecting both the actualities and the aspirations of Western life, our art

would be found ethically not only below Greek art, but even below Japanese. Greek art expressed the aspiration of a race toward the divinely beautiful and the divinely wise. Japanese art reflects the simple joy of existence, the perception of natural law in form and color, the perception of natural law in change, and the sense of life made harmonious by social order and by self-suppression. Modern Western art reflects the thirst of pleasure, the idea of life as a battle for the right to enjoy, and the unamiable qualities which are indispensable to success in the competitive struggle.

It has been said that the history of Western civilization is written in Western physiognomy. I am not sure whether this is true. But it is interesting to study Western facial expression through Oriental eyes. I have frequently amused myself by showing European or American illustrations to Japanese children and hearing their artless comments upon the faces therein depicted. A complete record of these comments might prove to have value as well as interest, but for present purposes I shall offer only the results of two experiments.

The first was with a little boy, nine years old; before whom, one evening, I placed several numbers of an illustrated magazine. After turning over a few of the pages, he exclaimed, "Why do foreign artists like to draw horrible things?"

"What horrible things?" I inquired.

"These," he said, pointing to a group of figures representing voters at the polls.

"Why, those are not horrible," I answered. "We think those drawings very good."

"But the faces! There cannot really be such faces in the world."

"We think those are ordinary men. Really horrible faces we very seldom draw."

He stared in surprise, evidently suspecting that I was not in earnest.

To a little girl of eleven I showed some engravings representing famous European beauties.

"They do not look bad," was her comment. "But they seem so much like men, and their eyes are so big! Their mouths are pretty."

The mouth signifies a great deal in Japanese physiognomy, and the child was in this regard appreciative. I then showed her some drawings from life, in a New York periodical. She asked, "Is it true that there are people like those pictures?"

"Plenty," I said. "Those are good, common faces, mostly country folk, farmers."

"Farmers! They are like *Oni* [demons] from the *jigoku* [Buddhist hell]."

"No," I answered, "there is nothing very bad in those faces. We have faces in the West very much worse."

"Only to see them," she exclaimed, "I should die! I do not like this book."

I set before her a Japanese picture-book, — a book of views of the Tokaido. She clapped her hands joyfully, and pushed my half-inspected foreign magazine out of the way.

Lafcadio Hearn.

POETIC RHYTHMS IN PROSE.

ONE of the things that critics often speak of is prose rhythm, but if you look in the books to find out what prose rhythm is you will gain but small comfort. It appears to be something that a man of taste will recognize and feel and like (if it be good), but no one has yet said anything very definite about it; so if you do not see it for yourself, you must get on as well as you can without.

Different authors have been said to have a good rhythm, or not to have one. Thus of Cardinal Newman it is written¹ that he "understood perfectly the symbolic value of rhythm, and the possibility of imposing upon a series of simple words, by delicately sensitive adjustment, a power over the feelings like that of an incantation." Whereas of Mr. Pater I read² that his work "is often far more like a piece of mosaic than a passage in music, and seems, here and there, to lack the true rhythmical life of words, and the fine freedom and richness of effect that such rhythmical life produces." I like to think that I understand such passages when I turn to the authors themselves, but, with my painful academic habit of mind, I sometimes ask myself: "What is this rhythm in prose? Is it a thing definable? Will any good come from trying to observe it, to abstract it, to note its qualities and effects? Can we formulate it in such particular terms that one who has no previous inkling of it shall recognize it, and feel that thereby good prose has something for him that it never had before?" So far, however, I must confess that I have by no means satisfied myself in the matter.

There is something attractive in the subject, all the same, something alluring; I suspect that it rather fascinates one.

¹ By Mr. Gates, in the Introduction to his *Selections from Newman*.

² *Intentions*, by Oscar Wilde.

The conception of this undercurrent of living power, making itself felt, though unobserved in its processes and its modes of action; this formative resolvent; this indefinable pulsing, which thaws out the rigidity of prose, as it were, which brings it into harmony, like the unseen forces of the earth in springtime, brings it into harmony with nature herself as she goes heaving along from all time—was to eternity, with unceasing rhythm and life,—it takes a hold on one's imagination. And after all, the imagination is one way toward truth; it is by his imagination that one knows the scholar.

Rather easier than to tell what is good prose rhythm is to tell what it is not: and nowadays, when the expression "poetic prose" has a certain vogue, it is good to clear one's mind on the subject; to understand, namely, that good prose does not easily adopt the especial garment of poetry. Even so far back as Aristotle, that man who was the first to understand so many things now simple, the matter was observed. Certain rather flashy writers, it would seem, had misled public taste into feeling that prose was at its best when it was drifting into poetry. Aristotle, however, as though conscious of the responsibility resting on him of laying down the law for all coming critics, remarks that it is the opinion of most uneducated people that a poetical style in prose is the finest, but adds that "the idea is erroneous, the styles of prose and of poetry being distinct."³ And all the way down from Aristotle the idea has been dimly present in the critical mind that distinctly poetic rhythms in prose were a blemish rather than a beauty. One hears of unconscious hexameters in Livy, of the couplets (lacking only rhyme)

³ *Rhetoric* III. 1. See Welldon's translation for a note or two.

in Rousseau, of "many a scanning line" in Dryden.

All this sounds well, and there is good sense in it. Just as the different arts really have different powers and different methods, and do not successfully poach on one another's preserves, so one thing can be done best by good poetry, and another by good prose; nor is it very clear that anything can be done best by a mixture of the two. Still, one is sometimes led to think the critics on the way toward pedantry; to think a poetic rhythm in prose not necessarily very offensive even to a cultivated ear; in other words, to fancy that the matter may be pushed rather too far. Looking earnestly for the real fact without much regard to theory, I believe that one might well agree with Wordsworth, who says that "lines and passages of metre so naturally occur in prose that it would be scarcely possible to avoid them, even were it desirable."¹

Poetic rhythm may certainly be found here and there without much hunting.²

"It is well to know the trick of a lock
And the hour that guard is changed,"

is the remark of a rough character, not in a ballad by Rudyard Kipling, but in a prose tale by Gilbert Parker. In a less romantic place, namely, the Editor's Study of Harper's, I once read:—

"We say that the time of the falling leaves
Is the pleasantest time of the year."

But the little gem was quaintly pretending to be prose, and probably will not be found in the collected poems of its gifted author.

Even in the great lords of creation we may find something of the sort. Thus, although Mr. Gates says of Newman that there is not "any of the sing-song of pseudo-poetic prose" in his cadences, one of the passages to which he afterwards refers makes one feel doubtful. "To consider the world in its length and

breadth," writes Newman at the beginning of the passage in question; and if he had only gone on, "is an excellent thing to do," the metrical effect would probably have been more easily noticed. So also Mr. Pater, who thinks that Dryden's prose is "vitiated" by those scanning lines, allows himself certain lapses not only in Marius, but elsewhere. "Perhaps," he says, in writing of Botticelli,

"Perhaps you have sometimes wondered why
those peevish-looking Madonnas
Conform to no acknowledged or obvious type
of beauty."

While of Marius he says that

"The sense of some unexplored evil, ever dog-
ging his footsteps,
Made him oddly suspicious of particular
places and persons."

Such matters, however, passed unnoticed, quite clearly, with Mr. Pater and Cardinal Newman, and it would seem rather like pedantry to insist that because you can, if you try hard enough, scan a dozen words or so, they should not have their place in a bit of prose. Often, indeed, the words scan only when pulled out of their connection; in their place, as they were written, there is little hint of metrical effect. In the celebrated description of St. Mark's, Mr. Ruskin has so artfully mingled metre with his prose that in some cases it will pass quite unnoticed until one's attention is called to it. "The figures," he writes, "indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago." Here we have at the end six iambic feet, to use the classical name, but it seems harsh to separate off the alexandrine:—

"When first its gates were angel-guarded long
ago."

Metrically, it can be read as a six-foot in a note on "The Music of Prose," in *Impressions and Memories*, by J. Ashcroft Noble.

¹ In a note in the preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*.

² The reader may find a number of examples

iambic, but it was hardly meant to be read with just such an accentuation, and obviously we gain no pleasure from forcing a metrical swing upon prose which was meant to be read in a manner quite different.

There are times, however, when the metrical effect is hard to avoid, and times, moreover, when the temptation to metre is powerful, but ruinous. Here, for instance, are two passages from *The Teacher of a Violin*, by Mr. Shorthouse :

“News of a world beyond the thought of those
Who merely haunt the palaces of earth.”

In this passage, coming as it does at the very end of a paragraph, there will be in the minds of some a certain self-justification. But the next extract ends very unhappily :—

“The wandering, seeking wind
Through reed or organ-pipe or flute,
Or over strings of violin, or grassy hill,
Spoke to the spirit and to the spirit born,
And to such only, with a sufficient and adequate
voice.”

In this case, the reader's ear becomes used, for good or ill, to the iambic movement, broken a little now and then by an anapest as in blank verse, having an alexandrine which offers no real bar to the metre, and so passes on and on, until at the very end comes that “sufficient and adequate voice” which at the moment seems so very insufficient and inadequate. This is really annoying: it is not merely the academic question, if you choose to call it so, whether scanning lines are to be allowed in prose or not; it is a positive jar upon the ear; it is harsh, painful. It is only imperfect poetry; it has as bad an effect as an assonance in blank verse.

Sometimes the case is not precisely the same. It is not that we have anything that is really metrical, but we have something that comes pretty near it,—something so nearly metrical that our ear finds the metre out, and is constantly tantalized by being so near it, and yet never attaining it in any completeness. I notice this more than elsewhere in

prose written by poets. William Morris once wrote *The Story of the Glittering Plain*, in a curious sort of diction which, although probably never used by any living man except the author, had a kind of old-fashioned effect. Here is a passage which I believe is rather representative :—

“So he opened the locker again, and drew out thence a great horn of some huge neat of the outlands, which was girthed and stopped with silver, and also a golden cup, and gave it into Hallblithe's hand, and said, ‘Drink, O black-fledged nestling! But call a health over the cup if thou wilt.’ So Hallblithe raised the cup aloft, and cried, ‘Health to the House of the Raven and to them that love it! An ill day to its foemen!’ Then he set his lips to the cup and drank; and that wine seemed to him better and stronger than any he had ever tasted.”

Now, whatever excellence that prose has in the way of rhythm, it is not the excellence of prose rhythm, for by a few changes one can turn it into a sort of hexameter (with apologies to the eminent author) as follows :—

The stranger
Opened the locker again, and drew out thence a
great horn of
Some huge neat of the outlands, girthed and
stopped with silver;
Also a golden cup; and he filled the cup from
the neat-horn,
Gave it to Hallblithe's hand, and said, “Drink,
O black-fledged nestling!”

Hallblithe raised the cup, and cried, “Health
to the House of the Raven!
Health to them that love it! An evil day to
its foemen!”
He set his lips to the cup; and the wine seemed
better and stronger, —
Better and stronger it seemed than any he ever
had tasted.

In this case the prose is so near to verse that one is constantly slipping over the edge. If one feels no jar at such diction, if one feels rather a certain pleasure at it, that pleasure would seem to be of the kind given by poetry, and rather poor poetry at that.

Much the same thing is a fault of one of the less known stories of Edgar Allan Poe, in which his right hand had lost its cunning. The only reason for dragging it out is that it really is such an instructive example. It is named *Eleanora*. The first paragraph has a good prose rhythm, and the second is not so bad; the third is as follows:—

"She whom I loved in youth, and of whom I now pen calmly and distinctly these remembrances, was the sole daughter of the only sister of my mother, long departed. *Eleanora* was the name of my cousin. We had always lived together, beneath a tropical sun, in the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass. No unguided footstep ever came upon that vale; for it lay far away up among a range of giant hills that hung beetling round about it, shutting out the sunlight from its sweetest recesses. No path was trodden in the vicinity; and to reach our happy home, there was need of putting back with force the foliage of many thousands of forest trees, and of crushing to death the glories of many millions of fragrant flowers. Thus it was that we lived alone, knowing nothing of the world without the valley, — I and my cousin and her mother."

Just near enough to be annoying is this to

We had always lived together, 'neath a burning
tropic sun,

In the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass.

No rude, unguided footstep ever came upon
that vale;

For it lay

Far away, etc.

There is a good deal more of the same sort in the tale; the next paragraph to the last, for instance, begins, "I wedded, nor dreaded the curse I had invoked;" and throughout the story one feels that there is poetical movement somewhere close at hand, if only one could get hold of it.

Thus far of the facts in the case: it seems as if there could be no doubt that certain approaches to metre in prose are

distinctly harsh; or perhaps a better word is "annoying." Aside from the question, What constitutes good prose rhythm? we may feel assured that the introduction of poor poetical rhythm has an effect rather irritating than otherwise, and that even with good poetical rhythm the transition from metre to prose is apt to be trying.

All this becomes plainer if we compare it with what little we really know of rhythm from the standpoint of the psychologist. Although the matter is not wholly clear to me, it would seem that to some extent rhythm is subjective, that it is imposed by the mind upon this or that. Any one can try the experiment readily enough by listening to the puffs of a locomotive engine, or to the noise made by the car-wheels going over the ends of the railroad tracks. You will find generally that you can make them go in one rhythm or another, to suit yourself. People are rather different about it, but almost every one can make a watch or a clock tick, one, two — one, two — and so on; or one, two, three — one, two, three; a good many people can go much farther. So it is with a great number of recurrent sounds; they may not actually differ in stress, but the mind imposes a sort of rhythm, so that we hear a stick dragged along the paling, a drop of rain falling in a particular place, or anything of the sort, in a kind of "pattern," as I used to call it when a boy. Now in poetry this "pattern" is suggested to us by the look of the poem, if we are experienced; sometimes the metre is not apparent, however, and we have to make one or two trials before we get rightly started. But the idea once established, the mind continues to impose the rhythm upon everything that comes along; thus in the beginning of *Elaine*, for instance:—

"Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable,
Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat,
High in her chamber up a tower to the east
Guarded the sacred shield of Lancelot."

Here the first two lines are so regular that we get at once the notion of the iambic rhythm, so that the variations in the third and fourth lines are noticeable, though not offensive, being slight. The words "high" and "guarded" are accented, a thing out of the usual recurrence; but this serves to give them an emphasis which is not out of place. The words "tower to the east" must be pronounced rapidly, which gives perhaps a feeling in harmony with the airy height of the tower. Then, as the poem goes on, there are enough verses perfectly regular to keep the rhythm well in mind, so that the variations from it may serve the purposes of the poet. All this is repeated many times in the experience of any reader of poetry. The mind gets the idea of the rhythm, and imposes this idea on all that comes before it; when it cannot impose the rhythm without doing real violence to ordinary usage, then, if the interruption be slight there is a concentration of attention, and if the reason be clear we go cheerfully on. But in such passages as those quoted the interruption is not slight; take the second quoted from Mr. Shorthouse, or let us take another example from the same book:—

"A world of human suffering and doubt and terror, of love unrequited, of righteousness unrecognized, of toil and sorrow and despair unrelieved, until, in the thronged theatres and market-places, where life stands waiting its abiding doom, the times and seasons of the world's harvest being fully ripe, the riddle of righteousness and wrong is answered, and in the sad gray dawn of the eternal day the dividing sickle is put in."

Here the first words may give us the effect of rhythm. If they do not, we go on with no such idea until we come to the next set of italicized words, and then no sooner do we catch the rhythm than we are landed in prose again; in a minute or two we have rhythm once more, then once more it vanishes.

All this makes what we may really call harshness; it is like coasting into a stretch of sand at the bottom of a hill, or like a train running off the track. And this difficulty will always attend the change from metre to prose; for one of the characteristics of metrical prose is that you never know when the metre is coming or when it is going to stop. In the other extracts the case is somewhat different. There it would seem that the mind gets a sort of inkling of the way things should go, but do not, and that we have a painful disappointment in expecting a recurrence that does not recur. Such disappointments are recognized by the students of scientific æsthetic in many directions; they are called, I believe, "repressive pains." In ordinary language I should call them disappointments; but whatever be their best name, the reader of metrical prose stands in danger of them.

So much for metrical snatches in prose; where they are only dimly apprehended they may not trouble us, but as soon as we appreciate them they offend. They do not make good prose rhythm: they are, as has always been said, faults, blemishes in good prose.

The difference between the rhythm of poetry and the rhythm of prose is the difference in form between conventionalized designs and the freer representations of nature. In point of time, poetry always comes first so far as art is concerned, just as the first drawing and painting is always in some degree conventional. We gain a certain pleasure from poetic rhythm as such, just as we gain a certain pleasure from conventionalized design as such. It is true that in painting and drawing the most effective expressions are the more natural, which is hardly the case in poetry and prose. I suppose the difference is that in the graphic arts the forms go for so much more; we have no way of getting at the meaning except by the forms (which is not the case in poetry and prose); we

notice so much more readily the incongruity between the unnatural form and the nature of the subject. Be this as it may, the comparison may at least serve as a simile: in poetical rhythm we have the conventionalized roll of the wave border; in prose rhythm we have the irregularity of the waves themselves, in which, however, any one may perceive sufficient regularity for its own kind of pleasure. Or, to change the figure a little, in prose rhythm we have the lingering, hurrying, eddying course of the current of some little river. And this figure is rather better than the other, for prose proceeds in very much the way such a lazy little river does. It seems to be caused by successive periods of alternate hasting over considerable lengths of slightly accented words, and eddying around groups of accents more thickly put together than is possible in poetry.

But I see that I am allowing myself to be tempted into writing of what I do not understand; I must remain content with the comparisons. It may be re-

marked, however, that in the matter of form only are the comparisons suggestive; we prefer the breakers on the beach and the river in the meadow-land for many reasons beside their abstract form; color, light and shade, and all the current of ideas brought along by association are far more important. So do we prefer poetry to prose often enough for many other reasons than their mere metrical effect; indeed, rather a small number of persons even apprehend the metrical effect of either. They read poetry as if it were prose, and prose as if it were anything you please. To abstract the rhythmical effect is not so very easy, any more than it is easy to abstract the sensations of pure form from the other sensations and perceptions that we gain from ocean or river. But those who do abstract these qualities find, when they drop analysis and proceed with the simple synthetic appreciation needful to art, that they have gained a something which gives to prose as well as to poetry a quality which they could ill afford to spare.

Edward E. Hale, Jr.

ATHÉNAÏSE: A STORY OF A TEMPERAMENT.

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

I.

ATHÉNAÏSE went away in the morning to make a visit to her parents, ten miles back on rigolet du Bon Dieu. She did not return in the evening, and Cazeau, her husband, fretted not a little. He did not worry much about Athénaïse, who, he suspected, was resting only too content in the bosom of her family; his chief solicitude was manifestly for the pony she had ridden. He felt sure those "lazy pigs," her brothers, were capable of neglecting it seriously. This misgiving Cazeau communicated to his servant,

old Félicité, who waited upon him at supper.

His voice was low pitched, and even softer than Félicité's. He was tall, sinewy, swarthy, and altogether severe looking. His thick black hair waved, and it gleamed like the breast of a crow. The sweep of his mustache, which was not so black, outlined the broad contour of the mouth. Beneath the under lip grew a small tuft which he was much given to twisting, and which he permitted to grow, apparently, for no other purpose. Cazeau's eyes were dark blue, narrow and overshadowed. His hands were coarse

and stiff from close acquaintance with farming tools and implements, and he handled his fork and knife clumsily. But he was distinguished looking, and succeeded in commanding a good deal of respect, and even fear sometimes.

He ate his supper alone, by the light of a single coal-oil lamp that but faintly illuminated the big room, with its bare floor and huge rafters, and its heavy pieces of furniture that loomed dimly in the gloom of the apartment. Félicité, ministering to his wants, hovered about the table like a little, bent, restless shadow.

She served him a dish of sunfish fried crisp and brown. There was nothing else set before him beside the bread and butter and the bottle of red wine which she locked carefully in the buffet after he had poured his second glass. She was occupied with her mistress's absence, and kept reverting to it after he had expressed his solicitude about the pony.

"Dat beat me! on'y marry two mont', an' got de head turn' a'ready to go 'broad. Ce n'est pas Chrétien, tenez!"

Cazeau shrugged his shoulders for answer, after he had drained his glass and pushed aside his plate. Félicité's opinion of the unchristian-like behavior of his wife in leaving him thus alone after two months of marriage weighed little with him. He was used to solitude, and did not mind a day or a night or two of it. He had lived alone ten years, since his first wife died, and Félicité might have known better than to suppose that he cared. He told her she was a fool. It sounded like a compliment in his modulated, caressing voice. She grumbled to herself as she set about clearing the table, and Cazeau arose and walked outside on the gallery; his spur, which he had not removed upon entering the house, jangled at every step.

The night was beginning to deepen, and to gather black about the clusters of trees and shrubs that were grouped in the yard. In the beam of light from the open kitchen door a black boy stood

feeding a brace of snarling, hungry dogs; further away, on the steps of a cabin, some one was playing the accordion; and in still another direction a little negro baby was crying lustily. Cazeau walked around to the front of the house, which was square, squat, and one-story.

A belated wagon was driving in at the gate, and the impatient driver was swearing hoarsely at his jaded oxen. Félicité stepped out on the gallery, glass and polishing-towel in hand, to investigate, and to wonder, too, who could be singing out on the river. It was a party of young people paddling around, waiting for the moon to rise, and they were singing Juanita, their voices coming tempered and melodious through the distance and the night.

Cazeau's horse was waiting, saddled, ready to be mounted, for Cazeau had many things to attend to before bedtime; so many things that there was not left to him a moment in which to think of *Athénaïse*. He felt her absence, though, like a dull, insistent pain.

However, before he slept that night he was visited by the thought of her, and by a vision of her fair young face with its drooping lips and sullen and averted eyes. The marriage had been a blunder; he had only to look into her eyes to feel that, to discover her growing aversion. But it was a thing not by any possibility to be undone. He was quite prepared to make the best of it, and expected no less than a like effort on her part. The less she revisited the rigolet, the better. He would find means to keep her at home hereafter.

These unpleasant reflections kept Cazeau awake far into the night, notwithstanding the craving of his whole body for rest and sleep. The moon was shining, and its pale effulgence reached dimly into the room, and with it a touch of the cool breath of the spring night. There was an unusual stillness abroad; no sound to be heard save the distant, tireless, plaintive notes of the accordion.

II.

Athénaïse did not return the following day, even though her husband sent her word to do so by her brother, Montéclin, who passed on his way to the village early in the morning.

On the third day Cazeau saddled his horse and went himself in search of her. She had sent no word, no message, explaining her absence, and he felt that he had good cause to be offended. It was rather awkward to have to leave his work, even though late in the afternoon, — Cazeau had always so much to do; but among the many urgent calls upon him, the task of bringing his wife back to a sense of her duty seemed to him for the moment paramount.

The Michés, Athénaïse's parents, lived on the old Gotrain place. It did not belong to them; they were "running" it for a merchant in Alexandria. The house was far too big for their use. One of the lower rooms served for the storing of wood and tools; the person "occupying" the place before Miché having pulled up the flooring in despair of being able to patch it. Upstairs, the rooms were so large, so bare, that they offered a constant temptation to lovers of the dance, whose importunities Madame Miché was accustomed to meet with amiable indulgence. A dance at Miché's and a plate of Madame Miché's gumbo filé at midnight were pleasures not to be neglected or despised, unless by such serious souls as Cazeau.

Long before Cazeau reached the house his approach had been observed, for there was nothing to obstruct the view of the outer road; vegetation was not yet abundantly advanced, and there was but a patchy, straggling stand of cotton and corn in Miché's field.

Madame Miché, who had been seated on the gallery in a rocking-chair, stood up to greet him as he drew near. She was short and fat, and wore a black skirt

and loose muslin sack fastened at the throat with a hair brooch. Her own hair, brown and glossy, showed but a few threads of silver. Her round pink face was cheery, and her eyes were bright and good humored. But she was plainly perturbed and ill at ease as Cazeau advanced.

Montéclin, who was there too, was not ill at ease, and made no attempt to disguise the dislike with which his brother-in-law inspired him. He was a slim, wiry fellow of twenty-five, short of stature like his mother, and resembling her in feature. He was in shirt-sleeves, half leaning, half sitting, on the insecure railing of the gallery, and fanning himself with his broad-rimmed felt hat.

"Cochon!" he muttered under his breath as Cazeau mounted the stairs, — "sacré cochon!"

"Cochon" had sufficiently characterized the man who had once on a time declined to lend Montéclin money. But when this same man had had the presumption to propose marriage to his well-beloved sister, Athénaïse, and the honor to be accepted by her, Montéclin felt that a qualifying epithet was needed fully to express his estimate of Cazeau.

Miché and his oldest son were absent. They both esteemed Cazeau highly, and talked much of his qualities of head and heart, and thought much of his excellent standing with city merchants.

Athénaïse had shut herself up in her room. Cazeau had seen her rise and enter the house at perceiving him. He was a good deal mystified, but no one could have guessed it when he shook hands with Madame Miché. He had only nodded to Montéclin, with a muttered "*Comment ça va?*"

"Tiens! something tole me you were coming to-day!" exclaimed Madame Miché, with a little blustering appearance of being cordial and at ease, as she offered Cazeau a chair.

He ventured a short laugh as he seated himself.

"You know, nothing would do," she went on, with much gesture of her small, plump hands, "nothing would do but Athénaïse mus' stay las' night fo' a li'le dance. The boys wouldn' year to their sister leaving."

Cazeau shrugged his shoulders significantly, telling as plainly as words that he knew nothing about it.

"Comment! Montéclin didn' tell you we were going to keep Athénaïse?" Montéclin had evidently told nothing.

"An' how about the night befo'," questioned Cazeau, "an' las' night? It is n't possible you dance every night out yere on the Bon Dieu!"

Madame Miché laughed, with amiable appreciation of the sarcasm; and turning to her son, "Montéclin, my boy, go tell yo' sister that Monsieur Cazeau is yere."

Montéclin did not stir except to shift his position and settle himself more securely on the railing.

"Did you year me, Montéclin?"

"Oh yes, I yeard you plain enough," responded her son, "but you know as well as me it's no use to tell 'Thénaïse anything. You been talkin' to her yo'-se'f since Monday; an' pa's preached himse'f hoarse on the subject; an' you even had uncle Achille down yere yesterday to reason with her. W'en 'Thénaïse said she wasn' goin' to set her foot back in Cazeau's house, she meant it."

This speech, which Montéclin delivered with thorough unconcern, threw his mother into a condition of painful but dumb embarrassment. It brought two fiery red spots to Cazeau's cheeks, and for the space of a moment he looked wicked.

What Montéclin had spoken was quite true, though his taste in the manner and choice of time and place in saying it were not of the best. Athénaïse, upon the first day of her arrival, had announced that she came to stay, having no intention of returning under Cazeau's roof. The announcement had scattered con-

sternation, as she knew it would. She had been implored, scolded, entreated, stormed at, until she felt herself like a dragging sail that all the winds of heaven had beaten upon. Why in the name of God had she married Cazeau? Her father had lashed her with the question a dozen times. Why indeed? It was difficult now for her to understand why, unless because she supposed it was customary for girls to marry when the right opportunity came. Cazeau, she knew, would make life more comfortable for her; and again, she had liked him, and had even been rather flustered when he pressed her hands and kissed them, and kissed her lips and cheeks and eyes, when she accepted him.

Montéclin himself had taken her aside to talk the thing over. The turn of affairs was delighting him.

"Come, now, 'Thénaïse, you mus' explain to me all about it, so we can settle on a good cause, an' secu' a separation fo' you. Has he been mistreating an' abusing you, the sacré cochon?" They were alone together in her room, whither she had taken refuge from the angry domestic elements.

"You please to reserve yo' disgusting expressions, Montéclin. No, he has not abused me in any way that I can think."

"Does he drink? Come, 'Thénaïse, think well over it. Does he ever get drunk?"

"Drunk! Oh, mercy, no, — Cazeau never gets drunk."

"I see; it's jus' simply you feel like me: you hate him."

"No, I don't hate him," she returned reflectively; adding with a sudden impulse, "It's jus' being married that I detes' an' despise. I hate being Mrs. Cazeau, an' would want to be Athénaïse Miché again. I can't stan' to live with a man: to have him always there; his coats an' pantaloons hanging in my room; his ugly bare feet — washing them in my tub, befo' my very eyes, ugh!" She shuddered with recollections, and resumed,

with a sigh that was almost a sob: "Mon Dieu, mon Dieu! Sister Marie Angélique knew w'at she was saying; she knew me better than mys'f w'en she said God had sent me a vocation an' I was turning deaf ears. W'en I think of a blessed life in the convent, at peace! Oh, w'at was I dreaming of!" and then the tears came.

Montéclin felt disconcerted and greatly disappointed at having obtained evidence that would carry no weight with a court of justice. The day had not come when a young woman might ask the court's permission to return to her mamma on the sweeping grounds of a constitutional disinclination for marriage. But if there was no way of untying this Gordian knot of marriage, there was surely a way of cutting it.

"Well, 'Thénaïse, I'm mighty durn sorry you got no better groun's 'an w'at you say. But you can count on me to stan' by you w'atever you do. God knows I don' blame you fo' not wantin' to live with Cazeau."

And now there was Cazeau himself, with the red spots flaming in his swarthy cheeks, looking and feeling as if he wanted to thrash Montéclin into some semblance of decency. He arose abruptly, and approaching the room which he had seen his wife enter, thrust open the door after a hasty preliminary knock. Athénaïse, who was standing erect at a far window, turned at his entrance.

She appeared neither angry nor frightened, but thoroughly unhappy, with an appeal in her soft dark eyes and a tremor on her lips that seemed to him expressions of unjust reproach, that wounded and maddened him at once. But whatever he might feel, Cazeau knew only one way to act toward a woman.

"Athénaïse, you are not ready?" he asked in his quiet tones. "It's getting late; we havn' any time to lose."

She knew that Montéclin had spoken out, and she had hoped for a wordy interview, a stormy scene, in which she might

have held her own as she had held it for the past three days against her family, with Montéclin's aid. But she had no weapon with which to combat subtlety. Her husband's looks, his tones, his mere presence, brought to her a sudden sense of hopelessness, an instinctive realization of the futility of rebellion against a social and sacred institution.

Cazeau said nothing further, but stood waiting in the doorway. Madame Miché had walked to the far end of the gallery, and pretended to be occupied with having a chicken driven from her parterre. Montéclin stood by, exasperated, fuming, ready to burst out.

Athénaïse went and reached for her riding-skirt that hung against the wall. She was rather tall, with a figure which, though not robust, seemed perfect in its fine proportions. "La fille de son père," she was often called, which was a great compliment to Miché. Her brown hair was brushed all fluffily back from her temples and low forehead, and about her features and expression lurked a softness, a prettiness, a dewiness, that were perhaps too childlike, that savored of immaturity.

She slipped the riding-skirt, which was of black alpaca, over her head, and with impatient fingers hooked it at the waist over her pink linen-lawn. Then she fastened on her white sunbonnet and reached for her gloves on the mantelpiece.

"If you don' wan' to go, you know w'at you got to do, 'Thénaïse," fumed Montéclin. "You don' set yo' feet back on Cane River, by God, unless you want to, — not w'ile I'm alive."

Cazeau looked at him as if he were a monkey whose antics fell short of being amusing.

Athénaïse still made no reply, said not a word. She walked rapidly past her husband, past her brother; bidding good-by to no one, not even to her mother. She descended the stairs, and without assistance from any one mounted the

pony, which Cazeau had ordered to be saddled upon his arrival. In this way she obtained a fair start of her husband, whose departure was far more leisurely, and for the greater part of the way she managed to keep an appreciable gap between them. She rode almost madly at first, with the wind inflating her skirt balloon-like about her knees, and her sun-bonnet falling back between her shoulders.

At no time did Cazeau make an effort to overtake her until traversing an old fallow meadow that was level and hard as a table. The sight of a great solitary oak-tree, with its seemingly immutable outlines, that had been a landmark for ages — or was it the odor of elderberry stealing up from the gully to the south? or what was it that brought vividly back to Cazeau, by some association of ideas, a scene of many years ago? He had passed that old live-oak hundreds of times, but it was only now that the memory of one day came back to him. He was a very small boy that day, seated before his father on horseback. They were proceeding slowly, and Black Gabe was moving on before them at a little dog-trot. Black Gabe had run away, and had been discovered back in the Gotrain Swamp. They had halted beneath this big oak to enable the negro to take breath; for Cazeau's father was a kind and considerate master, and every one had agreed at the time that Black Gabe was a fool, a great idiot indeed, for wanting to run away from him.

The whole impression was for some reason hideous, and to dispel it Cazeau spurred his horse to a swift gallop. Overtaking his wife, he rode the remainder of the way at her side in silence.

It was late when they reached home. Félicité was standing on the grassy edge of the road, in the moonlight, waiting for them.

Cazeau once more ate his supper alone; for Athénaïse went to her room, and there she was crying again.

III.

Athénaïse was not one to accept the inevitable with patient resignation, a talent born in the souls of many women; neither was she the one to accept it with philosophical resignation, like her husband. Her sensibilities were alive and keen and responsive. She met the pleasurable things of life with frank, open appreciation, and against distasteful conditions she rebelled. Dissimulation was as foreign to her nature as guile to the breast of a babe, and her rebellious outbreaks, by no means rare, had hitherto been quite open and aboveboard. People often said that Athénaïse would know her own mind some day, which was equivalent to saying that she was at present unacquainted with it. If she ever came to such knowledge, it would be by no intellectual research, by no subtle analyses or tracing the motives of actions to their source. It would come to her as the song to the bird, the perfume and color to the flower.

Her parents had hoped — not without reason and justice — that marriage would bring the poise, the desirable pose, so glaringly lacking in Athénaïse's character. Marriage they knew to be a wonderful and powerful agent in the development and formation of a woman's character; they had seen its effect too often to doubt it.

"And if this marriage does nothing else," exclaimed Miché in an outburst of sudden exasperation, "it will rid us of Athénaïse; for I am at the end of my patience with her! You have never had the firmness to manage her," — he was speaking to his wife, — "I have not had the time, the leisure, to devote to her training; and what good we might have accomplished, that maudit Montéclin — Well, Cazeau is the one! It takes just such a steady hand to guide a disposition like Athénaïse's, a master hand, a strong will that compels obedience."

And now, when they had hoped for so much, here was Athénaïse, with gathered and fierce vehemence, beside which her former outbursts appeared mild, declaring that she would not, and she would not, and she would *not* continue to enact the rôle of wife to Cazeau. If she had had a reason! as Madame Miché lamented; but it could not be discovered that she had any sane one. He had never scolded, or called names, or deprived her of comforts, or been guilty of any of the many reprehensible acts commonly attributed to objectionable husbands. He did not slight nor neglect her. Indeed, Cazeau's chief offense seemed to be that he loved her, and Athénaïse was not the woman to be loved against her will. She called marriage a trap set for the feet of unwary and unsuspecting girls, and in round, unmeasured terms reproached her mother with treachery and deceit.

"I told you Cazeau was the man," chuckled Miché, when his wife had related the scene that had accompanied and influenced Athénaïse's departure.

Athénaïse again hoped, in the morning, that Cazeau would scold or make some sort of a scene, but he apparently did not dream of it. It was exasperating that he should take her acquiescence so for granted. It is true he had been up and over the fields and across the river and back long before she was out of bed, and he may have been thinking of something else, which was no excuse, which was even in some sense an aggravation. But he did say to her at breakfast, "That brother of yo's, that Montéclin, is unbearable."

"Montéclin? Par exemple!"

Athénaïse, seated opposite to her husband, was attired in a white morning wrapper. She wore a somewhat abused, long face, it is true, — an expression of countenance familiar to some husbands, — but the expression was not sufficiently pronounced to mar the charm of her youthful freshness. She had little heart to eat, only playing with the food before

her, and she felt a pang of resentment at her husband's healthy appetite.

"Yes, Montéclin," he reasserted. "He's developed into a first-class nuisance; an' you better tell him, Athénaïse, — unless you want me to tell him, — to confine his energies after this to matters that concern him. I have no use fo' him or fo' his interference in w'at regards you an' me alone."

This was said with unusual asperity. It was the little breach that Athénaïse had been watching for, and she charged rapidly: "It's strange, if you detest Montéclin so heartily, that you would desire to marry his sister." She knew it was a silly thing to say, and was not surprised when he told her so. It gave her a little foothold for further attack, however. "I don't see, anyhow, w'at reason you had to marry me, w'en there were so many others," she complained, as if accusing him of persecution and injury. "There was Marianne running after you fo' the las' five years till it was disgraceful; an' any one of the Dortrand girls would have been glad to marry you. But no, nothing would do; you mus' come out on the rigolet fo' me." Her complaint was pathetic, and at the same time so amusing that Cazeau was forced to smile.

"I can't see w'at the Dortrand girls or Marianne have to do with it," he rejoined; adding, with no trace of amusement, "I married you because I loved you; because you were the woman I wanted to marry, an' the only one. I reckon I tole you that befo'. I thought — of co'se I was a fool fo' taking things fo' granted — but I did think that I might make you happy in making things easier an' mo' comfortable fo' you. I expected — I was even that big a fool — I believed that yo' coming yere to me would be like the sun shining out of the clouds, an' that our days would be like w'at the story-books promise after the wedding. I was mistaken. But I can't imagine w'at induced you to marry me. W'at

ever it was, I reckon you foun' out you made a mistake, too. I don' see any-thing to do but make the best of a bad bargain, an' shake han's over it." He had arisen from the table, and, approaching, held out his hand to her. What he had said was commonplace enough, but it was significant, coming from Cazeau, who was not often so unreserved in expressing himself.

Athénaïse ignored the hand held out to her. She was resting her chin in her palm, and kept her eyes fixed moodily upon the table. He rested his hand, that she would not touch, upon her head for an instant, and walked away out of the room.

She heard him giving orders to workmen who had been waiting for him out on the gallery, and she heard him mount his horse and ride away. A hundred things would distract him and engage his attention during the day. She felt that he had perhaps put her and her grievance from his thoughts when he crossed the threshold; whilst she —

Old Félicité was standing there holding a shining tin pail, asking for flour and lard and eggs from the storeroom, and meal for the chicks.

Athénaïse seized the bunch of keys which hung from her belt and flung them at Félicité's feet.

"Tiens! tu vas les garder comme tu as jadis fait. Je ne veux plus de ce train là, moi!"

The old woman stooped and picked up the keys from the floor. It was really all one to her that her mistress returned them to her keeping, and refused to take further account of the ménage.

IV.

It seemed now to Athénaïse that Montéclin was the only friend left to her in the world. Her father and mother had turned from her in what appeared to be her hour of need. Her friends laughed

at her, and refused to take seriously the hints which she threw out, — feeling her way to discover if marriage were as distasteful to other women as to herself. Montéclin alone understood her. He alone had always been ready to act for her and with her, to comfort and solace her with his sympathy and support. Her only hope for rescue from her hateful surroundings lay in Montéclin. Of herself she felt powerless to plan, to act, even to conceive a way out of this pitfall into which the whole world seemed to have conspired to thrust her.

She had a great desire to see her brother, and wrote asking him to come to her. But it better suited Montéclin's spirit of adventure to appoint a meeting-place at the turn of the lane, where Athénaïse might appear to be walking leisurely for health and recreation, and where he might seem to be riding along, bent on some errand of business or pleasure.

There had been a shower, a sudden downpour, short as it was sudden, that had laid the dust in the road. It had freshened the pointed leaves of the live-oaks, and brightened up the big fields of cotton on either side of the lane till they seemed carpeted with green, glittering gems.

Athénaïse walked along the grassy edge of the road, lifting her crisp skirts with one hand, and with the other twirling a gay sunshade over her bare head. The scent of the fields after the rain was delicious. She inhaled long breaths of their freshness and perfume, that soothed and quieted her for the moment. There were birds splashing and spluttering in the pools, pluming themselves on the fence-rails, and sending out little sharp cries, twitters, and shrill rhapsodies of delight.

She saw Montéclin approaching from a great distance, — almost as far away as the turn of the woods. But she could not feel sure it was he; it appeared too tall for Montéclin, but that was because

he was riding a large horse. She waved her parasol to him; she was so glad to see him. She had never been so glad to see Montéclin before; not even the day when he had taken her out of the convent, against her parents' wishes, because she had expressed a desire to remain there no longer. He seemed to her, as he drew near, the embodiment of kindness, of bravery, of chivalry, even of wisdom; for she had never known Montéclin at a loss to extricate himself from a disagreeable situation.

He dismounted, and, leading his horse by the bridle, started to walk beside her, after he had kissed her affectionately and asked her what she was crying about. She protested that she was not crying, for she was laughing, though drying her eyes at the same time on her handkerchief, rolled in a soft mop for the purpose.

She took Montéclin's arm, and they strolled slowly down the lane; they could not seat themselves for a comfortable chat, as they would have liked, with the grass all sparkling and bristling wet.

Yes, she was quite as wretched as ever, she told him. The week which had gone by since she saw him had in no wise lightened the burden of her discontent. There had even been some additional provocations laid upon her, and she told Montéclin all about them, — about the keys, for instance, which in a fit of temper she had returned to Félicité's keeping; and she told how Cazeau had brought them back to her as if they were something she had accidentally lost, and he had recovered; and how he had said, in that aggravating tone of his, that it was not the custom on Cane River for the negro servants to carry the keys, when there was a mistress at the head of the household.

But Athénaïse could not tell Montéclin anything to increase the disrespect which he already entertained for his brother-in-law; and it was then he unfolded to her a plan which he had con-

ceived and worked out for her deliverance from this galling matrimonial yoke.

It was not a plan which met with instant favor, which she was at once ready to accept, for it involved secrecy and dissimulation, hateful alternatives both of them. But she was filled with admiration for Montéclin's resources and wonderful talent for contrivance. She accepted the plan; not with the immediate determination to act upon it, rather with the intention to sleep and to dream upon it.

Three days later she wrote to Montéclin that she had abandoned herself to his counsel. Displeasing as it might be to her sense of honesty, it would yet be less trying than to live on with a soul full of bitterness and revolt, as she had done for the past two months.

V.

When Cazeau awoke, one morning, at his usual very early hour, it was to find the place at his side vacant. This did not surprise him until he discovered that Athénaïse was not in the adjoining room, where he had often found her sleeping in the morning on the lounge. She had perhaps gone out for an early stroll, he reflected, for her jacket and hat were not on the rack where she had hung them the night before. But there were other things absent, — a gown or two from the armoire; and there was a great gap in the piles of lingerie on the shelf; and her traveling-bag was missing, and so were her bits of jewelry from the toilet tray — and Athénaïse was gone!

But the absurdity of going during the night, as if she had been a prisoner, and he the keeper of a dungeon! So much secrecy and mystery, to go sojourning out on the Bon Dieu! Well, the Michés might keep their daughter after this. For the companionship of no woman on earth would he again undergo the humiliating sensation of baseness that had

overtaken him in passing the old oak-tree in the fallow meadow.

But a terrible sense of loss overwhelmed Cazeau. It was not new or sudden; he had felt it for weeks growing upon him, and it seemed to culminate with Athénaïse's flight from home. He knew that he could again compel her return as he had done once before, — compel her return to the shelter of his roof, compel her cold and unwilling submission to his love and passionate transports; but the loss of self-respect seemed to him too dear a price to pay for a wife.

He could not comprehend why she had seemed to prefer him above others; why she had attracted him with eyes, with voice, with a hundred womanly ways, and finally distracted him with love which she seemed, in her timid, maidenly fashion, to return. The great sense of loss came from the realization of having missed a chance for happiness, — a chance that would come his way again only through a miracle. He could not think of himself loving any other woman, and could not think of Athénaïse ever — even at some remote date — caring for him.

He wrote her a letter, in which he disclaimed any further intention of forcing his commands upon her. He did not desire her presence ever again in his home unless she came of her free will, uninfluenced by family or friends; unless she could be the companion he had hoped for in marrying her, and in some measure return affection and respect for the love which he continued and would always continue to feel for her. This letter he sent out to the rigolet by a messenger early in the day. But she was not out on the rigolet, and had not been there.

The family turned instinctively to
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Montéclin, and almost literally fell upon him for an explanation; he had been absent from home all night. There was much mystification in his answers, and a plain desire to mislead in his assurances of ignorance and innocence.

But with Cazeau there was no doubt or speculation when he accosted the young fellow. "Montéclin, w'at have you done with Athénaïse?" he questioned bluntly. They had met in the open road on horseback, just as Cazeau ascended the river bank before his house.

"W'at have you done to Athénaïse?" returned Montéclin for answer.

"I don't reckon you've considered yo' conduct by any light of decency an' propriety in encouraging yo' sister to such an action, but let me tell you" —

"Voyons, you can let me alone with yo' decency an' morality an' fiddlesticks. I know you mus' 'a' done Athénaïse pretty mean that she can't live with you; an' fo' my part, I'm mighty durn glad she had the spirit to quit you."

"I ain't in the humor to take any notice of yo' impertinence, Montéclin; but let me remine you that Athénaïse is nothing but a chile in character; besides that, she's my wife, an' I hole you responsible fo' her safety an' welfare. If any harm of any description happens to her, I'll strangle you, by God, like a rat, and fling you in Cane River, if I have to hang fo' it!" He had not lifted his voice. The only sign of anger was a savage gleam in his eyes.

"I reckon you better keep yo' big talk fo' the women, Cazeau," replied Montéclin, riding away.

But he went doubly armed after that, and intimated that the precaution was not needless, in view of the threats and menaces that were abroad touching his personal safety.

Kate Chopin.

LETTERS OF D. G. ROSSETTI.

IV. 1859-1870.

At the period at which we have arrived in the correspondence of Dante Rossetti and William Allingham there is a gap of about three years. The letter which closed the third part of this series was written at the end of 1856; the present part, my fourth and last, opens with one written in December, 1859. During some portion of this time the official duties of Allingham, I believe, kept him in London, so that doubtless the two men often met. That this was not the only cause of the absence of correspondence is shown by Rossetti's next letter. The circle of friends of both men had been rapidly extending in these latter years, so that probably they had not continued to each other all that they once were. That the great painter had no wish to break with his brother poet we can see by the kind way in which he now writes to him:—

XX.

Thursday [shortly before Christmas, 1859].

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—Many thanks for your volume just received. I was agreeably surprised to see my sister's name on your list,—deservedly, I think.

The book is all the welcomer that it leads me to hope I was mistaken in a conclusion I had begun arriving at, that I must unwittingly have incurred the displeasure of one of my oldest and most valued friends, no other than yourself. Your silence before going and since I wrote to you had led me to fear this possibility. Now, if it is so, will you tell me downright, and the why? But perhaps you are only paying me out in my own coin,—if utter absence of answer can be considered payment in any sense,—in which case I must confess I could only cry, *Mea Culpa!*

By the bye, that is the title of a queer little poem, evidently modern, in your collection, with no name to it. Whose is it? Or where got you it?

A merry Christmas and “various games of that sort” to you.

Yours affectionately,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

The “volume just received” was Allingham's *Nightingale Valley*. Christina Rossetti's *An End* is given on page 194.

“Various games of that sort,” from one of Dickens's novels, would seem to have been a favorite quotation with Rossetti, for this was the second time he made it in his correspondence with Allingham.

XXI.

[Undated. Christmas, 1859.]

. . . Now I really think, to continue, there's much too much Wordsworth. He's good, you know, but unbearable. I don't pretend to have read all you've put in of his, but noticed with sorrow he has two more pieces in the book than Tennyson, who comes next, and six more than Shakespeare. One *morceau* of Wordsworth, which I had not met with anywhere else (To my Maiden Sister, sent by my Dear Wife's (and my own) darling boy,—or something like that), drew my pencil, I confess, to the margin in a moment, with the compound adjective “puffy-muffy,” not inapplicable to much I have found in the same excellent writer.

Then of the Shakespeare sonnets inserted, the only one which, to my thinking, ranks among the very first is the *Love's Consolation*. In *The Wife of Usher's Well*, I do not think the inserted stanza indispensable to the sense,

and don't you agree with me that modern additions are best avoided, if possible?

Barthram's *Dirge* is, I believe, undoubtedly by Surtees. *Sic Vita*, you probably know, is often printed with two or three more stanzas of the same length as the one you give, but these perhaps you reject as spurious. I do not bear them in mind. . . .

So there I have made enough objections, — humbly, mostly, I beg you to believe, — and not said a word yet of all the praise the book deserves; full as much as Ruskin gives it. Your preface is most excellent, and will show the wise ones that the editor is "somebody" besides Giraldu. And why Giraldu? And why, I would almost say, *Nightingale Valley*? had I not almost said too much already.

Mea Culpa I described as a queer poem, in my last, lest by any possibility it should be written by any one I hated. The fact, as I thought then and think now, is that it is an extremely fine one; I think one of your very finest. I half suspected you, but it is not very recognizable as yours. What a splendid version you have of *Auld Robin Gray*! Is it altered at all by W. A.?

Yours affectionately,

D. G. R.

The "*morceau* of Wordsworth" is entitled, "To my Sister. Written at a Small Distance from my House, and sent by my Little Boy." According to Hall Caine, as quoted by W. M. Rossetti, "Rossetti thought Wordsworth was too much the high priest of Nature to be her lover." Mr. Caine speaks also of "Rossetti's grudging Wordsworth every vote he gets." His indifference to the beautiful poet was perhaps due to his having spent all his childhood and youth, and most of his manhood, in London.

"Ruskin," as Allingham told W. M. Rossetti, "wrote a warm little note to the 'editor of *Nightingale Valley*,' call-

ing it the best collection he ever saw." On the title-page it is described as "edited by Giraldu."

XXII.

PARIS, Wednesday [June, 1860].

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM, — Have you heard yet that I am married? The news is hardly a month old, so it may not have reached you, though I have meant to write you word of it all along, as you are one of the few valued friends whom Lizzie and I have in common as yet; nor, as the circle spreads, will she be likely to feel a warmer regard for any than she does for you. . . .

Jones is married, too, only a week ago. He and his wife (a charming and most gifted little woman) were to have met us in Paris, but he has not been well enough to travel. . . .

Rossetti was married to Miss Siddal at Hastings on May 23, 1860. On April 13, in a letter to his mother about the approaching event, he wrote: "Like all the important things I ever meant to do, — to fulfill duty or secure happiness, — this one has been deferred almost beyond possibility." Ruskin, writing to congratulate him, said: "I think Ida should be very happy to see how much more beautifully, perfectly, and tenderly you draw when you are drawing *her* than when you draw anybody else. She cures you of all your worst faults when you look at her."

W. M. Rossetti, speaking of Lady Burne-Jones, says: "Two of her sisters are Mrs. Poynter, wife of the director of the National Gallery, and Mrs. Kipling, mother of Mr. Rudyard Kipling."

It was during this visit to Paris (according to Mr. William Sharp) that Rossetti completed his drawing called *Dr. Johnson and the Methodistical Young Ladies at the Mitre Tavern*. Among the very few works of history and biography that he had read "Boswell's Johnson held a high place."

XXIII.

SPRING COTTAGE, DOWNSHIRE HILL,
HAMPSTEAD [end of July, 1860].

. . . I am anxious about the Sawdust Poem, but am not sure that that product is better adapted for wholesome spiritual bread than it is for the bodily. Sawdust, more or less, however, is the fashion of the day; —'s wooden puppet-show of enlarged views instead of Veronese's flesh, blood, and slight stupidity. Give me the latter, however, or even Millais' when Veronese's is not to be had. But oh that Veronese at Paris!

As to Ruskin's ten years' rest, I do not know about his writing, but I will answer for my reading, if he only writes like his article in the Cornhill this month. Who *could* read it, or anything about such bosh? . . .

By the bye, I remember sending you a little book of hōgy poems in emblematic green cover, and hearing from you that you had one already. If you still have mine, would you oblige me by sending it back, as I sometimes think of it when I want to be surprised.

Do write me again, and I'll try to be a better correspondent, now I'm married and settled. My wife and I are

Yours affectionately,

D. G. }
E. E. } ROSSETTI.

The Sawdust Poem is perhaps described in the following letter of Allingham's, dated March 12, 1860: —

"I am doing something occasionally at a poem on Irish matters, to have two thousand lines or so, and can see my way through it. One part out of three is done. But alas! when all's done, who will like it? Think of the Landlord and Tenant Question in flat decasyllables! Did you ever hear of the Irish coaster that was hailed, 'Smack ahoy! what's your cargo?' 'Timber and fruit!' 'What sort?' 'Besoms and potatoes!' I fear my poem will no better fulfill expectations."

Rossetti, a month earlier, had seen Veronese's *Marriage in Cana*. He described it as "the greatest picture in the world, beyond a doubt." His brother writes that "later on, 1871, he had got to think Veronese (and also Tintoret) 'simply detestable without their color and handling.'"

The August number of *The Cornhill Magazine* contained the first part of Ruskin's *Unto this Last*.

"By the book of boggy poems Rossetti means a small, thick volume (I still possess it) called *Improvisations of the Spirit*, purporting to be written under the influence of 'spirits.' The author was Dr. Garth Wilkinson." (W. M. R.)

Mrs. Rossetti's Christian names were Elizabeth Eleanor.

XXIV.

[September or October, 1860.]

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM, — I am sending you these things at last, — that is, the manuscripts, which Ruskin has only just returned me; I having asked him to send one, namely Jenny, to the Cornhill for me; he of course refusing to send that, offering to send some of the mystical ones which I don't care to print by themselves.

My delay has been partly through this, and partly through wanting to add more before sending them to you. But they'd better e'en go now, for no more will get done for the nonce. The only one very unfinished, both in what is written and unwritten (I think), is *The Bride's Chamber*. I wish you'd specially tell me of any you don't think worth including. You will find that your advice has been followed often (if you remember what you gave), and so it is not time wasted to advise me. When I think how old most of these things are, it seems like a sort of mania to keep thinking of them still; but I suppose one's leaning still to them depends mainly on their having no trade associations, and being still a sort of thing of one's own. I have no definite

ideas as to doing anything with them, but should like, even if they lie at rest, to make them as good as I can.

And what are you doing? How goes the sawdust poem you spoke of? And is it to be visible that wine is packed therein, or is a pure surface of sawdust, betraying *no* wine, the duty of the modern bard? So may the shade of Wordsworth smile on him and repay him by reading all his (W.'s) poems through to him when the kindred spirits meet.

I wish you were in town, to see you sometimes, for I literally see no one now except Madox Brown pretty often, and even he is gone now to join Morris, who is out of reach at Upton, and with them is married Jones painting the inner walls of the house Top built. But as for the neighbors, when they see men portrayed by Jones upon the wall, the images of the Chaldeans portrayed (by *him*!) in extract vermilion, exceeding all probability in dyed attire upon their heads, after the manner of no Babylonians of any Chaldea, the land of any one's nativity, — as soon as they see them with their eyes, shall they not account him doting, and send messengers into Colney Hatch?

Lizzie has been rather better of late, I hope; certainly not subject to the same extent to violent fits of illness. She is at Brighton just now for a few days, but I know I may send *you* her love with mine. We are sorely put to it for a *pied-à-terre*, every house we try for seeming to slip through just as we think we have got it. For one in Church Row, Hampstead, which has just escaped us, my heart is in doleful dumps; it having a glorious old-world garden worth £200 a year to me for backgrounds.

Do let me hear from you (to Blackfriars) when you have got the book which goes with this, and believe me

Yours affectionately,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

William has gone to Florence to old Browning.

Jenny was begun as early as 1847, was almost finished about 1858, and was published in 1870. *Bride-Chamber Talk* was begun as soon, but was not published till 1881, when its title was changed to *The Bride's Prelude*.

Rossetti took part in painting Mr. Morris's house. In the record of his work for 1858–59 his brother mentions the "*Salutatio Beatricis*, representing Dante meeting Beatrice in Florence, and in the garden of Eden, painted in oil in a week on a door in Mr. Morris's residence, The Red House, Upton, near Bexley Heath, Woolwich." I remember the beautiful paintings on the doors and furniture in this pleasant house. I have not forgotten, moreover, a long and eager talk on pigments between my host and a friend, of which I did not understand a single word.

"Top" is explained by the following quotation from W. M. Rossetti: "The nickname Top (oftener Topsy) had clung to Mr. Morris ever since his undergraduate days at Oxford."

Colney Hatch is a lunatic asylum near London.

XXV.

BLACKFRIARS, 1 November [1860].

... I wrote to Patmore after reading his book, which he sent me, saying all that I (most sincerely) admired in it, but perhaps leaving some things unsaid; for what can it avail to say some things to a man after his third volume? "Of love which never finds its published close, what sequel?" And how many?!

A man (one Gilchrist, who lives next door to Carlyle, and is as near him in other respects as he can manage) wrote to me the other day, saying he was writing a life of Blake, and wanted to see my manuscript by that genius. Was there not some talk of *your* doing something in the way of publishing its contents? I know William thought of doing so, but fancy it might wait long for his efforts; and I have no time, but really think its contents ought to be edited, especially if a

new Life gives a "shove to the concern" (as Spurgeon expressed himself in thanking a liberal subscriber to his *Tabernacle*). I have not yet engaged myself in any way to said Gilchrist on the subject, though I have told him he can see it here if he will give me a day's notice.

By the bye, talking of Blake, did I (I think I did) solicit from you one of the two copies you have, or had, of a certain greenish Book of Bogies, one whereof was once sent you by the present applicant, who lately found out from the Ghost's publisher that that literary character is quite out of print and has no further views on the British press? . . .

You know William is back from Florence, etc., having found the Brownings at Siena, the great one exuberant as ever. I had a request the other day to illustrate *Aurora Leigh*, from, or rather on the part of, the publisher, but really I don't think I could make much of it. However, if it were done by various hands, I should like to make one among them. R. B. was not very explicit to William on the subject of his present labors.

Have you seen a new volume, — however, I'm not quite sure the copies are all out yet, — namely, two plays by Algernon Swinburne? And did you meet him in London? He is very Topsaie, with a decided dash of *Death's Jest Book*, if you ever read that improving book. But there's no mistake about some of his poems — much more, indeed, than these published plays. The other day, Jones, his wife, my wife, and I went to Hampton Court and lost ourselves in the Maze. I wish you had been one of the party, and so would Jones have wished, I know, as you are on his select list, which is not too large. . . .

Rossetti, in the line which he incloses in quotation marks, applying it so humorously to Patmore's *Angel in the House*, parodies Tennyson's *Love and Duty*: —
 "Of love that never found his earthly close,
 What sequel?"

"One Gilchrist" was Alexander Gilchrist, author of *Lives of Etty and Blake*. "For him the feeling of Rossetti was one of genuine friendliness. He liked the writer and his writings, and had a high regard for his insight as a critic of art." Gilchrist's sudden death in the following November came as "a staggering blow" to his friend. When, a few months later, Rossetti lost his wife, he wrote to Mrs. Gilchrist, "I feel forcibly the bond of misery which exists between us, and the unhappy right we have of saying to each other what we both know to be fruitless."

The manuscript by Blake had been offered Rossetti in 1847 for ten shillings. "Dante's pockets," writes his brother, "were in their normal state of depletion, so he applied to me, urging that so brilliant an opportunity should not be let slip, and I produced the required coin. His ownership of this volume conduced to the Preraphaelite movement; for he found here the most outspoken (and no doubt, in a sense, the most irrational) epigrams and jeers against such painters as Correggio, Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt, Reynolds, and Gainsborough. These were balsam to Rossetti's soul, and grist to his mill. At the sale of his library the Blake manuscript sold for £110."

"Mr. Swinburne," writes William Rossetti, "dedicated to Rossetti his first volume, *The Queen Mother*, and *Rosamond*. His brilliant intellect, his wide knowledge of poetry and astonishing memory in quotation, his enthusiasm for whatsoever he recognized as great, his fascinating audacity and pungency in talk, and the singular and ingenuous charm of his manner to any one whom he either liked or respected made him the most welcome of comrades to Rossetti."

Rossetti wrote to "Shirley" in 1865: "You will find Swinburne's *Atalanta* a most noble thing; never surpassed, to my thinking."

XXVI.

[November 22, 1860.]

. . . About the poems, I never meant, I believe, to print the Hymn (which was merely written to see if I could do Wesley, and copied, I believe, to enrage my friends) nor the Duke of Wellington. The Mirror I will sacrifice to you, and have no prejudice myself in favor of Ave, but should be smothered by certain friends it has if it did not go in. Are your objections to it on poetic or dogmatic grounds? and does Dennis Shand displease you for anything but its impropriety? But perhaps I shall find my answers in the margins. The one of any length I most thought of omitting, myself, is The Portrait, which is rather spoon-meat; but this, I see, you do not name, and perhaps I may leave it. My chief reason for including as much as I could would be to make the volume look as portly as may be from such a middle-aged novice. I would throw The Bride's Chamber over altogether if I could muster energy to supply an equal amount of new matter, but fear I shall have to finish it off somehow if I rush into print, as I almost think of doing now. . . .

"I believe I have this Hymn somewhere. It was never published. I can remember that some years after Rossetti's death it was produced to me as being his, and I pronounced it spurious; but since then I have seen reason to alter my opinion. Wellington's Funeral was finally published by him; The Mirror, not by him, but by me, in the Collected Works." (W. M. R.)

Dennis Shand, W. M. Rossetti describes as "a ballad of a rather light kind, not published."

About The Portrait Rossetti wrote to his mother in 1873: "I remember that, for the family Hotch-Potch, long and long ago, I first wrote The Blessed Damozel, and also a poem about a portrait. Have you these ancient documents, and

could you let me have the same if in my own handwriting?"

XXVII.

[Postmark, November 29, 1860,
LONDON, E. C.]

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM, — The book comes safe. I have not yet had time to look well through your suggestions, but am glad to see there are fewest in the things done later. Some of the others I know can never be set quite right, but I dare say I shall find some help thereto in your notes. Would you tell me as regards Jenny (which I reckon the most serious thing I have written) whether there is any objection you see in the treatment, or any side of the subject left untouched which ought to be included? I really believe I shall print the things now, and see whether the magic presence of proof-sheets revives my muse sufficiently for a new poem or two to add to them.

Indeed and of course my wife *does* draw still. Her last designs would, I am sure, surprise and delight you, and I hope she is going to do better than ever now. I feel surer every time she works that she has real genius — none of your make-believe — in conception and color, and if she can only add a little more of the precision in carrying out which it so much needs health and strength to attain, she will, I am sure, paint each picture as no woman has painted yet. But it is no use hoping for too much.

I quite agree with you in loathing *Once a Week*, illustrations and all. By the bye, what could be more astonishingly bad than —'s two or three? Meredith's novel, however, has very great merit of a wonderfully queer kind, I thought. Did you? But through your poem (how long have such little commodities as five-hundred-line poems been lying by with you?) I should like greatly to open a connection even with *Once a Week*, though it is only once a century that I feel disposed to illustrate. (I had

an application through Chapman, the other day, about doing Aurora Leigh all through, as I understood, but could n't, though I should like to join with others, if feasible, for a block or two, for Brown-ing's sake.)

I wish you would let me know what the subject is in your poem. If modern, so much the better; only, if Irish, I fear failing in character and truth. But I am not so despairingly dilatory quite now, I think, as I used to be in those famous old days, and might not perhaps turn your poem into a posthumous one.

As for Swinburne's plays, I don't think they will be to your liking. For my own part, I think he is much better suited for ballad-writing and such like, but there are real beauties in the plays too. . . .

On May 24, 1870, Rossetti wrote to his maiden aunt: "I just hear from mamma, with a pang of remorse, that you have ordered a copy of my Poems. You may be sure I did not fail to think of you when I inscribed copies to friends and relatives; but, to speak frankly, I was deterred from sending it to you by the fact of the book including one poem (Jenny) of which I felt uncertain whether you would be pleased with it. I am not ashamed of having written it (indeed, I assure you that I would never have written it if I thought it unfit to be read with good results), but I feared it might startle you somewhat. . . . My mother likes it, on the whole, the best in the volume, after some consideration."

George Meredith's novel in *Once a Week* was Evan Harrington.

XXVIII.

[*January, 1861.*]

. . . We have got our rooms quite jolly now. Our drawing-room is a beauty, I assure you, already, and on the first country trip we make we shall have it newly papered from a design of mine which I have an opportunity of getting made by a paper-manufacturer, some-

what as below. I shall have it printed on common brown packing-paper and on blue grocer's-paper, to try which is best. [Here follows, in the original letter, a design of the wall-paper.]

The trees are to stand the whole height of the room, so that the effect will be slighter and quieter than in the sketch, where the tops look too large. Of course they will be wholly conventional: the stems and fruit will be Venetian red, the leaves black; the fruit, however, will have a line of yellow to indicate roundness and distinguish it from the stem; the lines of the ground black, and the stars yellow with a white ring round them. The red and black will be made of the same key as the brown or blue of the ground, so that the effect of the whole will be rather sombre, but I think rich, also. When we get the paper up, we shall have the doors and wainscoting painted summer-house green. . . .

We are organizing (but this is quite under the rose as yet) a company for the production of furniture and decoration of all kinds, for the sale of which we are going to open an actual shop! The men concerned are Madox Brown, Jones, Topsy, Webb (the architect of T.'s house), P. P. Marshall, Faulkner, and myself. Each of us is now producing, at his own charges, one or two (and some of us more) things towards the stock. We are not intending to compete with costly rubbish or anything of that sort, but to give real good taste at the price as far as possible of ordinary furniture. We expect to start in some shape about May or June, but not to go to any expense in premises at first. . . .

"Our rooms" were the old quarters by Blackfriars Bridge, somewhat enlarged. W. M. Rossetti, describing "the foundation of the decorative firm, which, known at first as 'Morris, Marshall, Faulkner & Co.,' is now named 'Morris & Company,'" continues: "The Preraphaelite Brotherhood introduced into painting

something that might well be called a revolution, and the firm introduced into decoration something still more revolutionary for widespread and as yet permanent effect."

XXIX.

[Indorsed LONDON, May 10, 1861.]

. . . Now, there is a world of words about myself when I had to tell you about your work; that is, Morley Park, which I read and found full of beauties, — best where most impassioned, as all poetry is and must be. The monologue of the deserted woman seemed to me most sustained in this respect, and you will say truly ought to be. In the rest I must say I found a certain degree of constraint in style, a rather willful stiffness of expression (of which the opening couplet shows as good an example as any), and I thought also too much dwelling here and there on minute objects in nature, particularly in the bridegroom's speech to the bride. I have it not by me, so am speaking from memory. Moreover, the speeches struck me sometimes as having rather too literary — or clever — a turn. I recall as an instance what the main speaker says to his returned friend about his grown-up sweetheart, towards the end. The work is quite yours, however, and *really* a work, and would harmonize much better with a volume of your poems than with Macmillan's *Macademy* of stones for bread. By the bye, I dare say you liked my sister's little pennyworths of wheat prominent among the pebbles. . . .

The title of Morley Park was changed first into Southwell Park, and finally into Bridegroom's Park. It is included in a volume called *Life and Phantasy* in the last edition of Allingham's works. The opening couplet is as follows: —

"Friend Edward, from this turn remark
The sweep of woodland. Bridegroom's Park,
we call it."

"My sister's little pennyworths of wheat' were poems by Christina in Mac-

millan's Magazine. One of them (the first) was Up-Hill, now of considerable celebrity." (W. M. R.)

XXX.

Monday [summer of 1861].

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM, — I am sending you by *book post* with this a sewn copy of my book. I have only just got a few, and do not offer it you *en permanence* in this state, as I am going to make an etching, or perhaps two, for it, and there is another index to come at the end, but had six copies sent me now to use in getting a publisher, etc. My first offer of it will be to Macmillan, with whom I have had some talk.

What I want chiefly to get rid of is the printer's bill, but I am led to think by some friends that I ought to expect *something* in money also. What think you? Will you tell me, and say all you have time to say in the way of criticism? *Cancels* are still possible. There are five *cancel* leaves already in the book (chiefly on score of decorum!), which you will notice by their being in the rough as yet. . . .

"My book' was The Early Italian Poets, now called Dante and his Circle. No etchings were produced in it. Macmillan did not publish it, but Smith and Elder." (W. M. R.)

For the "*something* in money" which his friends led him to think he ought to expect he had to wait eight years. By 1869, about six hundred copies having been sold, he received "a minute dole of less than nine pounds."

XXXI.

August 10, 1863,

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM, — I have been meaning to write any day since last seeing you, though in truth without much to say, but I am anxious to hear in return how you get on in your new quarters. I have not been out of London since seeing you, except for a couple of

days to Brighton; and indeed, though I have earned this year more than any previous one, I seem never to have a penny wherewith to run away for a little, like other people. Perhaps I may yet, though, in another month, and who knows but I may see Venice? But I suppose it will not be. . . .

Have you seen a new volume of poems by Jean Ingelow? Really there seems a good deal in it.

This house goes on getting more settled, and I more restless. I do not know where it will take me to nor how soon. I see hardly any one. Swinburne is away, Meredith has evaporated for good, and my brother is seldom here. There is only one more to unite with me in good wishes to you.

I would begin another sheet, however, but for the little to say, so to make something I will direct your attention to the headings of these sheets, which are a combined effort of self as designer and Knewstubb's (my pupil's) brother's firm as executants; he insisting on making me a present of a small stack of paper, headed in various colors, which stuff up every drawer in my studio, and will last half my lifetime, or indeed head the news of my death when that occurs, before the black-edged paper has arrived. The above morbidity reminds me of the green boggy book, which you know you promised to send up when it came to hand.

Have you seen the Blue Book on the Royal Academy, and would you like to see it? If so, I will send it you as a good cupboard skeleton in return for your bogies. There is abundance of rotten and decayed matter shoveled up in it, with much overfed sweltering thereby engendered, gorged creatures and starved anatomies, with some will-o'-the-wisps and the ghosts of various reputations. The only evidence of the lot which is worth reading as original thought and insight is Ruskin's. Him I saw the other day, and pitched into, he talked such awful

rubbish; but he is a dear old chap, too, and as soon as he was gone I wrote my sorrows to him. Browning was here at same time, very jolly indeed, and stayed and walked many times round the rooms, and many times stood still, with his hands in his pockets and his eyes wide open.

My love to you, and believe me ever yours,
D. G. ROSSETTI.

Rossetti lost his wife on February 11, 1862. He had no heart to go on living in his old home by Blackfriars Bridge, and removed up the river to Chelsea. There he took a large house, in which his brother, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. George Meredith were to have rooms, as sub-tenants.

Why Rossetti, with the large income that he was making, seemed "never to have a penny wherewith to run away," why he never saw Venice, is indicated by the following passage in his letter to his brother, dated April 23, 1864: "I have seen the owner of the zebu, and undertaken to buy him for £20, — £5 payable on Monday, and the rest within a fortnight. I shall then have plenty, but just now have none. Could you pay your £5 as the first installment?" The zebu was a small Brahmin bull, who chased his new master round a tree, and was at once resold.

Of Jean Ingelow's new volume of poems Matthew Arnold wrote: "She seemed to me to be quite 'above the common,' but I have not read enough of her to say more. It is a great deal to give one true feeling in poetry, and I think she seemed to be able to do that; but I do not at present very much care for poetry unless it can give me true *thought* as well. It is the alliance of these two that makes great poetry, the only poetry really worth very much."

"The headings of these sheets" are thus described by W. M. Rossetti: "My father owned a largish seal marked with a cross, — a tree having the motto 'Frangas non flectas,' — and he said this was

regarded as his crest. Mr. Knewstub, my brother's art assistant, who was connected with the firm of Jenner and Knewstub, got that firm to present to Gabriel a die with the crest and a monogram."

The Blue Book was The Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Present Position of the Royal Academy in Relation to the Fine Arts.

"Mr. Ruskin," writes W. M. Rossetti, "took keen delight in Rossetti's paintings and designs. He praised freely and abused heartily both him and them. The abuse was good humored and was taken good humoredly. . . . They took in good part, with mutual banter and amusement, whatever was deficient or excessive in the performance of the painter or in the comments of the purchaser and critic."

XXXII.

24 December, 1865,

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

. . . I heard of your being in town but for a flying visit, in which I am sorry you did not find time to look me up. However, if I scramble once more through the fogs and duns of a London Christmas, I'll hope to visit you again yet.

Worse, however, than not having yet thanked you for a pleasure offered is my omission to do so for one actually bestowed and enjoyed; namely, the gift of your Fifty Poems. I remember they fared well with me, for I read them one evening right through when I felt much in want of other voices than plaguy ones from inside and outside; and I found them full of good words and true. Every one is a study, — not work thrown away, or no-work shoveled together; those new to me were to the full as good as the old ones, and many of the old gained greatly on reacquaintance. So here come my late but real thanks to you.

Ever affectionately yours,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

Allingham wrote to W. M. Rossetti on March 19, 1865: "My volume of

Fifty Modern Poems is just coming out. Most of the pieces have been in magazines, etc. The whole is to myself already a thing of the past and not very interesting. I am occupied with other ideas. One quality the book has (implied in 'Modern'), — it is in harmony with the best minds of our day as to religion, being at once reverent and anti-dogmatic."

XXXIII.

22 March [1867].

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM, — I inclose an answer to Aidé, which will tell you my mind, except that I may add to you that £1400 is £1400 to me, or rather to anybody rather than me, as I never see it at all, and that my plan is to rent, not to buy. I have been pot-boiling to an extent lately that does not hold out much hope of estate buying or even renting. Moreover, as I have n't been outside my door for months in the daytime, I should n't have had much opportunity of enjoying pastures and pleasancess. I have accordingly no news whatever, except of my easel, which is too mean a slave to small needs to be worth reporting on. I do not see a fellow of any sort really much oftener than you do, I imagine. . . .

There should not have been any need for "pot-boiling." In this year Rossetti made "little or not at all less than £3000."

His habit of not going outside his door in the daytime is thus accounted for by his brother: "He rose late; painted all day, as long as light served him; then dined; and whether winter or summer, all was darkness, tempered by gaslight or moonlight, by the hour he left the house."

XXXIV.

Monday [September 30, 1867].

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM, — Do by all means come up, not for a day, but for as long as you can. I am most wishful to return with you for another spell of country air and exercise, but must tell

you that since returning to town I have found the confusion in my head and the strain on my eyes decidedly rather on the increase than otherwise, and am getting really anxious about it. I mention this quite in confidence, as it would be injurious to me if it got about. The only two to whom I have named it are Brown and Howell, and I do not mean to say more about it. To-morrow I shall finish a drawing I have been at work on, and on Wednesday shall probably go to Bowman, the oculist. . . .

Rossetti had had a "spell of country air" at Lymington, in Hampshire, near the Isle of Wight, where Allingham was living. About this time "his eyesight began to fail. Sunlight or artificial light became increasingly painful to him, producing sensations of giddiness."

Howell had been Ruskin's secretary. Later on he was employed by Rossetti "to transact the sale of uncommissioned work. As a salesman he was unsurpassable."

XXXV.

Thursday [October 10, 1867].

DEAR ALLINGHAM, — . . . I went to Bowman, who gave me the information that if it did n't get better it might get worse. Your D. G. R.

To his mother he wrote, nearly two years later: "I suppose I told you of my seeing Bowman before I left London, and that instead of taking a guinea fee (which he refused) he proposes to pay me one hundred and fifty for a little water-color."

XXXVI.

25 August, 1868, 16 CHEYNE WALK.

. . . I'm going to start away somewhere, but fancy seaside. There's a deadly-lively or very quiet place called Southwold, in Suffolk, where the Morrises, Howells, and others have been lately, and I think perhaps of going there. I don't know exactly what my moves may be; but would it be in the

nature of things for you to take a trip with me anywhither, at present? I think we rather used up the walks about Lymington last year, and seaside is desirable, and certainly no impending female photographers or even poets laureate. . . .

"The last line of this letter refers to Tennyson at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, and to his near neighbor, Mrs. Cameron, a lady of good position and a very cordial friend of Rossetti. She had taken to photographing, and produced many remarkable things of broad pictorial effect." (W. M. R.)

XXXVII.

Wednesday [Christmas, 1868].

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM, — Many are Christmas nuisances, and here comes another, — accompanied, however, by all affectionate wishes.

I have been looking up a few old sonnets, and writing a few new ones, to make a little bunch in a coming number of the *Fortnightly*, — not till March, however, as they are full till then.

Among them are the inclosed two, about which I want an opinion. It seems to me doubtful whether the second adds anything of much value to the first, and whether it (the second) is not in itself rather far fetched and obscure. I wish you would tell me what you think. I would excise the second if the first is best by itself.

I suppose you heard that I have been queer with my eyes. This has caused inaction and the looking up of raveled rags of verse. I am now at work again, however.

Affectionately yours,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

P. S. Is n't there a chance of your coming up this Christmas? Come and stay with me.

Rossetti describes these sonnets in a letter to his mother, which begins: "I

send you my sonnets, which are such a lively band of bogies that they may join with the skeletons of Christina's various closets and entertain you with a ballet."

XXXVIII.

21 February, 1870,
16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM, — As you expressed a willingness for a little more scratching and sifting at my poetic diggings, I trouble you on a rather abject dilemma regarding a very old piece of work, — Sister Helen, inclosed. The family name used in it was originally "Keith." This I altered because of Dobell's ballad, Keith of Ravelston, which bears also on faithless love and supernaturalism. (I may add, however, that D.'s ballad was never published till some years after mine had been originally in print, but still I hate coincidences of the kind.) This I have changed to "Holm," which is objected to now, from a quarter I think worth considering, as not being a well-sounding territorial name. My reason for asking you about it is that (the Boyne being mentioned in the poem) an Irish name might perhaps do best. Would "Neville" do, and would it fit in with "Eastholm," "Westholm," and "Neill of Neill"? Would you give me a hint or a suggestion of some better name or system of nomenclature, if such occurs to you? The father being "of that ilk" should stand, I think, as elucidatory. I write in great hurry, as I am trying to get the thing off for a new revise, and should be much obliged, therefore, if you could answer my question without delay.

I suppose you saw the evidently personal onslaught on William's Shelley in the Athenæum, — by Buchanan, I believe. I suppose I may expect to fare likewise, if nothing interferes.

Ever yours, D. G. ROSSETTI.

So early as 1853 Rossetti mentions having given "a ghastly ballad called

Sister Helen" to a magazine edited by Mrs. Howitt. Of Keith of Ravelston Rossetti wrote in 1868: "I have always regarded that poem as being one of the finest, of its length, in any modern poet; ranking with Keats's *La Belle Dame sans Merci*, and the other masterpieces of the condensed and hinted order so dear to imaginative minds." Of Dobell's poem the following is the first stanza: —

"The murmur of the mourning ghost
That keeps the shadowy kine,
O Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line."

In 1866, Mr. Buchanan, in a burlesque poem, had made "a gratuitous and insolent attack upon Mr. Swinburne." W. M. Rossetti, in a review of Swinburne's poems, retaliated by saying that "the advent of so poor and pretentious a poetaster as Robert Buchanan stirs storms in teapots." Mr. Buchanan replied by his "personal onslaught" on W. M. Rossetti's edition of Shelley, which he followed up a little later by a severe review of Dante Rossetti's *Poems*. This he enlarged and published under the title of *The Fleshly School of Poetry*, and other *Phenomena of the Day*. "I have," writes W. M. Rossetti, "more than once been told by friends that the animus against my brother apparent in the article should be regarded as a vicarious expression of resentment at something which I myself had written." On Dante Rossetti, who was already in a nervous state of health, Mr. Buchanan's attack made a disastrous effect. "He was a changed man, and so continued till the close of his life."

I venture to quote, without first obtaining Mr. W. M. Rossetti's leave, the following passage from a letter in which he informs Allingham of the proposal made to him that he should edit Shelley: "Is it not a glorious chance, this Shelley editing and biographizing? Willingly would I not only be doing it for pay, but do it for nothing, or pay to do it."

XXXIX.

28 February, 1870.

DEAR ALLINGHAM, — Thanks for attending so promptly to my bewilderments. I have adopted "Weir," which seems to answer well. "Kerr" has not emphasis enough — runs too much off the tongue — for the poise of the verse.

As for that kind, good, overwhelming Lady A., she has written to me from at least six different parts of the British Islands during the past year, asking me to come down instantly and meet a sympathizing circle. But such things are quite impossible to me at the pitch of brutal bogysm at which I have arrived. You seem somehow to keep your own man, but I am hardly my own ghost. . . . I shall get into the country somewhere — where, I don't yet know — within a few days and for a few weeks, to try if there is any marrow left in me that can be squeezed out in the form of rhyme before I go finally to press. I mean to be out in April, — latter end, I suppose, — and should like a few more pages if possible. I want to get near three hundred if I can, but have been obliged to give up the idea of finishing several things I had in hand for the purpose; and for all that, have done no work to speak of in painting, with this divided mind. I must cart the things off now, and then get to my easel again.

Ever yours, D. G. ROSSETTI.

"Lady A." was, I conjecture, Lady Ashburton. Rossetti wrote to his aunt in 1874: "Lady A. spoke of you in a friendly, even an affectionate way."

Of the Poems published by Rossetti in the spring of this year his brother says: "This date, 1870, should be borne in mind by any amateurs of Rossetti's work; for the volume named Poems of 1881, though partly a reissue of the book of 1870, is very far from being identical with it."

XL.

SCALANDS, ROBERTSBRIDGE,
HAWKHURST, KENT [March 7, 1870].

DEAR ALLINGHAM, — You will be surprised at my address, which is Barbara's Cottage, not far from Hastings (but in Kent, as I find, or at least the above seems the proper form). I have been here a few days in company with Stillman, William's American friend; having come for the purpose of recruiting and "working off" my book with the conscientious decency of Mr. Dennis the hangman. I shall have it out before the end of April. Stillman and I have this house to ourselves, and he is an utterly unobstructive man. . . . Barbara does not indulge in bell-pulls, hardly in servants to summon thereby, so I have brought my own. What she does affect is any amount of thorough draught, a library bearing the stern stamp of "Bodichon," and a kettle-holder with the uncompromising initials of B. B. She is the best of women, but I fear from what I last saw of her that her health is failing, like my own.

Ever yours, D. G. ROSSETTI.

P. S. By the bye, I fell back on "Keith," after all, in that ballad. I could not quite please myself otherwise.

Scalands was the house of Madame Bodichon (Miss Barbara Leigh Smith of an earlier letter), who had been the kindest of friends to Rossetti's wife. In May, 1854, he wrote: "Lizzie and I spent a pleasant day at Scalands, where Barbara and Anna Mary [Howitt] have been staying. They made themselves very jolly, and it is a most stunning country there." Madame Bodichon was also a warm friend of Allingham. "I love William Allingham," she was one day heard to say.

Of Mr. Stillman W. M. Rossetti writes: "Few men could have been better adapted than he, none could have been more willing, to solace Rossetti

in his harasses from insomnia and other troubles; but it is a fact that a remedy worse than the disease was the result of his friendly ministrations. Chloral as a soporific was then a novelty. Mr. Stillman had heard of its potency in procuring sleep, and he introduced the drug to Rossetti's attention. My brother was one of the men least fitted to try any such experiment with impunity. He began, I understand, with nightly doses of chloral of ten grains. In course of time it got to one hundred and eighty grains! "It wrecked his mind, and at last destroyed his life.

XXI.

[Undated. About November, 1870.]

DEAR ALLINGHAM, — I can put your books on my basement floor (stone-paved servants' hall), where they will not be in the damp, I believe, and can stand clear of the floor if thought necessary. Or if you think it absolutely needed, I can clear space in a lumber-room upstairs.

Ever yours, D. G. ROSSETTI.

XLII.

16 CHEYNE WALK, Friday
[about November, 1870].

DEAR ALLINGHAM, — I'm very sorry to tell you the high tide yesterday got into my basement floor, and that three of your boxes were a foot or more deep in water for some time. It is most vexatious to think what may have happened to the books. Will you look in to-day at dusk and stay to dinner at six? I am only sorry that I have to go out about seven.

Ever yours, D. G. ROSSETTI.

"On the basement of Rossetti's house at Chelsea there were spacious kitchen-

rooms and an oddly complicated range of vaults, which perhaps had at one time led directly off to the river-side." The Thames Embankment had not as yet been raised in front of Cheyne Walk. In one of the boxes deposited on the basement floor it chanced that Allingham had placed the letters he had received from Rossetti. Some of them still bear marks of the floor; two or three have been much injured, and one has been rendered illegible.

With this brief note the correspondence between the two men came to an end. Their friendship, once so strong and close, was not to last till death should come to give the final separation. So early as 1864 Allingham recorded in a note, "Our intimacy is a thing of the past." It must have revived to a certain extent, for in 1867 Rossetti passed some time with him at his house in Lymington. With the lapse of years, the letters, as has been seen, became less frequent and far briefer. So late as Christmas, 1868, we find the great painter signing himself, "Yours affectionately;" after that date he is merely, "Ever yours." Warm hearted though he was in his friendships, nevertheless few of them lasted to the end of life. "It is a fact," writes his brother, "and a melancholy one, that Dante Rossetti, as the years progressed, lost sight of all his Preraphaelite Brothers, except only of Stephens at sparse intervals, — 'dear stanch Stephens, one of my oldest and best friends,' as he wrote of him." He became estranged from Ruskin and Browning. Between him and Allingham, happily, there was no open and direct breach. The long friendship slowly died away.

George Birkbeck Hill.

A LITERARY MODEL.

THE necessity for the model became more and more apparent to Foster as he became more and more a disciple of the modern school.

The first thing which suggested the idea to him was his story of *Against the Tide*. In this narrative, the hero, Armstrong, is caught in a thunderstorm while out sailing on Great South Bay, and of course he is wet to the skin. Now, Foster had intended to have Armstrong run in at Babylon that afternoon, to call on the heroine; but of course no man could expect to be received with any degree of welcome if he presented himself in that drenched and dripping condition, and it seemed for the moment as if the idea must be given up.

"But the storm quickly passed over," stated Foster, trying to help his hero on the way to five o'clock tea; "and before long Armstrong's clothes were dried by the sun."

No sooner had the author written these words than the little Spirit of Realism, which haunted him day and night, whispered gently into his ear that it would probably take a very hot sun and several hours of time to dry the clothes which had become saturated with fresh water under a rainfall of ten minutes' duration.

"Nonsense," responded Foster restively, "I don't believe it. And what if it did? No one would ever know it. If I choose to say that a man's clothes will become dry in half an hour, who will challenge the statement? But what if some inquisitive fellow should test it? What would become of my reputation as a realist? Though I don't know that the clothes would not dry in half an hour; I don't know whether they would or not."

"Very well," said the Spirit of Realism; "then there is but one course open to you. You must sacrifice a suit of

clothes in the interests of literature, soak them in the bathtub for ten minutes, and then see how long it takes them to dry in the sun."

With a sigh Foster assented to the reasonableness of this proposition, and prepared to carry it out.

The sun ought to have been that of a day in early September, at three o'clock in the afternoon, for that was the time of the storm in Foster's narrative; but as it was then only the latter part of February, it did seem as if it would be almost too hard to be obliged to wait nearly seven months in order to verify one sentence in a story which had already been promised to the publishers. The best that could be done was to saturate the clothes as required, notice the time it took them to dry in the latter part of February, and then, making the most accurate calculation possible of the difference in the drying power of the sun in the two seasons of the year, add or subtract the number of minutes, as the case might be.

All this Foster did, carefully and honestly, and as the result of his observations rewrote his sentence thus: "Armstrong's clothes were dry in about five hours." It had been, in reality, five hours and thirteen minutes after taking the garments out of the water and hanging them in the sun, before the realist, handling them anxiously, could say to himself that they were quite dry. But the thirteen minutes he placed on the credit side of the account of the September sun, and was then so far false to his principles as to write "about five hours," instead of stating plainly and clearly just how long it took the clothes to dry.

Having done this, however, he began to feel that he could now go on with his story with a clear conscience, when the Spirit of Realism again inter-

posed. It told him, kindly but firmly, that he had not made any allowance for all of Armstrong's wet underclothes. These the sun could reach only through the outer suit, so that they would necessarily take longer to dry; and while they continued wet, they would retard the drying of the coat and trousers. Then, just as he was bringing his mind to bear upon this underclothes problem, the Spirit reminded him that the warmth of the human body would materially affect the length of time which it would take the sun to do its work of drying; and that to hang a coat and a pair of trousers, or even the whole paraphernalia of a man's outfit, to dry in the sun by themselves, would, after all, be shirking the duty of a writer, who must be true to facts as they are, at whatever cost.

At this point Foster almost rebelled. For one little minute he wished that the good old days, in which a vivid imagination was of some small use to a writer of fiction, were with him still; and that realism, with all its painful accuracy and truthfulness, had never evolved itself from the inner consciousness of the latter half of the nineteenth century. But this relapse was for the instant only. Foster knew that he had long since committed himself to the modern methods, and that it was far, far too late to draw back now. So, humbly bowing before the new mandate of the Spirit, he cast about him for some way in which to render his obedience. It was then, in that moment of his dire need, that the thought of the model came to him, bringing with it such a sense of relief in the solving of this and all future problems of a like character that he could only wonder dizzily why it had never occurred to him before.

"Why," he asked himself judicially, "should the artist who works with the brush deem it so absolutely essential to the truthfulness of his pictures to have that which he is portraying actually before him, while the artist who works with the pen is supposed to be able to

draw his pictures from the memory of previous observations? Imagine the impressionist who would try to give us a picture of street life in Cairo, drawn from memory, never having taken even a sketch on the ground; or think of a portrait of a Spanish cavalier, for instance, painted without any model, merely from what the artist could recall of his impressions on that subject, gathered while traveling through Spain during the previous autumn. Yet we realists," continued Foster, warming to his theme, "we pretend to study life, and to send forth our word-pictures of men and things as they actually are. We observe, certainly, — we make it our business in life to study character and conditions; but that is not enough. I begin to see for the first time," he assured himself, "that that is not enough. We too need the model; and a model, I, for one, mean to have for the remainder of my realistic life!"

This having been decided, the author at once went forth to seek his model for the storm scene in *Against the Tide*. This should have been very simple, as it seemed to Foster at first. No particular intelligence would be necessary, he thought, no insight and no training; nothing but a constitution strong enough to enable a man to endure a bath with all his clothes on, and the subsequent five hours' drying in a February sun. Surely, any man out of work would be glad to take the contract, and would not object to earning the honest penny simply because the work required was perhaps a little out of the ordinary line. So it would seem, certainly, but the realist found it otherwise.

He had in his mind, at first, a colored man whom he had befriended from time to time, and who, he thought, would be glad of the chance to earn two dollars, and at the same time to help his benefactor out of a difficulty. So he sent for Rastus, and Rastus promptly presented himself.

"Rastus," said Foster, "I have a little work which I should like to have you do for me."

"Yes, sah," responded Rastus, rolling his eyes, and displaying a gleaming expanse of white teeth.

"It will not take you long," continued Foster, — "about five hours, or less; and I shall pay you two dollars for it."

"Yes, sah," again responded Rastus, with more alacrity than before, and this time with a facial expansion of about eight inches. Rastus usually worked all day — a darky's day, from nine to five — for a dollar and a quarter; but Foster was now engaging him as a model, and a good model, the author knew, would be cheap at that price.

Foster then carefully explained to Rastus the nature of the work which he wanted him to do. The negro's eyes opened wider and wider, but the grin as steadily faded away; and before the realist had finished his exposition the desired model was a black statue of gravity, whose head was being slowly shaken from side to side.

"You wan' dis chile to put on dese yere t'ings," pointing to the clothes which Foster had laid out in readiness for his experiment; "an' den you wan' me git in de bahtub wid 'em on; an' den I set fo' five hours in 'em, till I jes' dry in de sun." Here the head-shaking became even slower and more solemn. "No, sah, Mistah Fostah, sah; I couldn' do it, nohow."

"But why, Rastus?" expostulated Foster. "Why can't you do it? You'd like to earn the two dollars, would n't you?"

"Oh yes, sah."

"You have n't anything else to do, have you?"

"No, sah. Dese yere hard times, cyarn' git nuthin' to do, nohow, sah."

"You're not afraid of catching cold, I hope?"

The grin, so modified as to be scarcely recognizable, illumined Rastus's face

for a moment, but almost instantly disappeared.

"No, sah; not afraid ob teckin' col', sah. Dis chile nebber teck col'."

"Then why, in the name of common sense, do you refuse to do what I ask of you? Give me some reason!"

But Rastus was dumb, while the head-shaking was continued for some moments in solemn silence.

"Well?" cried Foster at last, impatiently. "Well, will you do it, or won't you?"

Rastus rolled his eyes, his countenance expressive of the deepest regret.

"Ve'y sorry, sah. Like to 'bleege you, Mistah Fostah, sah, but I couldn' do it, nohow." And Foster felt that further argument would be superfluous.

This experience with Rastus was a little disappointing; for once Foster had conceived the idea of the model, he had anticipated no difficulty in carrying it out, supposing that Rastus would be only too happy, technically speaking, to pose. The event undeceived him, but did not result in the abandonment of his project.

He next sought an Irishman whom he had employed at various times to take care of his furnace, and to him he unfolded the plan in all its details, and offered him two dollars and a half if he would do the work required. The man listened with shrewd attention until the point was reached at which Foster developed the bathtub and drying process. Then he interrupted him with, "An' fwhat wud Oi do that for?"

Foster explained that he had a particular reason for wanting to know how long it would take the clothes to dry.

"An' fwhy don't yez jist hang thim over a chair till yez can say that they're dhry?"

"I wish to know how long it will take them to dry on a man's body."

"An' it's mesilf yez wants to put on thim things, an' to git into the wather with thim on, is ut? An' to set in the chair beyant an' shiver for foive hours,

is ut? Thin it's Pat O'Reilly as wud n't demane himsilf by doin' ut, for yez or for anny other man in the wurruld, by all the powers! An' it's ashtounded at yez Oi om, Misther Foster, as has always trated me loike a gintleman till now!" And, with this outburst of self-respect, Pat O'Reilly stamped heavily down the stairs, and was out of the house before Foster could recover from the stupefaction in which this second defeat had left him.

"No one need come to me with any more absurd stories of hard times, and of the thousands of men who are willing to do anything, but can find nothing to do!" raged Foster to himself that evening. "It's all nonsense! Do anything! Why don't they do it, then, when they get the chance? 'Wud n't demane himsilf by doin' ut'!" he repeated scornfully. "Well, what I want is a man with sense enough to appreciate the fact that in doing what I ask he is not only helping himself by earning honest wages, but he is also serving the best spirit of his time in promoting the interest of realistic literature!"

But where to find this man of sense and literary ardor? Foster thought of the columns in the daily papers, headed, "Help Wanted: Males," and tried to write an advertisement which would appeal to the proper spirit in some intelligent man out of work, and which would at the same time convey a perfectly clear idea of what would be required of the applicant; for any repetition of the experiences with Rastus and Pat O'Reilly was a thing to be avoided, if avoidance were possible.

So he began to write:—

"Wanted — A man to act as model for an author. Must be willing to —"

Here he stopped, and repeated the last four words to himself. "Must be willing to — Must be willing to — Oh, must be willing to *what*?" he demanded, in desperation. "I can't explain what I need in a newspaper advertisement; and

if I don't explain, I shall be besieged by men with no more perception of the real importance of the work than Rastus or Pat had. And I see plainly that no man who is incapable of understanding the spirit of the thing will do what I want."

With this the realist went to bed. At three o'clock in the morning he awoke suddenly, and at once the solution of the problem was in his brain, having come to him as such things do. He went to sleep again, and slept until eight o'clock. At that hour he arose, dressed and breakfasted calmly, and then betook himself with great confidence to the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association.

"I have been told," he said to the secretary, who came forward to meet him, "that scores of men sleep on the floor here every night; that many of these are intelligent and even cultivated men, who in ordinary times would be filling responsible and lucrative positions, but who, owing to the hard times, are now out of work, and are willing to sweep the city streets for a dollar a day."

The secretary, wondering if he saw before him a street commissioner or a philanthropist, responded briefly, "You have been correctly informed, sir."

"Very well," continued Foster; "then it seems to me that I must have come to the right place to engage a man to do a little work for me. I am an author."

"Yes?" questioned the secretary.

"Yes," repeated Foster. "A realist," he added.

"Ah!" returned the secretary. "You have come here for — er — in search of local color, perhaps?"

"Oh, not at all," disclaimed Foster hastily, "not at all!" He explained to the secretary exactly what he wanted, and the young man was deeply interested at once.

"I think I know the right man for your purpose," he said, — "a man who will take an intelligent interest in the work, and at the same time be one whom

it will be a pleasure to you to assist pecuniarily; for just at this time he needs money very much indeed. His name is Haskins, — Henry Haskins. He will be here after six o'clock, and I will ask him to call on you this evening."

Foster thanked him, and then, elated by even so much success, he went home to await the coming of him who was to be the right man in the right place.

Before ten o'clock, that evening, the model was engaged. About eight Mr. Haskins presented himself, and the interview was satisfactory to both of the men. The realist explained at great length his idea of a literary model, and Haskins entered into the plan with the most intelligent enthusiasm.

"I see exactly what you need," he exclaimed, "and I wonder that no one has ever thought of it before! Why should n't an author use a model as an artist does, and for the same reasons? But how did you happen to think of it?"

Foster told him about *Against the Tide*, and read the story aloud up to the point of the thunderstorm and Armstrong's predicament. Haskins was much interested, and said that it would be a pleasure to him to feel that he was necessary to the completion of the narrative. The realist told him of the contrary opinion of Rastus and Pat; but Haskins replied that of course men of that mental calibre could not understand the significance or necessity of the work required, and that therefore they would not have made satisfactory models, even if they had been willing to do what the author asked of them.

"For I suppose," continued Haskins thoughtfully, "that you will not always require a model for such experiments as this. I should think a sympathetic model could pose for a great many situations which only a man who realized the literary value of what he was doing would be capable of representing. There must be numberless instances in which a model would require insight and sympathy in

order to coöperate intelligently with the author in his plan."

Haskins then went on to give Foster some account of his previous life, and of the circumstances which had brought his finances to their present condition. He said that he had been born on a farm in Columbia County, and that he had lived there until he was nineteen. Then the country boy's longing for the life of a great city had drawn him to New York, and for several years he had made his way there with encouraging success. At the end of the first year of struggle he had obtained a position with a Wall Street broker, and had kept it until the failure of the firm, almost at the beginning of the hard times, had left him with nothing to depend upon except what he had saved. He had lived upon that for nearly a year, having been utterly unsuccessful in his efforts to get anything to do. No one wanted him; there were a hundred men for every vacant place. At last, when his money had given out, he had applied to the Young Men's Christian Association for help, and had been permitted to sleep at night on the floor, at the rooms, while his days were spent in doing anything that would bring in enough money to buy food.

"You would be amazed, Mr. Foster," he said to the realist, "if you knew some of the men who are doing just what I am doing, in these times. Every day I see men whose education and training and experience have fitted them to fill responsible positions, but who are now glad to get any kind of work, at almost any pay. For my part, I never expected to be as hard up as I have been for the last two months. Of course I could have gone home at any time, or my friends would have sent me some money if I had written for it; but I would n't."

So Foster's offer of good pay for work which he would enjoy for its own sake was a sea-breeze on a hot day to Mr. Haskins, and his ready acceptance of the offered position was equally refreshing

to Foster. The realist and the model elect parted at ten P. M., mutually satisfied.

Promptly on the morning following his engagement, the model made his appearance at the author's rooms, ready to pose for *Against the Tide*. He put on the clothing (including the underwear) which Foster had provided for the experiment, and then stepped into the tub of cold water as cheerfully as if it had been his lifelong habit to indulge, with all his clothes on, in a plunge bath immediately after breakfast. He remained in the water until he and all his garments were as wet as they would have been had he just been exposed to a thunderstorm on Great South Bay. Then he emerged, and placing his chair upon a large piece of oilcloth, in order that the water which was dripping from him should not injure the rug on the floor of Foster's study, he lighted a cigar, and, sitting there in the bright sunshine of a south window, calmly awaited results. Foster had noted the exact moment of his model's emergence from the water, and was prepared to go on with his story in confidence as soon as the drying should be complete, and he should have ascertained the precise length of time consumed by the process. In the meantime, he and Haskins had a long and interesting conversation about the author's new idea and the possibilities of its future development.

"After all," remarked Haskins, "there will always be limits to a model's ability to pose, because there will always be certain situations and conditions in which it will be impossible for him to place himself."

"Yes," assented Foster thoughtfully, "that is very true. Suppose, for example, that I wished to make a careful study of the influence of remorse, or of the spirit of revenge or of gratitude: I don't see how you could possibly be of any assistance to me."

"Or," continued Haskins, "suppose

that in the course of one of your stories your hero or your villain should be guilty of murder in the first degree. You could hardly expect me to pose for such a situation as that?"

"Oh, well," answered Foster, "as to that, a realist does not deal very largely with murders. We seldom have a villain in our stories, and often not even a hero. We have left those characters, for the most part, to the dramatist; and of late even he is beginning to look askance at them."

At last the model's clothes were dry enough to have justified a man in calling upon a woman who he had some reason to suppose would welcome him in almost any circumstances. Upon assuring himself of this fact, Foster looked at his watch.

"How long has it taken?" asked Haskins, with interest.

"Four hours and twenty-two minutes," announced Foster. "And now," he continued, "the question is, would it have taken a longer or a shorter time for the clothes to have become dry out of doors, in September?"

"I don't believe there would be very much difference," replied Haskins. "It seems to me that you have done all that any one could be expected to do, to verify your statement; and if I were you, I should go on with the story upon the basis of the result of this experiment."

"Very well," answered Foster; "then I will say that the clothes were dry in four hours' time."

He did so, and pictured the drenching and subsequent waiting for the clothes to dry in words which made one sneeze as he read of the wet garments clinging to the body, and then becoming gradually free from moisture during the four hours' evaporation of the water. With the intelligent coöperation of his model, the author's work had become a pleasure to him, and the Spirit of Realism was quiet for many days and nights at a time.

Thus *Against the Tide* was finished at last, and was mailed to the magazine for which it had been written. It was published not long afterward, and Foster received a copy of the number in which it appeared, accompanied by a note from the editor.

"You will notice," the editor wrote, "that I have taken the liberty of making a slight change in one paragraph of your story. You say that although the storm did not last long, it was four hours before Armstrong's clothes were dry enough for him to make his call at Babylon. Now, when you think of it, I believe you will agree with me that the heat of a September sun in our climate would effect the drying process in a

much shorter time than that which you have mentioned. It is a minor detail, of course, but knowing as I do your desire to be perfectly accurate even in the small matters, I meant to have called your attention to this statement before the story was put into print. I am sorry that I neglected to do so until it was too late; but I hope that you will have no objection to the words which, at the last moment, I substituted for yours."

Foster took up the magazine, and, turning to his story, he ran his eye down the printed columns until he read these words:—

"But the storm quickly passed over, and before long Armstrong's clothes were dried by the sun."

Mary Boardman Sheldon.

PASSAGES FROM JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES.

The Transfiguration of Judith.

SLOWLY from her knees
Judith arose, but dared not lift her eyes,
Awed with the sense that now beside her stood
A God's white Angel, though she saw him not.
A gleam fell on her, touching eyes and lips
With light ineffable. . . .
On cheek and throat and bosom lay such tint
As in the golden process of mid-June
Creeps up the slender stem to dye the rose.

Daybreak in Samaria.

Like one that from a lethargy awakes,
The Hebrew woman started: in the tower
No winged thing was, save on a cross-beam
A twittering sparrow. From the underworld
Came sounds of wheel and hoof, vague hints of life,
And where the black horizon blackest lay
A moment gone, a thread of purple ran
That changed to rose, and then to sudden gold—
A wave of gold that breaking on the dark

Flung its red spray against the cliffs and spurs,
But left the valley in cool shadow still.
And still the mist above the Asshur camp
Hung in white folds, and on the pendent boughs
The white dew hung.

Judith goes to the Camp of Asshur.

Then Judith veiled her face, and took her scarf,
And wrapt the scarf about her, and went forth
Into the street with Marah, the handmaid.
It was that hour when all the wretched folk
Haunted the market-stalls to get such scraps
As famine left; the rich bazaars were closed,
Those of the cloth-merchants and jewellers;
But to the booths where aught to eat was had
The starving crowds converged, vociferous.
Thus at that hour the narrow streets were thronged.

O saddened Muse, sing not of that rough way
Her light feet trod among the flints and thorns,
Where some chance arrow might have stained her breast,
And death lay coiled in the slim viper's haunt;
Nor how the hot sun tracked her till she reached,
She and her maid, a place of drooping boughs
Cooled by a spring set in a cup of moss,
And bathed their cheeks, and gathered mulberries,
And at the sudden crackling of a twig
Were well-nigh dead with fear: sing, rather, now
Of Holofernes, stretched before his tent
Upon the spotted hide of that wild beast
He slew beside the Ganges, he alone
With just his dagger; from the jungle there
The creature leapt on him, and tore his throat,
In the dim starlight: that same leopard-skin
Went with him to all wars.

Judith and Marah in the Tent.

And when they were alone within the tent,
"O Marah," cried the mistress, "do I dream?
Is this the dread Assyrian rumor paints,
He who amid the hills of Ragau smote
The hosts of King Arphaxad, and despoiled
Sidon and Tyrus, and left none unslain?
Gentle is he we thought so terrible,
Whose name we stilled unruly children with

Passages from Judith and Holofernes.

At bedtime — *See! the Bull of Asshur comes!*
 And all the little ones would straight to bed.
 Is he not statured as should be a king?
 Beside our tallest captain this grave prince
 Towers like the palm above the olive-tree.
 A gentle prince, with gracious words and ways."
 And Marah said: "A gentle prince he is —
 To look on; I misdoubt his ways and words."
 "And I, O Marah, I would trust him not!"
 And Judith laid her cheek upon her arm
 With a quick laugh, and like to diamonds
 Her white teeth were between the parted lips.

At the Tent Door.

Now the one star that ruled the night-time then,
 Against the deep blue-blackness of the sky
 Took shape, and shone; and Judith at the door
 Of the pavilion waited for Bagoas;
 She stood there lovelier than the night's one star.
 But Marah, looking on her, could have wept,
 For Marah's soul was troubled, knowing all
 That had been hidden from her till this hour.
 The deadly embassy that brought them there,
 And the dark moment's peril, now she knew.
 But Judith smiled, and whispered, "It is well;"
 And later, paling, whispered, "Fail me not!"
 Then came Bagoas, and led her to the tent
 Of Holofernes.

Epilogue.

Thus through God's grace, that nerved a gentle hand
 Not shaped to wield the deadly blade of war,
 Judea was saved. . . .
 And love and honor waited from that hour
 Upon the steps of Judith. And the years
 Came to her lightly, dwelling in her house
 In her own city; lightly came the years,
 Touching the raven tresses with their snow.
 Many desired her, but she put them by
 With sweet denial: where Manasseh slept
 In his strait sepulchre, there slept her heart.
 And there beside him, in the barley-field
 Nigh unto Dothaim, they buried her.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

EUGENE FIELD AND HIS WORK.

THAT a man should produce a substantial body of literary work and achieve a considerable literary reputation in the last six or seven years of a life spent in newspaper work, with its continual emphasis upon the ephemeral and its distracting scramble after the popular, is unusual. The sight, therefore, of the ten sumptuous volumes of the works of Eugene Field¹ is, to say the least, surprising. In number they are divided equally between prose and verse. Of the prose volumes, three — *A Little Book of Profitable Tales*, *The Holy Cross*, and the *Second Book of Tales* — are made up of short pieces. These consist chiefly of simple dialect sketches; of fables, allegories, and fairy-tales, usually in pseudo-archaic diction, and little pastels of home life, especially those aspects of home life which take their color and meaning from the love of children. Of the two other volumes, one, *The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac*, is a rambling discourse, in a thin dramatic disguise, on the delights of reading and book-owning; the other, *The House*, is the narrative of a familiar domestic episode, humorous and ostensibly dramatic in tone, but with an easily detected autobiographic subtexture. The poetry consists of *A Little Book of Western Verse*, supplemented by a second and a third volume of the same tone and intention, *Poems of Childhood*, and a series of riotous "translations" from Horace, *Echoes from the Sabine Farm*. This surely is no mean array.

Perhaps the most surprising characteristic of the short tales and sketches, to those who knew of Field only as a Western newspaper wit, is the old fashion of their sentiment and form. The story

of the *Holy Cross*, which recounts the meeting of some Spanish soldiers from the army of Cortes with the Wandering Jew, and the subsequent pardon and release from his torments of that hackneyed personage, is exactly in the tone of outworn romanticism of the early decades of the century. It recalls Chateaubriand, but without his ardency, or at least without the breath of adventure that permeates the first attempts in a given literary mode. Such pieces as *The Oak-Tree* and *the Ivy*, of which there are a great number in the three volumes, with their wooden appurtenances of *Ice-King*, *South Wind*, and the like, are so much akin to the profitable tales which one remembers from sleepy Sunday afternoons over the godless imitators of Hans Andersen that one feels a humorous desire to charge the author with plagiarizing his own nursery books. Tale after tale, again, is written in a sort of sham-archaic diction which Field invented for himself, and which, used as it is for the most divergent purposes without a corresponding change of key, ends by giving a distressingly artificial effect. Answering to this lack of modernity in form is a still more curious persistence of old-fashioned sentiment. It is of course none the worse for being old-fashioned, but there is something odd, even a little pathetic, in the way in which this daily fun-maker for the most headlong and modern of cities kept turning back to trite and homely motives; putting one side, as if he did not know them, the questioning, the daring, the mysticism, and the cynicism of modern life, choosing as a medium of expression this or that much-fingered instrument, full of wheezy memories of tunes.

It is only fair to add that sometimes this homeliness of sentiment, so far from being insipid, acts as a tremendous

¹ *The Writings in Prose and Verse of Eugene Field*. Sabine Edition. Ten volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1896.

reinforcement. In such a sketch as *The Little Yaller Baby*, for example, the elements of pathos, though as familiar as maternity, are as poignant as the presence of death. If Field had written a dozen things like that one, he would deserve a place among those who, having known the eternal secrets of the heart, stand outside time, and of whom it is impertinent to inquire whether their work is old or new. But this intense entering into a human situation is very rare with him. Pathos his tales often have, but it is the pathos of reminiscence, the pathos of the popular song which depends upon the manipulation of a few chords warranted by long service to produce a melting effect; sincerity they have, but it is the sincerity of a mind not thoroughly awake, of an imagination not quite vitally quickened.

This lack of tenseness in Field's prose work shows itself in two striking ways, significant enough of the conditions under which he labored to deserve mention. The first is his poverty, or at least his unwarrantable repetition, of motive. The note which he struck so tenderly and resonantly in the poem by which almost alone his name is widely known, *Little Boy Blue*, the tragedy of childhood led away from its toys and its prattle by the shadowy hand of death, reappears again and again, in less and less persuasive adumbrations, until one's sense of delicacy is outraged, and one is forced to cry out against what has come to seem little better than cant. This is, alas, only one instance out of many; almost every striking tale or poem in the ten volumes is flanked by two, three, or half a dozen weak replicas. The second way in which Field's lack of self-criticism and of artistic strenuousness shows itself is in his wanton marring of carefully prepared effects for the sake of introducing some bit of irrelevant humor which has struck his predatory journalistic eye. In the volume called *The House*, for instance, we have come

almost to believe in Reuben Baker, the mild, garrulous astronomer, who watches in helpless dignity his shifty little wife Alice buy and fit up the coveted home, when we are plunged into a series of "grinds" upon public characters and institutions of Chicago, from which we emerge with complete repudiation upon our lips for the flimsy figure. He is no longer a portrait, a humorous transcript of real character, but a jester's marionette. In the same way, the Bibliomaniac bids fair for a few chapters to be an individual. A really delicate perfume of personality begins to disengage itself from the pages; the fragile, detached old enthusiast begins to take on the winning hues of life. Then, without warning and as if petulantly tired of the effort, the author flattens him into pasteboard and uses him to hang "copy" on, — and rather cheap and incoherent copy at that. All this, along with a great deal else that is deplorable in the body of writing which Field left, is undoubtedly due, in large measure at least, to his newspaper training. One who sees the work of his pen perishing with the day that gives it birth is not apt to be scrupulous about repetition of motive; one who assists in the great daily hand-banding of the choir of heaven and furniture of earth is not apt to keep a conscience virginal toward the demands of a little imaginary gentleman in a white choker, who is timidly eager to maintain himself as a genuine creation in the world of art.

It is pleasant to turn from the prose to the verse, for here we come upon bits of well-nigh flawless workmanship, and upon something that approaches supreme perception. The verse divides itself loosely under five heads: rollicking jingles, the aim of which is to raise a laugh at any cost; serious or semi-serious poems of a reflective sort; translations, both serious and flippant; dramatic poems, usually in dialect; and the inimitable "poems of childhood." The jingles are

supreme in their irresponsible and delightful class. Such delectable titles as *The Schnellste Zug*, *Plaint of the Missouri 'Coon*, and *The Two Little Skeezucks* only faintly suggest the joy that is in them. The author has thrown himself into these happy-go-lucky trifles with a whimsical gusto which takes criticism captive. At callous moments we can find fault with them: we can see that they are too long, that their nonsense is not always so weirdly inspired as we had thought it. But for the most part we submit ourselves to their tyranny, and are left with only a titillation of fun in the roots of our hair and an unspeakable gratitude in the region of the risibles.

The reflective poems, including the more serious of the translations, are much less successful. There are, to be sure, a few pieces which command respect for their sincerity and tenderness, such for example as the famous *Little Boy Blue* and *Contentment*, which latter has a note of quiet nobility thoroughly fine. Usually, however, Field had not the power to speak of old things with a new voice. Here, even more than in his prose, the lack of magnetic correspondence between substance and style is apparent. The thought does not indue itself with expression by any inner willfulness. There is a sameness of style which in the end amounts to a drone. His lack of subtlety in the perception of style is especially noteworthy in the translations. The five volumes contain a great number of these, covering a range from Bion and Horace to Béranger and Dr. Watts. I can recall scarcely a half dozen where the peculiar aroma of the style has been even faintly caught. The poignant concreteness of Heine, the sweep and volume of Goethe, the golden mist of the Sicilian lyrists, the sanctified diffuseness of the evangelical doctor, are all melted down into a common mould, respectable but featureless.

Closely connected with this latency of

the stylistic sense is the tendency to introduce types, and not individuals, which makes the dramatic verse of Field so essentially undramatic. The pieces which deal with the life of the Western mining-camp, *Red Hoss Mountain*, as well as many others written in the same good-natured thumping seven-foot lines, come beyond all chance of question from the same mouth. This is not to say that they are therefore failures. By no means. The figures that gathered about Casey's immortal "table dote," and took part with such admired decorum in the "conversazzhyony" at the Gosh-all-Hemlock mine, move in a world of humor that pours a redeeming light over their artistic shortcomings. It is only to say that the magical touch which could lift these bundles of quizzical humors into imaginative reality, as some of the miners of Bret Harte and some of the human odds and ends of James Whitcomb Riley have been lifted, is hopelessly to seek.

With the same pleasure that one turns from Field's prose to his verse one turns again to that best portion of his verse which deals with child life; for here the most guarded critic can forget his qualms, and yield himself whole-heartedly to a new and naïve fascination. The reputation which some of the more serious of these child poems have achieved is not, to my thinking, wholly deserved. There is in them just a hint of stock sentiment, at the minimum in such direct and concrete things as *Little Boy Blue*, at the maximum in such self-conscious ones as *The Dead Babe*. It is in the lighter, more fanciful and rollicking of the verses that the author strikes a vein thoroughly fresh and charming. One has to go to Schumann's *Kinderscenen* for a parallel rendering of the silver-gray phantasmagoria, half dream, half waking gleams and splinterings of fancy, that Field has given us in *The Fly-Away Horse*, and *Wynken, Blynken, and Nod*. Always excepting Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verse*, I know of no work, save perhaps

that of Field's own friend Riley, which gives us the atmosphere of the young mind as faithfully as the delightful boyish soliloquy called *Seein' Things at Night*. The humorous paternity of *The Ride to Bumpville* wins us at the first line with the stealing tenderness and well-being of the fireside, and even the somewhat gurgling paternity of *The Bottle Tree* and *Googly-Goo* leaves us with a smile that is wholly engaged. Strangely enough, too, in the handling of these sympathetic little subjects, many of the technical limitations of the poet's gift which we have noticed are refined quite away. Elsewhere his sense of style is dull or non-existent; here the diction springs new as a flower out of rich deposits of nursery tradition, and the tune, starting with the swing of the cradle or the to-and-fro of a grand dame's rockerless chair, leaps and lingers and bickers and swirls like the spirit of water. If *Mother Goose*, wandering into the semicircle of light where Dante found the limbo of the good poets, should sit at the feet of Shelley and learn the magic of his lyre, I fancy that her wizened, beatified old throat would break out sooner or later into much such a carol as *The Rock-a-By Lady* from Hushaby Street or *The Song of Luddy-Dud*. It is no small thing to voice the joys and woes of one whole stage of the earthly journey, however short, especially when that stage is full of the most enormous little psychic adventures. This Field has done. He has written the *Canterbury Pilgrimage* of infancy. The great book of human interpretation is the poorer that the tale had to be left half told.

But Field did not pretend to be an artist; one can imagine the droll repudiation he would have made of the title. Yet at rare moments and in dealing with a few subjects he had the artist's touch. Moreover, it is not difficult to see that in the last years of his life his sense of the beauty and value of creative art rapidly deepened. He seems to have

been conquered by the Muse almost before he knew it, as one who should stop by an Athenian door-sill to chat with a lazy citizen, and go thence knowing Socrates and questioning the ultimate. Yet if this rare touch had never come to him, he would still have been, from many points of view, an engaging and suggestive figure. He was one of those unusual men who contrive to be profoundly typical of their time and environment at the same time that they retain the raciest of individualities. His irrepressible gayety, his obstreperous plunging through bush and brier after the will-o'-the-wisp of fun, his jaunty plucking of laughter from dullness, represent a trait of the nascent but already recognizable national temper which bids fair to mark us off most saliently from our native English stock. The imperturbable impudence with which, in the Echoes from the Sabine Farm, he slaps Horace on the back and drags him off for a lark and a supper, is more extravagantly American than it has entered into the heart of the most inspired of our foreign parodists to conceive. It may be said parenthetically that we feel a pleased assurance that Horace does not in the least resent the familiarity, but goes boon and meek to "polish up the city," confident in the assurance of his brother bard that Mæcenas will "pay the freight."

Recalling the intimate charm of Field's friendship, of which there is abundant evidence in the introductions to the various volumes, and those inimitable drolleries of daily walk and conversation which distinguished him racily among his contemporaries, we must look at him rather as a personality which only tardily and incompletely arrived at expression, than as an artist with whom expression was the first concern. The elements of this personality were singularly rich. He joined an almost Gothic grotesqueness and exuberance of fancy with an absorption in homely affections and a forthright crude sanity which usu-

ally go with imaginative limitations. He found an equal relish in the uproarious humors of Bohemianism and the delicate elusive atmosphere of the minds of children. But for the most part this unusual range of endowment obtained only fortuitous and lax expression, and it is a matter for regret that, in the definitive edition of his writings, piety should have intervened to prevent a thorough winnowing of that which has a chance to

live from that which is predoomed to die. A man engaged in the pursuit of an exacting profession cannot, in the leisure moments of six or eight years, produce ten volumes of imaginative writing which shall even begin to approach, as a whole, the level of his best. As it stands, the bulk of his writing is unwieldy, and much that is lovely and sound is in danger of being swamped by much more that is tawdry and mistaken.

FOUR NEW NOVELS.

MISS WILKINS'S MADELON.

It has sometimes been lamented, half whimsically, that there is no training-school for novelists, as there is for painters and sculptors; yet if the novelist has to master his art by untutored practice, he may have this resort, at least, that the writing of short stories offers a species of apprenticeship in the craft. Not that the short story may not be a worthy end in itself; sometimes the artist in this form reaches perfection here, and needs no larger canvas. But if one has it in him to draw his figures life-size, the short story may well serve for preliminary studies. Miss Wilkins has shown indisputably that her power in delineating life comes largely from the faculty of holding in a firm grasp the secret of a mastering impulse or principle. She has illustrated this in a large number of sharply defined personalities, drawn, so to speak, as individual figures, or in small groups occupied with quick incidents. With the growth of power the same kind of handling is apparent when she essays more considerable pieces, and carries the action over a longer time under a greater range of circumstances. She still has the unflinching grasp impelled by clear insight, and the steady movement along

direct lines. The concentration of power in her short stories is very great; it is even more noticeable in her longer tales. We had occasion to express our respect for her art when *Pembroke* appeared, and our admiration is not lessened by the new illustration of her artistic force in *Madelon*.¹

The heroine, *Madelon* herself, displays just this tenacious grip of an idea that we have recognized as the central fact in Miss Wilkins's art; so does *Lot Gordon*, the hero; so does *Burr* in a somewhat less degree; so does *Burr's* mother; and the same set, to use an expressive word, is what gives backbone to the otherwise invertebrate *Dorothy Fair*. Minor characters, like *Richard*, display a similar disposition, and at the close of the book the whole community is in peril of being swept into a *Niagara* of wrong-headedness. We think the culmination of *Madelon* is genuinely in the mere hint that is given of an impending disaster arrested by the suicide of the hero.

The book is, in fact, a most artistic portrayal of the *idée fixe* of the psychologist. We have no wish to enter the domain of the pathologist, yet we would point out to the reader how much of

¹ *Madelon*. A Novel. By MARY E. WILKINS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1896.

Miss Wilkins's skill seems to lie in stopping just short of insanity in her characters. A little more, and every mother's son and daughter of them would be in the madhouse. Well, is not that the logical outcome of what is characteristic in New England country life, and is it not a tribute to Miss Wilkins's genius that she should have caught this temper and transferred it in all its fascination to the pages of her books? Heretofore, the type illustrated has been the New Englander of purest strain, such as may be seen in several instances in this tale; but in creating the Hautvilles Miss Wilkins has shown a not unfamiliar type, the English crossed by the French and Indian, and she has been unerring in her rendering of the rich, vibrant nature thus produced. But these, too, must have the dominant passion, and thus, though the author of their being takes a new clay in her hands, she fashions it again after her own image.

In the working out of her tragedy—for tragedy it certainly is—Miss Wilkins has shown dexterity in avoiding the grotesque while coming pretty near it at times, and there are fewer of those sudden gleams of beauty which gave relief in *Pembroke*. We suspect the explanation may lie in the somewhat artificial character of the central moment of the drama. The stab which she gives Lot Gordon when she mistakes him for Burr comes upon the reader almost before he is ready, and at once the whole story is pitched in a high key. There is scarcely a lowering of that key to the last. It is as if the author did not dare once relax, lest the note should not be recovered. The intensity thus is in the author almost more than it is in the tragedy itself, and for this reason the reader may take a somewhat more curious and less absorbing interest in the acting than might otherwise be the case. Yet if he comes upon few passages of clear beauty such as he had learned to hope for in this writer after reading *Pembroke*, he is impressed again by the extraordinary con-

centration of language of which Miss Wilkins is capable, and gives the highest praise to an art which makes language have the cold splendor of a winter sunset.

MR. FREDERIC'S THE DAMNATION OF
THERON WARE.

The practiced novel-reader enters upon Mr. Frederic's new story¹ with keen anticipation of pleasure, so carefully sketched is the prelude scene, and so confidently does the author move forward. This feeling that he is in the hands of a master of fiction remains with him pretty much all through the First Part, which relates the experiences of a young Methodist minister and his wife, disappointed in their hopes of a flourishing parish, and shoved aside into a mean living in a large country town having a considerable Irish population. The description of the Conference in the opening chapter is graphic and quietly humorous, and the setting of the young couple in Octavius is so managed as to convey at once a good notion of a petty parish, in which the minister finds himself subjected to the ignoble tyranny of ignorant trustees. This minister, Theron Ware, with his ambition and his immaturity, is partially introduced; at least so the reader comes to think afterward, for on looking back, at the end of the story, he is reminded of the rather slight intimations given of Theron's native character before it is brought to the test. The novel, one premises from the title, has for its main purpose the disclosure of the history of a human soul.

Not long after the Wares have set up their home in Octavius, the minister chances upon the dying of a poor workman who has met with an accident. He follows the rude litter on which the injured man is borne into a shanty, and finds himself presently in the company of a Romish priest and a young Irish girl.

¹ *The Damnation of Theron Ware*. By HAROLD FREDERIC. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. 1896.

"The door opened, and Theron saw the priest standing in the doorway with an uplifted hand. He wore now a surplice, with a purple band over his shoulders, and on his pale face there shone a tranquil and tender light. One of the workmen fetched from the stove a brand, lighted the two candles, and bore the table with its contents into the bedroom. The young woman plucked Theron's sleeve, and he dumbly followed her into the chamber of death, making one of the group of a dozen, headed by Mrs. MacEvoy and her children, which filled the little room, and overflowed now outward to the street-door. He found himself bowing with the others to receive the sprinkled holy water from the priest's white fingers; kneeling with the others for the prayers; following in impressed silence with the others the strange ceremonial by which the priest traced crosses of holy oil with his thumb upon the eyes, ears, nostril, lips, hands, and feet of the dying man, wiping off the oil with a piece of cotton batting each time after he had repeated the invocation to forgiveness for that particular sense. But most of all he was moved by the rich, novel sound of the Latin as the priest rolled it forth in the *Asperges me, Domine*, and *Misereatur vestri omnipotens Deus*, with its soft Continental vowels and liquid *r*'s. It seemed to him that he had never really heard Latin before. Then the astonishing young woman with the red hair declaimed the *Confiteor* vigorously and with a resonant distinctness of enunciation. It was a different Latin, harsher and more sonorous, and while it still dominated the murmured undertone of the other's prayers the last moment came.

"Theron had stood face to face with death at many other bedsides; no other final scene had stirred him like this. It must have been the girl's Latin chant, with its clanging reiteration of the great names, — *beatum Michaelem Archangelum, beatum Joannem Baptistam, sanctos apostolos Petrum et Paulum*, —

invoked with such proud confidence in this squalid little shanty, which so strangely affected him."

The sharp contrast between Theron Ware's poverty-stricken surroundings and the richness of this Catholic world is set forth all the more admirably that the reader is not for a moment deluded into thinking he is to be invited to witness anything like conversion from the one faith to the other. Not this way does Theron Ware's damnation lie. The young minister simply is suddenly thrown out of his groove and dislocated from his habitual mode. The accident brings him into friendly relations with the priest and the Irish girl, who is the emancipated daughter of an honest and plain Irishman grown rich in his industry, and wont to humor the girl in any fancies she may choose to take up. One other personage is grouped with the priest and the girl, an apparently cynical Dr. Ledsmar; and these three, by a sort of tacit agreement, amuse themselves with the innocent young parson. One of the felicities of the book is the skillful manner in which the reader's mind is drawn off from this view of the case until the dénouement, and his attention fixed upon Theron Ware as he subjects himself to the criticism of the three.

The real plotter against Theron's simplicity is the girl, Celia Madden, and it is in the relation between the two that the artificiality of the story appears. It is not impossible to concede the psychological facts of Theron Ware's slumping, — we can find no other single word to express the change from a conventionally good man into a noxious reptile, — but we question the naturalness of the means as elaborated by Mr. Frederic. He has conceived a man of some intellectual and emotional readiness, with a meagre education and very limited knowledge of the world; inoffensively virtuous through lack of opportunity for vice, but with no genuine foundation for his character. He has intended to make

him not merely amiable, but rather attractive in his untried ingenuousness. "You impressed us," says Celia Madden, who acts as the recorder in Theron's damnation at the last, "as an innocent, simple, genuine young character, full of mother's milk. It was like the smell of early spring in the country to come in contact with you. Your honesty of nature, your sincerity in that absurd religion of yours, your general *naïveté* of mental and spiritual get-up, all pleased us a great deal. We thought you were going to be a real acquisition." All this is well said, and one must bear in mind that Mr. Frederic had a difficult task to perform in delineating a character which should seem all this to persons with the angle of vision which the priest, Celia Madden, and Dr. Ledsmar had, and should at the same time be normal and ordinary enough to his wife and neighbors, while the reader was slowly to penetrate the real consciousness of the man. It is a task performed with unusual skill, and with a pardonable amount of open analysis; but in performing his task Mr. Frederic found it necessary to make Celia Madden play the part of fictitious temptress to this very feeble St. Anthony, and it is here that one feels the distortion of nature. It was well enough to present Celia Madden as rich, handsome, clever-mouthed, free with bravado; but to invest her with all the furnishings of her sybaritic apartment, to represent her as using the blandishments of dress upon poor Theron (effecting a change, by the way, in a period of time which would be brief for a variety actress), to make her try the effect of a sort of musical cathartic upon the minister's rigidly conventional conscience, — this portion of the story strikes one as very artificial and out of key. Nevertheless, one returns with the feeling that the scheme of the book is sound; that in the separate characters of the group of three as seen by the reader there is a latent quality which would ac-

count for their attitude toward the young minister; for the story in its unconscious intention is a damnation also of these three. Our contention is that in the half-sketch of Dr. Ledsmar there is too much left for us to guess, and that the part Celia has to play is illustrated by abnormal incidents; the priest alone is satisfactorily characterized.

There is one minor character, Celia's brother Michael, who deserves high praise. His outline is admirably drawn, and the scene in which he holds the mirror up to Theron Ware's face is most effective. As to the debt-raisers, Soulsby and Sister Soulsby, given the rather unbelievable premise of their past career, they are cleverly drawn and highly entertaining. The Methodist scenes throughout are very vivid, and though highly accented do not impress one as caricatures, — a statement not so surely made of Sister Soulsby. Most readers, we think, will say that the master stroke is in the last page, where Theron is shown, after his recovery from the shame of his exposure to himself, as just the same man he was in the beginning. It would be hard to find a sadder book, if one were looking for a pitiless illumination of a whited sepulchre. Nevertheless, we set it aside with the conviction that Mr. Frederic has overreached himself, for he leaves in the reader's mind an instinctive revolt against the fairness of the record. On this showing, indeed, Theron Ware damns himself, and his three accusers seem to get off scot-free; but in the higher court of human reason one feels that the upright judge would question more thoroughly the credibility of some of the evidence, as not agreeing wholly with the facts of human nature.

MRS. BURNETT'S A LADY OF QUALITY.

There is no doubt that what with the analysts and the realists, we are bound to be schooled by the writers of fiction in the habits of the human being as he disports himself behind the hedge of his

outward demeanor. As the stories of adventure get told, the novelist retreats farther into the field of the human spirit, and plies his Roentgen rays to discover that which is hidden from ordinary observation. Here is Mr. Frederic winding about in the soul of a poor Methodist parson, and now Mrs. Burnett,¹ rejecting herself into the early part of the eighteenth century, asks us to follow her in her exploration of the walled-up cellar of a lady of quality's soul. She has a superficial advantage in the literary masquerade she adopts. It is hard for the reader to believe heartily in the maxim that human nature is the same in all ages, and he is likely to be in a docile mood when he is bidden see an Englishwoman of two hundred years ago perform feats of character which he would regard as quite impossible in the creatures whom he passes on bicycles to-day. A superficial advantage, we say; for after all, when one strips off the supposed Bickerstaffian language and gets to the actual facts, there are certain bald incongruities which send one back with a doubt whether either language or behavior is true to the time depicted. Indeed, one might search the literature dominated by Steele and Addison very diligently without discovering any piece of writing so violent as this narrative, or so lavish in its decorative qualities; and this anachronism of style tempts one, as we have intimated, into a doubt if Mrs. Burnett has possessed herself truthfully of the spirit of the period. The book certainly is not imitative as Henry Esmond is, and one begins to wonder why the author should have taken pains to make the manner of her tale antique in an obvious fashion, when her main object after all was to tell a story which no possible author of that time could have told.

Be this as it may, we are more concerned to inquire, not so much whether a Bickerstaff could have told the story as whether the story could have happened, not by the laws of probability, but by the laws of everlasting right and wrong which form the immutable standards for a novelist who desires her work to be imperishable. The opening scenes of the book are powerful. A baronet, Sir Geoffrey Wildairs, compacted of all the rude vices that could be crowded into an English country gentleman of the time, brutally abandons his timid wife who is in the pains of childbirth. She had already given him several daughters, two of whom survive, and now still another is born, and nearly smothered at birth by the wild young mother in her own death-agony. But Clorinda, as this infant is named, is an exception to the progeny. From the first drawing of breath she proves an extraordinarily vigorous creature. Her father, enraged that he has no son, absolutely neglects her, and she emerges into his notice only when, at the age of six, after an education chiefly in the stables, she discovers in him, whom she had never seen, the man who has set up ownership in a fiery horse she regards as her special property. She flies at him with a riding-crop and pours out a volley of oaths, at first to his amazement and then to his delight, as he recognizes in this infuriated little vixen his own child.

Mrs. Burnett does not spare the colors in painting the manners and morals of her heroine in her tender years. She does not flinch from reporting her oaths and describing her ribaldry, though she saves the reader the actual words of the pothouse songs which the child sings. Clorinda, who has demonstrated her power of will by subduing with brute force men, women, dogs, and horses, and

Tatler, and now for the first time written down by FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1896.

¹ *A Lady of Quality*. Being a most Curious, hitherto Unknown History, as related by Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff, but not presented to the World of Fashion through the pages of *The*

has her father entirely under her thumb, is rendered masculine to the eye by being dressed in boy's clothes until she is fifteen, when presto! the willful little dame is transformed into a superb-looking girl, and provides herself with a chaperon and a brand-new set of manners and graces. The record of her life as a hoiden of the most atrocious sort being closed, she opens a new chapter as a toast and woman of society. Her father's companions are a set of debauchees well on in life, the only exception being a Sir John Oxon, no less a rake, but young, handsome, and universally triumphant. Clorinda, perceiving his designs upon her, at once brings her chaperon forward as body-guard, and for the novelist's purpose all goes on smoothly. She holds her ground, and only by the slightest possible movement of the eyelids does the novelist communicate to the alert reader a notion of what goes on out of sight. Sir John, who is a spendthrift, suddenly turns his back on Clorinda, and becomes betrothed to a girl with a fortune. Thereupon Clorinda accepts the hand of an elderly earl, who makes her an honest husband; and after his death, when she is still but a girl in years, she has a year in seclusion, then comes forward as a dazzling belle, and wins the love and worship of a noble duke who is as splendid in all manly qualities as she is beautiful in womanly. It is difficult, by the way, in a mere argument of the story, to refrain from splashes of color; for the reader of the story never is allowed to forget how queenly Clorinda is, how dissolute Sir John is, and how magnificent is the duke. But on the eve of her marriage Clorinda has a private meeting in her house with Sir John, who forces himself upon her with the vindictive purpose of reasserting his property in her and compelling her submission. The weapon he holds is a lock of her hair which he had cut from her head, unknown to her, in one of their secret meetings. The weapon she snatches up is a loaded whip, and, with

all the fury of her masculine girlhood surging out of her, she strikes him dead.

In a scene intended to be ghastly, and not without a repressed horror, Clorinda calmly receives her friends, with the dead man under the divan, and then at midnight carries the body into a subterranean cellar which she has workmen wall up. The early part of the eighteenth century serves her purpose quite well for the disposition of the remains and the concealment of the traces of her crime, though we would make a timid parenthetical remark that in that period, in great houses like Clorinda's, fine gentlemen were not in the habit of letting themselves out of the front door as Sir John Oxon is supposed to do. Clorinda then marries the duke and lives happily thereafter, her chief occupation, besides gracing the world, being to look after the victims of Sir John Oxon's lust,—and they seem to turn up at every corner,—and reinstate them or give them decent burial. At the close of the book, Clorinda's sister Anne, who has been her companion since Sir John Oxon appeared on the scene, and is a plain, saintly woman, is on her death-bed. The reader has had intimations from the novelist that sister Anne knew more than she told, but Clorinda has been less observant. It is to her, therefore, a terrible revelation when she finds through Anne's confession that this sister had been a witness throughout; that from the hour of the midnight meetings to the time when Clorinda carried the man she had killed into the subterranean cellar, Anne had been aware of each step in her sister's career. But Anne's shamefaced love for Sir John and her spaniel-like devotion to her sister had kept her lips sealed. Clorinda, overwhelmed by the disclosure of this fathomless love, looks with awe upon Anne, whom she had heretofore treated with a somewhat patronizing affection, and is ready to obey her as she would her confessor.

“‘Anne, Anne,’ she whispered, ‘must

he know, my Gerald? Must I — must I tell him all? If so I must, I will — upon my knees.’

“The doves came flying downward from the blue, and lighted on the window-stone and cooed. Anne’s answer was as low as her soft breath, and her still eyes were filled with what she saw, but which another could not.

“‘Nay,’ she breathed. ‘Tell him not. What need — wait, and let God tell him — who understands.’”

And so the duchess never told her husband, least of all her children, who gave promise of exceeding their parents in nobility and beauty; and on the tablet over the resting-place of the ducal pair were inscribed the lines (early eighteenth century): —

“Here sleeps by her husband the purest and noblest lady God e’er loved; yet the high and gentle deeds of her chaste, sweet life sleep not, but live and grow, and so will do so long as earth is earth.”

Far be it from us to intimate either that Mrs. Burnett is ironical in this conclusion, or that we demand of her a treatment which would visit some sure even if slow retribution on Clorinda for the murder of her lover. A stern Calvinist would doubtless shift in his mind the scene of her damnation to a later world, if she missed condign punishment in this. A Greek would have transferred the reward of her guilt to her children. Neither would have let her escape. Mrs. Burnett, not unlike her fellow novelist, Thomas Hardy, in his redoubtable case of *Tess* versus the Almighty, settles the whole question of responsibility for Clorinda by letting her explain to Anne that she merely took up the riding-whip and flew into a passion, and it was God who saw to it that the butt of the whip struck the exact spot on Sir John Oxon’s temple which would let the most life out

with the least amount of recriminating blood. Moreover, in arguing the case for Clorinda, Mrs. Burnett puts in the very natural plea that she was made so; in fact, she made her herself, and knows.

It is hard to be patient with the sophistry of such a novel, and harder still when the author bridges over chasms so lightly. She is positive enough when she allows her heroine to excuse herself on the ground of her imperfect early education, but precisely this imperfection does not seem to trouble her in the least when she wishes to make a queen out of a baggage. Nor can the pious scenery at the end make the reader accept sister Anne’s absolution as definitely closing the case against reference to any further tribunal. There are many striking scenes in the book and a great deal of brave language, but the artificiality of the morality of the tale eats into its literary virtue, and one feels that he has had an unpleasant time of it for nothing.

MR. PARKER’S THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.

An historical romance which is concerned with adventure rather than with problems of moral history is the spirited one which we do not need to detail, since readers of *The Atlantic* have already enjoyed a year of it in the magazine.¹ Mr. Parker, for some reason, has changed Robert Stobo into Robert Moray, and he has taken the opportunity, as a conscientious workman, to give a final revision to his story now that it takes on the permanent form of a book; but the story itself remains, with its fine spirit, its keen edge of adventure, its delicate touch of the deeper things of life. We do not ask for the documents which Mr. Parker has chosen to produce in the way of contemporaneous prints to give versimilitude to his use of historic names and places, and the innocent reader

¹ *The Seats of the Mighty*. Being the Memoirs of Captain Robert Moray, sometime an Officer in the Virginia Regiment, and afterward of

Amherst’s Regiment. By GILBERT PARKER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1896.

who takes up the book for the first time need not fear that he is to be given a historic narrative mildly flavored with imagination. Mr. Parker has shown, we think, the right mode of dealing with history in his romance. He has chosen a great critical moment, one of the great moments of history, and has set his persons in the drama made for him, where they are not puppets, but probable minor characters; and then he has interested himself in these people, well knowing that they cannot move freely without now and then giving to and receiving from the actual historic personages. Thus,

though his own creatures might have been in the eyes of the world subordinate, they are for the purposes of his story principal, and he does not make the mistake of trying to give them reality simply through their association with actual characters. Yet we do not believe a reader who has once come to know Doltaire, Mathilde, Alixe, and Robert Moray himself will ever read the narrative of the great conflict between France and England without seeing these figures moving about on the scene of action. It is a generous book, and warms the blood.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

LITERATURE.

The first four volumes have appeared of what promises to be the most comprehensive edition of Wordsworth. His poems, his prose, his letters, and a life by the editor, Professor Knight, of St. Andrews, will occupy sixteen volumes; and as Mr. Knight has done his work once before, it is reasonable to suppose that he has gleaned very thoroughly after the harvest he himself gathered. The poems are to be included in six volumes, and the method of editing is exhaustive, to use a favorite and rather too significant term. Not only are Wordsworth's prefaces given, but they are supplemented by additions and corrections drawn from a variety of sources; various readings are added, with dates, and abundant annotations furnished. It is in this last respect that the editor has been over-indulgent to himself. What possible service is rendered by a footnote to a quotation introduced by Wordsworth into a poem, stating that the editor has not been able to trace the quotation to its source? And again and again in footnotes to *The Prelude*, for instance, Mr. Knight treats the reader as if he were dealing with an ignorant schoolboy. These are flies in the apothecary's ointment, however, for the edition is unquestionably a definitive one. (Macmil-

lan.) — *Miscellaneous Studies, a Series of Essays*, by Walter Pater. (Macmillan.) Apparently, the gathering up of the fragments. To any one who has learned to admire the melancholy grace of Mr. Pater's work the essays will be of interest, and one of them, at least, *The Child in the House*, will doubtless always be held as very indicative of the working of his mind. — *The Rhythm of Life, and Other Essays*, by Alice Meynell. (Copeland & Day.) The impression most likely to remain with the reader of this score of brief essays is of a mingled restraint and penetration. He is in the hands of a writer who uses language with extreme care, picking and choosing her phrases and words to express with precision an individuality of mind eager to get at truth by a certain obliquity of vision. She takes a new attitude that she may catch a new light, but she sees straight. All this leads to a half-Orphic utterance at times dangerously near the weakness of straining for effect. — *Critical Kit-Kats*, by Edmund Gosse. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A little gallery of portraits, many of them drawn from life. Mr. Gosse takes the reader at once into his confidence, and chats with him so pleasantly of his friendships, personal and literary, — for the subjects of these essays are his friends, whether he has known them in the flesh or not, — that we feel we have

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acquired more than a superficial acquaintance with the authors before the specific criticism of their work begins. Particularly to be noted is the loving and pathetic sketch in which the writer lauds the memory of the "most inspiring, the most fascinating being" he has ever known, Robert Louis Stevenson. — *Adventures in Criticism*, by A. T. Quiller-Couch. (Scribners.) It is rare that a collection of book reviews written in brief for especial times and seasons possess a value that is permanent. Mr. Quiller-Couch has reason to call his essays "Adventures." Touching upon some twosome subjects, from a new edition of Chaucer to an old one of Trilby, his comments occasionally approach serious criticism, but commonly confine themselves to a page or two of skirmishing about some salient point of attack or defense. Something about the book, call it what you will, lightness of touch or lack of weight, suggests the possible model of Obiter Dicta. Mr. Quiller-Couch is often suggestive, sometimes pointed, and once, at least, by a critical fault and human virtue, he is feelingly enthusiastic. — The uniform edition of Thomas Hardy's novels has been carried forward by the issue of *A Laodicean*, *Desperate Remedies*, *Wessex Tales*, and *The Hand of Ethelberta*. The map of Wessex which has accompanied the other volumes is reproduced here, — a curious commentary on the devotion of Mr. Hardy to one locality. Each volume also has a pleasing etching for frontispiece, and Mr. Hardy has written brief prefatory notes. (Harpers.) — *The Uncommercial Traveller* and *A Child's History of England* in one volume, *Reprinted Pieces* and *A Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices* in another, have been added to the new edition of Dickens's works. Charles Dickens the Younger furnishes interesting introductory comment. (Macmillan.) — The third volume in the edition of Björnson edited by Mr. Gosse is *A Happy Boy*, translated by Mrs. William Archer. (Macmillan.) — The latest volume of the Messrs. Roberts' edition of Balzac, translated by Miss Wormeley, includes *Gobseck* and *Another Study of Woman*, belonging to *Scenes from Private Life*, and *The Secrets of the Princesse de Cadignan*, *Unconscious Comedians*, and *Comedies Played Gratis* (the last the title given to *Gaudissart II.*), from *Scenes from Parisian Life*.

Poems, by Alice Meynell. (Copeland & Day.) A small volume of poetry by one who has been fed both by poetry and by life. There is much intellectual delicacy, much emotional subtlety, comprised in the verses, and now and then an audacity of expression which startles one by its calmness. The shades of meaning which Mrs. Meynell chases are worth the effort to catch them, and caught, show a firmness one does not ordinarily look for in shades. The book is one which appeals to thoughtful lovers of poetry, and we suspect will be most welcome to poets themselves. — *Birds of Passage*, by Mathilde Blind. (Chatto & Windus.) The major portion of the volume is taken up with somewhat dubiously lyric impressions of travel in Europe and the East. If any testimony were needed as to the mistaken nature of such a task, this book would be ample. It is difficult to understand how verse so little vitalized as this should have received such praise as has been its portion at the hands of respectable English reviews. — *The Parody*, by A. S. Martin. (Holt.) An entertaining anthology of parody, compiled from various sources, with an introductory essay. — *Songs of Night and Day*, by Frank W. Gunsaulus. (McClurg.) If Dr. Gunsaulus lacks the rare lyrical gift which is beyond the reach of infinite pains, his verse is harmonious, and he applies it with mature skill. His proficiency seems to us the result of careful study and experiment. Perhaps his most successful poem is that written to commemorate the centenary of John Keats, in ornate and dignified blank verse. His appreciation of Keats is keen and just, yet as one reads one feels that the author has found his own inspiration in Tennyson rather than in the more spontaneous utterance of the earlier poet. Dr. Gunsaulus has much that is interesting to say, and throughout his book runs a note of deep and thoughtful faith. — *Songs*, chiefly from the German, by J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria. (McClurg.) This volume contains selections from a large number of German poets, which are sensibly arranged in alphabetical order, according to the initial letter of their author, instead of in those complex divisions which injure the practical value of so many collections. A song is one of the most deli-

cate of creations. Transplanted in another language it may still be lovely, but its charm can never be the same. The nice relations between sound and sense must disappear. These songs from the German are careful in their workmanship, but the very labor spent upon them steals their freshness. However, the words are sweet and simple, the translation is fairly literal, and now and then a line rings with the original note. It is no small praise to add that much of the imaginative quality distinctive of the best type of German song remains. — *Armenian Poems*, rendered into English Verse by Alice Stone Blackwell. (Roberts.) The universal sympathy with the sufferings of Armenia lends a natural interest to a volume with this title. Unfortunately, as she states in the preface, the author is unacquainted with the originals, and as she is herself obliged to rely upon literal prose translations, the reader is separated from the poet by a twofold barrier. Still, the simplicity with which these verses are rendered leads us to believe that in thought, at least, but little change has been made. Whether the translator has taken pains to select such Armenian stanzas as best show the patriotism of the people or not, certain it is that few collections of poetry can boast an equal national pride or a more passionate love of liberty. — *Soul and Sense*, by Hannah Parker Kimball. (Copeland & Day.) Within and without, this slender volume shows no weakness for externals. Its sober gray binding incloses a collection of verses which discuss the battles of the soul with more austerity than grace. The thought is uniformly serious and concise, but its scope is not wide. The gate of life is death; unselfishness and prayer are the strait road to happiness. Belief in this is a hopeful and religious gospel, but one that has been often preached before. — *Words for Music*, by William Wells Newell. (Sever, Cambridge.) — *A Christmas Canticle*, Saint's Day Ballads, and Sundry Other Measures, by E. H. Stafford. (The Bryant Press, Toronto.) — *Some of the Rhymes of Ironquill*, a Book of Moods. (Crane & Co., Topeka.)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti, his Family Letters. With a Memoir by William Michael Rossetti. In two volumes. (Roberts.) The first of these two handsome volumes

is occupied with the memoir, the second with the letters, and both are provided with interesting portraits of various members of the Rossetti family. It would be unfair to expect a critical biography; indeed, one would rather not have it just now. What Mr. William Rossetti has furnished is *mémoires pour servir*, and as such these abundant memorials of family and personal life are full of value and charm. We are glad that we have the whole group, for no one but a son and brother could have sketched so freely the several personalities. This island in the sea of British insularity—to use an inadmissible phrase—is and always must be a good picnic ground for lovers of literature and art. — *Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan*, by W. Fraser Rae. (Holt.) It is not very many years since Professor Minto wrote that “the real Sheridan as he was in private life is irrecoverably gone,” and so it seemed. Trustworthy biographers he had none; for his best known life, written by the poet and professional biographer, Thomas Moore, is disfigured by great inaccuracy. Owing to the numerous attacks upon the playwright's life and character, Mr. Rae has been obliged to stand largely upon the defensive, but he seems to us to have routed Sheridan's detractors all along the line, and we are glad to believe that this biography is final. Politics and the drama aside, Sheridan's life is still of great interest. His courtship of the beautiful singer of Bath, his brilliant wit, his close friendships with the greatest men of his time, and the lights and shadows of his career make a story of romantic and human interest. The book has a preface by Sheridan's great-grandson, Lord Dufferin, and an appendix gives the correct text of his greatest surviving oration, spoken against Warren Hastings. — *Dolly Madison* (Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times), by Maud Wilder Goodwin. (Scribners.) The story of Dolly Madison gives us a pleasant, gossiping account of life in the social circles of the post-Revolutionary era. Throughout Jefferson's administration, when distances were the only magnificence of the new capital, Mrs. Madison was an important figure in Washington society. During the eight years that followed, as mistress of the White House, she played a brilliant part in the unceasing gayety of the capital, where her attractions and tact seem to

have contributed largely to her husband's popularity. The capture of Washington by the British in 1813 adds a bit of dramatic excitement to the book. Politics are carefully, and perhaps, as little suiting the character of the book, wisely eschewed. — *Memoirs of Barras, Member of the Directorate*, edited by George Duruy. Translated by C. E. Roche. Vol. III.: The Directorate from the 18th Fructidor to the 18th Brumaire. Vol. IV.: The Consulate — The Empire — The Restoration — Analytical Index. (Harpers.) How much, or rather how little faith we may be inclined to place in Barras as an historian, there can be no doubt as to the truthfulness of the vivid impression the later volumes of his memoirs convey of the weakness and corruption of the government of the Directorate, and of the value, within limitations, to the student, of the account the ex-Terrorist Director chooses to give of the *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor, and, still more, of that of the 18th Brumaire, which was to prove the period of his final retirement from public life, though doubtless that was far from his thought at the time. But he was a keenly interested observer of affairs during the Consulate, Empire, and Restoration; always a man of large fortune, — the price of treachery, M. Duruy argues, plausibly enough. Fortunately, the personages who suffer most from the venomous tongue and pen of Barras are not those whose characters were hitherto unsmirched, and in the end the portrait which the reader finds most odious is that of the narrator himself. — *The Empire of the Tsars and the Russians*, by Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu. Translated by Zenaïde A. Ragozin. Part III. The Religion. (Putnams.) This volume brings to a close the English version of a well-known work with perhaps the most complete and satisfactory account of the faith and religious institutions of the Russians that has yet appeared in print. The main defect of the book, as of the two previous volumes, arises from the fact that it was written some fifteen years ago, and gives the reader little or no suggestion of the changes that have taken place in Russia during the past decade. It is a matter for regret that a work otherwise so valuable should be under such obvious need of being modernized. The translator, in spite of a few French idioms, has done her work

well. — *Russian Politics*, by Herbert M. Thompson, M. A. (Holt.) Mr. Thompson's volume fills a somewhat unique place in the list of modern books on Russia. Written for a popular audience, with the facts skillfully compacted, it gives a most intelligible and interesting account of the present drift of affairs in the great Slav empire. Though the author has opinions of his own, he is none the less liberal in providing extracts from the works of previous writers. The book is a useful, and perhaps the only handbook to Russian politics now in the field.

FICTION.

Old Mr. Tredgold, a Story of Two Sisters, by Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant. (Longmans.) Old Mr. Tredgold's portrait must be added to Mrs. Oliphant's gallery of selfish men, a numerous and varied collection, as her faithful readers know. Mr. Tredgold is also sordid and vulgar, and all these qualities are inherited by his favorite daughter, a "popular" young woman, to whom fall all the gifts of fortune, while to her wiser and better sister comes little but loss and disappointment. As a study of a shallow, selfish, and, after her desires, successful woman, the presentment of Stella is admirable, and with equally remorseless truth are drawn the commonplace people who form the sisters' world. Mrs. Oliphant can interest us in very uninteresting folk, and this novel, although it distinctly belongs among her lesser tales, is very clever. Generally speaking, hearty respect must be felt for the binding force which law and public opinion give to an Englishman's testamentary dispositions, but in this case we are glad that an American novelist would hardly dare to make the climax of a tale depend upon so iniquitous a will as Mr. Tredgold's, so little chance would it have of ever being probated. — *Briseis*, by William Black. (Harpers.) It is on Dee-side that we first meet the heroine of this agreeable history, a Greek-Scotch girl, as familiar with the ballad lore of the northern land as though she were not a maid of Athens. To her enters the young Sir Francis Gordon of Grantly, and though the love that there begins is crossed for a while, we are always serenely confident of a happy ending, after the good old fashion. Some of the *dramatis personæ* of Prince Fortunatus make a

welcome reappearance in this tale, the flirtatious Miss Georgie Lestrangle being its second lady, and the chief cause of its more romantic woes. — *Comedies of Courtship*, by Anthony Hope. (Scribners.) Of the two stories which nearly fill this handsome volume, *The Wheel of Love* can hardly come under the classification of the general title, for it is pure farce, though it be very good fooling; and even *The Lady of the Pool*, which at the start promises to be a pleasing comedy, has many rather incongruous farcical intervals. But whatever we may call them, both tales, though far from their author's best, show his deftness in construction, his crisp, vivacious style, and the clever, pointed dialogue we always look for. The four brief sketches which complete the book have already been published in this country, under changed titles and without the writer's knowledge, and are here reprinted in their proper form and by his authority. — *In Search of Quiet*, a Country Journal, May-July, by Walter Frith. (Harpers.) A barrister, benevolently, if somewhat inquisitively interested in his neighbors' affairs, retires for three months to the pleasant village of Thorpe Green, in search of quiet wherein to complete a law-book he has in hand. But he finds the human drama going on in his rural retreat, comedy and tragedy both, and as he has a sense of humor and pathos, his journal of passing events is far from uninteresting. To be sure, the tale has the slow movement inevitable in a daily record, but it is sympathetically and gracefully told, and in its leisurely course does not lose its hold upon the reader. — *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler*, being a Record of the Growth of an English Gentleman during the Years 1685-1687, under Strange and Difficult Circumstances, by A. E. W. Mason. (Macmillan.) Mr. Mason is a very promising recruit in the ever increasing company of novelists of whom Mr. Weyman may be considered the leader. The story of *Morrice Buckler*, while containing the usual abundance and variety of adventure, is less markedly historic than most of its compeers; and though the action begins with a tragedy of Monmouth's rebellion, it relates mostly to the personal affairs of the hero, which may be said to be sufficiently exciting and warlike, and are narrated with unflinching spirit. Indeed, the writer has done

so well that we regret a certain carelessness as to details which detracts from the verisimilitude of his tale. His personages go from country to country with a celerity hardly of that day, and the heroine, who in Tyrol knows no English, apparently speaks that language with perfect ease in London directly after, where she also intrudes into the next century by going with powdered hair to see a comedy of Farquhar's; while it is a little bewildering that the young English gentleman, who is a student at Leyden, and his friend, who is a victim of Jeffreys, should both be Roman Catholics. — *When Greek meets Greek*, by Joseph Hatton. (Lippincott.) A conventional story of the French Revolution, in which the usual incidents are used with a fair measure of intelligence and skill. The climax is so dramatic and effective that readers will probably condone its extreme improbability. — *The Reds of the Midi*, translated from the Provençal of Félix Gras by Catharine A. Janvier. With an Introduction by Thomas A. Janvier. (Appletons.) There is certainly nothing of the conventional in this Revolutionary tale, which follows the march of the Marseilles Battalion to Paris, and depicts anew the terrible 10th of August. It is told by a peasant, and the writer's perfect art is shown in the fact that the narrator, from beginning to end, in every least particular, thinks, feels, understands, or misunderstands as a peasant would. Not only is the story itself recounted with exceeding vividness and truth, but the shoemaker's shop and the group of listeners are admirably sketched. The translator's work is exceptionally well done, and the make-up of the little volume, which has a portrait of Gras as a frontispiece, is attractive. — *The Release*, by Charlotte M. Yonge. (Macmillan.) Two of the best known of Miss Yonge's historical tales are those which trace the fortunes of the Ribbaumont family in the time of the St. Bartholomew, the Fronde, and the English civil war, and her readers will be glad to meet their late eighteenth-century representatives in this story of the last days of old France and the first of the new era. The tone of certain phases of English and French life at that epoch is taken with ease and grace, and the book throughout is pleasantly readable. — *Those Good Normans*, by Gyp. Translated by Marie Jussen. (Rand,

McNally & Co.) The Normans here satirized, none the less pungently because of the writer's easy good humor and lack of serious intent, are narrow, selfish, vulgar-minded when not vulgar-mannered, and, above all, sordid. Of course, Gyp's delicate irony, graceful persiflage, and smiling cynicism practically defy all attempts to really convey them from their native French, and so the lady's Normans, while quite as repellent, are hardly so amusing when they are presented to us in an English guise. — *The Veiled Doctor*, by Varina Anne Jefferson Davis. (Harpers.) — *Emma Lou*, Her Book, by Mary M. Mears. (Holt.) — *The White Virgin*, by George Manville Fenn, and *Pretty Michal*, by Maurus Jokai, have been added to Rand, McNally & Co.'s Globe Library.

RELIGION.

The Expansion of Religion, by E. Winchester Donald. (Houghton.) This book is more than a defense. Complete and logical belief make it sound a fine note of optimism for the future of religion. Religion, Dr. Donald takes in its broadest form as everything that tends toward man's salvation; and since salvation, or "having all that is best in a man at its best," is incomparably the most important of all things, religion must play an ineradicable part in human life. It is not, however, in the light of a permanent power, but as an expansive force, that the book considers religion, and the discovery of this expansion in every feature of society is its most stimulating characteristic. The larger value religion sets upon human life, its increasing readiness to accept truth wherever found, the growing conception of its economic value in restraining crime, its nascent efforts to humanize the struggle between labor and capital, all testify to a magnificent increase in its effective force. Dangers always beset the argument from effect to cause, but although the potency of other factors may in part be underrated, Dr. Donald supports his assertions by arguments at once plausible and real. Speaking of the great struggle between Socialism and Individualism, Dr. Donald frankly proclaims Religion to have cast her weight with the latter just so far as the former sacrifices the individual to the organism, and it is this honesty of opinion that gives the book much of its

value. The increasing necessity of organized religion is concomitant with the expansion of religion itself, for, Dr. Donald argues, it is through the churches that universal religion speaks most clearly and most persistently to men.

TRAVEL AND SUMMER RESORTS.

In India, translated from the French of André Chevrillon by William Marchant. (Holt.) A book on India so eminently un-English has a novel interest. M. Chevrillon was but little over two months in India, yet his sensitive mind, unprejudiced against an antipodal civilization, is completely steeped in what he saw and felt. Though few volumes of travel are so completely impregnated with the spirit of the country they describe, there is hardly one that does not give the reader more precise information. In India is anything but a guidebook. Throughout the journey, we scarcely realize that the author is by our side, and the impressions which crowd upon us seem to come from an impersonal source. The heat, the vegetation, the brilliancy of color, the endless variety of life in its most complex forms, are mirrored in a dreamy style admirably suggestive of the Eastern imagination. A large portion of the book is taken up by somewhat rhapsodical but interesting digressions upon the religions of India. The chaotic divinities of Brahmanism and the placid contemplation of Buddha seem naturally to require a specific, descriptive treatment. M. Chevrillon's method is purely imaginative. Its very vagueness lends it uncommon effectiveness. — *The North Shore of Massachusetts*, by Robert Grant; *Newport*, by W. C. Brownell. (Scribners.) Two little volumes in a brief series devoted to summer resorts. They are not guidebooks; they are simply what might be looked for in an illustrated magazine, sketchy characterizations of the places named, hardly illuminating to the person who has not visited them, and only lightly reminiscential to him who has. They are prettily illustrated and quickly read.

FINANCE.

The Science of Money, by Alexander Del Mar. (Macmillan.) Mr. Del Mar uses in part the historical, in part a logical method in his treatment, and discusses exchange, value, price, money as a mechan-

ism, interest, effects of expansion and contraction, and reaches the conclusion that money may and should be regulated. To be sure, he admits that the method is open to the gravest difficulties. Unfortunately, he comes to this admission at the end of the book, and gives the merest hint to any one who would attempt to overcome these difficulties.

PERIODICALS.

The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine for November, 1895, to April, 1896 (The Century Co.), enables one to make a survey of six months, and thus permits a surer perception of the plan of the magazine than a desultory examination of single numbers. It offers an opportunity also to get the effect of the new type.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

The April part of Murray's *A New English Dictionary* (Macmillan) covers Field-Fish. The catholicity of this dictionary is well seen in its register of American slang without necessarily condemning it, as in the case of our picturesque use of the verb "to fire." We do not see why there may not be a kindred origin, without any historical connection between them, with the old use of the word, to drive one out by fire.

COOKERY.

Cold Dishes for Hot Weather, by Ysa-guirre and La Marca. (Harpers.) Considering what the American summer can be, it is fitting that the first book given solely to cold dishes in all their varieties should be produced here. We recall an attractive midsummer book devoted to ices, but this little manual ranges from *consommé* to sandwiches, and includes fish, flesh, fowl, and vegetables, as well as salads and sweets. All the dishes described can be prepared in the cooler (or less heated) morning hours, and be eaten cold later in the day. The receipts are set forth plainly and briefly, and as no extraneous matter is introduced the small volume contains a good deal. — *What One Can Do With a Chafing-Dish*, a Guide for Amateur Cooks, by H. L. S. (John Ireland, New York.) As the chafing-dish has a peculiar value in the days when amateur cooks are likely to find a kitchen range insupportable, this also can be considered a summer book, and it certainly offers a surprising number of receipts which *can* be worked out in this, for some of them, rather cramped fashion. But the collection is large enough easily to admit of selection.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Reminiscences of Mrs. Alexander Hamilton.

WHEN I was a child of twelve or thirteen, I spent the winter in Washington, and had the good fortune to know Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, whom I remember to this day with vivid interest and love. It was probably pleasant for her to have a young person about her, and for days and often weeks at a time she and her widowed daughter would have me with them. General Winfield Scott lived in the house next Mrs. Hamilton's, and I became familiar with his soldierly figure, and remember how eagerly I watched for him on New Year's Day, when his six-feet-and-four was arrayed in all the glory of full uniform for the President's reception. I had my own idea of the God of War, but not Mars himself could have filled it more gorgeously

than the general as he crossed the broad sidewalk in a dazzle of gold and color, with waving plume and clanking sword. But there was no prancing war-horse, and I had a miserable sense of flatness when all that splendor was swallowed up in a rusty hack and jolted away in the most commonplace manner.

Mrs. Hamilton's favorite room in her house, which was on H Street, near the site of the Presbyterian church, was the front room of the English basement, the dining-room being back of it. There, by the window, in her own particular chair, she sat for hours, either looking out, or weaving mats on a small frame with pins along the sides. No longer able to read or even to knit, this work was a great resource to her who had always been full of activity. Precluded

from any social exertion by her great age (she was then ninety-five), she often seemed pleased to turn to me for amusement. I would read to her, or sit near and sew my bits of work while she was in a talkative mood; or, in fine weather, I would walk with her. Leaning her right hand on a stout cane, and her left arm upon my arm, she would walk several blocks, generally to a florist's, for she was passionately fond of flowers; and always there was from her a cheerful little stream of talk, either of reminiscences, or of observations of nature, or of philosophical reverie, when everything else seemed to be forgotten. In stormy weather there were her mat-weaving and backgammon, of which she was very fond. I would have to tell her the number on the dice, because she could not see; but she would play for hours. I asked her once if she had always liked it. She replied: "Yes, always. When I was young, Mr. Franklin taught me to play. He visited my father's when I was a girl, and was very kind to me."

One of her reminiscences that made a deep impression on me was the story of a great gathering of the Indians of eastern New York at Saratoga, which was then only a log fort. All the chiefs and greatest warriors of the Six Nations had met in solemn council, row after row of fine specimens of manhood standing silently around an open space, where a bit of green-sward gleamed in the sunshine. Although they were dressed in all the barbaric pomp of war-paint, there was peace on their faces as they stood awaiting the approach of a small group of whites, — one or two officers in full uniform, and a tall commanding man in the prime of life, leading by the hand a slim girl about thirteen, dressed in white, with uncovered head and half-curious, half-frightened eyes. This man was General Philip Schuyler, whom the Indians honored as they did no other white man; and they had met to offer him a tribute of devotion. At a sign from the great chief their ranks parted to admit General Schuyler, who advanced into the open space, still leading his little daughter. There, with many ceremonies, the child was formally adopted by the Six Nations, the chiefs ending the sacred rites by laying their hands upon her head, and giving her an Indian name meaning "One-of-us." This incident as told by Mrs.

Hamilton was the more impressive because she herself was the little maid thus adopted.

I recall one of her reminiscences of General Washington, because it gave me a new idea of him. She had been talking of men of bodily strength, and she observed that Washington was a very strong man. She then told an incident that must have happened soon after her marriage, for she was at the time at headquarters with her husband. Washington was writing in his office, a room on the second floor of a farmhouse. The farmer's wife, who was washing clothes, suddenly discovered that the shed-roof was on fire. She rushed screaming into the house, and Washington came bounding down the stairs, picked up one of the large washtubs full of suds, ran upstairs with it, got out on the roof, and emptied it on the blaze; then he ran for another tub, and still another, before he succeeded in putting out the fire.

After dinner, it was the custom for Mrs. Hamilton, if well enough, to spend an hour or so in the large parlors on the first floor, where every evening there were many visitors, friends and strangers. Generally she enjoyed their calls, taking part in the conversation and showing a lively interest in current affairs; but sometimes she was unable to make the exertion. She did not make calls herself, but once I remember she went to one of President Pierce's receptions. When it was known that the widow of Alexander Hamilton was present, she became the attraction of the evening; and the President, anxious to do her honor, left his place, offered his arm, and escorted her around the East Room.

Her dress, always black, of wool in the morning and of silk or satin in the evening, had been made after the same fashion for many years. She wore a plain full skirt, and a plain, rather short waist folded over (not under) a muslin kerchief. Around her neck was a broad, finely plaited ruffle fastened behind, and a small soft shawl was laid over her shoulders. Her face, with its fine features, was framed by a plain snowy cap edged with a finely plaited ruffle, and tied under the chin. Some of the fire of youth still shone in those dark eyes, as she sat and talked with her guests, or, when they had gone, she slowly walked about the large rooms, leaning on her cane, pausing at one old bit or another of furni-

ture to tell me its history. These rooms were crowded with relics, — swords, books, china, pictures, and many other things whose history I would gladly recall. The side wall near the entrance door was almost covered with a large half-length portrait of Washington, who sat to Stuart for it, and gave it to Hamilton. Under a large handsome centre table in the front parlor was a great silver wine-cooler, also a gift from Washington. I remember nothing more distinctly than a sofa and chairs with spindle legs, upholstered in black broadcloth, embroidered in flowery wreaths by Mrs. Hamilton herself, and a marble bust of Hamilton standing on its pedestal in a draped corner. That bust I can never forget, for the old lady always paused before it in her tour of the rooms, and, leaning on her cane, gazed and gazed, as if she could never be satisfied.

She always called him Hamilton. One night, I remember, she seemed sad and absent-minded, and could not go to the parlor where there were visitors, but sat near the fire and played backgammon for a while; when the game was done, she leaned back in her chair a long time with closed eyes, as if lost to all around her. I never heard her complain, and I loved her with a reverent love that made me feel awed as the long silence was broken by the murmured words, "I am so tired, — it is so long. I want to see Hamilton." What thoughts must have come to her from the past! — for she had griefs and losses beyond the usual grievous lot of woman. It is told in history that her oldest son, Philip, fell in a duel before his father met a similar fate; but it is unwritten history that the oldest daughter, a lovely young creature, was so shocked by her brother's cruel death that her reason fled forever. In a private asylum she lived to be an old woman.

When Mrs. Hamilton died, at the age of ninety-seven, although an interment in old Trinity churchyard in New York had been for years a forbidden thing, her last request was granted. Quietly, at night, that frail little form was laid to rest there by the side of her beloved and illustrious husband.

In the Shadow of Frivolous Ancestors. — The Little Spinster came of stern Puritanical New Hampshire stock, and her life had been so full of study and of good works that there had been no place for even the mild

diversions of a country town. Propriety was written in every line of her prim, slight figure, and at a tender age one could see that she was destined for spinsterhood. She had studied philology and political economy at the Sorbonne in Paris, and, absorbed in her work, she had passed unscathed through the light-mindedness of the gay city. Then brain and nerve succumbed, and her physician forbade all study, and ordered a long outdoor idleness far from distracting Paris. Her place of retreat was untroubled by railways and telegraphs, and a people lived there who knew not the name of Calvin, and the word "conscience" had no meaning to its ears. Far back in the centuries, one ancestor of the Little Spinster had belonged to the people that were now about her, and she felt at once strangely akin to them. All that she saw seemed to stir sweet misty memories in her brain, even the new faces wearing an oddly familiar look.

They took the Little Spinster to their hearts at once, making much of her, giving dainty feasts for her, bringing pretty gifts, and saying fond, flattering things such as she had never heard before, and which brought a wavering color to her not uncommonly face. Encompassed by all sweet observances, with tired nerves lulled to rest by the murmur of the sea, the years seemed to roll backwards. Her cheeks lost their lines, and grew plump and bright; her hair began to stray about in wayward rings; she laid aside her bowed spectacles, and assumed a coquettish pair of eyeglasses; she bought a pair of red slippers, and became dissatisfied with her bonnet. She tied on one of the gay aprons of the country, with its trimmings of worsted balls, and she had been seen to "hippitty hop" with the children, the red slippers twinkling merrily.

But this was not the worst. A certain High Official there (a married man, too!) flirted desperately with the Little Spinster, and a flirtation cannot flourish when only one takes part. She who never touched even hard cider in her New Hampshire hills now drank not only with her eyes when the High Official pledged her silently at their feasts. Before she left that land many tender words had been whispered unimproved in her ears (though not in the tongue of the Westminster Catechism, let us at least say that for her), and more than

once had that smooth little hand been kissed.

Forgetful of her Moral Obligations, and that to be happy and to make others so is not the Chief End of Man, she let slip one by one some moorings of her cherished propriety, until she felt herself swept away by the current of this new life, which after all was not all new, but seemed to join with some hidden spring in her own being now for the first time revealed.

But unfortunately for the peace of mind of the Little Spinster, she could not dwell always in the Land of Forgetfulness. An invitation which was not to be refused came from her friends the MacNabbs of Scotland, a family who in strictness and uncompromising propriety surpassed even her own people. And, the night she arrived, she left behind in her slumbers that strange new self, and awoke to her old character.

Now, in the evenings, as she sits with the MacNabbs, musing before the fire, knitting a long gray stocking, it is not always the firelight which makes her face so rosy. She is saying to herself, "Oh, was it really I who acted so?" and a cold horror seizes her at the thought, "What if aunt 'Phrony should ever know!" Her mind goes back to her childish idea of the judgment day, where, in a kind of circus with raised seats, vast numbers of people listened eagerly as the angel Gabriel (she always thought of him as wearing spectacles) read aloud each person's sins in thought and deed, all his little hidden weaknesses, his unsuspected errors revealed. She thinks, with a kind of grim despairing humor of the astonishment and dismay of the Blanktown church sewing-circle when her lapses in propriety are proclaimed, those twilight wanderings with the High Official, those kisses on her unre-sisting hand — and here the Little Spinster, with a jerk of her knitting needles, drops a score of stitches, and the MacNabbs glance up in mild surprise.

Beginning Civilization over again. — The poor boys of large cities have plenty of physical vigor, plenty of cleverness, plenty of bravery; but, as a class, they have the sad failings of untruthfulness and irresponsibility. Untruthfulness must have been bred in their bones, it comes to them so naturally. A boy has a school age and a country-week age. He goes to the theatre with the dime entrusted for an errand, and

he swears, when called to account, that he has lost it. He loafs away the evening on a street corner, and reports at home that he has been to a boys' club. He withdraws his deposit with the stamp savings society on the plea of needing a pair of shoes, and goes to the circus with the money. He returns a library book, which has come to grief through his own carelessness, with a circumstantial account of the way it got into the hands of the baby. He finds himself a job, and goes regularly to work under pretense of going to school, that his earnings may not be deflected into the family exchequer.

These are deceits with a purpose. He lies just as glibly without a purpose, — out of pure fun or from the force of habit. Sometimes he lies even to his own disadvantage. For instance, he comes in all sincerity to be helped out of a scrape, and misrepresents to you the very circumstance that might save him. A written promise makes a certain appeal to his honor; but as to keeping an oral promise, that is purely a question of convenience.

So much of the untruthfulness on the part of the boys as has to do with the keeping of promises is closely allied to the lack of the feeling of responsibility. A dozen or more boys are unable to get from the library that they patronize the particular book they have set their hearts on, because it is not returned when it should be. The boy who has it is done with it. He knows well enough that it is wanted. He fails to act on his knowledge from indifference, not from malice. A Saturday excursion into the country goes by default, because the one boy who was to notify the rest of the party did not do it. He received a ticket for a league game to be played the same Saturday: he was provided for; never mind about the ten others. He has never stopped to think that in social arithmetic one is many times less than ten. The final dress rehearsal of a dramatic club is impossible because two of the young actors take a sudden notion to go in swimming; and so on. In a word, these boys have no social sense in most relations of life.

But there is one signal exception, — the street gang. In the street gang is a genuine healthy *esprit de corps*. A member of a street gang who tells tales, or who otherwise willfully or carelessly neglects his duty

to the gang, is liable to condign punishment. Thus, I happen to know of a boy who was severely drubbed for failing to pass the word along to his gang of the presence on a certain wharf of a discarded crate of specked oranges, of which he himself took advantage.

This strong gang feeling takes another interesting form. There is one gang that meets on one street corner, and another gang that meets on another corner two streets away. To any observer the two gangs are of the same social stratum. Yet there is a subtle difference of some sort which forbids the members of one gang from associating with the members of the other gang: each has a sort of social scorn of the other.

What have we here, then, but the phenomena of primitive society, — the individual irresponsibility and untruthfulness, the gang or clan feeling which is the beginning of a social structure, bringing with it a sense of social obligation, and the differentiation of gangs or clans? It is an interesting if not a flattering reflection that the student of primitive institutions finds the best field for study in city life, where civilization in its complexity has o'erleaped itself, and re-presents the phenomena of barbarism.

The only way to rebuild civilization, where the task has thus to be all done over again, is to begin in the same fashion that civilization itself was first begun: accept the street gang as the base of a higher structure, as the tribe was in the beginning; gradually enlarge its range, till the gang conscience widens to the ward conscience or boss allegiance. Happy are we if boss allegiance widens to a civic conscience. This is the road that the street boy must travel if our institutions have the saving grace that we think they have; and there is no shorter road.

What Factory Girls Read. — One girl who worked in a factory, and in whom I was greatly interested, told me that she belonged to a circle of twelve girls who subscribed for periodicals and passed them around. She liked best to read short stories and poetry. She did not recall the names of any of the persons who wrote the poems in magazines, but she remembered the name of Longfellow. She thought what he wrote was "lovely." Turning over

the leaves of a periodical which chanced to be lying on the table, she came across the name of Shakespeare. I asked her if she knew who he was. She looked at me with charming, childlike hesitancy in her eyes, then timidly ventured her suggestion: "Was he a poet?" I once asked a company of about fifty girls of the class who work in factories how many knew of Shakespeare. Six felt confident enough to raise their hands. Probably at least a dozen more knew as much as they, but did not dare raise their hands. Among the six was found the knowledge that Shakespeare was an Englishman who wrote plays.

At one time, in a mill where a girl that I knew worked, one of them read love-stories aloud to the others during the brief period of leisure at noon. One taste of this girl's rather surprised me, and it might well surprise publishers who wish to suit the popular fancy. She said she did not care for the illustrations in magazines. She liked to read all those departments in journals which consist of talks with the readers, hints about behavior, about embroidery, about dabbling in so-called "art" matters, about house-furnishing and such things. "I never tire of reading them," she said, and turning over the leaves of a magazine, she exclaimed, "Oh, I love dearly to read about battles! I do! An' the history of the United States. I read all the school history I could get, — just questions and answers, — I thought it was so interesting." She had never read the history of any other country for the simple reason that she had never seen a volume which treated of any history but our own.

An August Memory. — The twin star in the Roman sky known as Octavian Augustus has always given me a confused impression, doubtless aggravated in that he springs full-armed upon the scene, as — nay, it is no hackneyed Minerva from Jove's head we offer for our comparison, but — as parentless as the Emperor Charles V. This long-headed, cold-hearted, dissolute old man in knicker — in *toga prætexta*, we should say, — who uses Cicero and Antony alike as stepping-stones, outwitting either at will; this repellent stripling, who, himself without a grievance, shares, if he did not originate, proscriptions that outdid the fierce, hot-blooded massacres of Marius or Sulla; Octavian, I say, unworthy heir to

the name of great Julius (whom Romans at least found ever generous and forgiving), comes nigh to a preëminence of abhorrent badness in all that century of violence from Nasica's bludgeon to Cleopatra's asp.

The long, wise reign of the Emperor Augustus is perhaps the most successful piece of quiet statecraft the world has ever seen. The new order gave the still-vested Roman world such peace, such unity, such material prosperity, as it had never seen before. The capital was not merely rebuilt, it was architecturally transfigured. "Brick I found thee, marble I leave thee," was no empty boast by any means. Hundreds of desecrated shrines rose taller and lovelier from their ashes. Even the faith of an earlier nobler day for a moment seemed to raise its languid head while scholastic Virgil and Epicurean Horace sang. Intellectual genius, no matter how humble its origin, was sought out and cherished. For such wisely selfish generosity an *Æneid* or a *Carmen Sæculare* was indeed a princely recompense; but how many autocrats have realized this, and *courted* their poet with the fit humility of an ephemeral superior? Can Grande did not, nor Chesterfield!

All this wonderful transformation from the age of blood and iron to what seemed almost the Saturnian age returned, this real order and imperial rule just when Rome and civilization were about to sink together into the rift of civil strife, too wide for any Curtius to close, — all this new world centres in one quiet, unpretentious man, who, avoiding so far as he may all splendid pomp and insidious titles, grasps the substance, indeed, but not the insignia of power. It is in his own despite that he is deified while yet living.

Though practically despot over the haughtiest of races, he does not, like Tarquin and Julius, meet a tyrant's fate. After a reign almost as long and unshaken as Victoria's, he dies peacefully in his bed, while his sceptre passes without question to the unloved heir of his choice. How spotless, we think, must have been the whole life of this philosophic prince, so to enshrine him in the heart of a lordly nation! Where is there a greater contrast between all that should accompany honored and reverend old age and that most merciless, treacherous, and repulsive of boy conspirators! Once again

we had quite forgotten that they are one and the same man!

To be sure, if we turn away from the heroic outlines of imperial annals, and con the *chronique scandaleuse* of, for example, Suetonius, the later portrait will blend more readily into the earlier. In particular, the home-happiness of the Emperor's closest friends found in him as dangerous a guest as any Stuart can have been. Mæcenas himself seems to have had good cause for jealousy. Again, even the fiery Terentia, the prime minister's wife, could not win as a boon from her imperial lover the life of her brothers (or near kinsmen), who were entangled in a conspiracy against him.

Even literary men found Rome in the "Augustan age" no paradise, if once their master's resentment was kindled. Thus the belated Pompeian and abusive orator Labienus was cruelly sentenced to have all his books burned! This anticipation of posterity's doom of oblivion broke his heart and drove him to suicide. The more prolonged sufferings of poor Ovid will be remembered, though his precise offense may never be revealed.

Is it certain that authorship owes so heavy a debt of gratitude to Augustus? Literature *flourished*, no doubt, in the imperial gardens and hothouses. Possibly the delicate flower of Virgilian genius would else never have bloomed at all. On the other hand, republican Horace lost his sturdier traits all too soon in that languid air. Poetry, above all arts, perhaps, requires the atmosphere of freedom; and here early death was involved in the very sources of life. Perhaps for a time more men of ability were turned to literature, if only because other paths of ambition were closed. Yet the paralysis of despotic rule soon fell upon this as on all noble arts. Horace is indeed the last who, by an occasional flash of bolder reminiscence, recalls that he had known and shared the vain final struggle of the tyrannicides. Virgil's first note is in the extremest tone of adulation: —

"A god shall he be to us ever."

The empire, it is often asserted, was inevitable, and beneficent, for Rome in the last century B. C. Perhaps so. Death also may be inevitable, and beneficent, for nations as for men. Certainly the empire was better than unceasing turmoil and civil war. Paralysis is preferable to convulsions.

As for Augustus the author, all the glories of Augustus the emperor have not saved him from the limbo appointed for the commonplace. His chief usefulness was as a frank, judicious critic, safe from any petty jealousy in his supremacy of power. Suetonius mentions a poem on Sicily in hexameters. Of his epigrams, composed and dictated during the interminable daily baths, Martial has preserved one, thereby assuaging all our regret for the rest; there are hardly six coarser verses in Martial himself! Augustus began also a tragedy, Ajax, but when questioned as to its fate, answered wittily that his hero had "fallen upon the sponge;" alluding to the scene in Sophocles' play, doubtless copied generally in tragedy, where Ajax throws himself upon the sword which had been presented him by Hector at the close of their duel. We regret the loss of the *Vita Sua*, in thirteen books, though it was probably even less ingenuous than his great-uncle's *Commentarii*. One weighty historical document we do still owe to Augustus, though it may not be, in style and language, the creature of his brain. It is the *Monumentum Ancyranum*, chiefest of Latin inscriptions. This account of the Emperor's life and exploits, more truthful and less boastful than Darius's panegyric at Behistun, covered the walls of a temple dedicated to "Augustus and Rome." In Apollonia of Pisidia fragments from a monumental Greek version of the same document have been found. Here, indeed, the greatness of the first Roman Emperor stands clearly revealed. In authorship proper he hardly plays a part at all; though a clear conception both of his public and his private character will, for obvious reasons, always be of importance to any serious study in the history of literature. Like Pericles, Lorenzo or Elizabeth, he is an essential part of the environment, the background as it were wherever the record of authorship is delineated.

An Unworked — The striking revival of "romantic" or "ideal" fiction in English, at a time when the "realists" were supposed to be having it all their own way, has of course been the subject of

abundant comment; but one singular trait in the new romances appears to have been overlooked: they are almost all autobiographies. The stories of Stevenson, Weyman, Rider Haggard, and Gilbert Parker, all dealing with remote times or remote countries, are personal narratives, supposed to be told by the heroes themselves; so is *The Prisoner of Zenda*. On the other hand, the "realistic" novels or stories of "modern life" which so lately held the field are told in the historic form; so were the romances of Dumas and Scott. The latter tried the personal form once, in *Redgauntlet*, as a series of letters; but halfway through he returned to the historic style, to the immense advantage of his novel. Defoe's early realistic fictions are throughout autobiographies.

But the method adopted by Stevenson and others seems to be a concession, unconscious, perhaps, to the realists of what is true in their contention, that ancient days and lands of adventure are separated by an impassable gulf from the average citizen of London or New York. Yet there were men and women living in those remote days, and what is dead forever to us was a living reality to them. Let them tell their story as they may be supposed to have felt it, and it brings the time one stage nearer to us. Just so with the returned traveler, who has lived for a time in lands and among races which to us are impossibilities. The one reality is human nature, to which no circumstances can be strange when it is actually among them.

Leaving this thought to be masticated, I pass to a kindred one: why has it proved impossible to write a story of classical life — Greek or Roman — which is not a mere handbook of antiquities? Yet Shakespeare found in Plutarch as good material as in Holinshed; Coriolanus and Cleopatra are as vivid as Faulconbridge and Cordelia. The romance of Panthea as told by Xenophon lacks no element of a true love-story. Yet no one who has attempted a classical novel, from Bulwer down, has made anything more lifelike than a sculptured slab. Could not Mr. Anthony Hope try his hand on Alcibiades or Germanicus?

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THE PROBLEM OF THE WEST.

THE problem of the West is nothing less than the problem of American development. A glance at the map of the United States reveals the truth. To write of a "Western sectionalism," bounded on the east by the Alleghanies, is, in itself, to proclaim the writer a provincial. What is the West? What has it been in American life? To have the answers to these questions, is to understand the most significant features of the United States of to-day.

The West, at bottom, is a form of society, rather than an area. It is the term applied to the region whose social conditions result from the application of older institutions and ideas to the transforming influences of free land. By this application, a new environment is suddenly entered, freedom of opportunity is opened, the cake of custom is broken, and new activities, new lines of growth, new institutions and new ideals, are brought into existence. The wilderness disappears, the "West" proper passes on to a new frontier, and, in the former area, a new society has emerged from this contact with the backwoods. Gradually this society loses its primitive conditions, and assimilates itself to the type of the older social conditions of the East; but it bears within it enduring and distinguishing survivals of its frontier experience. Decade after decade, West after West, this rebirth of American society has gone on, has left its traces behind it, and has reacted on the East. The history of our political institutions, our democracy,

is not a history of imitation, of simple borrowing; it is a history of the evolution and adaptation of organs in response to changed environment, a history of the origin of new political species. In this sense, therefore, the West has been a constructive force of the highest significance in our life. To use the words of that acute and widely informed observer, Mr. Bryce, "The West is the most American part of America. . . . What Europe is to Asia, what England is to the rest of Europe, what America is to England, that the Western States and Territories are to the Atlantic States."

The West, as a phase of social organization, began with the Atlantic coast, and passed across the continent. But the colonial tide-water area was in close touch with the Old World, and soon lost its Western aspects. In the middle of the eighteenth century, the newer social conditions appeared along the upper waters of the tributaries of the Atlantic. Here it was that the West took on its distinguishing features, and transmitted frontier traits and ideals to this area in later days. On the coast were the fishermen and skippers, the merchants and planters, with eyes turned toward Europe. Beyond the falls of the rivers were the pioneer farmers, largely of non-English stock, Scotch-Irish and German. They constituted a distinct people, and may be regarded as an expansion of the social and economic life of the middle region into the back country of the

South. These frontiersmen were the ancestors of Boone, Andrew Jackson, Calhoun, Clay, and Lincoln. Washington and Jefferson were profoundly affected by these frontier conditions. The forest clearings have been the seed plots of American character.

In the Revolutionary days, the settlers crossed the Alleghanies and put a barrier between them and the coast. They became, to use their phrases, "the men of the Western waters," the heirs of the "Western world." In this era, the backwoodsmen, all along the western slopes of the mountains, with a keen sense of the difference between them and the dwellers on the coast, demanded organization into independent States of the Union. Self-government was their ideal. Said one of their rude, but energetic petitions for statehood: "Some of our fellow-citizens may think we are not able to conduct our affairs and consult our interests; but if our society is rude, much wisdom is not necessary to supply our wants, and a fool can sometimes put on his clothes better than a wise man can do it for him." This forest philosophy is the philosophy of American democracy. But the men of the coast were not ready to admit its implications. They apportioned the state legislatures so that the property-holding minority of the tide-water lands were able to outvote the more populous back counties. A similar system was proposed by federalists in the Constitutional Convention of 1787. Gouverneur Morris, arguing in favor of basing representation on property as well as numbers, declared that "he looked forward, also, to that range of new States which would soon be formed in the West. He thought the rule of representation ought to be so fixed, as to secure to the Atlantic States a prevalence in the national councils." "The new States," said he, "will know less of the public interest than these; will have an interest in many respects different; in particular will be little scrupulous of involving the

community in wars, the burdens and operations of which would fall chiefly on the maritime States. Provision ought, therefore, to be made to prevent the maritime States from being hereafter outvoted by them." He added that the Western country "would not be able to furnish men equally enlightened to share in the administration of our common interests. The busy haunts of men, not the remote wilderness, was the proper school of political talents. If the Western people get power into their hands, they will ruin the Atlantic interest. The back members are always most averse to the best measures." Add to these utterances of Gouverneur Morris the impassioned protest of Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, in the debates in the House of Representatives, on the admission of Louisiana. Referring to the discussion over the slave votes and the West in the Constitutional Convention, he declared, "Suppose, then, that it had been distinctly foreseen that, in addition to the effect of this weight, the whole population of a world beyond the Mississippi was to be brought into this and the other branch of the legislature, to form our laws, control our rights, and decide our destiny. Sir, can it be pretended that the patriots of that day would for one moment have listened to it? . . . They had not taken degrees at the hospital of idiocy. . . . Why, sir, I have already heard of six States, and some say there will be, at no great distance of time, more. I have also heard that the mouth of the Ohio will be far to the east of the centre of the contemplated empire. . . . You have no authority to throw the rights and property of this people into 'hotch-pot' with the wild men on the Missouri, nor with the mixed, though more respectable, race of Anglo-Hispano-Gallo-Americans who bask on the sands in the mouth of the Mississippi. . . . Do you suppose the people of the Northern and Atlantic States will, or ought to, look on with patience and see Repre-

sentatives and Senators from the Red River and Missouri, pouring themselves upon this and the other floor, managing the concerns of a seaboard fifteen hundred miles, at least, from their residence ; and having a preponderancy in councils into which, constitutionally, they could never have been admitted ? ”

Like an echo from the fears expressed by the East at the close of the eighteenth century come the words of an eminent Eastern man of letters at the end of the nineteenth century, in warning against the West : “ Materialized in their temper ; with few ideals of an ennobling sort ; little instructed in the lessons of history ; safe from exposure to the direct calamities and physical horrors of war ; with undeveloped imaginations and sympathies — they form a community unfortunate and dangerous from the possession of power without a due sense of its corresponding responsibilities ; a community in which the passion for war may easily be excited as the fancied means by which its greatness may be convincingly exhibited, and its ambitions gratified. . . . Some chance spark may fire the prairie.”

Here, then, is the problem of the West, as it looked to New England leaders of thought in the beginning and at the end of this century. From the first, it was recognized that a new type was growing up beyond the mountains, and that the time would come when the destiny of the nation would be in Western hands. The divergence of these societies became clear in the struggle over the ratification of the federal constitution. The interior agricultural region, the communities that were in debt and desired paper money, opposed the instrument ; but the areas of intercourse and property carried the day.

It is important to understand, therefore, what were some of the ideals of this early Western democracy. How did the frontiersman differ from the man of the coast ?

The most obvious fact regarding the man of the Western waters is that he had placed himself under influences destructive to many of the gains of civilization. Remote from the opportunity for systematic education, substituting a log hut in the forest clearing for the social comforts of the town, he suffered hardships and privations, and reverted in many ways to primitive conditions of life. Engaged in a struggle to subdue the forest, working as an individual, and with little specie or capital, his interests were with the debtor class. At each stage of its advance, the West has favored an expansion of the currency. The pioneer had boundless confidence in the future of his own community, and when seasons of financial contraction and depression occurred, he, who had staked his all on confidence in Western development, and had fought the savage for his home, was inclined to reproach the conservative sections and classes. To explain this antagonism requires more than denunciation of dishonesty, ignorance, and boorishness as fundamental Western traits. Legislation in the United States has had to deal with two distinct social conditions. In some portions of the country there was, and is, an aggregation of property, and vested rights are in the foreground : in others, capital is lacking, more primitive conditions prevail, with different economic and social ideals, and the contentment of the average individual is placed in the foreground. That in the conflict between these two ideals an even hand has always been held by the government would be difficult to show.

The separation of the Western man from the seaboard, and his environment, made him in a large degree free from European precedents and forces. He looked at things independently and with small regard or appreciation for the best Old World experience. He had no ideal of a philosophical, eclectic nation, that should advance civilization by “inter-

course with foreigners and familiarity with their point of view, and readiness to adopt whatever is best and most suitable in their ideas, manners, and customs." His was rather the ideal of conserving and developing what was original and valuable in this new country. The entrance of old society upon free lands meant to him opportunity for a new type of democracy and new popular ideals. The West was not conservative: buoyant self-confidence and self-assertion were distinguishing traits in its composition. It saw in its growth nothing less than a new order of society and state. In this conception were elements of evil and elements of good.

But the fundamental fact in regard to this new society was its relation to land. Professor Boutmy has said of the United States, "Their one primary and predominant object is to cultivate and settle these prairies, forests, and vast waste lands. The striking and peculiar characteristic of American society is that it is not so much a democracy as a huge commercial company for the discovery, cultivation, and capitalization of its enormous territory. The United States are primarily a commercial society, and only secondarily a nation." Of course, this involves a serious misapprehension. By the very fact of the task here set forth, far-reaching ideals of the state and of society have been evolved in the West, accompanied by loyalty to the nation representative of these ideals. But M. Boutmy's description hits the substantial fact, that the fundamental traits of the man of the interior were due to the free lands of the West. These turned his attention to the great task of subduing them to the purposes of civilization, and to the task of advancing his economic and social status in the new democracy which he was helping to create. Art, literature, refinement, scientific administration, all had to give way to this Titanic labor. Energy, incessant activity, became the lot of this new Ameri-

can. Says a traveler of the time of Andrew Jackson, "America is like a vast workshop, over the door of which is printed in blazing characters, 'No admittance here, except on business.'" The West of our own day reminds Mr. Bryce "of the crowd which Vathek found in the hall of Eblis, each darting hither and thither with swift steps and unquiet mien, driven to and fro by a fire in the heart. Time seems too short for what they have to do, and the result always to come short of their desire."

But free lands and the consciousness of working out their social destiny did more than turn the Westerner to material interests and devote him to a restless existence. They promoted equality among the Western settlers, and reacted as a check on the aristocratic influences of the East. Where everybody could have a farm, almost for taking it, economic equality easily resulted, and this involved political equality. Not without a struggle would the Western man abandon this ideal, and it goes far to explain the unrest in the remote West to-day.

Western democracy included individual liberty, as well as equality. The frontiersman was impatient of restraints. He knew how to preserve order, even in the absence of legal authority. If there were cattle thieves, lynch law was sudden and effective: the regulators of the Carolinas were the predecessors of the claims associations of Iowa and the vigilance committees of California. But the individual was not ready to submit to complex regulations. Population was sparse, there was no multitude of jostling interests, as in older settlements, demanding an elaborate system of personal restraints. Society became atomic. There was a reproduction of the primitive idea of the personality of the law, a crime was more an offense against the victim than a violation of the law of the land. Substantial justice, secured in the most direct way, was the ideal of the backwoodsman. He had little patience

with finely drawn distinctions or scruples of method. If the thing was one proper to be done, then the most immediate, rough and ready, effective way was the best way.

It followed from the lack of organized political life, from the atomic conditions of the backwoods society, that the individual was exalted and given free play. The West was another name for opportunity. Here were mines to be seized, fertile valleys to be preëmpted, all the natural resources open to the shrewdest and the boldest. The United States is unique in the extent to which the individual has been given an open field, unchecked by restraints of an old social order, or of scientific administration of government. The self-made man was the Western man's ideal, was the kind of man that all men might become. Out of his wilderness experience, out of the freedom of his opportunities, he fashioned a formula for social regeneration, — the freedom of the individual to seek his own. He did not consider that his conditions were exceptional and temporary.

Under such conditions, leadership easily develops, — a leadership based on the possession of the qualities most serviceable to the young society. In the history of Western settlement, we see each fortified village following its local hero. Clay, Jackson, Harrison, Lincoln, were illustrations of this tendency in periods when the Western hero rose to the dignity of national hero.

The Western man believed in the manifest destiny of his country. On his border, and checking his advance, were the Indian, the Spaniard, and the Englishman. He was indignant at Eastern indifference and lack of sympathy with his view of his relations to these peoples; at the short-sightedness of Eastern policy. The closure of the Mississippi by Spain, and the proposal to exchange our claim of freedom of navigating the river, in return for commercial advantages to New England, nearly led to the

withdrawal of the West from the Union. It was the Western demands that brought about the purchase of Louisiana, and turned the scale in favor of declaring the War of 1812. Militant qualities were favored by the annual expansion of the settled area in the face of hostile Indians and the stubborn wilderness. The West caught the vision of the nation's continental destiny. Henry Adams, in his *History of the United States*, makes the American of 1800 exclaim to the foreign visitor, "Look at my wealth! See these solid mountains of salt and iron, of lead, copper, silver, and gold. See these magnificent cities scattered broadcast to the Pacific! See my corn-fields rustling and waving in the summer breeze from ocean to ocean, so far that the sun itself is not high enough to mark where the distant mountains bound my golden seas. Look at this continent of mine, fairest of created worlds, as she lies turning up to the sun's never failing caress her broad and exuberant breasts, overflowing with milk for her hundred million children." And the foreigner saw only dreary deserts, tenanted by sparse, ague-stricken pioneers and savages. The cities were log huts and gambling dens. But the frontiersman's dream was prophetic. In spite of his rude, gross nature, this early Western man was an idealist withal. He dreamed dreams and beheld visions. He had faith in man, hope for democracy, belief in America's destiny, unbounded confidence in his ability to make his dreams come true. Said Harriet Martineau in 1834, "I regard the American people as a great embryo poet, now moody, now wild, but bringing out results of absolute good sense: restless and wayward in action, but with deep peace at his heart; exulting that he has caught the true aspect of things past, and the depth of futurity which lies before him, wherein to create something so magnificent as the world has scarcely begun to dream of. There is the strongest hope of a

nation that is capable of being possessed with an idea."

It is important to bear this idealism of the West in mind. The very materialism that has been urged against the West was accompanied by ideals of equality, of the exaltation of the common man, of national expansion, that make it a profound mistake to write of the West as though it were engrossed in mere material ends. It has been, and is, preëminently a region of ideals, mistaken or not.

It is obvious that these economic and social conditions were so fundamental in Western life that they might well dominate whatever accessions came to the West by immigration from the coast sections or from Europe. Nevertheless, the West cannot be understood without bearing in mind the fact that it has received the great streams from the North and from the South, and that the Mississippi compelled these currents to intermingle. Here it was that sectionalism first gave way under the pressure of unification. Ultimately the conflicting ideas and institutions of the old sections struggled for dominance in this area under the influence of the forces that made for uniformity, but this is merely another phase of the truth that the West must become unified, that it could not rest in sectional groupings. For precisely this reason the struggle occurred. In the period from the Revolution to the close of the War of 1812, the democracy of the Southern and Middle States contributed the main streams of settlement and social influence to the West. Even in Ohio political power was soon lost by the New England leaders. The democratic spirit of the Middle region left an indelible impress on the West in this its formative period. After the War of 1812, New England, its supremacy in the carrying trade of the world having vanished, became a beehive from which swarms of settlers went out to western New York and the remoter regions. These settlers spread New England ideals of education

and character and political institutions, and acted as a leaven of great significance in the Northwest. But it would be a mistake to believe that an unmixed New England influence took possession of the Northwest. These pioneers did not come from the class that conserved the type of New England civilization pure and undefiled. They represented a less contented, less conservative influence. Moreover, by their sojourn in the Middle region, on their westward march, they underwent modification, and when the farther West received them, they suffered a forest-change, indeed. The Westernized New England man was no longer the representative of the section that he left. He was less conservative, less provincial, more adaptable and approachable, less rigorous in his Puritan ideals, less a man of culture, more a man of action.

As might have been expected, therefore, the Western men, in the era of good feeling, had much homogeneity throughout the Mississippi valley, and began to stand as a new national type. Under the lead of Henry Clay they invoked the national government to break down the mountain barrier by internal improvements, and thus to give their crops an outlet to the coast. Under him they appealed to the national government for a protective tariff to create a home market. A group of frontier States entered the Union with democratic provisions respecting the suffrage, and with devotion to the nation that had given them their lands, built their roads and canals, regulated their territorial life, and made them equals in the sisterhood of States. At last these Western forces of aggressive nationalism and democracy took possession of the government in the person of the man who best embodied them, Andrew Jackson. This new democracy that captured the country and destroyed the older ideals of statesmanship came from no theorist's dreams of the German forest. It came, stark and strong and

full of life, from the American forest. But the triumph of this Western democracy revealed also the fact that it could rally to its aid the laboring classes of the coast, then just beginning to acquire self-consciousness and organization.

The next phase of Western development revealed forces of division between the northern and southern portions of the West. With the spread of the cotton culture went the slave system and the great plantation. The small farmer in his log cabin, raising varied crops, was displaced by the planter raising cotton. In all except the mountainous areas, the industrial organization of the tidewater took possession of the Southwest, the unity of the back country was broken, and the solid South was formed. In the Northwest this was the era of railroads and canals, opening the region to the increasing stream of Middle State and New England settlement, and strengthening the opposition to slavery. A map showing the location of the men of New England ancestry in the Northwest would represent also the counties in which the Free Soil party cast its heaviest votes. The commercial connections of the Northwest likewise were reversed by the railroad. The result is stated by a writer in *De Bow's Review* in 1852 in these words:—

"What is New Orleans now? Where are her dreams of greatness and glory? . . . Whilst she slept, an enemy has sowed tares in her most prolific fields. Armed with energy, enterprise, and an indomitable spirit, that enemy, by a system of bold, vigorous, and sustained efforts, has succeeded in reversing the very laws of nature and of nature's God,—rolled back the mighty tide of the Mississippi and its thousand tributary streams, until their mouth, practically and commercially, is more at New York or Boston than at New Orleans."

The West broke asunder, and the great struggle over the social system to be given to the lands beyond the Mis-

issippi followed. In the Civil War the Northwest furnished the national hero,—Lincoln was the very flower of frontier training and ideals,—and it also took into its hands the whole power of the government. Before the war closed, the West could claim the President, Vice-President, Chief Justice, Speaker of the House, Secretary of the Treasury, Postmaster-General, Attorney-General, General of the army, and Admiral of the navy. The leading generals of the war had been furnished by the West. It was the region of action, and in the crisis it took the reins.

The triumph of the nation was followed by a new era of Western development. The national forces projected themselves across the prairies and plains. Railroads, fostered by government loans and land grants, opened the way for settlement and poured a flood of European immigrants and restless pioneers from all sections of the Union into the government lands. The army of the United States pushed back the Indian, rectangular Territories were carved into checker-board States, creations of the federal government, without a history, without physiographical unity, without particularistic ideas. The later frontiersman leaned on the strong arm of national power.

At the same time the South underwent a revolution. The plantation, based on slavery, gave place to the farm, the gentry to the democratic elements. As in the West, new industries, of mining and of manufacture, sprang up as by magic. The New South, like the New West, was an area of construction, a debtor area, an area of unrest; and it, too, had learned the uses to which federal legislation might be put.

In the mean time the old Northwest¹ has passed through an economic and social transformation. The whole West

¹ The present States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin.

has furnished an area over which successive waves of economic development have passed. The Indian hunters and traders were followed by the pioneer farmers, engaged in raising unrotated crops; after this came the wave of more settled town life and varied agriculture; the wave of manufacture followed. These stages of development have passed in succession across large parts of the old Northwest. The State of Wisconsin, now much like parts of the State of New York, was at an earlier period like the State of Nebraska of to-day; the granger movement and the greenback party had for a time the ascendancy; and in the northern counties of the State, where there is a sparser population, and the country is being settled, its sympathies are still with the debtor class. Thus the old Northwest is a region where the older frontier conditions survive in parts, and where the inherited ways of looking at things are largely to be traced to its frontier days. At the same time it is a region in many ways assimilated to the East. It understands both sections. It is not entirely content with the existing structure of economic society in the sections where wealth has accumulated and corporate organizations are powerful; but neither has it seemed to feel that its interests lie in supporting the programme of the prairies and the South. In the Fifty-third Congress it voted for the income tax, but it rejected free coinage. It is still affected by the ideal of the self-made man, rather than by the ideal of industrial nationalism. It is more American, but less cosmopolitan than the seaboard.

We are now in a position to see clearly some of the factors involved in the Western problem. For nearly three centuries the dominant fact in American life has been expansion. With the settlement of the Pacific coast and the occupation of the free lands, this movement has come to a check. That these energies of expansion will no longer op-

erate would be a rash prediction; and the demands for a vigorous foreign policy, for an interoceanic canal, for a revival of our power upon the seas, and for the extension of American influence to outlying islands and adjoining countries, are indications that the movement will continue. The stronghold of these demands lies west of the Alleghanies.

In the remoter West, the restless, rushing wave of settlement has broken with a shock against the arid plains. The free lands are gone, the continent is crossed, and all this push and energy is turning into channels of agitation. Failures in one area can no longer be made good by taking up land on a new frontier; the conditions of a settled society are being reached with suddenness and with confusion. The West has been built up with borrowed capital, and the question of the stability of gold, as a standard of deferred payments, is eagerly agitated by the debtor West, profoundly dissatisfied with the industrial conditions that confront it, and actuated by frontier directness and rigor in its remedies. For the most part, the men who built up the West beyond the Mississippi, and who are now leading the agitation, came as pioneers from the old Northwest, in the days when it was just passing from the stage of a frontier section. For example, Senator Allen of Nebraska, president of the recent national Populist Convention, and a type of the political leaders of his section, was born in Ohio in the middle of the century; went in his youth to Iowa, and not long after the Civil War made his home in Nebraska. As a boy, he saw the buffalo driven out by the settlers; he saw the Indian retreat as the pioneer advanced. His training is that of the old West, in its frontier days. And now the frontier opportunities are gone. Discontent is demanding an extension of governmental activity in its behalf. In these demands, it finds itself in touch with the depressed agricultural classes and the

workingmen of the South and East. The Western problem is no longer a sectional problem; it is a social problem on a national scale. The greater West, extending from the Alleghanies to the Pacific, cannot be regarded as a unit; it requires analysis into regions and classes. But its area, its population, and its material resources would give force to its assertion that if there is a sectionalism in the country, the sectionalism is Eastern. The old West, united to the new South, would produce, not a new sectionalism, but a new Americanism. It would not mean sectional disunion, as some have speculated, but it might mean a drastic assertion of national government and imperial expansion under a popular hero.

This, then, is the real situation: a people composed of heterogeneous materials, with diverse and conflicting ideals and social interests, having passed from the task of filling up the vacant spaces of the continent, is now thrown back upon itself, and is seeking an equilibrium. The diverse elements are being fused into national unity. The forces of reorganization are turbulent and the nation seems like a witches' kettle:

"Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

But the far West has its centres of industrial life and culture not unlike those of the East. It has state univer-

sities, rivaling in conservative and scientific economic instruction those of any other part of the Union, and its citizens more often visit the East, than do Eastern men the West. As time goes on, its industrial development will bring it more into harmony with the East.

Moreover, the old Northwest holds the balance of power, and is the battlefield on which these issues of American development are to be settled. It has more in common with all regions of the country than has any other region. It understands the East, as the East does not understand the West. The White City which recently rose on the shores of Lake Michigan fitly typified its growing culture as well as its capacity for great achievement. Its complex and representative industrial organization and business ties, its determination to hold fast to what is original and good in its Western experience, and its readiness to learn and receive the results of the experience of other sections and nations, make it an open-minded and safe arbiter of the American destiny. In the long run the centre of the Republic may be trusted to strike a wise balance between the contending ideals. But she does not deceive herself; she knows that the problem of the West means nothing less than the problem of working out original social ideals and social adjustment for the American nation.

Frederick J. Turner.

MARM LISA.¹

I.

EDEN PLACE.

EDEN PLACE was a short street running at right angles with Eden Square, a most unattractive and infertile trian-

gle of ground in a most unattractive but respectable quarter of a large city. It was called a square not so much, probably, because it was triangular in shape as because it was hardly large enough to be designated as a park. As to its being called "Eden," the origin of that

¹ Copyright, 1896, by Kate Douglas Riggs.

qualifying word is enveloped in mystery; but it is likely that the enthusiastic persons who projected it saw visions and dreamed dreams of green benches under umbrageous trees; of a green wire fence, ever green, and of plots of blossoming flowers filling the grateful air with unaccustomed fragrance.

As a matter of fact, the trees had always been stunted and stubby, the plants had never been tended, all the paint had been worn off the benches by successive groups of workmen out of work, and the wire fence had been much used as a means of ingress and egress by the children of the neighborhood, who preferred it to any of the gateways, which they considered hopelessly unimaginative and commonplace, offering no resistance to the budding man of valor or woman of ambition.

Eden Place was frequented mostly by the children, who found it an admirable spot to squabble, to fight, and to dig up the hapless earth, and after them, by persons out of suits with fortune. These (generally men) adorned the shabby benches at all times, sleeping, smoking, reading newspapers, or tracing uncertain patterns in the gravel with a stick, — patterns as uncertain and aimless as themselves. There were fewer women, because the unemployed woman of this class has an old-fashioned habit, or instinct, of seeking work by direct assault; the method of the male being rather to sit on a bench and discuss the obstacles, the injustices, and the unendurable insults heaped by a plutocratic government in the path of the honest son of toil.

The corner house of Eden Place was a little larger than its neighbors in the same row. Its side was flanked by a sand-lot, and a bay window, with four central panes of blue glass, was the most conspicuous feature of its architecture. In the small front yard was a microscopic flower-bed; there were no flowers in it, but the stake that held up a stout plant in the middle was surmounted by

a neat wooden sign bearing the inscription, "No Smoking on these Premises." The warning seemed unnecessary, as any man standing in the garden could hardly have put his pipe in his mouth without grazing either the fence or the house, but the owner of the "premises" possibly wished to warn the visitor at the very threshold.

All the occupied houses in Eden Place were cheerful and hospitable in their appearance, and were marked by an air of liveliness and good-fellowship. Bed linen hung freely from all the windows, for there was no hard-and-fast law about making up beds at any special hour, though a remnant of superstition still existed that it was a good thing to make up a bed before you slept in it. There were more women on their respective front steps, and fewer in their respective kitchens, in Eden Place than in almost any other locality in the city. That they lived for the most part in close and friendly relations could be seen from the condition of the fences between the front yards, whose upper rails fairly sagged with the weight of gossip.

One woman, living in the middle of the row, evidently possessed somewhat different views, for she had planted vines on each of her division fences, rented her parlor to a lodger who only slept there, kept all her front curtains drawn, and stayed in the back of her house. Such retribution as could legally be wreaked upon this offensive and exclusive person was daily administered by her two neighbors, who stood in their doors and conversed across her house and garden with much freedom and exuberance. They had begged the landlord to induce her to take up her abode elsewhere, but as she was the only tenant who paid her rent regularly he refused to part with her.

Any one passing the "No Smoking" sign and entering the front door of Mrs. Grubb's house, on the corner, would have turned off the narrow uncarpeted hall

into the principal room, and if he were an observing person would have been somewhat puzzled by its appearance. There were seven or eight long benches on one side, yet it had not the slightest resemblance to a schoolroom. The walls were adorned with a variety of interesting objects. There was a chart showing a mammoth human hand, the palm marked with myriads of purple lines. There were two others displaying respectively the interior of the human being in the pink-and-white purity of total abstinence, and the same interior after years of intemperance had done their fatal work; a most valuable chart this last, and one that had quenched the thirst of many a man.

The words "*Poverty Must Go*" were wrought in evergreen letters over the bay window, and various texts were printed in red and black and tacked to the wall in prominent places. These were such as:

"To be a Flesh-Eater is to be a Shedder of Blood and a Destroyer of God's Innocent Creatures."

"Now that Man has Begun to Ascend in the Scale of Being let Woman Reach Down a Strong, Tender Hand and Aid him in his Struggle for Moral and Spiritual Elevation."

"Let the Pleasure Field be as Large as Possible. Pains and Fears Lessen Growth."

"I Believe that to Burden, to Bond, to Tax, to Tribute, to Impoverish, to Grind, to Pillage, to Oppress, to Afflict, to Plunder, to Vampire the Life Laboring to Create Wealth, is the Unpardonable Sin."

Over the mantel-shelf was a seaweed picture in a frame of shells, bearing the inscription, "*Unity Hall. Meeting-Place of the Order of Present Perfection.*" On a table, waiting to be hung in place, was an impressive sort of map about four feet square. This, like many of the other ornaments in the room, was a trifle puzzling, and seemed at first, from its plenitude of colored spots, to

be some species of moral propaganda in a state of violent eruption. It proved, however, on closer study, to be an ingenious pictorial representation of the fifty largest cities of the world, with the successful establishment of various regenerating ideas indicated by colored disks of paper neatly pasted on the surface. The key in the right-hand corner read:—

Temperance	Blue.
Single Tax	Green.
Cremation	Orange.
Abolition of War . .	Red.
Vegetarianism . . .	Purple.
Hypnotism	Yellow.
Dress Reform . . .	Black.
Social Purity	Blush Rose.
Theosophy	Silver.
Religious Liberty . .	Magenta.
Emancipation of } Woman }	{ Crushed Straw- berry.

A small gold star, added to the colored spot, hovering over the name of a city, was explained, in the lower left-hand corner, as denoting the fact that the Eldorado face powder was exclusively used there, and that S. Cora Grubb was the sole agent for the Pacific coast.

Joseph's coat faded into insignificance in comparison with the city of Mrs. Grubb's present residence, which appeared to be a perfect hot-bed of world-saving ideas, and was surrounded by such a halo of spots that it would have struck the unregenerate observer as an undesirable place to live in, unless one wished to be broken daily on the rack of social progress.

This front room was Mrs. Grubb's only parlor. The seven benches were rather in the way and seemingly unnecessary, as the lady attended meetings morning, noon, and night in halls hired for that purpose; but they gave her a feeling of safety, as, in case one of her less flourishing societies should be ejected from its hall, or in case she should wake up in the middle of the night and want to hold a meeting of any club when all the halls were closed, the

benches in the parlor would make it possible without loss of time.

The room connecting with this was the family banquet-hall and kitchen in one, and as Mrs. Grubb's opinions on diet were extremely advanced it amply served the purpose.

There were three bedrooms upstairs, and the whole establishment was rather untidy in its aspect; but, though it might have been much cleaner, it is only fair to say that it might also have been much dirtier.

The house was deserted. The only sound came from the back yard, and it was the sound of children's voices. It was not at all a merry prattle; it was a steady uproar interrupted by occasional shrieks and yells, a clatter of falling blocks, beatings of a tin pan, a scramble of feet, a tussle, with confusion of blows and thumps, and then generally a temporary lull in the proceedings brought about by some, sort of outside interference. If you had pushed open the wire door, you would have seen two children of four or five years disporting themselves in a sand-heap. One was a boy and one a girl, and though they were not at all alike in feature or complexion, there was an astonishing resemblance between them in size, in figure, in voice, in expression, and, apparently, in disposition.

Sitting on a bench, watching them as a dog watches its master's coat, was a girl of some undeterminable age, — perhaps of ten or twelve years. She wore a shapeless stout gingham garment; her shoes were many sizes too large for her, and the laces were dangling. Her nerveless hands and long arms sprawled in her lap as if they had no volition in them. She sat with her head slightly drooping, her knees apart, and her feet aimlessly turned in. Her lower lip hung a little, but only a little, loosely. She looked neither at earth nor at sky, but straight at the two belligerents, with whose bloodthirsty play she was obliged

to interfere at intervals. She held in her lap a doll made of a roll of brown paper, with a waist and a neck indicated by gingham strings. Pieces of raveled rope were pinned on the head part, but there was no other attempt to assist the imagination. She raised her dull eyes; they seemed to hold in their depths a knowledge of aloofness from the happier world, and their dumb sorrow pierced your very heart, while it gave you an irresistible sense of aversion. She smiled, but the smile only gave you a new thrill; it was vacant and had no joy in it, rather an uncommunicable grief. As she sat there with her battered doll, she was to the superficial eye repulsive, but to the eye that pierces externals she was almost majestic in her mysterious loneliness and separation.

The steam-whistle of a factory near by blew a long note for twelve o'clock, and she rose from her bench, took the children by the hand, and dragged them, kindly but firmly, up the steps into the kitchen. She laid her doll under a towel, but, with a furtive look at the boy, rolled it in a cloth and tucked it under her skirt at the waist-line. She then washed the children's faces, tied on their calico bibs, and pushed them up to the pine table. While they battered the board and each other with spoons and tin mugs, she went automatically to a closet, took a dish of cold porridge and turned it into three bowls, poured milk over it, spread three thick slices of wheat bread with molasses from a cup, and sat down at the table. After the simple repast was over, she led the still reluctant (constitutionally reluctant) twins up the staircase and put them, shrieking, on a bed, left the room, locking the door behind her, crouched down on the rug outside, and, leaning her head back against the wall, took her doll from under her skirt.

Poor little "Marm Lisa," as the neighbors called her! She had all the sorrows and cares of maternity with none of its compensating joys.

II.

MISTRESS MARY'S GARDEN.

" 'Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?'
'With silver bells and cockle shells,
And little maids all in a row.'"

Mistress Mary's Garden did grow remarkably well, and it was wonderfully attractive considering the fact that few persons beside herself saw anything but weeds in it.

She did not look in the least a "contrary" Miss Mary, as she stood on a certain flight of broad wooden steps on a sunshiny morning; yet she was undoubtedly having her own way and living her own life in spite of remonstrances from beves of relatives, who saw no shadow of reason or common sense in her sort of gardening. It would have been foolish enough for a young woman with a small living income to cultivate roses or violets or lavender, but this would at least have been poetic, while the arduous tilling of a soil where the only plants were little people "all in a row" was something beyond credence.

The truth about Mistress Mary lay somewhere in the *via media* between the criticisms of her skeptical friends and the encomiums of her enthusiastic admirers. In forsaking society temporarily she had no rooted determination to forsake it eternally, and if the incense of love which her neophytes forever burned at her shrine savored somewhat of adoration, she disarmed jealousy by frankly avowing her unworthiness and lack of desire to wear the martyr's crown. Her happiness in her chosen vocation made it impossible, she argued, to regard her as a person worthy of canonization; though the neophytes were always sighing to

"have that little head of hers,

Painted upon a background of pale gold."

She had been born with a capacity for

helping lame dogs over stiles; accordingly, her pathway, from a very early age, had been bestrewn with stiles, and processions of lame dogs ever limping towards them. Her vocation had called her so imperiously that disobedience was impossible. It is all very well if a certain work asks one in a quiet and courteous manner to come and do it, when one has time and inclination; but it is quite another matter if it coaxes one so insistently that one can do nothing else properly, and so succumbs finally to the persuasive voice. Still, the world must be mothered somehow, and there are plenty of women who lack the time or the strength, the gift or the desire, the love or the patience, to do their share. This gap seems to be filled now and then by some inspired little creature like Mistress Mary, with enough potential maternity to mother an orphan asylum; too busy, too absorbed, too radiantly absent-minded, to see a husband in any man, but claiming every child in the universe as her very own. There was never anywhere an urchin so dirty, so ragged, so belligerent, that it could not climb into Mistress Mary's lap, and from thence into her heart. The neophytes partook of her zeal in greater or less degree, and forsaking all probability of lovers (though every one of them was young and pretty), they tied on their white aprons and clave only unto her. Daily intercourse with a couple of hundred little street Arabs furnished a field for the practice of considerable feminine virtue, and in reality the woman's kingdom at the top of the broad wooden steps was a great "culture engine" of spiritual motherhood.

It certainly was a very merry place, and if its presiding geniuses were engaged in conscious philanthropy the blighting hall-mark was conspicuous by its absence. Peals of laughter rang through the rooms; smiling faces leaned from the upstairs windows, bowing greeting to the ashman, the scissors-

grinder, the Italian and Chinese vegetable-venders, the rag-sack-and-bottle man, and the other familiar figures of the neighborhood.

It was at the end of a happy, helpful day that Mistress Mary stood in the front door and looked out over her kingdom.

There was a rosy Swedish girl sitting on the floor of a shop window opposite and washing the glass. She had moved the fresh vegetables aside and planted herself in the midst of them. There she sat among the cabbages and turnips and other sweet things just out of the earth: piles of delicate green lettuce buds, golden carrots bursting into feathery tops, ruddy beets, and pink-cheeked potatoes. It was pretty to see the honest joy of her work and the interest of her parted lips, when, after polishing the glass, it shone as crystal clear as her own eyes. A milkman stopping to look at her poured nearly a quart of cream on the ground, and two children ran squabbling under the cart to see if they could catch the drippings in their mouths. They were Atlantic and Pacific Simonson, with Marm Lisa, as usual, at their heels. She had found her way to this corner twice of late, because things happened there marvelous enough to stir even her heavy mind. There was a certain flight of narrow, rickety steps leading to a rickety shanty, and an adjacent piece of fence with a broad board on top. Flower-pots had once stood there, but they were now lying on the ground below, broken into fragments. Marm Lisa could push the twins up to this vantage-ground, and crawl up after them. Once ensconced, if they had chosen the right time of day, interesting events were sure to be forthcoming. In a large playground, within range of vision, there were small children, as many in number as the sands of the seashore. At a given moment, a lovely angel with black hair and a scarlet apron would ring a large bell. Simultaneously, a lovely angel with brown

hair and a white apron would fly to the spot, and the children would go through a mysterious process like the swarming of bees around a queen. Slowly, reluctantly, painfully, the swarm settled itself into lines in conformance with some hidden law or principle unknown to Marm Lisa. Then, when comparative order had been evolved from total chaos, the most beautiful angel of all would appear in a window; and the reason she always struck the on-lookers as a being of beauty and majesty was partly, perhaps, because her head seemed to rise from a cloud of white (which was in reality only a fichu of white mull), and partly because she always wore a slender fillet of steel to keep back the waves of her fair hair. It had a little point in front, and when the sun shone on its delicate, fine-cut prisms it glittered like a crown or a halo. After the appearance of this heavenly apparition the endless lines of little people wended their way into the building and enchanting strains of music were wafted through the open windows, supplemented sometimes by the inspiring rattle of drums and the blare of instruments hitherto indissolubly associated with street parades.

Who? Why? Whence? Whither? What for? These were some of the questions that assailed Marm Lisa's mind, but in so incoherent a form that she left them, with all other questions, unanswered. Atlantic and Pacific were curious, too, but other passions held greater sway with them; for when the children disappeared and the music ceased, they called loudly for more, and usually scratched and pinched Marm Lisa as they were lifted down from the fence; not seeing clearly how anybody else could be held answerable for the cessation of the entertainment, and scratches and pinches being the only remedial agencies that suggested themselves. On this particular occasion there were no bells, no music, and no mysterious swarming; but the heavenly apparition sat on

the broad steps! Yes, it was she! Blue-gray eyes, sweet true lips forever parting in kind words, the white surplice and apron, and the rememberable steel fillet. She had a little child in her lap (she generally had, by the way), and there were other tots clinging fondly to her motherly skirts. Marm Lisa stood at the foot of the steps, a twin glued to each side. She stared at Mistress Mary with open-mouthed wonder not unmixed with admiration.

"That same odd child," thought Mary. "I have seen her before, and always with those two little vampires hanging to her skirts. She looks a trifle young to have such constant family cares; perhaps we had better 'lend a hand.'"

"Won't you come in?" she asked, with a smile that would have drawn a sane person up the side of a precipice.

Atlantic turned and ran, but the other two stood their ground.

"Won't you come up and see us?" she repeated. "There are some fishes swimming in a glass house; come and look at them."

Marm Lisa felt herself dragged up the steps as by invisible chains, and even Pacific did not attempt to resist the irresistible. Atlantic, finding himself deserted by his comrades, gave a yell of baffled rage, and scrambled up the steps after them. But his tears dried instantly at the sight of the room into which they were ushered, as large as any of the halls in which aunt Cora spent her days; and how much more beautiful! They roved about, staring at the aquarium, and gazing at the rocking-horse, the piano, the drum, the hanging gardens, with speechless astonishment. Lisa shambled at their heels, looking at nothing very long; and when Rhoda (one of the neophytes), full of sympathy at the appearance of the wild, forlorn, unkempt trio, sat herself down on a sofa and gathered them about a wonderful picture-book, Mistress Mary's keen eyes saw that Lisa's gaze wandered in a few

minutes. Presently she crept over the floor towards a table, and, taking a string from it, began to blow it to and fro as it hung from her fingers. Rhoda's glance followed Mary's; but it was only a fleeting glance, for the four eyes of the twins were riveted on hers while they waited for her explanation of the pictures. At the end of half an hour, in which the children had said little or nothing, they had contrived to reveal so many sorrowful and startling details of their mental, moral, and physical endowment that Mistress Mary put on her hat.

"I will go home with them," she said. "There is plenty of work here for somebody; I could almost hope that it won't prove ours."

"It will," replied Rhoda, with a stifled sigh. "There is an old Eastern legend about the black camel that comes and lies down before the door of him upon whom Heaven is going to lay her chastening hand. Every time I have seen that awful trio on the fence-top, they were fairly surrounded by black camels in my imagination. Mistress Mary, I am not sure; but that, in self-defense, we ought to become a highly specialized *Something*. We are now a home, a mother, a nursery, a labor bureau, a court of appeals, a soup kitchen, an advisory board and a police force. If we take *her*, what shall we be?"

"We will see first where she belongs," laughed Mary. (Nobody could help laughing at Rhoda.) "Somebody has been neglecting his or her duty. If we can make that somebody realize his delinquencies, all the better, for the responsibility will not be ours. If we cannot, why, the case is clear enough and simple enough in my mind. We certainly do not want '*Mene, mene, tekeli, uphar-sin,*' written over this, of all doors."

Rhoda's hand went up to an imaginary cap in a gesture of military obedience. "Very well, my general. I fly to prepare weapons with which to fight Satan. You, of course, will take *her*;

I choose the bullet-headed blonde twin who says his name is 'Lanty,' and keep for Edith the bursting-with-fat brunette twin who calls herself 'Ciffy.' Edith's disciplinary powers have been too much vaunted of late; we shall see if Ciffy ruffles her splendid serenity."

III.

A FAMILY POLYGON.

Mrs. Grubb's family circle was really not a circle at all; it was rather a polygon,—a curious assemblage of distinct personages.

There was no unity in it, no membership one of another. It was four ones, not one four. If some gatherer of statistics had visited the household, he would have described it thus:—

"Mrs. S. Cora Grubb, widow, aged forty years.

"Alisa Bennett, feeble-minded, aged ten or twelve years.

"Atlantic and Pacific Simonson, twins, aged four years."

The man of statistics might seek in vain for some principle of attraction or cohesion between these independent elements, but any one who knew Mrs. Grubb would never be astonished at the sort of family that had gathered itself about her. Queer as it undoubtedly was at this period, it had at various times been infinitely queerer. There was a certain memorable month, shortly after her husband's decease, when Mrs. Grubb allowed herself to be considered as a compensated hostess, though the terms "landlady" and "boarder" were never uttered in her hearing. She hired a Chinese cook, who slept at home, cleared out for the use of Lisa and the twins a small storeroom in which she commonly kept Eldorado face powder, and herself occupied a sofa in the apartment of a friend of humanity in the next street. These arrangements enabled her to ad-

mit an experimenter on hypnotism, a mental healer who had been much abused by the orthodox members of her cult and was evolving a method of her own, an ostensible delegate to an Occidental Conference of Religions, and a lady agent for a flexible celluloid undershirt. For a few days Mrs. Grubb found the society of these persons very stimulating and agreeable, but before long the hypnotist proved to be an unscrupulous gentleman who hypnotized the mental healer so that she could not heal, and the Chinese cook so that he could not cook. When, therefore, the delegate departed suddenly in company with the celluloid-underwear lady, explaining by a hurried postal card that they would "remit" from Chicago, she evicted the two other boarders, and retired again to private life.

This episode was only one of Mrs. Grubb's many divagations, for she had been a person of advanced ideas from a comparatively early age. It would seem that she must have inherited a certain number of "views," because no human being could have amassed, in a quarter of a century, as many as she held at the age of twenty-five. She had then stood up with Mr. Charles Grubb before a large assembly, in the presence of which they promised to assume and continue the relation of husband and wife so long as it was mutually agreeable. As a matter of fact it had not been mutually agreeable to Mr. Grubb more than six months, but such was the nobility of his character that he never disclosed his disappointment nor claimed any immunity from the responsibilities of the marriage state. Mr. Grubb was a timid, conventional soul, who would have given all the testimony of all the witnesses of his wedding ceremony for the mere presence of a single parson; but he imagined himself in love with Cora Wilkins, and she could neither be wooed nor won by any of the beaten paths that led to other women. He foolishly thought that the number of her

convictions would grow less after she became a wife, little suspecting the fertility of her mind, which put forth a new explanation of the universe every day, like a strawberry plant that devotes itself exclusively to "runners."

The town in New York where they lived proving to be too small, narrow, and bigoted to hold a developing soul like Mrs. Grubb's, she persuaded Mr. Grubb to take passage for California, where the climate might be supposed more favorable to the growth of saving ideas. Mr. Grubb would of course be obliged to relinquish his business, but people could buy and sell anywhere, she thought.

There was money enough for an economical journey and a month or two of idleness afterward, and as Mrs. Grubb believed everything in the universe was hers if she only chose to claim it, the question of finances never greatly troubled her. They sailed for the golden West, then, this ill-assorted couple, accompanied by Mrs. Grubb's only sister, who had been a wife, was now a widow, and would shortly become a mother. The interesting event occurred much sooner than had been anticipated. The ship became the birthplace of the twins, who had been most unwelcome when they were thought about as one, and entirely offensive when found to be two. The mother did not long survive the shock of her surprise and mortification, and after naming the babies Atlantic and Pacific, and confiding them distinctly to the care of Mr. Grubb, she died and was buried at sea, not far from Cape Horn. Mrs. Cora enjoyed at first the dramatic possibilities of her position on the ship, where the baby orphans found more than one sentimental woman ready to care for them; but there was no permanent place in her philosophy for a pair of twins who entered existence with a concerted shriek, and continued it forever afterward, as if their only purpose in life was to keep the lungs well inflated. Her supreme

wish was to be freed from the carking cares of the flesh, and thus forever ready to wing her free spirit in the pure ether of speculation.

You would hardly suppose that the obscure spouse of Mrs. Grubb could wash and dress the twins, prepare their breakfast, go to his work, come home and put them to bed four or five days out of every seven in the week; but that is what he did, accepting it as one phase of the mysterious human comedy (or was it tragedy?) in which he played his humble part.

Mrs. Grubb was no home spirit, no goddess of the hearth. She graced her family board when no invitation to sup elsewhere had been proffered, and that she generally slept in her own bed is as strong a phrase as can be written on the subject. If she had been born in Paris, at the proper time, she would have been the leader of a salon; separated from that brilliant destiny by years, by race, and by imperious circumstance, she wielded the same sort of sceptre in her own circumscribed but appreciative sphere. No social occasion in Eden Place was complete without Mrs. Grubb. With her (and some light refreshment), a party lacked nothing; without her, even if other conditions were favorable, it seemed a flat, stale, and unprofitable affair. Like Robin Adair,

"She made the ball so fine:
She made th' occasion shine."

Mrs. Grubb hanging on her front gate, duster in hand (she never conversed quite as well without it), might have been a humble American descendant of Madame de Staël talking on the terrace at Coppet, with the famous sprig of olive in her fingers. She moved among her subjects like a barouche among express wagons, was heard after them as a song after sermons. That she did not fulfill the whole duty of woman did not occur to her fascinated constituents. There was always some duller spirit who could

slip in and "do the dishes," that Mrs. Grubb might grace a *conversazione* on the steps. She was not one of those napkin people who hide their talents, or who immure their lights under superincumbent bushels. Whatever was hers was everybody's, for she dispensed her favors with a liberal hand. She would never have permitted a child to suffer for lack of food or bed, for she was not at heart an unkind woman. You could see that by looking at her vague, soft brown eyes, eyes that never saw practical duties straight in front of them, — liquid, star-gazing, vision-seeing eyes, that could never be focused on any near object, such as a twin or a broom. Individuals never interested her; she cared for nothing but humanity, and humanity writ very large at that, so that once the twins nearly died of scarlatina while Mrs. Grubb was collecting money for the children of the yellow-fever sufferers in the South.

But Providence had an eye for Mr. Grubb's perplexities. It does not and cannot always happen, in a world like this, that vice is assisted to shirk and virtue assisted to do its duty; but any man as marvelously afflicted as Mr. Grubb is likely to receive not only spiritual consolation, but miraculous aid of some sort. The spectacle of the worthy creature as he gave the reluctant twins their occasional bath, and fed them on food regularly prescribed by Mrs. Grubb, and almost as regularly rejected by them, would have melted the stoniest heart. And who was the angel of deliverance? A little vacant-eyed, half-foolish, almost inarticulate child, whose feeble and sickly mother was dragging out a death-in-life existence in a street near by. The child saw Mr. Grubb wheeling the twins in a double perambulator; followed them home; came again, and then again, and then again; hung about the door, fell upon a dog that threatened to bite them, and drove it away howling; often stood over the perambulator with a sun-

shade for three hours at a time, without moving a muscle, and adored Mr. Grubb with a consuming passion. There was no special reason for this sentiment, but then Alisa Bennett was not quite a reasonable being. Mr. Grubb had never been adored before in his life; and to say the truth, his personality was not winning. He had a pink, bald head, pale blue eyes, with blonde tufts for eyebrows, and a pointed beard dripping from his chin: all which tended to make him look rather like an invalid goat. But as animals are said to have an eye for spirits, children have an eye for souls, which is far rarer than an eye for beautiful surfaces.

Mr. Grubb began by loathing Alisa, then patiently suffered her, then pitied, then respected, then loved her. Mrs. Grubb seldom saw her, and objected to nothing by which she herself was relieved of care. So Lisa grew to be first a familiar figure in the household, and later an indispensable one.

Poor Mrs. Bennett finally came to the end of things temporal. "It is the first piece of luck I ever had," she said to Mr. Grubb. "If it turns out that I've brought a curse on to an innocent creature, I'd rather go and meet my punishment halfway than stay here and see it worked out to the end."

"In my Father's house are many mansions," stammered Mr. Grubb, who had never before administered spiritual consolation.

She shook her head. "If I can only get rid of this world, it's all I ask," she said. "Feel under the mattress and you'll find money enough to last three or four years. It's all she'll ever get, for she has n't a soul to look to for help. Perhaps she'll die before it's gone; let's hope for the best."

It was thus that poor little Alisa Bennett assumed maternal responsibilities at the age of ten, and gained her sobriquet of "Marm Lisa." She grew more human, more tractable, under Mr.

Grubb's fostering care. But that blessed martyr had now been dead two years, and Marm Lisa began to wear her former vacuous look, and to slip back into the past that was still more dreadful than the present.

It seemed to Mrs. Grubb more than strange that she, with her desire for freedom, should be held to earth by three children not flesh of her flesh, — and such children! The father of the twins had been a professional pugilist, but even that fact could never sufficiently account for Pacific Simonson. She had apparently inherited instincts from tribes of warlike ancestors who skulked behind trees with battleaxes, and no one except her superior in size and courage was safe from her violent hand. She had little wicked dark eyes and crimson swollen cheeks, while Atlantic had flaxen hair, a low forehead, and a square jaw. He had not Pacific's ingenuity in conceiving evil, but when it was once conceived, he had a dogged persistency in carrying it out that made him worthy of his twin.

Yet with all these crosses Mrs. Grubb was moderately cheerful, for her troubles were as nebulous as everything else to her mind. She intended to invent some feasible plan for her deliverance sooner or later, but she was much more intent upon development than deliverance, and she never seemed to have the leisure to break her shackles. Nothing really mattered much. Her body might be occasionally in Eden Place, but her soul was always in a hired hall. She delighted in joining the New Order of Something, — anything, so long as it was an Order and a new one, — and then going with a selected committee to secure a lodge-room or a hall for meetings. She liked to walk up the dim aisle with the janitor following after her, and imagine the brilliant lights (paid for by collection), a neat table and lamp and pitcher of iced water, and herself in the chair as president or vice-

president, secretary or humble trustee. There was that about her that precluded the possibility of simple membership. She always rose into office the week after she had joined any society. If there was no office vacant, then some bold spirit (generally male) would create one, that Mrs. Grubb might not wither in the privacy of the ranks. Before the charter members had fully learned the alphabet of their order and had gained a thorough understanding of the social revolution it was destined to work, Mrs. Grubb had mastered the whole scheme and was unfolding it before large classes for the study of the higher theory. The instant she had a tale to tell she presumed the "listening earth" to be ready to hear it. The new Order became an old one in course of time, and, like the nautilus, Mrs. Grubb outgrew her shell and built herself a more stately chamber. Another clue to the universe was soon forthcoming, for all this happened in a city where it is necessary only for a man to open his lips and say, "I am a prophet," and followers flock unto him as many in number as the stars. She was never disturbed that the last clue had brought her nowhere; she followed the new one as passionately as the old, and told her breathless pupils that their feet must not be weary, for they were treading the path of progress; that these apparently fruitless excursions into the domain of knowledge all served as so many milestones in their glorious ascent of the mountain of truth.

IV.

MARM LISA IS TRANSPLANTED.

It was precisely as Rhoda thought and feared. The three strange beings who had drifted within Mistress Mary's reach had proved to belong to her simply because they did not belong to any-

body else. They did not know their names, the streets in which they lived, or anything else about which they were questioned, but she had followed them home to the corner house of Eden Place, though she failed, on the occasion of that first visit, to find Mrs. Grubb within. There was, however, a very valuable person next door, who supplied a little information and asked considerable more. Mrs. Sylvester told Mary that Mrs. Grubb was at that moment presiding over a meeting of the Kipling Brothers in Unity Hall, just round the corner.

"They meet Tuesdays and Thursdays at four o'clock," she said, "and you'd find it a real treat if you like to step over there."

"Thank you, I am rather busy this afternoon," replied Mary.

"Do you wish to leave any name or message? Did you want a setting?"

"A sitting?" asked Mary vaguely. "Oh no, thank you; I merely wished to see Mrs. Grubb — is that the name?"

"That's it, and an awful grievance it is to her, — Mrs. S. Cora Grubb. You have seen it in the newspapers, I suppose; she has a half column 'ad' in the Sunday Observer once a month. Would n't you like your nails attended to? I have a perfectly splendid manicure stopping with me."

"No, thank you. I hoped to see Mrs. Grubb, to ask if her children can come and spend the morning with me to-morrow."

"Oh, that'll be all right; they're not her children; she does n't care where they go; they stay in the back yard or on the sand-lot most of the time; she's got something more important to occupy her attention. Say, I hope you'll excuse me, but you look a little pale. If you were intending to get some mental healing from Mrs. Grubb, why, I can do it; she found I had the power, and she's handed all her healing over to me. It's a new method, and is going to supersede

all the others, we think. My hours are from ten to twelve, and two to four, but I could take you evenings, if you're occupied during the day. My cures are almost as satisfactory as Mrs. Grubb's now, though I have n't been healing but six months last Wednesday."

"Fortunately I am very well and strong," smiled Mistress Mary.

"Yes, that's all right, but you don't know how soon sickness may overtake you, if you have n't learned to cast off fear and practice the denials. Those who are living in error are certain to be affected by it sooner or later unless they accept the new belief. Why don't you have your nails done, now you're here? My manicure has the highest kind of a polish, — she uses pumice powder and the rose of Peru lustre; you ought to try her; by taking twenty tickets you get your single treatments for fifty cents apiece. Not this afternoon? Well, some other time, then. It will be all right about the children, and very good of you to want them. Of course you can't teach them anything, if that's your idea. Belief in original sin is all against my theories, but I confess I can't explain the twins without it. I sometimes wonder I can do any healing with them in the next house throwing off evil influences. I am treating Lisa by suggestion, but she has n't responded any yet. Call again, won't you? Mrs. Grubb is in from seven to eight in the morning, and ten thirty to eleven thirty in the evening. You ought to know her; we think there's nobody like Mrs. Grubb; she has a wonderful following, and it's growing all the time; I took this house to be near her. Good-afternoon. By the way, if you or any of your friends should require any vocal culture, you could n't do better than take of Madame Goldmarker in number seventeen. She can make anybody sing, they say. I'm taking of her right along, and my voice has about doubled in size. I ought to be leading the Kipling Brothers now, but my

patients stayed so late to-day I did n't get a good start."

The weeks wore on, and the children were old friends when Mary finally made Mrs. Grubb's acquaintance; but in the somewhat hurried interviews she had with that lady she never seemed able to establish the kind of relation she desired. The very atmosphere of her house was chaotic, and its equally chaotic mistress showed no sign of seeking advice on any point.

"Marm Lisa could hardly be received in the schools," Mary told the listening neophytes one afternoon when they were all together. "There ought of course to be a special place for her and such as she, somewhere, and people are beginning to see and feel the importance of it here; but until the thought and hope become a reality the state will simply put the poor child in with the idiots and lunatics, to grow more and more wretched, more hopeless, more stupid, until the poor little light is quenched in utter darkness. There is hope for her now, I am sure of it. If Mrs. Grubb's neighbors have told me the truth, any physical malady that may be pursuing her is in its very first stages; for, so far as they know in Eden Place (where one does n't look for exact knowledge, to be sure), she has had but two or three attacks ('dizziness' or 'faintness' they called them) in as many years. She was very strange and intractable just before the last one, and much clearer in her mind afterwards. They think her worse of late, and have advised Mrs. Grubb to send her to an insane asylum if she does n't improve. She would probably have gone there long ago if she had not been such a valuable watch-dog for the twins; but she does not belong there, — we have learned that from the doctors. They say decisively that she is curable, but that she needs very delicate treatment. My opinion is that we have a lovely bit of rescue-work sent directly into our hands in the very nick of

time. All those in favor of opening the garden gates a little wider for Marm Lisa respond by saying 'Ay!'"

There was a shout from the neophytes that shook the very rafters — such a shout that Lisa shuffled across the room, and sitting down on a stool at Mistress Mary's feet, looked up at her with a dull, uncomprehending smile. Why were those beloved eyes full of tears? She could not be displeased, for she had been laughing a moment before. She hardly knew why, but Mistress Mary's wet eyes tortured her; she made an ejaculation of discomfort and resentment, and taking the corner of her apron wiped her new friend's face softly, gazing at her with a dumb sorrow until the smile came back; then she took out her string and her doll and played by herself as contentedly as usual.

It was thus that heaven began to dawn on poor Marm Lisa. At first only a physical heaven: temporary separation from Atlantic and Pacific; a chair to herself in a warm, sunshiny room; beautiful, bright, incomprehensible things hanging on the walls; a soft gingham apron that her clumsy fingers loved to touch; brilliant bits of color and entrancing waves of sound that roused her sleeping senses to something like pleasure; a smile meeting her eyes when she looked up, — oh! she knew a smile, — God lets love dwell in these imprisoned spirits! By and by all these new sensations were followed by thoughts, or something akin to them. Her face wore a brooding, puzzled look. "Poor little soul, she is feeling her growing-pains!" said Mistress Mary. It was a mind sitting in a dim twilight where everything seems confused. The physical eye appears to see, but the light never quite pierces that dimness nor reflects its beauty there. If the ears hear the song of birds, the cooing of babes, the heart-beat in the organ tone, then the swift little messengers that fly hither and thither in my mind and yours, carrying echoes

of sweetness unspeakable, tread more slowly here, and never quite reach the spirit in prison. A spirit in prison, indeed, but with one ray of sunlight shining through the bars, — a vision of duty. Marm Lisa's weak memory had lost almost all trace of Mr. Grubb as a person, but the old instinct of fidelity was still there in solution, and unconsciously influenced her actions. The devotion that first possessed her when she beheld the twins as babies in the perambulator still held sway against all their evil actions. If they plunged into danger she plunged after them without a thought of consequences. There was, perhaps, no real heroism in this, for she saw no risks and counted no cost: this is what other people said, but Mistress Mary always thought Marm Lisa had in her the stuff out of which heroes and martyrs are made. She had never walked in life's sunny places; it had always been the valley of the shadow for her. She was surrounded by puzzles, with never any answer to one of them. If only she had comprehended the truth, it was these very puzzles that were her salvation. While her feeble mind stirred, while it wondered, brooded, suffered, — though it did all these too seldom, — it kept itself alive, even if the life were only like the flickering of a candle.

Well, the candle might flicker, but it should never go out altogether, if half a dozen pairs of women's hands could keep it from extinction; and how patiently they were outstretched to shield the poor apology for a flame, and coax it into burning more brightly!

"Let the child choose her own special teacher," said Mistress Mary; "she is sure to have a strong preference."

"Then it will be you," laughed Helen.

"Don't be foolish; it may be any one of us, and it will prove nothing in any case save a fancy that we can direct to good use."

"She seldom looks at anybody but you," said Edith.

"That is true," replied Mary. "I think she is attracted by this glittering steel thing in my hair. I am going to weave it into Helen's curly crop some time, and see whether she misses it or transfers her affection. I have made up my mind who is the best teacher for her and whom she will choose."

Rhoda gave a comical groan. "Don't say it's I," she pleaded. "I dread it. Please, I am not good enough, I don't know how; and besides, she gives me the creeps!"

Mistress Mary turned on Rhoda with a reproachful smile, saying, "You naughty Rhoda, with the brightest eyes, the swiftest feet, the nimblest fingers, the lightest heart among us all, why do you want to shirk?"

Mistress Mary had noted the fact that Lisa had refused to sit in an unpainted chair, but had dragged a red one from another room and ensconced herself in it, though it was uncomfortably small.

Now Rhoda was well named, for she was a rose of a girl, with damask cheeks that glowed like two Jacqueminot beauties. She was much given to aprons of scarlet linen, to collars and belts of red velvet, and she had a general air of being fresh, thoroughly alive, and in a state of perennial bloom. Mary was right in her surmise, and whenever she herself was out of Marm Lisa's sight or reach the child turned to Rhoda instinctively and obeyed her implicitly.

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

THE STORY OF UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

On the 29th of June, 1852, Henry Clay died. In that month the two great political parties, in their national conventions, had accepted as a finality all the compromise measures of 1850, and the last hours of the Kentucky statesman were brightened by the thought that his efforts had secured the perpetuity of the Union.

But on the 20th of March, 1852, there had been an event, the significance of which was not taken into account by the political conventions or by Clay, which was to test the conscience of the nation. This was the publication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Was this only an "event," the advent of a new force in politics; was the book merely an abolition pamphlet, or was it a novel, one of the few great masterpieces of fiction that the world has produced? After the lapse of forty-four years and the disappearance of African slavery on this continent, it is perhaps possible to consider this question dispassionately.

The compromise of 1850 satisfied neither the North nor the South. The admission of California as a free State was regarded by Calhoun as fatal to the balance between the free and the slave States, and thereafter a fierce agitation sprang up for the recovery of this loss of balance, and ultimately for Southern preponderance, which resulted in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the Kansas-Nebraska war, and the civil war. The fugitive slave law was hateful to the North not only because it was cruel and degrading, but because it was seen to be a move formed for nationalizing slavery. It was unsatisfactory to the South because it was deemed inadequate in its provisions, and because the South did not believe the North would execute it in good faith. So unstable did the compromise seem that in less than a year

after the passage of all its measures, Henry Clay and forty-four Senators and Representatives united in a manifesto declaring that they would support no man for office who was not known to be opposed to any disturbance of the settlements of the compromise. When, in February, 1851, the recaptured fugitive slave, Burns, was rescued from the United States officers in Boston, Clay urged the investment of the President with extraordinary power to enforce the law.

Henry Clay was a patriot, a typical American. The republic and its preservation were the passions of his life. Like Lincoln, who was born in the State of his adoption, he was willing to make almost any sacrifice for the maintenance of the Union. He had no sympathy with the system of slavery. There is no doubt that he would have been happy in the belief that it was in the way of gradual and peaceful extinction. With him, it was always the Union before state rights and before slavery. Unlike Lincoln, he had not the clear vision to see that the republic could not endure half slave and half free. He believed that the South, appealing to the compromises of the Constitution, would sacrifice the Union before it would give up slavery, and in fear of this menace he begged the North to conquer its prejudices. We are not liable to overrate his influence as a compromising pacificator from 1832 to 1852. History will no doubt say that it was largely due to him that the war on the Union was postponed to a date when its success was impossible.

It was the fugitive slave law that brought the North face to face with slavery nationalized, and it was the fugitive slave law that produced *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The effect of this story was immediate and electric. It went straight to the hearts of tens of thousands

of people who had never before considered slavery except as a political institution for which they had no personal responsibility. What was this book, and how did it happen to produce such an effect? It is true that it struck into a time of great irritation and agitation, but in one sense there was nothing new in it. The facts had all been published. For twenty years abolition tracts, pamphlets, newspapers, and books had left little to be revealed, to those who cared to read, as to the nature of slavery or its economic aspects. The evidence was practically all in, — supplied largely by the advertisements of Southern newspapers and by the legislation of the slaveholding States, — but it did not carry conviction; that is, the sort of conviction that results in action. The subject had to be carried home to the conscience. Pamphleteering, convention-holding, sermons, had failed to do this. Even the degrading requirements of the fugitive slave law, which brought shame and humiliation, had not sufficed to fuse the public conscience, emphasize the necessity of obedience to the moral law, and compel recognition of the responsibility of the North for slavery. Evidence had not done this, passionate appeals had not done it, vituperation had not done it. What sort of presentation of the case would gain the public ear and go to the heart? If Mrs. Stowe, in all her fervor, had put forth first the facts in *The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which so buttressed her romance, the book would have had no more effect than had followed the like compilations and arraignments. What was needed? If we can discover this, we shall have the secret of this epoch-making novel.

The story of this book has often been told. It is in the nature of a dramatic incident of which the reader never tires any more than the son of Massachusetts does of the minutest details of that famous scene in the Senate Chamber when Webster replied to Hayne.

At the age of twenty-four the author was married and went to live in Cincinnati, where her husband held a chair in the Lane Theological Seminary. There for the first time she was brought into relations with the African race and saw the effects of slavery. She visited slaveholders in Kentucky and had friends among them. In some homes she saw the "patriarchal" institution at its best. The Beecher family were anti-slavery, but they had not been identified with the abolitionists, except perhaps Edward, who was associated with the murdered Lovejoy. It was long a reproach brought by the abolitionists against Henry Ward Beecher that he held entirely aloof from their movement. At Cincinnati, however, the personal aspects of the case were brought home to Mrs. Stowe. She learned the capacities and peculiarities of the negro race. They were her servants; she taught some of them; hunted fugitives applied to her; she ransomed some by her own efforts; every day there came to her knowledge stories of the hunger for freedom, of the ruthless separation of man and wife and mother and child, and of the heroic sufferings of those who ran away from the fearful doom of those "sold down South." These things crowded upon her mind and awoke her deepest compassion. But what could she do against all the laws, the political and commercial interests, the great public apathy? Relieve a case here and there, yes. But to dwell upon the gigantic evil, with no means of making head against it, was to invite insanity.

As late as 1850, when Professor Stowe was called to Bowdoin College, and the family removed to Brunswick, Maine, Mrs. Stowe had not felt impelled to the duty she afterwards undertook. "In fact, it was a sort of general impression upon her mind, as upon that of many humane people in those days, that the subject was so dark and painful a one, so involved in difficulty and obscurity, so utterly beyond human hope

or help, that it was of no use to read, or think, or distress one's self about it." But when she reached New England the excitement over the fugitive slave law was at its height. There was a panic in Boston among the colored people settled there, who were daily fleeing to Canada. Every mail brought her pitiful letters from Boston, from Illinois, and elsewhere, of the terror and despair caused by the law. Still more was she impressed by the apathy of the Christian world at the North, and surely, she said, the people did not understand what the "system" was. Appeals were made to her, who had some personal knowledge of the subject, to take up her pen. The task seemed beyond her in every way. She was not strong, she was in the midst of heavy domestic cares, with a young infant, with pupils to whom she was giving daily lessons, and the limited income of the family required the strictest economy. The dependence was upon the small salary of Professor Stowe, and the few dollars she could earn by an occasional newspaper or magazine article. But the theme burned in her mind, and finally took this shape: at least she would write some sketches and show the Christian world what slavery really was, and what the system was that they were defending. She wanted to do this with entire fairness, showing all the mitigations of the "patriarchal" system, and all that individuals concerned in it could do to alleviate its misery. While pondering this she came by chance, in a volume of an anti-slavery magazine, upon the authenticated account of the escape of a woman with her child on the ice across the Ohio River from Kentucky. She began to meditate. The faithful slave husband in Kentucky, who had refused to escape from a master who trusted him, when he was about to be sold "down river," came to her as a pattern of Uncle Tom, and the scenes of the story began to form themselves in her mind. "The first part of the book ever com-

mitted to writing [this is the statement of Mrs. Stowe] was the death of Uncle Tom. This scene presented itself almost as a tangible vision to her mind while sitting at the communion-table in the little church in Brunswick. She was perfectly overcome by it, and could scarcely restrain the convulsion of tears and sobbings that shook her frame. She hastened home and wrote it, and, her husband being away, read it to her two sons of ten and twelve years of age. The little fellows broke out into convulsions of weeping, one of them saying through his sobs, 'Oh, mamma, slavery is the most cursed thing in the world!' From that time the story can less be said to have been composed by her than imposed upon her. Scenes, incidents, conversations rushed upon her with a vividness and importunity that would not be denied. The book insisted upon getting itself into being, and would take no denial."

When two or three chapters were written she wrote to her friend, Dr. Bailey, of Washington, the editor of *The National Era*, to which she had contributed, that she was planning a story that might run through several numbers of the *Era*. The story was at once applied for, and thereafter weekly installments were sent on regularly, in spite of all cares and distractions. The installments were mostly written during the morning, on a little desk in a corner of the dining-room of the cottage in Brunswick, subject to all the interruptions of house-keeping, her children bursting into the room continually with the importunity of childhood. But they did not break the spell or destroy her abstraction. With a smile and a word and a motion of the hand she would wave them off, and keep on in her magician's work. Long afterwards they recalled this, dimly understood at the time, and wondered at her power of concentration. Usually at night the chapters were read to the family, who followed the story with

intense feeling. The narrative ran on for nine months, exciting great interest among the limited readers of the Era, and gaining sympathetic words from the anti-slavery people, but without making any wide impression on the public.

We may pause here in the narrative to note two things: the story was not the work of a novice, and it was written out of abundant experience and from an immense mass of accumulated thought and material. Mrs. Stowe was in her fortieth year. She had been using her pen since she was twelve years old, in extensive correspondence, in occasional essays, in short stories and sketches, some of which appeared in a volume called *The Mayflower*, published in 1843, and for many years her writing for newspapers and periodicals had added appreciably to the small family income. She was in the maturity of her intellectual powers, she was trained in the art of writing, and she had, as Walter Scott had when he began the *Waverley Novels* at the age of forty-three, abundant store of materials on which to draw. To be sure, she was on fire with a moral purpose, but she had the dramatic instinct, and she felt that her object would not be reached by writing an abolition tract.

"In shaping her material the author had but one purpose, to show the institution of slavery truly, just as it existed. She had visited in Kentucky; had formed the acquaintance of people who were just, upright, and generous, and yet slaveholders. She had heard their views, and appreciated their situation; she felt that justice required that their difficulties should be recognized and their virtues acknowledged. It was her object to show that the evils of slavery were the inherent evils of a bad system, and not always the fault of those who had become involved in it and were its actual administrators. Then she was convinced that the presentation of slavery alone, in its most dreadful forms, would be a picture of such unrelieved horror

and darkness as nobody could be induced to look at. Of set purpose, she sought to light up the darkness by humorous and grotesque episodes, and the presentation of the milder and more amusing phases of slavery, for which her recollection of the never-failing wit and drollery of her former colored friends in Ohio gave her abundant material."

This is her own account of the process, years after. But it is evident that, whether consciously or unconsciously, she did but follow the inevitable law of all great dramatic creators and true storytellers since literature began.

For this story Mrs. Stowe received from the Era the sum of three hundred dollars. Before it was finished it attracted the attention of Mr. J. P. Jewett, of Boston, a young and then unknown publisher, who offered to issue it in book form. His offer was accepted, but as the tale ran on he became alarmed at its length, and wrote to the author that she was making the story too long for a one-volume novel; that the subject was unpopular; that people would not willingly hear much about it; that one short volume might possibly sell, but that if it grew to two that might prove a fatal obstacle to its success. Mrs. Stowe replied that she did not make the story, that the story made itself, and that she could not stop it till it was done. The publisher hesitated. It is said that a competent literary critic to whom he submitted it sat up all night with the novel, and then reported, "The story has life in it; it will sell." Mr. Jewett proposed to Professor Stowe to publish it on half profits if he would share the expenses. This offer was declined, for the Stowes had no money to advance, and the common royalty of ten per cent on the sales was accepted.

Mrs. Stowe was not interested in this business transaction. She was thinking only of having the book circulated for the effect she had at heart. The intense absorption in the story held her until the

virtual end in the death of Uncle Tom, and then it seemed as if the whole vital force had left her. She sank into a profound discouragement. Would this appeal, which she had written with her heart's blood, go for nothing, as all the prayers and tears and strivings had already gone? When the last proof sheets left her hands, "it seemed to her that there was no hope; that nobody would hear, nobody would read, nobody would pity; that this frightful system, which had already pursued its victims into the free States, might at last even threaten them in Canada." Resolved to leave nothing undone to attract attention to her cause, she wrote letters and ordered copies of her novel sent to men of prominence who had been known for their anti-slavery sympathies, — to Prince Albert, Macaulay, Charles Dickens, Charles Kingsley, and Lord Carlisle. Then she waited for the result.

She had not long to wait. The success of the book was immediate. Three thousand copies were sold the first day, within a few days ten thousand copies had gone, on the 1st of April a second edition went to press, and thereafter eight presses running day and night were barely able to keep pace with the demand for it. Within a year three hundred thousand copies were sold. No work of fiction ever spread more quickly throughout the reading community or awakened a greater amount of public feeling. It was read by everybody, learned and unlearned, high and low, for it was an appeal to universal human sympathy, and the kindling of this spread the book like wildfire. At first it seemed to go by acclamation. But this was not altogether owing to sympathy with the theme. I believe that it was its power as a novel that carried it largely. The community was generally apathetic when it was not hostile to any real effort to be rid of slavery. This presently appeared. At first there were few dissenting voices from the chorus of praise.

But when the effect of the book began to be evident it met with an opposition fiercer and more personal than the great wave of affectionate thankfulness which greeted it at first. The South and the defenders and apologists of slavery everywhere were up in arms. It was denounced in pulpit and in press, and some of the severest things were said of it at the North. The leading religious newspaper of the country, published in New York, declared that it was "anti-Christian."

Mrs. Stowe was twice astonished: first by its extraordinary sale, and second by the quarter from which the assault on it came. She herself says that her expectations were strikingly different from the facts. "She had painted slaveholders as amiable, generous, and just. She had shown examples among them of the noblest and most beautiful traits of character; had admitted fully their temptations, their perplexities, and their difficulties, so that a friend of hers who had many relatives in the South wrote to her: 'Your book is going to be the great pacificator; it will unite both North and South.' Her expectation was that the professed abolitionists would denounce it as altogether too mild in its dealings with slaveholders. To her astonishment, it was the extreme abolitionists who received, and the entire South who rose up against it."

There is something almost amusing in Mrs. Stowe's honest expectation that the deadliest blow the system ever suffered should have been received thankfully by those whose traditions, education, and interests were all bound up in it. And yet from her point of view it was not altogether unreasonable. Her blackest villain and most loathsome agent of the system, Legree, was a native of Vermont. All her wrath falls upon the slave-traders, the auctioneers, the public whippers, and the overseers, and all these persons and classes were detested by the Southerners to the point of loathing, and

were social outcasts. The slave-traders and the overseers were tolerated as perhaps necessary in the system, but they were never admitted into respectable society. This feeling Mrs. Stowe regarded as a condemnation of the system.

Pecuniary reward was the last thing that Mrs. Stowe expected for her disinterested labor, but it suits the world's notion of the fitness of things that this was not altogether wanting. For the millions of copies of *Uncle Tom* scattered over the world the author could expect nothing, but in her own country her copyright yielded her a moderate return that lifted her out of poverty and enabled her to pursue her philanthropic and literary career. Four months after the publication of the book Professor Stowe was in the publisher's office, and Mr. Jewett asked him how much he expected to receive. "I hope," said Professor Stowe, with a whimsical smile, "that it will be enough to buy my wife a silk dress." The publisher handed him a check for ten thousand dollars.

Before Mrs. Stowe had a response to the letters accompanying the books privately sent to England, the novel was getting known there. Its career in Great Britain paralleled its success in America. In April a copy reached London in the hands of a gentleman who had taken it on the steamer to read. He gave it to Mr. Henry Vizetelly, who submitted it to Mr. David Bogue, a man known for his shrewdness and enterprise. He took a night to consider it, and then declined it, although it was offered to him for five pounds. A Mr. Gilpin also declined it. It was then submitted to Mr. Salisbury, a printer. This taster for the public sat up with the book till four o'clock in the morning, alternately weeping and laughing. Fearing, however, that this result was due to his own weakness, he woke up his wife, whom he describes as a rather strong-minded woman, and finding that the story kept her awake and made her also laugh and cry, he thought

it might safely be printed. It seems, therefore, that Mr. Vizetelly ventured to risk five pounds, and the volume was brought out through the nominal agency of Clarke & Company. In the first week an edition of seven thousand was worked off. It made no great stir until the middle of June, but during July it sold at the rate of one thousand a week. By the 20th of August the demand for it was overwhelming. The printing firm was then employing four hundred people in getting it out, and seventeen printing-machines, besides hand-presses. Already one hundred and fifty thousand copies were sold. Mr. Vizetelly disposed of his interest, and a new printing firm began to issue monster editions. About this time the publishers awoke to the fact that any one was at liberty to reprint the book, and the era of cheap literature was initiated, founded on American reprints which cost the publisher no royalty. A shilling edition followed the one-and-sixpence, and then one complete for sixpence. As to the total sale, Mr. Sampson Low reports: "From April to December, 1852, twelve different editions (not reissues) were published, and within the twelve months of its first appearance eighteen different London publishing houses were engaged in supplying the great demand that had set in, the total number of editions being forty, varying from fine illustrated editions at 15s., 10s., and 7s. 6d. to the cheap popular editions of 1s. 9d. and 6d. After carefully analyzing these editions and weighing probabilities with ascertained facts, I am able pretty confidently to say that the aggregate number of copies circulated in Great Britain and the colonies exceeds one and a half millions." Later, abridgments were published.

Almost simultaneously with this furor in England the book made its way on the Continent. Several translations appeared in Germany and France, and for the authorized French edition Mrs. Stowe wrote a new preface, which served there-

of the European editions. There is no record of the order of the translations of the book into foreign languages, but those into some of the Oriental tongues did not appear till several years after the great excitement. The ascertained translations are into twenty-three tongues, namely: Arabic, Armenian, Chinese, Danish, Dutch, Finnish, Flemish, French, German, Hungarian, Illyrian, Italian, Japanese, Polish, Portuguese, modern Greek, Russian, Servian, Siamese, Spanish, Swedish, Wallachian, and Welsh. Into some of these languages several translations were made. In 1878 the British Museum contained thirty-five editions of the original text, and eight editions of abridgments or adaptations.

The story was dramatized in the United States in August, 1852, without the consent or knowledge of the author, and was played most successfully in the leading cities, and subsequently was acted in every capital in Europe. Mrs. Stowe had neglected to secure her dramatic rights, and she derived no benefit from the great popularity of a drama which still holds the stage. From the phenomenal sale of a book which was literally read by the whole world, the author received only the ten per cent on the American editions, and by the laws of her own country her copyright expired before her death.

The narrative of the rise and fortunes of this book would be incomplete without some reference to the response that the author received from England and the Continent, and of her triumphant progress through the British Isles. Her letters accompanying the special copies were almost immediately replied to, generally in terms of enthusiastic and fervent thankfulness for the book, and before midsummer her mail contained letters from all classes of English society. In some of them appeared a curious evidence of the English sensitiveness

to criticism. Lord Carlisle and Sir Arthur Helps supplemented their admiration by a protest against the remark in the mouth of one of the characters that "slaves are better off than a large class of the population of England." This occurred in the defense of the institution by St. Clare, but it was treated by the British correspondents as the opinion of Mrs. Stowe. The charge was disposed of in Mrs. Stowe's reply: "The remark on that subject occurs in the dramatic part of the book, in the mouth of an intelligent Southerner. As a fair-minded person, bound to state for both sides all that could be said, in the person of St. Clare, the best that could be said on that point, and what I know is in fact constantly reiterated, namely, that the laboring class of the South are in many respects, as to physical comfort, in a better condition than the poor in England. This is the slaveholder's stereotyped apology; a defense it cannot be, unless two wrongs make one right."

In April, 1853, Mr. and Mrs. Stowe and the latter's brother, Charles Beecher, sailed for Europe. Her reception there was like a royal progress. She was met everywhere by deputations and addresses, and the enthusiasm her presence called forth was thoroughly democratic, extending from the highest in rank to the lowest. At Edinburgh there was presented to her a national penny offering, consisting of a thousand golden sovereigns on a magnificent silver salver, an unsolicited contribution in small sums by the people.

At a reception in Stafford House, London, the Duchess of Sutherland presented her with a massive gold bracelet, which has an interesting history. It is made of ten oval links in imitation of slave fetters. On two of the links were the inscriptions "March 25, 1807," the date of the abolition of the slave-trade, and "August 1, 1838," the date of the abolition of slavery in all British territory. The third inscription is

"562,848 — March 19, 1853," the date of the address of the women of England to the women of America on slavery, and the number of the women who signed. It was Mrs. Stowe's privilege to add to these inscriptions the following: "Emancipation D. C. Apl. 16, '62;" "President's Proclamation Jan. 1, '63;" "Maryland free Oct. 13, '64;" "Missouri free Jan. 11, '65;" and on the clasp link, "Constitution amended by Congress Jan. 31, '65. Constitutional Amendment ratified." Two of the links are vacant. What will the progress of civilization in America offer for the links nine and ten?

One of the most remarkable documents which resulted from *Uncle Tom* was an address from the women of England to the women of America, acknowledging the complicity in slavery of England, but praying aid in removing from the world "our common crimes and common dishonor," which was presented to Mrs. Stowe in 1853. It was the result of a meeting at Stafford House, and the address, composed by Lord Shaftesbury, was put into the hands of canvassers in England and on the Continent, and as far as Jerusalem. The signatures of 562,848 women were obtained, with their occupations and residences, from the nobility on the steps of the throne down to maids in the kitchen. The address is handsomely engrossed on vellum. The names are contained in twenty-six massive volumes, each fourteen inches high by nine in breadth and three inches thick, inclosed in an oak case. It is believed that this is the most numerous signed address in existence. The value of the address, with so many names collected in haphazard fashion, was much questioned, but its use was apparent in the height of the civil war, when Mrs. Stowe replied to it in one of the most vigorous and noble appeals that ever came from her pen. This powerful reply made a profound impression in England.

This is in brief the story. It is still read, and read the world over with tears and with laughter; it is played to excited audiences. Is it a great novel, or was it only an event of an era of agitation and passion? Has it the real dramatic quality — the poet's visualizing of human life — that makes works of fiction, of imagination, live? Till recently, I had not read the book since 1852. I feared to renew acquaintance with it lest I should find only the shell of an exploded cartridge. I took it up at the beginning of a three-hours' railway journey. To my surprise the journey did not seem to last half an hour, and half the time I could not keep back the tears from my eyes. A London critic, full of sympathy with Mrs. Stowe and her work, recently said, "Yet she was not an artist, she was not a great woman." What is greatness? What is art? In 1862 probably no one who knew General Grant would have called him a great man. But he took Vicksburg. This woman did something with her pen, — on the whole, the most remarkable and effective book in her generation. How did she do it? Without art? George Sand said, "In matters of art there is but one rule, to paint and to move. And where shall we find conditions more complete, types more vivid, situations more touching, more original, than in *Uncle Tom*?" If there is not room in our art for such a book, I think we shall have to stretch our art a little. "Women, too, are here judged and painted with a master hand." This subtle critic, in her overpoweringly tender and enthusiastic review, had already inquired about the capacity of this writer. "Mrs. Stowe is all instinct; it is the very reason that she appears to some not to have talent. Has she not talent? What is talent? Nothing, doubtless, compared to genius; but has she genius? I cannot say that she has talent as one understands it in the world of letters, but she has genius as humanity feels the need of genius, — the gen-

ius of goodness, not that of the man of letters, but of the saint." It is admitted that Mrs. Stowe was not a woman of letters in the common acceptation of that term, and it is plain that in the French tribunal, where form is of the substance of the achievement, and which reluctantly overlooked the crudeness of Walter Scott, in France where the best English novel seems a violation of established canons, *Uncle Tom* would seem to belong where some modern critics place it, with works of the heart, and not of the head. The reviewer is, however, candid: "For a long time we have striven in France against the prolix explanations of Walter Scott. We have cried out against those of Balzac, but on consideration have perceived that the painter of manners and character has never done too much, that every stroke of the pencil was needed for the general effect. Let us learn then to appreciate all kinds of treatment, where the effect is good, and where they bear the seal of a master hand."

It must be admitted to the art critic that the book is defective according to the rules of the modern French romance; that Mrs. Stowe was possessed by her subject, and let her fervid interest in it be felt; that she had a definite purpose. That purpose was to quicken the sense of responsibility of the North by showing the real character of slavery, and to touch the South by showing that the inevitable wrong of it lay in the system rather than in those involved in it. Abundant material was in her hands, and the author burned to make it serviceable. What should she do? She might have done what she did afterwards in *The Key*, presented to the public a mass of statistics, of legal documents. The evidence would have been unanswerable, but the jury might not have been moved by it; they would have balanced it by considerations of political and commercial expediency. I presume that Mrs. Stowe made no calculation of this kind.

She felt her course, and went on in it. What would an artist have done, animated by her purpose and with her material? He would have done what Cervantes did, what Tourgenieff did, what Mrs. Stowe did. He would have dramatized his facts in living personalities, in effective scenes, in vivid pictures of life. Mrs. Stowe exhibited the system of slavery by a succession of dramatized pictures, not always artistically welded together, but always effective as an exhibition of the system. Cervantes also showed a fading feudal romantic condition by a series of amusing and pathetic adventures, grouped rather loosely about a singularly fascinating figure.

Tourgenieff, a more consummate artist, in his hunting scenes exhibited the effect of serfdom upon society, in a series of scenes with no necessary central figure, without comment, and with absolute concealment of any motive. I believe the three writers followed their instincts, without an analytic argument as to the method, as the great painter follows his when he puts an idea upon canvas. He may invent a theory about it afterwards; if he does not, some one else will invent it for him. There are degrees of art. One painter will put in unnecessary accessories, another will exhibit his sympathy too openly, the technique or the composition of another can be criticised. But the question is, is the picture great and effective?

Mrs. Stowe had not Tourgenieff's artistic calmness. Her mind was fused into a white heat with her message. Yet, how did she begin her story? Like an artist, by a highly dramatized scene, in which the actors, by a few strokes of the pen, appear as distinct and unmistakable personalities, marked by individual peculiarities of manner, speech, motive, character, living persons in natural attitudes. The reader becomes interested in a shrewd study of human nature, of a section of life, with its various refinement, coarseness, fastidiousness and vul-

garity, its humor and pathos. As he goes on he discovers that every character has been perfectly visualized, accurately limned from the first; that a type has been created which remains consistent, which is never deflected from its integrity by any exigencies of plot. This clear conception of character (not of earmarks and peculiarities adopted as labels), and faithful adhesion to it in all vicissitudes, is one of the rarest and highest attributes of genius. All the chief characters in the book follow this line of absolutely consistent development, from Uncle Tom and Legree down to the most aggravating and contemptible of all, Marie St. Clare. The selfish and hysterical woman has never been so faithfully depicted by any other author.

Distinguished as the novel is by its character-drawing and its pathos, I doubt if it would have captivated the world without its humor. This is of the old-fashioned kind, the large humor of Scott, and again of Cervantes, not verbal pleasantry, not the felicities of Lamb, but the humor of character in action, of situations elaborated with great freedom, and with what may be called a hilarious conception. This quality is never wanting in the book, either for the reader's entertainment by the way, or to heighten the pathos of the narrative by contrast. The introduction of Topsy into the New Orleans household saves us in the dangerous approach to melodrama in the religious passages between Tom and St. Clare. Considering the opportunities of the subject, the book has very little melodrama; one is apt to hear low music on the entrance of little Eva, but we are convinced of the wholesome sanity of the sweet child. And it is to be remarked that some of the most exciting episodes, such as that of Eliza crossing the Ohio River on the floating ice (of which Mr. Ruskin did not approve), are based upon authentic occurrences. The want of unity in construction of which the critics complain is partially explained

by the necessity of exhibiting the effect of slavery in its entirety. The parallel plots, one running to Louisiana and the other to Canada, are tied together by this consideration, and not by any real necessity to each other.

There is no doubt that Mrs. Stowe was wholly possessed by her theme, rapt away like a prophet in a vision; and that, in her feeling at the time, it was written through her quite as much as by her. This idea grew upon her mind in the retrospective light of the tremendous stir the story made in the world, so that in her later years she came to regard herself as a providential instrument, and frankly to declare that she did not write the book; "God wrote it." In her own account, when she reached the death of Uncle Tom, "the whole vital force left her." The inspiration there left her, and the end of the story, the weaving together of all the loose ends of the plot, in the joining together almost by miracle the long separated, and the discovery of the relationships, is the conscious invention of the novelist.

It would be perhaps going beyond the province of the critic to remark upon what the author considered the central power of the story, and its power to move the world, the faith of Uncle Tom in the Bible. This appeal to the emotion of millions of readers cannot, however, be overlooked. Many regard the book as effective in regions remote from our perplexities by reason of this grace. When the work was translated into Siamese, the perusal of it by one of the ladies of the court induced her to liberate all her slaves, men, women, and children, one hundred and thirty in all. "Hidden Perfume," for that was the English equivalent of her name, said she was wishful to be good like Harriet Beecher Stowe. And as to the standpoint of Uncle Tom and the Bible, nothing more significant can be cited than this passage from one of the latest writings of Heinrich Heine:—

"The reawakening of my religious feelings I owe to that holy book the Bible. Astonishing that after I have whirled about all my life over all the dance-floors of philosophy, and yielded myself to all the orgies of the intellect, and paid my addresses to all possible systems, without satisfaction like Messalina after a licentious night, I now find myself on the same standpoint where poor Uncle Tom stands, — on that of the Bible! I kneel down by my black brother in the same prayer! What a humiliation! With all my science I have come no further than the poor ignorant negro who has scarce learned to spell. Poor Tom, indeed, seems to have seen deeper things in the holy book than I. . . . Tom, perhaps, understands them better than I, because more flogging occurs in them; that is to say, those ceaseless blows of the whip which have æsthetically disgusted me in reading the Gospels and the Acts. But a poor negro slave reads with his back, and understands better than we do. But I, who used to make citations from Homer, now begin to quote the Bible as Uncle Tom does."

The one indispensable requisite of a great work of imaginative fiction is its universality, its conception and construction so that it will appeal to universal human nature in all races and situations and climates. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* does that. Considering certain artistic deficiencies, which the French writers perceived, we might say that it was the timeliness of its theme that gave it currency in England and America. But that argument falls before the world-wide interest in it as a mere story, in so many languages, by races unaffected by our own relation to slavery.

It was the opinion of James Russell

Lowell that the anti-slavery element in *Uncle Tom and Dred* stood in the way of a full appreciation, at least in her own country, of the remarkable genius of Mrs. Stowe. Writing in 1859, he said, "From my habits and the tendency of my studies I cannot help looking at things purely from an æsthetic point of view, and what I valued in *Uncle Tom* was the genius, and not the moral." This had been his impression when he read the book in Paris, long after the whirl of excitement produced by its publication had subsided, and far removed by distance from local influences. Subsequently, in a review, he wrote, "We felt then, and we believe now, that the secret of Mrs. Stowe's power lay in that same genius by which the great successes in creative literature have always been achieved, — the genius that instinctively goes to the organic elements of human nature, whether under a white skin or a black, and which disregards as trivial the conventions and fictitious notions which make so large a part both of our thinking and feeling. . . . The creative faculty of Mrs. Stowe, like that of Cervantes in *Don Quixote* and of Fielding in *Joseph Andrews*, overpowered the narrow specialty of her design, and expanded a local and temporary theme with the cosmopolitanism of genius."

A half-century is not much in the life of a people; it is in time an inadequate test of the staying power of a book. Nothing is more futile than prophecy on contemporary literary work. It is safe, however, to say that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has the fundamental qualities, the sure insight into human nature, and the fidelity to the facts of its own time which have from age to age preserved works of genius.

Charles Dudley Warner.

THE AWAKENING OF THE NEGRO.

WHEN a mere boy, I saw a young colored man, who had spent several years in school, sitting in a common cabin in the South, studying a French grammar. I noted the poverty, the untidiness, the want of system and thrift, that existed about the cabin, notwithstanding his knowledge of French and other academic subjects. Another time, when riding on the outer edges of a town in the South, I heard the sound of a piano coming from a cabin of the same kind. Contriving some excuse, I entered, and began a conversation with the young colored woman who was playing, and who had recently returned from a boarding-school, where she had been studying instrumental music among other things. Despite the fact that her parents were living in a rented cabin, eating poorly cooked food, surrounded with poverty, and having almost none of the conveniences of life, she had persuaded them to rent a piano for four or five dollars per month. Many such instances as these, in connection with my own struggles, impressed upon me the importance of making a study of our needs as a race, and applying the remedy accordingly.

Some one may be tempted to ask, Has not the negro boy or girl as good a right to study a French grammar and instrumental music as the white youth? I answer, Yes, but in the present condition of the negro race in this country there is need of something more. Perhaps I may be forgiven for the seeming egotism if I mention the expansion of my own life partly as an example of what I mean. My earliest recollection is of a small one-room log hut on a large slave plantation in Virginia. After the close of the war, while working in the coal-mines of West Virginia for the support of my mother, I heard in some accidental way of the Hampton Institute.

When I learned that it was an institution where a black boy could study, could have a chance to work for his board, and at the same time be taught how to work and to realize the dignity of labor, I resolved to go there. Bidding my mother good-by, I started out one morning to find my way to Hampton, though I was almost penniless and had no definite idea where Hampton was. By walking, begging rides, and paying for a portion of the journey on the steam-cars, I finally succeeded in reaching the city of Richmond, Virginia. I was without money or friends. I slept under a sidewalk, and by working on a vessel next day I earned money to continue my way to the institute, where I arrived with a surplus of fifty cents. At Hampton I found the opportunity—in the way of buildings, teachers, and industries provided by the generous—to get training in the class-room and by practical touch with industrial life, to learn thrift, economy, and push. I was surrounded by an atmosphere of business, Christian influence, and a spirit of self-help that seemed to have awakened every faculty in me, and caused me for the first time to realize what it meant to be a man instead of a piece of property.

While there I resolved that when I had finished the course of training I would go into the far South, into the Black Belt of the South, and give my life to providing the same kind of opportunity for self-reliance and self-awakening that I had found provided for me at Hampton. My work began at Tuskegee, Alabama, in 1881, in a small shanty and church, with one teacher and thirty students, without a dollar's worth of property. The spirit of work and of industrial thrift, with aid from the State and generosity from the North, has enabled us to develop an institution of eight

hundred students gathered from nineteen States, with seventy-nine instructors, fourteen hundred acres of land, and thirty buildings, including large and small; in all, property valued at \$280,000. Twenty-five industries have been organized, and the whole work is carried on at an annual cost of about \$80,000 in cash; two fifths of the annual expense so far has gone into permanent plant.

What is the object of all this outlay? First, it must be borne in mind that we have in the South a peculiar and unprecedented state of things. It is of the utmost importance that our energy be given to meeting conditions that exist right about us rather than conditions that existed centuries ago or that exist in countries a thousand miles away. What are the cardinal needs among the seven millions of colored people in the South, most of whom are to be found on the plantations? Roughly, these needs may be stated as food, clothing, shelter, education, proper habits, and a settlement of race relations. The seven millions of colored people of the South cannot be reached directly by any missionary agency, but they can be reached by sending out among them strong selected young men and women, with the proper training of head, hand, and heart, who will live among these masses and show them how to lift themselves up.

The problem that the Tuskegee Institute keeps before itself constantly is how to prepare these leaders. From the outset, in connection with religious and academic training, it has emphasized industrial or hand training as a means of finding the way out of present conditions. First, we have found the industrial teaching useful in giving the student a chance to work out a portion of his expenses while in school. Second, the school furnishes labor that has an economic value, and at the same time gives the student a chance to acquire knowledge and skill while performing the labor. Most of all, we find the in-

dustrial system valuable in teaching economy, thrift, and the dignity of labor, and in giving moral backbone to students. The fact that a student goes out into the world conscious of his power to build a house or a wagon, or to make a harness, gives him a certain confidence and moral independence that he would not possess without such training.

A more detailed example of our methods at Tuskegee may be of interest. For example, we cultivate by student labor six hundred and fifty acres of land. The object is not only to cultivate the land in a way to make it pay our boarding department, but at the same time to teach the students, in addition to the practical work, something of the chemistry of the soil, the best methods of drainage, dairying, the cultivation of fruit, the care of livestock and tools, and scores of other lessons needed by a people whose main dependence is on agriculture. Notwithstanding that eighty-five per cent of the colored people in the South live by agriculture in some form, aside from what has been done by Hampton, Tuskegee, and one or two other institutions practically nothing has been attempted in the direction of teaching them about the very industry from which the masses of our people must get their subsistence. Friends have recently provided means for the erection of a large new chapel at Tuskegee. Our students have made the bricks for this chapel. A large part of the timber is sawed by students at our own sawmill, the plans are drawn by our teacher of architecture and mechanical drawing, and students do the brick-masonry, plastering, painting, carpentry work, tinning, slating, and make most of the furniture. Practically, the whole chapel will be built and furnished by student labor; in the end the school will have the building for permanent use, and the students will have a knowledge of the trades employed in its construction. In this way all but three of the thirty buildings on

the grounds have been erected. While the young men do the kinds of work I have mentioned, the young women to a large extent make, mend, and launder the clothing of the young men, and thus are taught important industries.

One of the objections sometimes urged against industrial education for the negro is that it aims merely to teach him to work on the same plan that he was made to follow when in slavery. This is far from being the object at Tuskegee. At the head of each of the twenty-five industrial departments we have an intelligent and competent instructor, just as we have in our history classes, so that the student is taught not only practical brick-masonry, for example, but also the underlying principles of that industry, the mathematics and the mechanical and architectural drawing. Or he is taught how to become master of the forces of nature so that, instead of cultivating corn in the old way, he can use a corn cultivator, that lays off the furrows, drops the corn into them, and covers it, and in this way he can do more work than three men by the old process of corn-planting; at the same time much of the toil is eliminated and labor is dignified. In a word, the constant aim is to show the student how to put brains into every process of labor; how to bring his knowledge of mathematics and the sciences into farming, carpentry, forging, foundry work; how to dispense as soon as possible with the old form of ante-bellum labor. In the erection of the chapel just referred to, instead of letting the money which was given us go into outside hands, we make it accomplish three objects: first, it provides the chapel; second, it gives the students a chance to get a practical knowledge of the trades connected with building; and third, it enables them to earn something toward the payment of board while receiving academic and industrial training.

Having been fortified at Tuskegee by education of mind, skill of hand, Chris-

tian character, ideas of thrift, economy, and push, and a spirit of independence, the student is sent out to become a centre of influence and light in showing the masses of our people in the Black Belt of the South how to lift themselves up. How can this be done? I give but one or two examples. Ten years ago a young colored man came to the institute from one of the large plantation districts; he studied in the class-room a portion of the time, and received practical and theoretical training on the farm the remainder of the time. Having finished his course at Tuskegee, he returned to his plantation home, which was in a county where the colored people outnumber the whites six to one, as is true of many of the counties in the Black Belt of the South. He found the negroes in debt. Ever since the war they had been mortgaging their crops for the food on which to live while the crops were growing. The majority of them were living from hand to mouth on rented land, in small, one-room log cabins, and attempting to pay a rate of interest on their advances that ranged from fifteen to forty per cent per annum. The school had been taught in a wreck of a log cabin, with no apparatus, and had never been in session longer than three months out of twelve. With as many as eight or ten persons of all ages and conditions and of both sexes huddled together in one cabin year after year, and with a minister whose only aim was to work upon the emotions of the people, one can imagine something of the moral and religious state of the community.

But the remedy. In spite of the evil, the negro got the habit of work from slavery. The rank and file of the race, especially those on the Southern plantations, work hard, but the trouble is, what they earn gets away from them in high rents, crop mortgages, whiskey, snuff, cheap jewelry, and the like. The young man just referred to had been trained at Tuskegee, as most of our graduates

are, to meet just this condition of things. He took the three months' public school as a nucleus for his work. Then he organized the older people into a club, or conference, that held meetings every week. In these meetings he taught the people in a plain, simple manner how to save their money, how to farm in a better way, how to sacrifice, — to live on bread and potatoes, if need be, till they could get out of debt, and begin the buying of lands.

Soon a large proportion of the people were in condition to make contracts for the buying of homes (land is very cheap in the South), and to live without mortgaging their crops. Not only this: under the guidance and leadership of this teacher, the first year that he was among them they learned how, by contributions in money and labor, to build a neat, comfortable schoolhouse that replaced the wreck of a log cabin formerly used. The following year the weekly meetings were continued, and two months were added to the original three months of school. The next year two more months were added. The improvement has gone on, until now these people have every year an eight months' school.

I wish my readers could have the chance that I have had of going into this community. I wish they could look into the faces of the people and see them beaming with hope and delight. I wish they could see the two or three room cottages that have taken the place of the usual one-room cabin, the well-cultivated farms, and the religious life of the people that now means something more than the name. The teacher has a good cottage and a well-kept farm that serve as models. In a word, a complete revolution has been wrought in the industrial, educational, and religious life of this whole community by reason of the fact that they have had this leader, this guide and object-lesson, to show them how to take the money and effort that had hitherto been scattered to the

wind in mortgages and high rents, in whiskey and gewgaws, and concentrate them in the direction of their own uplifting. One community on its feet presents an object-lesson for the adjoining communities, and soon improvements show themselves in other places.

Another student who received academic and industrial training at Tuskegee established himself, three years ago, as a blacksmith and wheelwright in a community, and, in addition to the influence of his successful business enterprise, he is fast making the same kind of changes in the life of the people about him that I have just recounted. It would be easy for me to fill many pages describing the influence of the Tuskegee graduates in every part of the South. We keep it constantly in the minds of our students and graduates that the industrial or material condition of the masses of our people must be improved, as well as the intellectual, before there can be any permanent change in their moral and religious life. We find it a pretty hard thing to make a good Christian of a hungry man. No matter how much our people "get happy" and "shout" in church, if they go home at night from church hungry, they are tempted to find something before morning. This is a principle of human nature, and is not confined to the negro.

The negro has within him immense power for self-uplifting, but for years it will be necessary to guide and stimulate him. The recognition of this power led us to organize, five years ago, what is now known as the Tuskegee Negro Conference, — a gathering that meets every February, and is composed of about eight hundred representative colored men and women from all sections of the Black Belt. They come in ox-carts, mule-carts, buggies, on muleback and horseback, on foot, by railroad; some traveling all night in order to be present. The matters considered at the conferences are those that the colored people have it

within their own power to control: such as the evils of the mortgage system, the one-room cabin, buying on credit, the importance of owning a home and of putting money in the bank, how to build schoolhouses and prolong the school term, and how to improve their moral and religious condition.

As a single example of the results, one delegate reported that since the conferences were started five years ago eleven people in his neighborhood had bought homes, fourteen had got out of debt, and a number had stopped mortgaging their crops. Moreover, a school-house had been built by the people themselves, and the school term had been extended from three to six months; and with a look of triumph he exclaimed, "We is done stopped libin' in de ashes!"

Besides this Negro Conference for the masses of the people, we now have a gathering at the same time known as the Workers' Conference, composed of the officers and instructors in the leading colored schools of the South. After listening to the story of the conditions and needs from the people themselves, the Workers' Conference finds much food for thought and discussion.

Nothing else so soon brings about right relations between the two races in the South as the industrial progress of the negro. Friction between the races will pass away in proportion as the black man, by reason of his skill, intelligence, and character, can produce something that the white man wants or respects in the commercial world. This is another reason why at Tuskegee we push the industrial training. We find that as every year we put into a Southern community colored men who can start a brick-yard, a sawmill, a tin-shop, or a printing-office, — men who produce something that makes the white man partly dependent upon the negro, instead of all the dependence being on the other side, — a change takes place in the relations of the races.

Let us go on for a few more years knitting our business and industrial relations into those of the white man, till a black man gets a mortgage on a white man's house that he can foreclose at will. The white man on whose house the mortgage rests will not try to prevent that negro from voting when he goes to the polls. It is through the dairy farm, the truck garden, the trades, and commercial life, largely, that the negro is to find his way to the enjoyment of all his rights. Whether he will or not, a white man respects a negro who owns a two-story brick house.

What is the permanent value of the Tuskegee system of training to the South in a broader sense? In connection with this, it is well to bear in mind that slavery taught the white man that labor with the hands was something fit for the negro only, and something for the white man to come into contact with just as little as possible. It is true that there was a large class of poor white people who labored with the hands, but they did it because they were not able to secure negroes to work for them; and these poor whites were constantly trying to imitate the slave-holding class in escaping labor, and they too regarded it as anything but elevating. The negro in turn looked down upon the poor whites with a certain contempt because they had to work. The negro, it is to be borne in mind, worked under constant protest, because he felt that his labor was being unjustly required, and he spent almost as much effort in planning how to escape work as in learning how to work. Labor with him was a badge of degradation. The white man was held up before him as the highest type of civilization, but the negro noted that this highest type of civilization himself did no labor; hence he argued that the less work he did, the more nearly he would be like a white man. Then, in addition to these influences, the slave system discouraged labor-saving machinery. To use labor-

saving machinery intelligence was required, and intelligence and slavery were not on friendly terms; hence the negro always associated labor with toil, drudgery, something to be escaped. When the negro first became free, his idea of education was that it was something that would soon put him in the same position as regards work that his recent master had occupied. Out of these conditions grew the Southern habit of putting off till to-morrow and the day after the duty that should be done promptly to-day. The leaky house was not repaired while the sun shone, for then the rain did not come through. While the rain was falling, no one cared to expose himself to stop the leak. The plough, on the same principle, was left where the last furrow was run, to rot and rust in the field during the winter. There was no need to repair the wooden chimney that was exposed to the fire, because water could be thrown on it when it was on fire. There was no need to trouble about the payment of a debt to-day, for it could just as well be paid next week or next year. Besides these conditions, the whole South, at the close of the war, was without proper food, clothing, and shelter,—was in need of habits of thrift and economy and of something laid up for a rainy day.

To me it seemed perfectly plain that here was a condition of things that could not be met by the ordinary process of education. At Tuskegee we became convinced that the thing to do was to make a careful systematic study of the condition and needs of the South, especially the Black Belt, and to bend our efforts in the direction of meeting these needs, whether we were following a well-beaten track, or were hewing out a new path to meet conditions probably without a parallel in the world. After fourteen years of experience and observation, what is the result? Gradually but surely, we find that all through the South the disposition to look upon labor as a disgrace is on the wane, and the parents who them-

selves sought to escape work are so anxious to give their children training in intelligent labor that every institution which gives training in the handicrafts is crowded, and many (among them Tuskegee) have to refuse admission to hundreds of applicants. The influence of the Tuskegee system is shown again by the fact that almost every little school at the remotest cross-roads is anxious to be known as an industrial school, or, as some of the colored people call it, an "industrial" school.

The social lines that were once sharply drawn between those who labored with the hand and those who did not are disappearing. Those who formerly sought to escape labor, now when they see that brains and skill rob labor of the toil and drudgery once associated with it, instead of trying to avoid it are willing to pay to be taught how to engage in it. The South is beginning to see labor raised up, dignified and beautified, and in this sees its salvation. In proportion as the love of labor grows, the large idle class which has long been one of the curses of the South disappears. As its members become absorbed in occupations, they have less time to attend to everybody else's business, and more time for their own.

The South is still an undeveloped and unsettled country, and for the next half century and more the greater part of the energy of the masses will be needed to develop its material opportunities. Any force that brings the rank and file of the people to a greater love of industry is therefore especially valuable. This result industrial education is surely bringing about. It stimulates production and increases trade,—trade between the races,—and in this new and engrossing relation both forget the past. The white man respects the vote of the colored man who does \$10,000 worth of business, and the more business the colored man has, the more careful he is how he votes.

Immediately after the war, there was a large class of Southern people who

feared that the opening of the free schools to the freedmen and the poor whites — the education of the head alone — would result merely in increasing the class who sought to escape labor, and that the South would soon be overrun by the idle and vicious. But as the results of industrial combined with academic training begin to show themselves in hundreds of communities that have been lifted up through the medium of the Tuskegee system, these former prejudices against education are being removed. Many of those who a few years ago opposed general education are now among its warmest advocates.

This industrial training, emphasizing as it does the idea of economic produc-

tion, is gradually bringing the South to the point where it is feeding itself. Before the war, and long after it, the South made what little profit was received from the cotton crop, and sent its earnings out of the South to purchase food supplies, — meat, bread, canned vegetables, and the like; but the improved methods of agriculture are fast changing this habit. With the newer methods of labor, which teach promptness and system, and emphasize the worth of the beautiful, — the moral value of the well-painted house, and the fence with every paling and nail in its place, — we are bringing to bear upon the South an influence that is making it a new country in industry, education, and religion.

Booker T. Washington.

THE ELECTION OF THE PRESIDENT.

No part of the Constitution of the United States has given less satisfaction than the articles and sections which set forth the manner of choosing a President, and define his duties and his powers. No other part has been so constantly the subject of discussion and proposed amendment, or has been so greatly changed by the slow growth of the unwritten constitution of our country. That this should be so was inevitable. The men who met at Philadelphia in 1787 and framed the Constitution were in no sense political theorists. They were as a body hard-headed, practical men of affairs, fully aware of the conditions they were to meet, and in their attempt to meet these conditions they were guided, wherever possible, by experience gained in the past. In most cases such experience was all-sufficient; but whenever any question concerning the President or his duties arose, they were left with nothing to guide them, for no such executive as they had in mind had ever existed in any coun-

try at any time. The creation of the office of President was, therefore, a hard task; was constantly before the convention during its entire sitting; and when it was finally accomplished, the result was such as seemed best suited to the needs of the country and the political ideas of the time.

But the needs of our country in 1787 were not those of 1896. The United States was then a very little republic, — not much more than three times as large as the present State of Texas. The Mississippi shut us in on the west. We nowhere touched the Gulf of Mexico. Bordering us on the north, on the west, and on the south were the possessions of Great Britain and Spain. The population, white and black, slave and free, was then about half that of the State of New York now. Small as the country was, the lack of every sort of modern means of communication, of the steamboat, of the railroad, of the telegraph, of the telephone, made it immense, and this con-

dition powerfully affected the convention in its attempt to create an executive.

The vast extent of the country; the difficulties in the way of communication; the diversity of interests in the Eastern, the Middle, and the Southern States; the ignorance of the people in each one of these groups of the wants of the people in the other two, led to a serious effort in the convention to establish an executive of three men, representing the three sections or groups of States. That a New England man, however well meaning and sincere, could understand and appreciate the needs of the people of the South, or that a man born and bred in Pennsylvania could impartially administer the law to the people of Massachusetts, was declared to be impossible. To this it was answered that the executive was to be the mere instrument for carrying out the will of Congress, and that the energy, dispatch, and responsibility necessary for the proper carrying out of that will could not exist in an executive of more than one. Should the administration of the laws be entrusted to three men, each would consider himself the representative of his section, responsible to his section, and would guard its special interests rather than the welfare of all. A single executive, it was answered, is "the fœtus of monarchy," and the temper of the people is opposed to even the semblance of monarchy. They will never repose confidence in an executive consisting of one man. When at last, after many postponements and many debates, the decision was made to have an executive of one, the difficulty was as far from a settlement as ever; for it was transferred to the next question, How shall he be chosen? Every State save one agreed that an election by the people was not to be thought of. The country was too large and the people were too little informed. It was admitted that the country was blessed with a few characters of continental reputation, but the time would come when such men would not exist,

and then the people would never agree on any one man for the executive. They would vote for men of their own State or their own section, and nobody would be elected. Very possibly, nay, very probably, the inhabitants of the populous States would combine and carry the elections. Did any one suppose that a native of Georgia or of South Carolina could ever, in times of peace, attain to such public importance as to be heartily supported by the voters of New England in preference to a native of Massachusetts? As one member said, "it was as unnatural to refer the choice of a proper character for chief magistrate to the people as it would be to refer a trial of colors to a blind man." This expressed the opinion of every State save Pennsylvania, and was the one view on which there was a general agreement.

For a while the convention could not decide who should elect the executive, and plan after plan was suggested. Some were for assigning that duty to electors composed of the governors and the presidents of the States; some to electors chosen by the state legislatures, or by the people, or by the state executives, or taken by lot from the national legislature; others were for leaving the whole matter to the Senate, or at least to the Senate and the House of Representatives. Each plan had much to recommend it, but the convention, utterly unable to determine which was best, selected the last-named, and voted that there should be an executive of one, that he should serve for seven years, should be elected by Congress, should not have a second term, and might be removed on impeachment and conviction of malfeasance or neglect of duty. The decision was made in sheer desperation, was not wholly acceptable to any one, and was attacked on all sides. The executive, it was said, must be independent of the legislature. This was admitted. But how, it was asked, can he be independent of a legislature to which he owes

his election? Is it not certain that he will be its creature, and will he not in all likelihood secure his election by chicanery, by intrigue, by cabal? He ought to control the legislature; he ought to be a check on its tendency to seize power; he ought to be the protector of the great mass of the people, and to stand between them and legislative tyranny. This cannot be if the legislature elect him or impeach him, or if his service be limited to a single term. The ideal executive is an officer chosen directly by the people for a short term, eligible to any number of reëlections, unimpeachable by the legislature, and endowed with such power as to stop legislation that is not in the interests of the people.

For such an executive the convention was not prepared; but the argument unsettled it, and led to a reversal of all that had been done. The presidential term was cut down from seven to four years; the single-term provision was stricken out; the idea of election by the national legislature was abandoned; and in order that the President might be wholly independent of Congress, and not be subject to coercion on the one hand, and be able to protect the people against unwise laws on the other, he was given the veto power. Nothing could induce the convention to consent to an election by the people, and as it was now fully determined that the executive should be independent of Congress, each State was required to appoint, in such manner as its legislature should prescribe, as many electors as it had Senators and Representatives in Congress; and to these electoral bodies or colleges, each meeting in its own State and acting independently of every other, was given the double task of selecting a fit character to be President of the United States and then electing him to the office. Except for the restriction that the electors must vote by ballot for two men, one of whom must not be a resident of the same State as themselves, they were free to do as they

pleased; and that their action might be as free as possible two safeguards were provided. One forbade any Senator, Representative, or office-holder under the United States to act as elector. The other required the electors to meet in their own States and vote on the same day; for it was feared that, should they come from all parts of the country and gather in one grand convention, they would be subjected to that "chicanery, intrigue, and cabal," the dread of which was the reason for taking the election of President away from Congress.

While the convention was thus willing to resort to every means to secure the free election of an independent executive, it was not unmindful of the fact that his powers must be defined and his action restrained, lest he should become too independent, and by means of the veto coerce Congress and dictate legislation. Provision was made, therefore, that his veto might be destroyed by a two-thirds vote of both houses; and that should he become too hateful to be endured for even one term he could be impeached, and on conviction removed from office.

As thus defined by the framers of the Constitution, the President of the United States was to be an official chosen and elected by sundry bodies of citizens having no connection with the government, was to serve as many terms as the electors saw fit to give him, and was to be the guardian of popular rights against legislative encroachment. He was to come to his high office bound by no pledges, representing no section, advocating no policy, belonging to no party, and owing no man anything. He was to be the choice of fellow citizens who were called for the moment to act without collusion as electors, and this duty done were to sink at once into private life again. But Washington had not been many months President when a change set in, and the evolution of the President as we know him began.

The Constitution requires that the President "shall from time to time give to the Congress information of the state of the Union." To a generation which had not the easy means of gathering and spreading news which we enjoy; to a generation which knew not the railroad, the telegraph, the steamboat, the associated press; to a generation which paid twenty-five cents to send a letter four hundred miles, would not allow a newspaper to be carried in the mail, and had never seen a public document, this provision had a meaning and a use. It was the only way by which many a member of Congress could become aware of what was going on in all parts of the Union. Washington attached much importance to it, and, with that love of method and system which so distinguished him, gave the information to Congress, not, as the Constitution requires, "from time to time," but regularly at the opening of each session. On such occasions, after the two houses had organized and were ready for business, he would come, with great ceremony, in his state coach, to the room where the House sat, and taking the Speaker's chair would read a speech to the assembled Senators and Representatives. After he had finished and gone home, the two houses would separate and appoint committees to frame answers; and when they were ready, the Senate on one day, led by the Vice-President, and the House on another day, with the Speaker at its head, would march to the President's house, and stand with solemn faces while their presiding officers read the unmeaning replies. After partaking of cakes and wine, they would return to their chambers and go on with their public duties just as if the speech had never been made. So long as Washington and Adams occupied the presidential office this custom was never departed from; but when Jefferson began his first term it was abandoned, and the annual written message was introduced instead. The visit of the President to

Congress, the speech, the answers of the two houses and the parades through the streets of Philadelphia to deliver them, — ceremonies borrowed from England, — had always seemed to Jefferson to be quite out of place in a republican country, and had long been subjects of ridicule by his party. That he would have discontinued them under any circumstances is therefore quite likely. But in the summer of 1800 the seat of government was removed to Washington, and the thought of the Senate and the House marching down Pennsylvania Avenue (then a long and dusty country road) to deliver useless answers at the half-finished and not half-furnished White House was too much for him, and since December, 1801, every President has communicated his "information on the state of the Union" by message.

Another appendage to the presidential office, which we owe to Washington, and not to the Constitution, is the Cabinet. No such body of advisers was thought of or intended by the convention. It was indeed proposed to give the President a council similar to those which in many States were then associated with the governors. But this found no favor, and the Cabinet as we know it is purely the creature of executive action. The Constitution declares that the President "may require the opinion, in writing, of the principal officer in each of the executive departments, upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices." But that these officers should hold regular meetings, and that the Secretary of War and the Postmaster-General, the Secretary of the Interior and the Attorney-General, should advise the President, not in writing, on matters of finance or foreign policy which do not relate to the duties of their respective departments, and that these regular gatherings of the Secretaries should be looked on as one of the political institutions of our country, finds no countenance or authority in the Consti-

tution. The first Congress, however, had no sooner established the departments of War, State, and the Treasury, departments which had grown up under the Continental Congress, than Washington appointed the Secretaries, and began to consult them on matters of state. At first the consultation was informal, and their opinions were in writing; but as time went on, and the duties of his office increased, the President assembled the Secretaries and the Attorney-General at his house, and the Cabinet as a political institution began.

To the example of Washington is commonly ascribed the origin of the unwritten law that no President shall have more than two terms. This is a mistake. He retired from the presidency at the end of his second term because he was tired of public life; because, as he told his countrymen in the farewell address, the acceptance of the office had been at the sacrifice of personal comfort, — a sacrifice the condition of the country no longer required him to make. He was troubled by no scruples as to rotation in office, by no fear that many terms would "breed a lust of power."

With his refusal to accept a third term came the first contested election, and the first real trial of the working of the system of presidential election by electoral colleges in the States. As the Constitution then stood, each elector was required to write down on his ballot the names of two men, without stating which one he wished to make President. When all the ballots were counted in the presence of Congress, the man who received the highest number, if a majority, was declared President, and the man who had the next highest number, though less than a majority, was proclaimed Vice-President. In 1796, the national organization of the Federalists was so poor that, although every elector wrote the name of Adams on his ballot as first choice, there was no agreement as

to who should be second choice, and such scattering followed that Jefferson, the Republican candidate, who received three votes less than Adams, became Vice-President. The lesson was not lost on either party, and when 1800 came the Federalists were so thoroughly organized that all their electors voted for Adams, and all save one, who was duly selected before election day, voted for Pinckney. The action of the Republicans marks an epoch in the history of presidential elections, for by them, in 1800, was held an informal congressional caucus for the nomination of President and Vice-President. The intention of the framers of the Constitution was that no elector should be pledged, that each should be free to vote for any man he chose, and that the electoral colleges as a body should be responsible for the selection of a proper man to be President, and then for his election to this office. But on the day in which the Republican Senators and Representatives in Congress met in caucus, and selected Jefferson and Burr to be the party candidates, the presidential electors were robbed of their most important duty, and degraded to mere boards of registry; they have never since been anything else. The Constitution, to all intents and purposes, has thus been amended.

The care which the Republicans took in 1800 to secure the concentration of their electoral votes on two men served but to make more prominent than ever a defect first brought to notice in 1796. The election of that year proved that it was possible to elect a President from one party, and a Vice-President from another. The election of 1800 showed that, under certain conditions, a party which had a large majority of the electoral votes might not be able to elect even a President. As the party caucus had formally nominated Jefferson and Burr as the only Republican candidates, every Republican elector felt in duty bound to vote for them, and for no one else. Each,

therefore, received the same vote, and as neither had the highest number, neither was chosen President, and the House of Representatives was forced to elect. That both these evils might be prevented in future the twelfth amendment was added to the Constitution in 1804, and the electors were empowered to cast two ballots, one for President and one for Vice-President. What had been done informally in 1800 was now done formally and regularly. A written summons was sent to every Republican Senator and Representative to attend a party caucus. Jefferson and Clinton were formally nominated, or as the phrase went, "recommended to the Republican voters of the United States." A Congressional campaign committee was appointed, and from 1804 to 1824 no President was ever nominated by any other body than the Congressional caucus.

When Jefferson retired, in 1809, the presidential office had thus in the course of twenty years been greatly modified. The heads of the executive departments had been transformed into the Cabinet, or council of advisers; the annual message had become an established institution; the electoral ballot for Vice-President had been created; the congressional caucus nomination of candidates had been introduced; the electors had practically been stripped of all power of choice, and the doctrine that two terms were enough for any President had been formally announced and ratified by the people. The refusal of Washington to accept a third term was based on personal reasons; but when the legislature of State after State invited Jefferson in 1808 to be the party candidate, he refused for political reasons. It was just as necessary, he said, to retire from the office at a proper time as it was to discharge its duties in a proper manner; rotation, he believed, was nowhere more necessary, and he warned his countrymen to beware of the love of power, of the sense of ownership and the disregard of popular

rights, which sprang from long continuance in office. The advice was sound, was approved by his countrymen, was acted on by Madison and Monroe, and long before Jackson's time had become a part of our unwritten constitution with all the force of law.

In the interval which separated the administrations of Jefferson and Jackson, the political condition of the country and the political ideas of the people changed completely. The religious and property qualifications for voters and office-holders were swept away. Manhood suffrage was introduced. For the first time the people entered politics, and with their entrance came all the appliances for the expression of their will, for defeating their will, for catching and holding their votes, — the machine, the boss, the state nominating convention, the spoils system. Though the proscription of political opponents and the distribution of offices among party workers came early into use in some of the States, it was not till 1820 that the way was made straight for the application of the principle to federal officials. In that year William H. Crawford was Secretary of the Treasury, and well knowing that he would be the congressional caucus candidate for President in 1824, he secured the passage of the four-year limitation law, by which the term of office of thousands of officials in his department was limited to four years. Up to that time the Presidents filled newly created offices, or such as were made vacant by the resignation or removal of the incumbent. Since that time each President has been forced to fill thousands and tens of thousands of places vacated by the operation of Crawford's four-year limitation law, which was soon extended to the post-office, and finally to every branch of the public service.

The law went into operation in 1821, and was administered most conscientiously by Monroe and John Quincy Adams. But on the defeat of Jackson in the

House of Representatives, and his re-nomination by the legislature of Tennessee in 1825, the possibilities of the law in the hands of unscrupulous politicians were finely exhibited. Office-holders were now plainly told that all who were for Jackson would work for him; that all who were not for him were against him, and that when he was inaugurated, in 1829, his friends, not his enemies, should have the spoils. That Jackson would be elected was certain, and every one of the fifty-five thousand office-holders who hoped for reappointment became a Jackson worker.

That Jackson would be elected was certain, because Adams possessed none of the qualifications which, in the opinion of the people, were fitting and necessary for a President; and the people were now the rulers. From the first inauguration of Washington to the day when the House of Representatives elected Adams and rejected Jackson, the intention of the framers of the Constitution with respect to the President had been carried out in the main. The electors, it is true, had been stripped of all power of choice, and had been pledged to vote for candidates selected and formally nominated by the congressional caucus. But the Presidents were well fitted in all respects for the duties of the office. Each of them was a man of national reputation; each had spent his life in the public service; each was a trained and practical statesman, and has left behind him writings which bear evidence of a mastery of the theory of popular government as then understood. But the time came, after our second war with England, when men of this sort found no favor in the sight of the people. The development of the country, the rush of population into the Mississippi Valley, the rise of new States with democratic constitutions of the modern type, the rapid extension of the franchise, not only created a new constituency, but surrounded the voters with in-

dustrial, social, and political conditions utterly unlike those of the days of Washington. New issues, new questions, new points of view followed, and new leaders, sprung in every case from the honest, hard-working masses, rose to guide the people in their efforts to settle the problems of self-government — federal, state, and municipal — forced on them by the changed state of society. The quiet and humdrum administration of Monroe marks the turning-point. The people then secured full control of their state and local governments, and that they should next seek for the control of the federal government was quite in order and to be expected. In many of the States the old way of choosing presidential electors by the legislature had given way to popular election by general ticket, and towards the end of Monroe's second term the cry that the President must be "a man of the people" was raised for the first time in our history.

This meant the death of the caucus system of nomination, which was now declared to be unconstitutional and oppressive. Senators and Representatives were expressly forbidden by the Constitution to act as electors of the President. But if members of Congress met and nominated the successful candidate, was not that nomination equivalent to an election? And if so, were they not, it was argued, acting as electors, and violating the law of the land? The attack on the old system was made accordingly by Tennessee, whose legislature supplied "a man of the people" when it nominated Andrew Jackson in 1822, and sent forth a set of resolutions to her sister States asking them to instruct their Senators and request their Representatives not to attend a congressional caucus. Her action and her resolutions gave the signal for a general revolt against the caucus, which, attended by a small minority, was held for the last time in 1824. A period of transition now followed, during which state legis-

latures and state conventions, which had been slowly developing in many of the States, made the nominations. But in 1831 the Anti-Masons held the first national convention for the nomination of a President, and so introduced a new piece of political machinery. The time was ripe for it. The country was compact and well settled. No State existed north of Indiana and Illinois, and, save Missouri, there was none west of the Mississippi. The means of transportation had so improved that it was possible to go from one end of the United States to the other without a great expenditure of time or money. The meeting of protectionists at Harrisburg in 1827 and of Anti-Masons at Baltimore in 1831 proved that such conventions could be made a success; and as the feeling was strong that the people should name the presidential candidates, the example of the Anti-Masons was declared to be truly democratic, and in 1832 was followed by both Democrats and National Republicans.

These early conventions were of the crudest sort. None of the careful and elaborate organization which now begins with the voters in the primaries and, leading up through the state convention for the selection of delegates, ends with the election of the permanent chairman of the national convention had any existence. They were mere mass-meetings, to which the party managers in each State sent as many or as few delegates as they pleased. Once assembled, it became manifest that the greatest inequality existed. Some States had but a single delegate. Others which happened to be near the place of meeting were represented by ten, twenty, fifty men. To remedy this a committee of the first Democratic convention framed three rules, which have ever since been characteristic of the party. One was the unit rule, which requires that the vote of each State shall be determined by the majority of its delegates, and cast as a unit.

The second gives to each State a vote equal to twice the number of its Senators and Representatives in Congress. The third provides that no candidate shall be declared nominated unless he receives two thirds of the votes polled by the convention.

From 1832 to 1840 no national conventions were held. Then each party again resorted to them under the pressure of public opinion, and no presidential candidate has since been put before the country in any other way. For a second reason the campaign of 1840 is still memorable. The time was one which in many ways bears a close resemblance to our own. There was the same financial distress, the same deficit in the national revenue, the same increase in the public debt in time of peace, the same wild schemes of banking and finance, the same prevalence of "crazes" and reforms, the same repudiation of the President and the party then in power, and in the abolitionists and anti-slavery people there was an element looked on both North and South with the same horror with which we view anarchists and socialists. But, unlike our day, there was no one great issue on which either party dared to stand. Neither convention, therefore, ventured to frame a platform. The Democrats were afraid to say a word, lest they should drive men from the party. The Whig party was such a collection of petty local factions, opposed to something in particular and nothing in general, that to make a platform satisfactory to everybody was not possible. It appealed, therefore, to the prejudices, emotions, and sentiments of the people, and the campaign became a craze. Then were brought into fashion the ratification meeting, the torchlight procession, the day parade, the campaign cry, the song, the caricature, the badge, — all the paraphernalia still resorted to as a means of arousing the ignorant, the prejudiced, and the emotional voter.

Thus was it that just as the congressional caucus in 1800 deprived the electoral colleges of the right to select the presidential candidate; just as the state legislatures and the state conventions in 1824 seized the power from the caucus; so, after 1840, the people, through the national party convention, took the nomination into their own hands, and have ever since retained it.

Once in their hands the conventions became the scenes of the "chicane, intrigue, and cabal" the fathers predicted would attend an election by Congress, and all the patronage at the disposal of the President—a patronage increasing rapidly as the country expanded, as the people multiplied, and as new States were admitted to the Union—was used for party purposes. In the eyes of the people the President was the chief distributor of offices. That he should have any personal knowledge of the fitness of one hundred thousand office-holders was not to be expected. His duty was to allot the federal patronage of each State to its Senators and Representatives, to become the official organ of their will, to make such removals and appointments as they saw fit to dictate; and as he was always a strong party man, the duty was cheerfully performed.

From this state of affairs has resulted another change in the presidential office as created by the fathers, another unwritten amendment of the Constitution. By that document, no Senator, no Representative, no federal office-holder, can be a presidential elector; that is, a man responsible in part for the selection and election of a President. But the electors do not select a President. He is picked out by the national convention of the party, and as this action is equivalent to an election, the convention is the real electoral college, and the constitutional electors are mere recording officers. If the plain intent and meaning of the Constitution were obeyed, no Senator, no

Representative, no office-holder, could rightfully take part in the proceedings of a convention for the nomination of a President; yet it is by these men that in the case of the two great parties, at least, conventions are attended and managed. Not only then are such bodies utterly unknown to the Constitution, utterly foreign to the intention of the framers of it, but a large part of the members of them are men expressly forbidden to take any part in the selection of a President. It is indeed true that legally all these proceedings count for nothing. Legally the President is still chosen by the electors, who are free to accept or reject the candidate of the national convention. Thus the man who in 1820 was appointed a Monroe elector and then cast his ballot for John Quincy Adams, the electors who in 1824 were chosen by the New York legislature to support Clay and then voted for Jackson, were acting within legal bounds, and their acts were not and cannot be questioned. Yet the electors are not free to act. They are pledged, they are morally bound to vote for the candidate of their party; and so certain are they to do it that no man who on election night scans the returns from the States goes home in the slightest doubt as to who will be the next President. Millions of citizens who read the newspapers on the morrow really believe that a President has been elected, though nothing has been done which could be taken notice of by the House and Senate when they meet in joint session to witness the counting of the electoral votes. Not till the electoral colleges have voted, and the House and Senate acted, is a President elected; yet the proceedings of none of these bodies ever receive ten lines of notice in any newspaper in the country. Their usefulness is gone. There is now no reason for their existence, and that they will be suffered to exist much longer does not seem likely. The time has come when the election as well as the nomina-

tion of a President may safely be entrusted to the people.

With the election in November next, just one hundred years will have passed since the presidency was contested for the first time by two men put forward as candidates by two political parties. Looking back over this century and

the changes which have taken place in the popular conception of the presidential office, we may reasonably ask, Were the fathers right in their belief that the people were not fit to be entrusted with this high duty? Our answer is, They were wrong. The people are fit.

John B. McMaster.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

I.

Nor all the pageant of the setting sun
Should yield the tired eyes of man delight,
No sweet beguiling power had stars at night
To soothe his fainting heart when day is done,
Nor any secret voice of benison
Might nature own, were not each sound and sight
The sign and symbol of the infinite,
The prophecy of things not yet begun.
So had these lips, so early sealed with sleep,
No fruitful word, this life no power to move
Our deeper reverence, did we not see
How more than all he said, he was, — how, deep
Below this broken life, he ever wove
The finer substance of a life to be.

II.

Oft have I stood within the carved door
Of some cathedral at the close of day,
And seen its softened splendors fade away
From lucent pane and tessellated floor,
As if a parting guest who comes no more,
Till over all silence and blackness lay.
Then rose sweet murmurings of them that pray,
And shone the altar lamps unseen before.
So, Dear, as here I stand with thee alone,
The voices of the world sound faint and far,
The glare and glory of the noon grow dim,
And in the stillness, what I had not known,
I know, — a light pure-shining as a star,
A song uprising like a holy hymn.

Arthur S. Hardy.

THE SPIRIT OF AN ILLINOIS TOWN.

IN THREE PARTS. PART TWO.

ON THE WEST SIDE.

FRIENDSHIP between man and woman is so little tolerated or understood in our country that I avoided giving Trail City any occasion to call me Kate Keene's suitor. She herself had an instinct against lovers, so singular in a maid of her age that it was talked about. But she had an equally strong instinct for comradeship, and every soul in the place was bound to Kate Keene by some invisible cord.

In the dark of every morning I heard her slip downstairs to begin her daily tasks. How hard those tasks were I do not know, the domestic machinery never appearing, though for a fortnight after our compact I had mere glimpses of her. I took to selecting books from my shelves, and leaving them with the conspicuous appeal "Read" on my table. They might or might not be appropriated by Mrs. Jutberg. But the venture proved lucky, as a small marker lettered "Kate," forgotten in one of the returned books, convinced me.

Autumn glooms and howling winds came on. The sodden prairie was raw and horrible, worse than a steamer-deck in a fog. Above seas of black and waxy mud rushed a river of wind, drowning human hope. In this bleakness everything took a trivial and contemptible guise. One said to himself, "What are these fools doing out on an open plain? Why don't they hunt shelter?" My life hung so torpidly on me, I thought every day of suicide. If there was ever man or woman born into this world who won through it without feeling sometimes impelled to take the old pagan short cut out, that man or woman must have been a stupid brute. Like the sender of anonymous letters, the incipient suicide is

often the person you least suspect. I did my work; and my daily bread was something to be thankful for. But the dead level of that plain and its pursuing blackness were too typical.

On some days I could not put out of my mind a sodden and neglected little grave in a foreign churchyard, undecorated by the beaded flowers and wreaths and crowns which defied weather and memorialized grief around it. A farmer leading his freckle-nosed boy by the hand was a taunting reminder that some wretches are denied the commonest comforts of the commonest lot.

Then I began to think of winter rime on European villages. Paris, London, Rome, Florence, called me, with all their art treasures, all their variety of life in which a man might lose himself. Homesickness for things American passed into astonishment that man is held to his own place on earth by a cord he cannot break even in a migratory age. His life seems kneaded into that land, and he longs for it when he is away with a reasonless passion that has nothing to do with its adaptability to his physical health or the building of his fortunes. But I was too poor to turn eastward again. The petty treadmill of a country newspaper had me for its automatic motor.

It was surprising to see what interest Sam took in the thing. Nothing pleased him better than leading a crowd of old rattlesnake-fighters in to see our type; and when we hazarded a small steam-plant in place of the old hand-press, and began to feel our way to a daily, he was as wild as a Pottawatomie.

The whole town rushed like a comet along the plane of improvement. Its local political spirit was intense. The salary of mayor and aldermen was fixed

rigidly at fifty cents per head a year. When a man was nominated for one of these offices, however, he poured out his own private means like water on the expenses of an election rather than suffer the odium of defeat. The town had contempt for any one who failed in any way to "get there."

Feuds and cross-purposes existed, but these were all new and swiftly changing, like the clouds over the prairie. No families had hereditary enemies. By the time Sam had me adjusted to the fact that Colonel York and Mr. Babcock were in a furious tug over grain elevators or the placing of the school funds, they had passed again through the amicable process which he called kissing and making up. We had to steer our bark very carefully among breakers, and lean to this side or that with discretion; but Sam had the discretion and did the leaning.

Many good fellows thought I was sickly, and came into the office to cheer me up. One jolly, roseate old rascal, with tufts of hair like wool above his ears, swapped daily jokes about his nomination for county coroner.

"You'll give me employment if I get there," said he.

"But why do you want to sit on such objects as I am?"

"Well, I'll tell you, editor: my aim is to get into some business where there won't be any more kicking. Now, the man I deal with as coroner won't kick: he can't. His friends won't: the State pays the expenses. I'm getting on, and peaceful, soothing employment like this is what I want for my old age."

Sometimes the conviction stung me that I was wasting my prime in this eddy, with people whose thoughts could never be identical with mine. "It is not my place," my soul said. Every morning when I rose, the sickening distaste swept over me. And a man who submits to disadvantage maims his own spirit. Yet there I lay prostrate, like a

tangled horse, who after vain efforts to rise sinks flat, with his head on the paving. And suppose I did stand on my feet once more, for whom should I do anything? All around were men with set faces and tense purpose, their eyes fixed on better futures for their children and an old age of plenty. I could work with mechanical execution, but not as a creative mind.

Blessed is that transcriber with electrical touch who makes his page crackle and sparkle at the very points where we might blindly miss the meaning. So much that happens to us seems not worth setting down. I have tallied these blank days as they were tallied against me. I simply lost them without living. Sallow northern light fell across my page while I wrote, and rain drove against our office windows. Esther, our periodical scrub-woman, progressed on her knees as far as my chair; and when I had to move, her infant nephew, whom she called "buddy," — a contraction of "brother," — always improved the opportunity to get on my lap. She kept him very clean, and of this I was glad, on his adoption of me. The smell of dirty little boy on a wet day surpasses every other rankness. His pet and constant follower, a sand-hill crane of bluish-gray plumage, would stalk after him and stand beside the desk, stretching himself up to overtop me as I sat, or stooping dejectedly to forage in the waste-basket. Esther told me she had sometimes seen cranes dancing real quadrilles at the edge of a slew: and the stately manners of this one, whose name was Jimmy, testified to some breeding. But he had been caught young, and deprived of courtly example at the very time when lank legs and neck were developing to the utmost, so he lacked the wild grace of his ancestors, and knocked things over with his feet, and convulsively tried to swallow whatever he could pick up with his bill.

Seeing that I regarded Jimmy without the animosity which was so often his

portion, Esther explained: "I named him after my brother that was consumpted and died. My brother used to go steppin' around slow, with his hands in his pockets, somethin' like a crane. Jimmy is a comfort to me, if he does dirty the floors and chaw clothes on the line. It takes hard work to support my brother's children, now he's gone. But you ought to seen the style they used to put on. His wife had as much as seven hundred dollars left to her. I never got none of it: it come from her folks. And she did n't save a cent of that money. I wanted them to get a home. But all-wools was n't too good for them then. How that family did dress! And they went into s'ciety and spent it all. Now she's a widow, with five children for her and me to keep, and she can't do much."

"Were you never married yourself, Esther?" I inquired.

"Oh yes," she responded cheerfully, lifting a liver-colored face in which pleasant eyes were set, "two or three times. But nary one was any account. So I turned them off, and took in my brother's folks."

Jimmy the crane, having begun hopefully on a ball of twine in the wastebasket while Esther talked, now caught her eye and repented. He offered no resistance to disgorging when Esther picked up the remainder of the ball to unwind him, and she on her part brought link after link of cord from his midst, until it seemed that Jimmy's intestines were being spun forth through his open bill. Having parted with the end of the twine, — which I pressed upon Esther's acceptance, as we no longer needed it in the office, — Jimmy shook his wings, and uttered a resigned plaintive sound which might be interpreted "Koort."

"Jimmy's a great hand for string," remarked Esther; "and he miscalculates about what he eats like folks miscalculate about other things. Folks does a heap of things there ain't no need of. My mother, she used to part us children's

hair on the side instead of in the middle; she said she wanted to save the middle partin' till we was growed, so it would be new and nice. But now it ain't the fashion for women to part their hair at all, and I might as well have saved myself from bein' laughed at so much at school. I think about these things sometimes when I'm unwindin' Jimmy, and I wish everybody was as easy to manage in their innards."

When I told Sam this adventure of Jimmy's he exploded with a similar wish regarding my unmanageable and unseen interior. I was a trial to him at that time, sulking in retreat while I should have identified myself with the Dancing Club, the Billiard Club, the Lyric Club, the Wilderness Club; for club life began early to mould the society of the ambitious town. The Tennis Club was temporarily suspended until summer should again permit nets to be stretched and courts to be marked out. I heard even of amateur plays which outdid traveling barnstormers in the little theatre on the west side.

Nor did I take that interest in funerals which Sam, who mourned departed friends with policy and devotion, would have had me take.

"Man, you act as if you thought you'd never die. How would you like to have people slight your funeral?"

"What difference would it make to me?"

"It would make a tremendous difference to me whether folks came to mine or not," declared my partner. "I'm setting my stakes for a regular boom when my turn comes. It often brings the tears to my eyes to think how I shall be mourned and shan't be there to see."

I thought it likely Sam would not be disappointed of his boom, when I saw how Trail City packed a house to which he dragged me where an obscure dead citizen lay. The hideous drenching weather had passed, and silver mists and burnished frostiness now made the morn-

ing landscapes glorious, so that to walk abroad was a delight. Yet this did not account for the hushed multitudinous gathering. I had before seen all Trail City on the old Pottawatomie road leading to the cemetery, bearing through sheets of rain and deep mud-ruts some old shell of a body that was really no loss to the community. But at that time I had not learned the great neighborly heart of an Illinois town.

I saw Kate Keene's hat and jacket beyond us in one of the crowded rooms, and they made a spot of living interest for me while the minister's voice labored like a locomotive up a steep grade with the character of the departed.

"Our brother was — strictly honest. Nobody can gainsay that," he challenged.

"He had n't sense enough to overreach anybody, — hardly enough to come in when it rained," wrote Sam in a private notebook for my eye. The good people around watched him respectfully as he made record of local eloquence.

"Our brother's health, or rather his lack of health," proceeded the laboring advocate, "prevented his greatly distinguishing himself in active life."

"Too lazy to draw his breath," wrote Sam.

"His bereaved family" —

"Relieved family," wrote Sam.

"Come along," he whispered, when the wearied crowd were permitted to stir, and I would have escaped from the file. "It's the custom of this country to put yourself on review when you go to a funeral. You won't get any credit if you don't pass around and view the remains. Do you think that widow is n't jealously counting noses, and tallying against the absentees? The less she has to bury, the more fuss she wants made over it."

We duly paid our last tribute to that which had a dignity denied to us who gazed, and I confided to my partner, as we reached the sidewalk, that the occasion had been profitable in suggesting

notes for his own obituary. "I will do you up something like this: 'The Honorable Sham Peevey, who deceived no one by dropping the *h*, has gone to his long rest, and we may now enjoy a little ourselves. His aim in life was to make his generation serve him to the utmost. Popularity was his religious creed. His favorite occupation was laying flattery on living men with a trowel' " —

"Hold on; I never basted you," remonstrated Sam.

— "but for dead men, who no longer represented votes, he had nothing but a scalpel."

"Nobody saw it but his ill-natured partner, though."

"He was good natured because he had a digestion proof against gormandizing. Energy he did possess, and a boundless desire to boom himself, but being constituted without an immortal soul, his chances for distinction in the next world are small."

"He never neglected his friends, however, and he has something pigeonholed for an emergency which may overtake his dear partner, Seth Adams. I'll do you justice, my boy. It runs like this: 'His noble form, six feet in height and two inches in width, enshrined the most genial nature in Trail City. But he kept it all to himself. My friends, no corporation in the State of Illinois would miss Seth Adams more than Trail City if Trail City only knew he had been here. Traveled, scholarly, of a culture so sensitive that it could find companionship only in the silence of Esther's crane, what might he not have done in this community if he had only quit locking himself up in his own room! So light a vehicle overloaded with soul will probably never again slip through Trail City without making any noise.' "

While we chaffed each other the pushing crowd separated us, — Sam letting himself be carried off with a man he wanted to dun, and I consciously waiting for our housemate; for I might walk

with her in sight of the town after a funeral, like any other acquaintance.

Mrs. Jutberg did not interfere with, or direct, or in any way chaperon her niece, varying her indifference only by outbursts of unexpected rage. To see the girl try to avoid giving offense, and keep to a narrow path unaided, harrowed me as it must have harrowed any man who approved of conventual care over girls. The protection Kate had was nothing but brutal abandonment. The young town's innocence was in fact her only bulwark. A dialogue which we sometimes overheard took this form:—

"Aunt, do you care if I go to the Club this evening?"

"No, I don't care where you go."

"But you have no objections? You have nothing for me to do here?"

"If I had, I'd let you know."

"Yes, I thought you would. And Lucia York's party will call for me. If we are late, I can stay all night at the Yorks', and not disturb you."

"You'd better," signified Mrs. Jutberg.

With large patience which would have been unnatural in any but a child trained in Kate's hard school, she would then thank her guardian for the privilege. I wondered where she had learned this gentle deference to elders so unworthy of it. The remarkable man who looked like me rose more and more in my opinion, as I reflected on what he had produced between his bouts in the ditch; for as far as my acquaintance with the maternal stock had gone, I rejected it as having no part in the result called Kate.

Mrs. Jutberg certainly had times of exaltation and lightness, but she was not on speaking terms with any neighbor, and treated the world as in conspiracy against her. Several times she arraigned Sam and me for dark and deadly clippings in our paper. The most innocent and open human selfishness she translated as malign influence directed

against her; and we heard her accuse Kate of plots and deep-laid schemes. She would nurse these ideas for days, and then suddenly explode them with disastrous force. I never saw Mrs. Jutberg dislocated by laughter; she came to grief through temper. Yet this self-tormentor was the most exquisite of that school of old-fashioned housekeepers who cannot tolerate servants, and make a fine art of living; and she would sit up night after night with any sick enemy. When her benevolence passed a moderate limit, however, I could see a gentle uneasiness appear in Mr. Jutberg; he anticipated a recoil, and he was seldom wrong.

I lifted my hat and fell into step with Kate Keene in the midst of the dispersing crowd. I cannot now tell what her features were like, speech or expression so mobilized them; but she affected me as the only individual in all that crowd. The best companion in the world is a woman capable of great friendship whose mind does not run to love and marriage. She had no self-consciousness. The awkwardness of late childhood was just passing like a discord into virgin harmony. And as I walked beside her the thought came over me that I too was young, really little beyond my boyhood. I was not twenty-eight years old.

"Death is made a very disgusting trial to a man by the customs we have," I said to her. "When we die we ought simply to disappear, as if dropped through a hole in the crust. Survivors missing us could then say with some respect and awe, 'He's gone under.'"

"Perhaps it will be that way for you and me. I have often thought it would be fine to have a bureau of death in every town or on city street corners, where poor wretches who could no longer bear life might drop it"—

"Enter without money, and disappear without a funeral."

"Yes; in some nice painless chemical way that leaves no traces,—the whole

responsibility resting on the person, who decides for himself."

"I have had the same thought," and we looked at each other with the surprise of meeting in a discovery.

"Do you believe it would be very wicked?" inquired Kate.

"I believe it would be very civilized."

"But many people would rush to the place in a passion of disappointment" —

"And stop at the door. Only those who really needed to die would ever go in."

"I have seen times when I would have gone in," said Kate.

"You?"

"Yes. Those who feel deeply would be always at that door; my father would have been lost to me years before he was. We used to talk about it. He made a sketch once that he called *A Death Bureau*, but he never printed it."

"I made a sketch on the same theme last week, and called it *The Ready Door*; and if pushed, I shall print mine."

Again Kate and I looked at each other with astonishment at the family resemblance in mental states.

"Don't print it, because some one might read it who would make a ready door for himself; and after he was dead he would be so sorry. Now I am older, I can see there is danger of our turning around at the other side of the grave and wishing to come back to finish what we were made for."

"But so few of us are made for anything. We are accidents."

"No," said the girl, her voice softening; "no, father, we all mean something. But some of us are a long time finding out what. When you really know what you are here for and how to take hold to do it, it's grand to live. You can be full of joy when you are most miserable. Now I have found this out, — the preachers never told me: when you cannot stand trouble any longer, pray to God Almighty and say, 'O God Almighty, I thank you for everything, — I thank you

for everything!' That takes the bitterness away, and makes you feel calm and as if you could wait and see what it all meant."

"I neither pray nor go to church."

"Church is everywhere," said Kate, "and you have to pray. You pray whether you know it or not."

Two tall boys pushed by us, with critical recognition of a girl overheard counseling prayer. Kate gave them a nod and a smile, and I did not think she noticed their grins until she said to me, watching their hulking backs, "Poor fellows, they are yet in cattlehood, and have to pray with a kind of lowing."

"A great many of us are yet in cattlehood, and have n't learned even the lowing."

"A man like you ought to have got more out of his troubles. Such as those yonder depend on men like you to do their thinking and direct their salvation. I have heard my father say that."

The family tendency toward religion, which in Mrs. Jutberg took the form of hysteria, had received an impetus from her father.

"It always seemed to me a childish thing to call on the Lord in trouble, and forget him at other times."

"Why, no one forgets," said Kate. "You can't forget. It goes on all the time, without words. When I am reading to people, I am praying with all my soul, 'O God Almighty, please let your light shine through me now.'"

"What do you read to people?"

"Many different things." She turned her innocent face full upon me. "I am going to read in public for my living when I am of age."

This, then, was her ambition. The matter was settled, with sublime indifference to obstacles; and my heart ached for her.

"Have you had training?"

"Only what my father gave me. But he said I must learn housekeeping with my aunt until I am eighteen. For when

you know housekeeping you have a trade to fall back on, as the Jews always brought up their children to have."

I secretly admired the Israelitish wisdom of my double, and intimated that she must not be disappointed at having to fall back upon her trade.

"Oh, I should n't mind going as housemaid or cook in a city while I watched for my chance," said Kate. "I don't mind work; it's beautiful. There's such satisfaction in making everybody comfortable. But I can do a better thing; and my father said I must do my best."

"It will be very hard to make a place for yourself as a public reader, Kate."

"I know it will, but I shall get engagements when the time comes."

And when I saw her radiant patience and confidence I could not say another word. Could I tell her how nearly impossible it was, without stage traditions and training, influence, means, or protection, to enter a career so nearly allied to the actor's, that closest profession in the world? Could I show her that not one aspirant in a thousand who really gained the boards ever rose to distinction? Could I threaten her with the coldness of empty halls and theatres, and hard-hearted landlords who would seize baggage for unpaid bills?

The pessimism of a cosmopolite was so strong in me that I did some lying awake and suffering on account of the disappointment in store for this poor child, who deserved so much better of fate. I had no influence, no money, was of no use to her myself. This vicarious despondency, which oppressed me greatly, must have lasted two or three weeks, for winter had struck us with what the natives called a blizzard, when Sam walked into the office one morning and informed me that I would go to the Wilderness Club with him that evening. I remember the snow ground under wheels with a scream like little bells, and when I went to the railway stations for items the north wind blew the crys-

tals like white dust. There was a fog over all the whiteness,—dry, the very lacework of smoke-mist; and frost flowers and trees decorated our windows. Everything was so full of electricity that hair crackled, and a 'little "tic" of a shock went through you when you touched metal. It was several degrees below zero, and I had merely unbuttoned and thrown back my overcoat, though our stove simmered in red heat.

Our postal-card correspondence was before me, items gathered by rural helpers, and headed with the names of their respective centres,— "Plum Ridge," "Prairie Dog Hollow," "Rattlesnake Corner," "Big Slew," "Fidelity School-house," and many others. It gave one a neighborly thrilling of the heart to read that "Sam Cass is finishing the inside of his new house. That's right, Sam: first fix the cage, and then catch the bird."

And "Jerry Fox always knowed a good thing when he seen it. Jerry has took in another half-section. He now has as fine a farm as any in this part of Illinois."

"We regret to learn that Eli Harness's children is down with the whooping-cough, but health in this neighborhood is otherwise good, except Milton Singly's wife, who is also bedfast."

"Tade Saindon has took to Sundaying in Caxton. Wonder what the attraction is, and this neighborhood so full of pretty girls?"

And the human bitterness and envy betrayed in one which declared, "Some of the boys around here are getting too smart. Because their fathers can afford to send them off to college, the airs they put on is enough to disgust sensible people."

"Well," I said, looking up from this mass of local history, "you have been threatening me with various clubs a long while. But why Wilderness? In this bald world, where there is n't a stump and the trees are transplanted sticks, why Wilderness?"

"That's Kate Keene's favorite word; she named the club. And you will go in full evening dress."

"Sam, I have n't unfolded my dress coat since I left Paris."

"Some of the boys around here are getting too smart," quoted my partner, taking up a postal card. "'Because they have been abroad, the airs they put on is enough to disgust sensible people.'"

"Airs would be lost on Trail City. You only feel sorrow for a man who has been away from it and its boom. What's the occasion at the Wilderness Club to-night?"

"Something swell. And the girls' mothers will be there to help them receive after the theatrical business. You think you're the only citizen that knows his little Shakespeare; you'll find out there's another of us. And it ends with a cosy ball, — good orchestra music. I want you to do the style for the firm; you can do it better than anybody, when you want to."

"But I don't think I want to."

"Come, old man. It's in the theatre. Parquet floored over for dancing; women there working like mad now, decorating with flags and things; and Mrs. Babcock has risked some of her finest greenhouse flowers in this zero weather. They're certain to freeze on the road; but when a woman goes into a thing, she goes in. Folks will be there — friends of the Babcocks' — from Chicago, and the Yorks have some of their people here from the East. Trail City is going to eclipse herself, and we've got to be in it with both feet."

"I have no desire to eclipse anything with my feet."

"Oh, come, Seth. This won't do any longer. It's treating little Kate Keene badly, you know."

"What has she to do with it?"

"Why, she's the star. And the whole thing is for charity, besides."

"Why did n't you tell me it was a charity scheme?" I demanded, with in-

stant change of resolution. "That alters the matter. I'll come out for charity's sake. What does Kate Keene do?"

"Wait until you hear her. She does some things that nobody else ever did. I told you her father was an actor before he took to drinking and newspaper work, did n't I?"

"No, you never did."

"Well, she's a corker when you put her before an audience. I can't tell you what it is. Sometimes I think it's genius. She is n't pretty, like Teresa Babcock or Lucia York — but confound Keene! why did n't he leave her better fixed? I have often thought she would make a fine wife for a public man, with that magnetic pull."

"Somebody has set it down, Sam Peevey, that the basest men will take the devotion of the best women as a matter of course, but I never saw such a disgusting illustration of it as you are."

Sam laughed, shaking his ample flesh. But that evening I saw him shake more uncontrollably with weeping, for the hearty fellow always carried his emotions on the outside of his person.

The little theatre, with its single huge chandelier and row of footlights, was pretty with bunting and potted plants, and warm, and full. Chairs had been arranged upon the floored parquet, and here and in the two boxes and all around the walls spread a sea of faces. We saw Teresa Babcock turning her black eyes toward us for an instant, with the proprietary interest she certainly had in all young men; the York girls surrounded by a court and smiling; maids, matrons, men, children, a gathered population, humming like bees. All the girls had their mothers or other relatives to witness their social triumphs. I looked about for the fallow face of Mrs. Jutberg, and when Sam detected my quest he laughed at me for a dull sinner, to think she would trust her frail soul and anatomy in such a vortex of play-acting and dancing.

Then the daughter of the man I resembled came across the stage. Kate Keene looked like a Greek girl. How the slim creature in a short black dress that we were used to become a supple goddess I do not know. Perhaps her father's stage traditions taught her that noble draping — of silk, or wool, or cotton, it might have been snow; one was not conscious of material — which fell from her shoulders to the floor, and was bound under the breasts by a girdle. She had her hair encircled by a fillet. Her neck and undeveloped young arms were like veined marble. And I remember having an underthought of surprise that her wrists and hands were only expressive; were not coarsened by the labor they daily performed.

When her transformation had taken hold of us, we found it was more than a trick of clothing; she began to do with us as she pleased. If there were people in the audience whose prejudices she shocked by that peculiar simple dress, or who recalled her father to her disadvantage, they were found in their innermost hidings by a piercing sweetness of voice and presence that I cannot make known in words. It was a spell. None of the hollow tricks of the elocutionist broke it. She made people pass before our minds, magnifying our human experience. She was Perdita as white as a lily. She was Cleopatra with a Greek-Egyptian face. With sudden angularity she was Betsey Trotwood chasing donkeys. She was a score of droll American forms which we recognized with shouts of laughter. She was age, youth, childhood, tears.

She left us; and four times, five times, six times, seven times, we dragged her back to give us the joy of living a moment longer in the mimic world. And then the town of Trail, with its guests, stood upon its feet, and shouted and laughed and cried, until I felt something break away within me. I rushed from the theatre, leaving Sam standing on a

seat, blubbing and waving his handkerchief.

I worshiped her. The light of God Almighty shone through her. I seemed to walk among thick-clustering stars, and the constellations overhead were near enough to pull down. My trouble was gone. A returning tide of life filled me with warmth like success. There was a lambent spirit who had brought the world, the whole world, into this small Illinois town. It made no difference that I had managed affairs badly in the past: they had brought me to her; the main interest in life had been served.

I looked around the arctic expanse lost in the vastness of unseen horizon, and loved my town. The semaphore at the railway junction threw crimson lights across the snow, and a hissing of quiescent locomotives came to the ear. Let them plough through darkness on long quest to distant cities. I myself was landed. Through all this fury of exaltation there was no definite object before my mind. I did not know what I should do: the happiness of being was as much as I could endure.

It was bitter cold, but to the outermost layer of skin I tingled with resisting heat. My overcoat was on my arm. I breasted the awful breath of the Northwest. I was rushing to the limits of the western sidewalk when a panting behind made itself heard, and I turned to see in the dimness one of the hotel runners following me.

"You're wanted," he said, blowing on his hands and stamping. "I've hollered at you nearly ever since you left the theatre, but you did n't hear."

"You don't want me?"

"Yes, sir, you're the man. There's a friend of yours at the house that sent for you."

"Who is he?"

"I was just to say it was a sick friend, and to tell you to hurry."

The fact of my having a sick friend made little impression on me. As far

as I paid attention to the fellow's words his message was of little account. But I walked back with him, intending to look in at the hotel, where some passing bore was probably finding time hang heavy between trains. The merest acquaintances will seize on you in the name of friendship, when they have ends of their own to serve. What Sam would have called the sick-friend gag did not in the least deceive me. I expected to look in at some rubicund fellow with his feet and a box of cigars on the table.

The huge wooden hotel, mansard-roofed and many-lighted, was gaudy as a steamer in the waste of dim whiteness. That many-storied caravansary went up in fire years ago; but I can see it yet as I

stepped from the broad stone paving into the pretentious entrance, and passed vistas of billiard and smoking rooms, and the deserted long apartment which the management proudly called its saloon parlor, from which a weak piano usually tinkled.

The messenger led me upstairs, and though this was carrying the joke of the sick friend whom I expected to find in the smoking-room too far, I followed, still in the white mental heat that makes a man externally numb and indifferent. He rapped on a door at the front end of the corridor, and opened it for me to enter. A sift of well-known perfume met me. The door shut me in, and I stood face to face with my wife.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

OUT OF THE STREET : JAPANESE FOLK-SONGS.

I.

"THESE," said Manyemon, putting on the table a roll of wonderfully written Japanese manuscript, "are Vulgar Songs. If they are to be spoken of in some honorable book, perhaps it will be necessary to say that they are Vulgar, so that Western people may not be deceived."

Next to my house there is a vacant lot, where washermen (*sentakuya*) work in the ancient manner, — singing as they work, and whipping the wet garments upon big flat stones. Every morning at daybreak their singing wakens me; and I like to listen to it, though I cannot often catch the words. It is full of long, queer, plaintive modulations. Yesterday, the apprentice — a lad of fifteen — and the master of the washermen were singing alternately, as if answering each other; the contrast between the tones of the man, sonorous as if boomed through a conch, and the clarion alto of the boy,

being very pleasant to hear. Whereupon I called Manyemon and asked him what the singing was about.

"The song of the boy," he said, "is an old song : —

*Things never changed since the Time of the Gods :
The flowing of water, the Way of Love.*

I heard it often when I was myself a boy."

"And the other song?"

"The other song is probably new : —

*Three years thought of her,
Five years sought for her;
Only one night held her in my arms.*

A very foolish song!"

"I don't know," I said. "There are famous Western romances containing nothing wiser. And what is the rest of the song?"

"There is no more : that is the whole of the song. If it be honorably desired, I can write down the songs of the washermen, and the songs which are sung in

this street by the smiths and the carpenters and the bamboo-weavers and the rice-cleaners. But they are all nearly the same."

Thus came it to pass that Manyemon made for me a collection of Vulgar Songs.

By "vulgar" Manyemon meant written in the speech of the common people. He is himself an adept at classical verse, and despises the *hayari-uta*, or ditties of the day ; it requires something very delicate to please him. And what pleases him I am not qualified to write about ; for one must be a very good Japanese scholar to meddle with the superior varieties of Japanese poetry. If you care to know how difficult the subject is, just study the chapter on prosody in Aston's Grammar of the Japanese Written Language, or the introduction to Professor Chamberlain's Classical Poetry of the Japanese. Her poetry is the one original art which Japan has certainly not borrowed either from China or from any other country ; and its most refined charm is the essence, irreproducible, of the very flower of the language itself : hence the difficulty of representing, even partially, in any Western tongue, its subtler delicacies of sentiment, allusion, and color. But to understand the compositions of the people no scholarship is needed : they are characterized by the greatest possible simplicity, directness, and sincerity. The real art of them, in short, is their absolute artlessness. This was why I wanted them. Springing straight from the heart of the eternal youth of the race, these little gushes of song, like the untaught poetry of every people, utter what belongs to all human experience rather than to the limited life of a class or a time ; and even in their melodies still resound the fresh and powerful pulsings of their primal source.

Manyemon had written down forty-seven songs ; and with his help I made

free renderings of the best. They were very brief, varying from seventeen to thirty-one syllables in length. Nearly all Japanese poetical metre consists of simple alternations of lines of five and seven syllables ; the frequent exceptions which popular songs offer to this rule being merely irregularities such as the singer can smooth over either by slurring or by prolonging certain vowel sounds. Most of the songs which Manyemon had collected were of twenty-six syllables only ; being composed of three successive lines of seven syllables each, followed by one of five, thus : —

Ka-mi-yo ko-no-ka-ta
Ka-wa-ra-nu mo-no wa :
Mi-dzu no na-ga-ré to
Ko-i no mi-chi.¹

Among various deviations from this construction I found 7-7-7-7-5, and 5-7-7-7-5, and 7-5-7-5, and 5-7-5 ; but the classical five-line form (*tanka*), represented by 5-7-5-7-7, was entirely absent.

Terms indicating gender were likewise absent ; even the expressions corresponding to "I" and "you" being seldom used, and the words signifying "beloved" applying equally to either sex. Only by the conventional value of some comparison, the use of a particular emotional tone, or the mention of some detail of costume, was the sex of the speaker suggested, as in this verse : —

*I am the water-weed drifting, — finding no place
of attachment :
Where, I wonder, and when, shall my flower be-
gin to bloom ?*

Evidently the speaker is a girl who wishes for a lover ; the same simile uttered by masculine lips would sound in Japanese ears much as would sound in English ears a man's comparison of himself to a violet or to a rose. For the like reason, one knows that in the following song the speaker is not a woman : —

¹ Literally, "God - Age - since not - changed - things as-for : water-of flowing and love-of way."

*Flowers in both my hands, — flowers of plum and cherry :
Which will be, I wonder, the flower to give me fruit ?*

Womanly charm is compared to the cherry flower and also to the plum flower ; but the quality symbolized by the plum flower is moral always rather than physical.¹ The verse represents a man strongly attracted by two girls : one, perhaps a dancer, very fair to look upon ; the other beautiful in character. Which shall he choose to be his companion for life ?

One more example : —

*Too long, with pen in hand, idling, fearing, and doubting,
I cast my silver pin for the test of the tatamizan.*

Here we know from the mention of the hairpin that the speaker is a woman, and we can also suppose that she is a *geisha* ; the sort of divination called *tatamizan* being especially popular with dancing-girls. The rush covering of floor-mats (*tatami*), woven over a frame of thin strings, shows on its upper surface a regular series of lines about three fourths of an inch apart. The girl throws her pin upon a mat, and then counts the lines it touches. According to their number she deems herself lucky or unlucky. Sometimes a little pipe — *geishas'* pipes are usually of silver — is used instead of the hairpin.

The theme of all the songs was love, as indeed it is of the vast majority of the Japanese *chansons des rues et des bois* ; even songs about celebrated places usually containing some amatory suggestion. I noticed that almost every simple phase of the emotion, from its earliest budding to its uttermost ripening, was represented in the collection ; and

¹ See Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan, ii. 357.
² Inimitably simple in the original : —

Horeta-wai na to
Sukoshi no koto ga :
Nazé [ni] kono yō ni
Jinikui ?

I therefore tried to arrange the pieces according to the natural passional sequence. The result had some dramatic suggestiveness.

II.

The songs really form three distinct groups, each corresponding to a particular period of that emotional experience which is the subject of all. In the first seven songs the surprise and pain and weakness of passion find utterance ; beginning with a plaintive cry of reproach and closing with a whisper of trust.

I.

You, by all others disliked ! — oh, why must my heart thus like you ?

II.

*This pain which I cannot speak of to any one in the world :
Tell me who has made it, — whose do you think the fault ?*

III.

*Will it be night forever ? — I lose my way in this darkness :
Who goes by the path of Love must always go astray !*

IV.

*Even the brightest lamp, even the light electric,
Cannot lighten at all the dusk of the Way of Love.*

V.

*Always the more I love, the more it is hard to say so :
Oh ! how happy I were should the loved one say it first !*

VI.

*Such a little word ! — only to say, " I love you ! " —
Why, oh, why do I find it hard to say like this ?²*

VII.

Clicked-to³ the locks of our hearts ; let the keys remain in our bosoms.

The *ni* in brackets is unnecessary, and used only to assist the voice in singing ; for the measure of the line *yō* counts as two syllables.

³ In the original this is expressed by an onomatopoe, *pinto*, imitating the sound of the fastening of the lock of a *tansu*, or chest of drawers : —

After which mutual confidence the illusion naturally deepens ; suffering yields to a joy that cannot disguise itself, and the keys of the heart are thrown away : this is the second stage.

I.

*The person who said before, "I hate my life since
I saw you,"
Now after union prays to live for a thousand
years.*

II.

*You and I together, — lilies that grow in a valley :
This is our blossoming-time — but nobody knows
the fact.*

III.

*Receiving from his hand the cup of the wine of
greeting,
Even before I drink, I feel that my face grows
red.*

IV.

*I cannot hide in my heart the happy knowledge
that fills it ;
Asking each not to tell, I spread the news all
round.¹*

V.

*All crows alike are black, everywhere under
heaven :
The person that others like, why should not I like
too ?*

VI.

*Going to see the beloved, a thousand ri are as one
ri ;²
Returning without having seen, one ri is a thou-
sand ri.*

Pinto kokoro ni
Jōmai oroshi
Kagi wa tagai no
Muné ni aru.

¹ Much simpler in the original : —

Muné ni tsutsumenu
Ureshii kotowa ; —
Kuchidomé shinagara
Furearuku.

² One ri is equal to about two and a half Eng-
lish miles.

³ In the original *dorota* ; literally, "mud rice-
fields," — meaning rice-fields during the time
of flushing, before the grain has fairly grown
up. The whole verse reads : —

VII.

*Going to see the beloved, even the water of rice-
fields³
Ever becomes, as I drink, nectar of gods⁴ to the
taste.*

VIII.

*You, till a hundred years ; I, until nine and
ninety :
Together we still shall be in the time when the hair
turns white.*

IX.

*Seeing the face, at once the folly I wanted to utter
All melts out of my thought, and somehow the
tears come first !⁵*

X.

*Crying for joy made wet my sleeve that dries too
quickly :
'T is not the same with the heart, — that cannot
dry so soon !*

XI.

*To Heaven with all my soul I prayed to prevent
your going :
Already, to keep you with me, answers the blessed
rain.*

So passes the period of illusion. The
rest is doubt and pain ; only the love re-
mains to challenge even death : —

I.

*Parted from you, my beloved, I go alone to the
pine-field :
There is dew of night on the leaves ; there is also
dew of tears.*

Horete kayoyeba
Dorota no midzu mo
Nomeba kanro no
Aji ga suru.

⁴ *Kanro*, a Buddhist word, properly written
with two Chinese characters signifying "sweet
dew." The real meaning is *amrita*, the drink
of the gods.

⁵ *Iitai guchi sayé*
Kao miriya kiyété
Tokaku namida ga
Saki ni deru.

The use of *tokaku* ("somehow," "for some
reason or other") gives a peculiar pathos to the
utterance.

II.

*Even to see the birds flying freely above me
Only deepens my sorrow, — makes me thoughtful
the more.*

III.

*Coming ? or coming not ? Far down the river
gazing, —
Only yomogi shadows ¹ astir in the bed of the
stream.*

IV.

*Letters come by the post ; photographs give me the
shadow !
Only one thing remains which I cannot hope to
gain.*

V.

*If I may not see the face, but only look at the let-
ter,
Then it were better far only in dreams to see.*

VI.

*Though his body were broken to pieces, though his
bones on the shore were bleaching,
I would find my way to rejoin him, after gather-
ing up the bones.²*

III.

Thus was it that these little songs,
composed in different generations and
in different parts of Japan by various

persons, seemed to shape themselves for
me into a ghost of a romance, — into
the shadow of a story needing no name
of time or place or person, because eter-
nally the same, in all times and places.

Manyemon asks which of the songs I
like best ; and I turn over his manuscript
again to see if I can make a choice.
Without, in the bright spring air, the
washers are working ; and I hear the
heavy *pon-pon* of the beating of wet robes,
regular as the beating of a heart. Sud-
denly, as I muse, the voice of the boy
soars up in one long, clear, shrill, splen-
did rocket-tone, and breaks, and softly
trembles down in coruscations of frac-
tional notes ; singing the song that Man-
yemon remembers hearing when he him-
self was a boy : —

*Things never changed since the Time of the Gods :
The flowing of water, the Way of Love.*

“ I think that is the best,” I said. “ It
is the soul of all the rest.”

“ *Hin no nusubito, koi no uta,*” inter-
pretatively murmurs Manyemon. “ Even
as out of poverty comes the thief, so out
of love the song ! ”

Lafcadio Hearn.

¹ The plant *yomogi* (*Artemisia vulgaris*)
grows wild in many of the half-dry beds of the
Japanese rivers.

² *Mi wa kuda kuda ni
Honé wo isobé ni
Sarasoto mama yo*

Hiroi atsumete
Sôté misho.

The only song of this form in the collection.
The use of the verb *soi* implies union as hus-
band and wife.

THE COUNTRY OF THE POINTED FIRS.

XVI.

MRS. TODD never by any chance gave warning over night of her great projects and adventures by sea and land. She first came to an understanding with the primal forces of nature, and never trusted to any preliminary promise of good weather, but examined the day for herself in its infancy. Then, if the stars were propitious, and the wind blew from a quarter of good inheritance whence no surprises of sea-turns or southwest sultriness might be feared, long before I was fairly awake I used to hear a rustle and knocking like a great mouse in the walls, and an impatient tread on the steep garret stairs that led to Mrs. Todd's chief place of storage. She went and came as if she had already started on her expedition with utmost haste and kept returning for something that was forgotten. When I appeared in quest of my breakfast, she would be absent-minded and sparing of speech, as if I had displeased her, and she was now, by main force of principle, holding herself back from altercation and strife of tongues.

These signs of a change became familiar to me in the course of time, and Mrs. Todd hardly noticed some plain proofs of divination one August morning when I said, without preface, that I had just seen the Beggs' best chaise go by, and that we should have to take the grocery. Mrs. Todd was alert in a moment.

"There!—I might have known!" she exclaimed. "It's the 15th of August, when he goes and gets his money. He heired an annuity from an uncle o' his on his mother's side. I understood the uncle said none o' Sam Begg's wife's folks should make free with it, so after Sam's gone it'll all be past an' spent, like last summer. That's what Sam

prosper on now, if you can call it prosperin'. Yes, I might have known. 'T is the 15th o' August with him, an' he generly stops to dinner with a cousin's widow on the way home. Feb'uary an' August is the times. Takes him 'bout all day to go an' come."

I heard this explanation with interest. The tone of Mrs. Todd's voice was complaining at the last.

"I like the grocery just as well as the chaise," I hastened to say, referring to a long-bodied high wagon with a canopy-top, like an attenuated four-posted bedstead on wheels, in which we sometimes journeyed. "We can put things in behind—roots and flowers and raspberries, or anything you are going after—much better than if we had the chaise."

Mrs. Todd looked stony and unwilling. "I counted upon the chaise," she said, turning her back to me, and roughly pushing back all the quiet tumblers on the cupboard shelf as if they had been impertinent. "Yes, I desired the chaise for once. I ain't goin' berryin' nor to fetch home any more wilted vegetation this year. Season's about past, except for a poor few o' late things," she added in a milder tone. "I'm goin' up country. No, I ain't intendin' to go berryin'. I've been plottin' for it the past fortnight and hopin' for a good day."

"Would you like to have me go too?" I asked frankly, but not without a humble fear that I might have mistaken the purpose of this latest plan.

"Oh certain, dear!" answered my friend affectionately. "Oh no, I never thought o' any one else for comp'ny, if it's convenient for you, long's poor mother ain't come. I ain't nothin' like so handy with a conveyance as I be with a good bo't. Comes o' my early bring-

ing-up. I expect we've got to make that great high wagon do. The tires want settin' and 'tis all loose-jointed, so I can hear it shackle the other side o' the ridge. We'll put the basket in front. I ain't goin' to have it bouncin' an' twirlin' unsteady all the way. Why, I've been makin' some nice hearts and 'rounds to carry."

These were signs of high festivity, and my interest deepened moment by moment.

"I'll go down to the Beggs' and get the horse just as soon as I finish my breakfast," said I. "Then we can start whenever you are ready."

Mrs. Todd looked cloudy again. "I don't know but you look nice enough to go just as you be," she suggested doubtfully. "No, you would n't want to wear that pretty blue dress o' yourn 'way up country. 'Tain't dusty now, but it may be comin' home. No, I expect you'd rather not wear that and the other hat."

"Oh yes. I should n't think of wearing these clothes," said I, with sudden illumination. "Why, if we're going up country and are likely to see some of your friends, I'll put on the blue dress, and you must wear your watch; I am not going at all if you mean to wear the big hat."

"Now you're behavin' nice," responded Mrs. Todd, with a gay toss of her head and a cheerful smile, as she came across the room, bringing a saucerful of wild raspberries, a pretty piece of salvage from supper-time. "I was cast down when I see you come to breakfast. I did n't think 't was just what you'd select to wear to the reunion, where you're goin' to meet everybody."

"What reunion do you mean?" I asked, not without amazement. "Not the Bowden Family's? I thought that was going to take place in September."

"To-day's the day. They sent word the middle o' the week. I thought you

might have heard of it. Yes, they changed the day. I been thinkin' we'd talk it over, but you never can tell beforehand how it 'll turn out to be, and 't ain't worth while to wear a day all out before it comes." Mrs. Todd gave no place to the pleasures of anticipation, but she spoke like the oracle that she was. "I wish mother was here to go," she continued sadly. "I did look for her last night, and I could n't keep back the tears when the dark really fell and she wa'n't here, she does so enjoy a great occasion. If William had a mite o' snap an' ambition, he'd take the lead at such a time. Mother likes variety, and there ain't but a few nice opportunities 'round here, an' them she has to miss 'less she contrives to get ashore to me. I do re'lly hate to go to the reunion without mother, an' 'tis a beautiful day; everybody 'll be asking where she is. Once she'd have got here anyway. Poor mother's beginnin' to feel her age."

"Why, there's your mother now!" I exclaimed with joy, I was so glad to see the dear old soul again. "I hear her voice at the gate." But Mrs. Todd was out of the door before me.

There, sure enough, stood Mrs. Blackett, who must have left Green Island before daylight. She had climbed the steep road from the water-side so eagerly that she was out of breath, and was standing by the garden fence to rest. She held an old-fashioned brown wicker cap-basket in her hand, as if visiting were a thing of every day, and looked up at us as pleased and triumphant as a child.

"Oh, what a poor, plain garden! Hardly a flower in it except your bush o' balm!" she said. "But you do keep your garden neat, Almiry. Are you both well, an' goin' up country with me?" She came a step or two closer to meet us, with quaint politeness and quite as delightful as if she were at home. She dropped a quick little curtsy before Mrs. Todd.

"There, mother, what a girl you be! I am so pleased! I was just bewailin' you," said the daughter, with unwonted feeling. "I was just bewailin' you, I was so disappointed, an' I kep' myself awake a good piece o' the night scoldin' poor William. I watched for the boat till I was ready to shed tears yisterday, and when 't was comin' dark I kep' makin' errands out to the gate an' down the road to see if you wa'n't in the doldrums somewhere down the bay."

"There was a head wind, as you know," said Mrs. Blackett, giving me the cap-basket, and holding my hand affectionately as we walked up the clean-swept path to the door. "I was partly ready to come, but dear William said I should be all tired out and might get cold, havin' to beat all the way in. So we give it up, and set down and spent the evenin' together. It was a little rough and windy outside, and I guess 't was better judgment; we went to bed very early and made a good start just at daylight. It's been a lovely mornin' on the water. William thought he'd better fetch across beyond Bird Rocks, rowin' the greater part o' the way; then we sailed from there right over to the Landin', makin' only one tack. William'll be in again for me to-morrow, so I can come back here an' rest me over night, an' go to meetin' to-morrow, and have a nice, good visit."

"She was just havin' her breakfast," said Mrs. Todd, who had listened eagerly to the long explanation without a word of disapproval, while her face shone more and more with joy. "You just sit right down an' have a cup of tea and rest you while we make our preparations. Oh, I am so gratified to think you've come! Yes, she was just havin' her breakfast, and we were speakin' of you. Where's William?"

"He went right back; he said he expected some schooners in about noon after bait, but he'll come an' have his dinner with us to-morrow unless it rains;

then next day. I laid his best things out all ready," explained Mrs. Blackett, a little anxiously. "This wind will serve him nice all the way home. Yes, I will take a cup of tea, dear, — a cup of tea is always good; and then I'll rest a minute and be all ready to start."

"I do feel condemned for havin' such hard thoughts o' William," openly confessed Mrs. Todd. She stood before us so large and serious that we both laughed and could not find it in our hearts to convict so rueful a culprit. "He shall have a good dinner to-morrow, if it can be got, and I shall be real glad to see William," the confession ended handsomely, while Mrs. Blackett smiled approval and made haste to praise the tea. Then I hurried away to make sure of the grocery wagon. Whatever might be the good of the reunion, I was going to have the pleasure and delight of a day in Mrs. Blackett's company, not to speak of Mrs. Todd's.

The early morning breeze was still blowing, and the warm, sunshiny air was of some ethereal northern sort, with a cool freshness as if it came over new-fallen snow. The world was filled with a fragrance of fir-balsam and the faintest flavor of seaweed from the ledges, bare and brown at low tide in the little harbor. It was so still and so early that the village was but half awake. I could hear no voices but those of the birds, small and great, — the constant song sparrows, the clink of a yellow-hammer over in the woods, and the far conversation of some deliberate crows. I saw William Blackett's escaping sail already far from land, and Captain Littlepage was sitting behind his closed window as I passed by, watching for some one who never came. I tried to speak to him, but he did not see me. There was a patient look on the old man's face, as if the world were a great mistake and he had nobody with whom to speak his own language or find companionship.

XVII.

Whatever doubts and anxieties I may have had about the inconvenience of the Beggs' high wagon for a person of Mrs. Blackett's age and shortness, they were happily overcome by the aid of a chair and her own valiant spirit. Mrs. Todd bestowed great care upon seating us as if we were taking passage by boat, but she finally pronounced that we were properly trimmed. When we had gone only a little way up the hill she remembered that she had left the house door wide open, though the large key was safe in her pocket. I offered to run back, but my offer was met with lofty scorn, and we lightly dismissed the matter from our minds, until two or three miles further on we met the doctor, and Mrs. Todd asked him to stop and ask her nearest neighbor to step over and close the door if the dust seemed to blow in the afternoon.

"She'll be right in her kitchen; she'll hear you the minute you call; 't won't give you no delay," said Mrs. Todd to the doctor. "Yes, Mis' Dencott's right there, with the windows all open. It is n't as if my fore door opened right on the road, anyway." At which proof of composure Mrs. Blackett smiled wisely at me.

The doctor seemed delighted to see our guest; they were evidently the warmest friends, and I saw a look of affectionate confidence in their eyes. The good man left his carriage to speak to us, but as he took Mrs. Blackett's hand he held it a moment, and, as if merely from force of habit, felt her pulse as they talked; then to my delight he gave the firm old wrist a commending pat.

"You're wearing well: good for another ten years at this rate," he assured her cheerfully, and she smiled back. "I like to keep a strict account of my old stand-bys," and he turned to me. "Don't you let Mrs. Todd overdo to-

day,—old folks like her are apt to be thoughtless;" and then we all laughed, and, parting, went our ways gayly.

"I suppose he puts up with your rivalry the same as ever?" asked Mrs. Blackett. "You and he are as friendly as ever, I see, Almiry," and Almira sagely nodded.

"He's got too many long routes now to stop to 'tend to all his door patients," she said, "especially them that takes pleasure in talkin' themselves over. The doctor and me have got to be kind of partners; he's gone a good deal, far an' wide. Looked tired, did n't he? I shall have to advise with him an' get him off for a good rest. He'll take the big boat from Rockland an' go off up to Boston an' mouse round among the other doctors, once in two or three years, and come home fresh as a boy. I guess they think consider'ble of him up there." Mrs. Todd shook the reins and reached determinedly for the whip, as if she were compelling public opinion.

Whatever energy and spirit the white horse had to begin with were soon exhausted by the steep hills and his discernment of a long expedition ahead. We toiled slowly along. Mrs. Blackett and I sat together, and Mrs. Todd sat alone in front with much majesty and the large basket of provisions. Part of the way the road was shaded by thick woods, but we also passed one farmhouse after another on the high uplands, which we all three regarded with deep interest, the house itself and the barns and garden-spots and poultry all having to suffer an inspection of the shrewdest sort. This was a highway quite new to me; in fact, most of my journeys with Mrs. Todd had been made afoot and between the roads, in open pasture-lands. My friends stopped several times for brief dooryard visits, and made so many promises of stopping again on the way home that I began to wonder how long the expedition would last. I had often noticed how warmly Mrs. Todd was

greeted by her friends, but it was hardly to be compared to the feeling now shown toward Mrs. Blackett. A look of delight came to the faces of those who recognized the plain, dear old figure beside me; one revelation after another was made of the constant interest and intercourse that had linked the far island and these scattered farms into a golden chain of love and dependence.

"Now, we must n't stop again if we can help it," insisted Mrs. Todd at last. "You'll get tired, mother, and you'll think the less o' reunions. We can visit along here any day. There, if they ain't frying doughnuts in this next house, too! These are new folks, you know, from over St. George way; they took this old Talcot farm last year. 'Tis the best water on the road, and the check-rein's come undone — yes, we'd best delay a little and water the horse."

We stopped, and seeing a party of pleasure-seekers in holiday attire, the thin, anxious-looking mistress of the farmhouse came out with wistful sympathy to hear what news we might have to give. Mrs. Blackett first spied her at the half-closed door, and asked with such cheerful directness if we were trespassing that, after a few words, she went back to her kitchen and reappeared with a plateful of doughnuts.

"Entertainment for man and beast," announced Mrs. Todd with satisfaction. "Why, we've perceived there was new doughnuts all along the road, but you're the first that has treated us."

Our new acquaintance flushed with pleasure, but said nothing.

"They're very nice; you've had good luck with 'em," pronounced Mrs. Todd. "Yes, we've observed there was doughnuts all the way along: if one house is frying all the rest is; 'tis so with a great many things."

"I don't suppose likely you're goin' up to the Bowden reunion?" asked the

hostess as the white horse lifted his head and we were saying good-by.

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Blackett and Mrs. Todd and I, all together.

"I am connected with the family. Yes, I expect to be there this afternoon. I've been lookin' forward to it," she told us eagerly.

"We shall see you there. Come and sit with us, if it's convenient," said dear Mrs. Blackett, and we drove away.

"I wonder who she was before she was married?" said Mrs. Todd, who was usually unerring in matters of genealogy. "She must have been one of that remote branch that lived down beyond Thomaston. We can find out this afternoon. I expect that families'll march together, or be sorted out some way. I'm willing to own a relation that has such proper ideas of doughnuts."

"I seem to see the family looks," said Mrs. Blackett. "I wish we'd asked her name. She's a stranger, and I want to help make it pleasant for all such."

"She resembles Cousin Pa'lina Tilley about the forehead," said Mrs. Todd with decision.

We had just passed a piece of woodland that shaded the road, and come out to some open fields beyond, when Mrs. Todd suddenly reined in the horse as if somebody had stood on the roadside and stopped her. She even gave that quick reassuring nod of her head which was usually made to answer for a bow, but I discovered that she was looking eagerly at a tall ash-tree that grew just inside the field fence.

"I thought 't was goin' to do well," she said complacently as we went on again. "Last time I was up this way that tree was kind of drooping and discouraged. Grown trees act that way sometimes, same's folks; then they'll put right to it and strike their roots off into new ground and start all over again with real good courage. Ash-trees is very likely to have poor spells; they ain't got the resolution of other trees."

I listened hopefully for more; it was this peculiar wisdom that made one value Mrs. Todd's pleasant company.

"There's sometimes a good hearty tree growin' right out of the bare rock, out o' some crack that just holds the roots," she went on to say, "right on the pitch o' one o' them bare stony hills where you can't seem to see a wheelbarrowful o' good earth in a place, but that tree'll keep a green top in the driest summer. You lay your ear down to the ground an' you'll hear a little brook runnin'. Every such tree has got its own livin' spring; there's folks made to match 'em."

I could not help turning to look at Mrs. Blackett, close beside me. Her hands were clasped placidly in their thin black woolen gloves, and she was looking at the flowery wayside as we went slowly along, with a pleased, expectant smile. I do not think she had heard a word about the trees.

"I just saw a nice plant o' elecampane growin' back there," she said presently to her daughter.

"I have n't got my mind on herbs to-day," responded Mrs. Todd, in the most matter-of-fact way. "I'm bent on seeing folks," and she shook the reins again.

I for one had no wish to hurry, it was so pleasant in the shady roads. The woods stood close to the road on the right; on the left were narrow fields and pastures where there were as many acres of spruces and pines as there were acres of bay and juniper and huckleberry, with a little turf between. When I thought we were in the heart of the inland country, we reached the top of a hill, and suddenly there lay spread out before us a wonderful great view of a hillside of well-cleared fields that swept down to the wide water of a bay, whose distant shores were like another country in the midday haze which half hid the hills beyond and the far-away pale blue mountains on the northern horizon. There was a schooner with all sails set

coming down the bay from a white village that was sprinkled on the shore, and there were many sailboats flitting about. It was a noble landscape, and my eyes, which had grown used to the narrow inspection of a shaded roadside, could hardly take it in.

"Why, it's the upper bay," said Mrs. Todd. "You can see 'way over into the town of Fessenden. Those farms 'way over there are all in Fessenden. Mother used to have a sister that lived up that shore. If we started as early 's we could on a summer mornin', we could n't get to her place from Green Island till late afternoon, even with a fair, steady breeze, and you had to strike the time just right so as to fetch up 'long o' the tide and land near the flood. 'T was ticklish business, an' we did n't visit back an' forth as much as mother desired. You have to go 'way down the co'st to Cold Spring Light an' round that long point, — up here's what they call the Back Shore."

"No, we were 'most always separated, my dear sister and me, after the first year she was married," said Mrs. Blackett. "We had our little families an' plenty o' cares. We were always lookin' forward to the time we could see each other more. Now and then she'd get out to the island for a few days while her husband 'd go fishin'; and once he stopped with her an' two children, and made him some flakes right there and cured all his fish for winter. We did have a beautiful time together, sister an' me; she used to look back to it long's she lived."

"I do love to look over there where she used to live," Mrs. Blackett went on as we began to go down the hill. "It seems as if she must still be there, though she's long been gone. She loved their farm, — she didn't see how I got so used to our island; but somehow I was always happy from the first."

"Yes, it's very dull to me up among those slow farms," declared Mrs. Todd. "The snow troubles 'em in winter.

They're all besieged by winter, as you may say; 'tis far better by the shore than up among such places. I never thought I should like to live up country."

"Why, just see the carriages ahead of us on the next rise!" exclaimed Mrs. Blackett. "There's going to be a great gathering, don't you believe there is, Almiry? It has n't seemed up to now as if anybody was going but us. An' 'tis such a beautiful day, with yesterday cool and pleasant to work an' get ready, I should n't wonder if everybody was there, even the slow ones like Phebe Ann Brock."

Mrs. Blackett's eyes were bright with excitement, and even Mrs. Todd showed remarkable enthusiasm. She hurried the horse and caught up with the holiday-makers ahead. "There's all the Dep'fords goin', six in the wagon," she told us joyfully; "an' Mis' Alva Tilley's folks are now risin' the hill in their new carryall."

Mrs. Blackett pulled at the neat bow of her black bonnet-strings, and tied them again with careful precision. "I believe your bonnet's on a little bit sideways, dear," she advised Mrs. Todd as if she were a child; but Mrs. Todd was too much occupied to pay proper heed. We began to feel a new sense of gayety and of taking part in the great occasion as we joined the little train.

XVIII.

It is very rare in country life, where high days and holidays are few, that any occasion of general interest proves to be less than great. Such is the hidden fire of enthusiasm in the New England nature that, once given an outlet, it shines forth with almost volcanic light and heat. In quiet neighborhoods such inward force does not waste itself upon those petty excitements of every day that belong to cities, but when, at long intervals, the altars to patriotism, to friend-

ship, to the ties of kindred, are reared in our familiar fields, then the fires glow, the flames come up as if from the inexhaustible burning heart of the earth; the primal fires break through the granite dust in which our souls are set. Each heart is warm and every face shines with the ancient light. Such a day as this has transfiguring powers, and easily makes friends of those who have been cold-hearted, and gives to those who are dumb their chance to speak, and lends some beauty to the plainest face.

"Oh, I expect I shall meet friends to-day that I have n't seen in a long while," said Mrs. Blackett with deep satisfaction. "'T will bring out a good many of the old folks, 'tis such a lovely day. I'm always glad not to have them disappointed."

"I guess likely the best of 'em 'll be there," answered Mrs. Todd with gentle humor, stealing a glance at me. "There's one thing certain: there's nothing takes in this whole neighborhood like anything related to the Bowdens. Yes, I do feel that when you call upon the Bowdens you may expect most families to rise up between the Landing and the far end of the Back Cove. Those that are n't kin by blood are kin by marriage."

"There used to be an old story goin' about when I was a girl," said Mrs. Blackett, with much amusement. "There was a great many more Bowdens then than there are now, and the folks was all setting in meeting a dreadful hot Sunday afternoon, and a scatter-witted little bound girl came running to the meetin'-house door all out o' breath from somewhere in the neighborhood. 'Mis' Bowden, Mis' Bowden!' says she. 'Your baby's in a fit!' They used to tell that the whole congregation was up on its feet in a minute and right out into the aisles. All the Mis' Bowdens was setting right out for home; the minister stood there in the pulpit tryin' to keep sober, an' all at once he burst right out laughin'. He

was a very nice man, they said, and he said he'd better give 'em the benediction and they could hear the sermon next Sunday, so he kept it over. My mother was there, and she thought certain 't was me."

"None of our family was ever subject to fits," interrupted Mrs. Todd severely. "No, we never had fits, none of us, and 't was lucky we did n't 'way out there to Green Island. Now these folks right in front: dear sakes knows the bunches o' soothin' catnip I've had to favor old Mis' Evins with dryin'! You can see it right in their expressions, all them Evins folks. There, just you look up to the cross-roads, mother!" she suddenly exclaimed. "See all the teams ahead of us. And oh, look down on the bay: yes, look down on the bay! See what a sight o' boats, all headin' for the Bowden place cove!"

"Oh, ain't it beautiful!" said Mrs. Blackett, with all the delight of a girl. She stood up in the high wagon to see everything, and when she sat down again she took fast hold of my hand.

"Had n't you better urge the horse a little, Almiry?" she asked. "He's had it easy as we came along, and he can rest when we get there. The others are some little ways ahead, and I don't want to lose a minute."

XIX.

We watched the boats drop their sails one by one in the cove as we drove along the high land. The old Bowden house stood, low-storied and broad-roofed, in its green fields as if it were a motherly brown hen waiting for the flock that came straying toward it from every direction. The first Bowden settler had made his home there, and it was still the Bowden farm; five generations of sailors and farmers and soldiers had been its children. And presently Mrs. Blackett showed me the stone-

walled burying-ground that stood like a fort on a knoll overlooking the bay, but, as she said, there were plenty of scattered Bowdens who were not laid there, — some lost at sea, and some out West, and some who died in the war; most of the home graves were those of women.

We could see now that there were different footpaths from along shore and across country. In all these there were straggling processions walking in single file, like old illustrations of the Pilgrim's Progress. There was a crowd about the house as if huge bees were swarming in the lilac bushes. Beyond the fields and cove a higher point of land ran out into the bay, covered with woods which must have kept away much of the northwest wind in winter. Now there was a pleasant look of shade and shelter there for the great family meeting.

We hurried on our way, beginning to feel as if we were very late, and it was a great satisfaction at last to turn out of the stony highroad into a green lane shaded with old apple-trees. Mrs. Todd encouraged the horse until he fairly pranced with gayety as we drove round to the front of the house on the soft turf. There was an instant cry of rejoicing, and two or three persons ran toward us from the busy group.

"Why, dear Mis' Blackett! — here's Mis' Blackett!" I heard them say, as if it were pleasure enough for one day to have a sight of her. Mrs. Todd turned to me with a lovely look of triumph and self-forgetfulness. An elderly man who wore the look of a prosperous sea-captain put up both arms and lifted Mrs. Blackett down from the high wagon like a child, and kissed her with hearty affection. "I was master afraid she would n't be here," he said, looking at Mrs. Todd with a face like a happy sun-burnt school-boy, while everybody crowded round to give their welcome.

"Mother's always the queen," said Mrs. Todd. "Yes, they'll all make

everything of mother; she'll have a lovely time to-day. I would n't have had her miss it, and there won't be a thing she'll ever regret, except to mourn because William wa'n't here."

Mrs. Blackett having been properly escorted to the house, Mrs. Todd received her own full share of honor, and some of the men, with a simple kindness that was the soul of chivalry, waited upon us and our baskets and led away the white horse. I already knew some of Mrs. Todd's friends and kindred, and felt like an adopted Bowden in this happy moment. It seemed to be enough for any one to have arrived by the same conveyance as Mrs. Blackett, who presently had her court inside the house, while Mrs. Todd, large, hospitable, and preëminent, was the centre of a rapidly increasing crowd about the lilac bushes. Small companies were continually coming up the long green slope from the water, and nearly all the boats had come to shore. I counted three or four that were baffled by the light breeze, but before long all the Bowdens, small and great, seemed to have assembled, and we started to go up to the grove across the field.

Out of the chattering crowd of noisy children, and large-waisted women whose best black dresses fell straight to the ground in generous folds, and sunburnt men who looked as serious as if it were town-meeting day, there suddenly came silence and order. I saw the straight, soldierly little figure of a man who bore a fine resemblance to Mrs. Blackett, and who appeared to marshal us with perfect ease. He was imperative enough, but with a grand military sort of courtesy, and bore himself with solemn dignity of importance. We were sorted out according to some clear design of his own, and stood as speechless as a troop to await his orders. Even the children were ready to march together, a pretty flock, and at the last moment Mrs. Blackett and a few distinguished companions, the ministers

and those who were very old, came out of the house together and took their places. We ranked by fours, and even then we made a long procession.

There was a wide path mowed for us across the field, and as we moved along the birds flew up out of the thick second crop of clover, and the bees hummed as if it still were June. There was a flashing of white gulls over the water where the fleet of boats rode the low waves together in the cove, swaying their small masts as if they kept time to our steps. The splash of the water could be heard faintly, yet still be heard; we might have been a company of ancient Greeks going to celebrate a victory, or to worship the god of harvests in the grove above. It was strangely moving to see this and to make part of it. The sky, the sea, have watched poor humanity at its rites so long; we were no more a New England family celebrating its own existence and simple progress; we carried the tokens and inheritance of all such households from which this had descended, and were only the latest of our line. We possessed the instincts of a far, forgotten childhood; I found myself thinking that we ought to be carrying green branches and singing as we went. So we came to the thick shaded grove still silent, and were set in our places beneath the straight trees that swayed together and let sunshine through here and there like a single golden leaf that flickered down, vanishing in the cool shade.

The grove was so large that the great family looked far smaller than it had in the open field; there was a thick growth of dark pines and firs with an occasional maple or oak that let through a gleam of sunlight like a bright window in the great roof. On three sides we could see the water, shining behind the tree-trunks, and feel the cool salt breeze that began to come up with the tide just as the day reached its highest point of heat. We could see the green sunlit field we had just crossed as if we looked

out at it from a dark room, and the old house and its lilacs standing placidly in the sun, and the great barn with a stockade of carriages from which two or three care-taking men who had lingered were coming across the field together. Mrs. Todd had taken off her warm gloves and looked the picture of content.

"There!" she exclaimed. "I've always meant to have you see this place, but I never looked for such a beautiful opportunity, weather an' occasion both made to match. Yes, it suits me: I don't ask no more. I want to know if you saw mother walkin' at the head! It choked me right up to see mother at the head, walkin' with the ministers," and Mrs. Todd turned away to hide the feeling she could not instantly control.

"Who was the marshal?" I hastened to ask. "Was he an old soldier?"

"Don't he do well?" answered Mrs. Todd with satisfaction.

"He don't often have such a chance to show off his gifts," said Mrs. Caplin, a friend from the Landing who had joined us. "That's Santin Bowden; he always takes the lead, such days. Good for nothing else most o' his time; trouble is he" —

I turned with interest to hear the worst. Mrs. Caplin's tone was both zealous and impressive.

"Stim'lates," she explained scornfully.

"No, Santin never was in the war," said Mrs. Todd with lofty indifference. "It was a cause of real distress to him. He kep' enlistin', and traveled far an' wide about here, an' even took the bo't and went to Boston to volunteer; but he ain't a sound man, an' they would n't have him. They say he knows all their tactics, an' can tell all about the battle o' Waterloo well's he can Bunker Hill. I told him once the country'd lost a great general, an' I meant it, too."

"I expect you're near right," said Mrs. Caplin, a little crestfallen and apologetic.

"I be right," insisted Mrs. Todd with

much amiability. "'Twas most too bad to cramp him down to his peaceful trade, but he's a most excellent shoemaker at his best, an' he always says it's a trade that gives him time to think an' plan his manœuvres. Over to the Port they always invite him to march Decoration Day, same as the rest, an' he does look noble; he comes of soldier stock."

I had been noticing with great interest the curiously French type of face which prevailed in this rustic company. I had said to myself before that Mrs. Blackett was plainly of French descent, in both her appearance and her charming gifts, but this is not surprising when one has learned how large a proportion of the early settlers on this northern coast of New England were of Huguenot blood, and that it is the Norman Englishman, not the Saxon, who goes adventuring to a new world.

"They used to say in old times," said Mrs. Todd modestly, "that our family came of very high folks in France, and one of 'em was a great general in some o' the old wars. I sometimes think that Santin's ability has come 'way down from then. 'Tain't nothin' he's ever acquired; 'twas born in him. I don't know's he ever saw a fine parade, or met with those that studied up such things. He's figured it all out an' got his papers so he knows how to aim right for William's fish-house five miles out on Green Island, or up there on Burnt Island where the signal is. He had it all over to me one day, an' I tried hard to appear interested. His life's all in it, but he will have those poor gloomy spells come over him now an' then, an' then he has to drink."

Mrs. Caplin gave a heavy sigh.

"There's a great many such stray-away folks, just as there is plants," continued Mrs. Todd, who was nothing if not botanical. "I know of just one sprig of laurel that grows over back here in a wild spot, an' I never could hear of no other on this coast. I had a large bunch brought me once from Massachusetts

way, so I know it. This piece grows in an open spot where you 'd think 't would do well, but it's sort o' poor-lookin'. I've visited it time an' again, just to notice its poor blooms. 'Tis a real Sant Bowden, out of its own place."

Mrs. Caplin looked bewildered and blank. "Well, all I know is, last year he worked out some kind of a plan so 's to parade the county conference in platoons, and got 'em all flustered up tryin' to sense his ideas of a holler square," she burst forth. "They was holler enough anyway after ridin' 'way down from up country into the salt air, and they'd been treated to a sermon on faith an' works from old Fayther Harlow that never knows when to cease. 'Twa'n't no time for tactics then: they wa'n't a-thinkin' of the church military. Sant, he could n't do nothin' with 'em. All he thinks of, when he sees a crowd, is how to march 'em. 'Tis all very well when he don't 'tempt too much. He never did act like other folks."

"Ain't I just been maintainin' that he ain't like 'em?" urged Mrs. Todd decidedly. "Strange folks has got to have strange ways, for what I see."

"Somebody observed once that you could pick out the likeness of 'most every sort of a foreigner when you looked about you in our parish," said Sister Caplin, her face brightening with sudden illumination. "I did n't see the bearin' of it then quite so plain. I always did think Mari' Harris resembled a Chinese."

"Mari' Harris was pretty as a child, I remember," said the pleasant voice of Mrs. Blackett, who, after receiving the affectionate greetings of nearly the whole company, came to join us, — to see, as she insisted, that we were out of mischief.

"Yes, Mari' was one o' them pretty little lambs that make dreadful homely old sheep," replied Mrs. Todd with energy. "Cap'n Littlepage never 'd look so disconsolate if she was any sort of

a proper person to direct things. She might divert him; yes, she might divert the poor old gentleman, an' let him think he had his own way 'stead o' arguing everything down to the bare bone. 'T would n't hurt her to sit down an' hear his great stories once in a while."

"The stories are very interesting," I ventured to say.

"Yes, you always catch yourself a-thinkin' what if they was all true, and he had the right of it," answered Mrs. Todd. "He's a good sight better company, though dreamy, than such sordid creatur's as Mari' Harris."

"Live and let live," said dear old Mrs. Blackett gently. "I have n't seen the captain for a good while, now that I ain't so constant to meetin'," she added wistfully. "We always have known each other."

"Why, if it is a good pleasant day to-morrow, I'll get William to call an' invite the capt'in to dinner. William'll be in early so's to pass up the street without meetin' anybody."

"There, they're callin' out it's time to set the tables," said Mrs. Caplin, with great excitement.

"Here's Cousin Sarah Jane Blackett! Well, I am pleased, certain!" exclaimed Mrs. Todd, with unaffected delight; and these kindred spirits met and parted with the promise of a good talk later on. After this there was no more time for conversation until we were seated in order at the long tables.

"I'm one that always dreads seeing some o' the folks that I don't like, at such a time as this," announced Mrs. Todd privately to me after a season of reflection. We were just waiting for the feast to begin. "You would n't think such a great creatur's I be could feel all over pins an' needles. I remember, the day I promised to Nathan, how it come over me, just's I was feelin' happy's I could, that I'd got to have an own cousin o' his for my near relation

all the rest o' my life, an' it seemed as if die I should. Poor Nathan saw some-thin' had crossed me, — he had very nice feelings, — and when he asked me what 't was, I told him. 'I never could like her myself,' said he. 'You shan't be bothered, dear,' he says; an' 't was one o' the things that made me set a good deal by Nathan, he did n't make a habit of always opposin', like some men. 'Yes,' says I, 'but think o' Thanksgivin' times an' funerals; she's our relation, an' we've got to own her.' Young folks don't think o' those things. There she goes now!" said Mrs. Todd, with an alarming transition from general opinions to particular animosities. "I hate her just the same as I always did; but she's got on a real pretty dress. I do try to remember that she's Nathan's cousin. Oh dear, well; she's gone by after all, an' ain't seen me. I expected she'd come pleasantin' round just to show off an' say afterwards she was acquainted."

This was so different from Mrs. Todd's usual largeness of mind that I had a moment's uneasiness; but the cloud passed quickly over her spirit, and was gone with the offender.

There never was a more generous out-of-door feast along the coast than the Bowden family set forth that day. To call it a picnic would make it seem trivial. The great tables were edged with pretty oak-leaf trimming, which the boys and girls made. We brought flowers from the fence-thickets of the great field; and out of the disorder of flowers and provisions suddenly appeared as orderly a scheme for the feast as the marshal had shaped for the procession. I began to respect the Bowdens for their inheritance of good taste and skill and a certain pleasing gift of formality. Something made them do all these things in a finer way than most country people would have done them. As I looked up and down the tables there was a good

cheer, a grave soberness that shone with pleasure, a humble dignity of bearing. There were some who should have sat below the salt for lack of this good breeding; but they were not many. So, I said to myself, their ancestors may have sat in the great hall of some old French house in the Middle Ages, when battles and sieges and processions and feasts were familiar things. The ministers and Mrs. Blackett, with a few of their rank and age, were put in places of honor, and for once that I looked any other way I looked twice at Mrs. Blackett's face, serene and mindful of privilege and responsibility, the mistress by simple fitness of this great day.

Mrs. Todd looked up at the roof of green trees, and then carefully surveyed the company. "I see 'em better now they're all settin' down," she said with satisfaction. "There's old Mr. Gilbraith and his sister. I wish they were settin' with us; they're not among folks they can parley with, an' they look disappointed."

As the feast went on, the spirits of my companion steadily rose. The excitement of an unexpectedly great occasion was a subtle stimulant to her disposition, and I could see that sometimes when Mrs. Todd had seemed limited and heavily domestic, she had simply grown sluggish for lack of proper surroundings. She was not so much reminiscent now as expectant, and as alert and gay as a girl. We who were her neighbors were full of gayety, which was but the reflected light from her beaming countenance. It was not the first time that I was full of wonder at the waste of human ability in this world, as a botanist wonders at the wastefulness of nature, the thousand seeds that die, the unused provision of every sort. The reserve force of society grows more and more amazing to one's thought. More than one face among the Bowdens showed that only opportunity and stimulus were lacking; a narrow set of cir-

cumstances had caged a fine able character and held it captive. One sees exactly the same types in a country gathering as in the most brilliant city company. You are safe to be understood if the spirit of your speech is the same for one neighbor as for the other.

XX.

The feast was a noble feast, as has already been said. There was an elegant ingenuity displayed in the form of pies which delighted my heart. Once acknowledge that an American pie is far to be preferred to its humble ancestor, the English tart, and it is joyful to be reassured at a Bowden reunion that invention has not yet failed. Beside a delightful variety of material, the decorations went beyond all my former experience: dates and names were wrought in lines of pastry and frosting on the tops. There was even more elaborate reading matter on an excellent early-apple pie which we began to share and eat, precept upon precept. Mrs. Todd helped me generously to the whole word *Bowden*, and consumed *Reunion* herself, save an undecipherable fragment; but the most renowned essay in cookery on the tables was a model of the old Bowden house made of durable gingerbread, with all the windows and doors in the right places, and sprigs of genuine lilac set at the front. It must have been baked in sections, in one of the last of the great brick ovens, and fastened together on the morning of the day. There was a general sigh when this fell into ruin at the feast's end, and was shared by a great part of the assembly, not without seriousness, and as if it were a pledge and token of loyalty. I met the maker of the gingerbread house, which had called up lively remembrances of a childish story. She had the gleaming eye of an enthusiast and a look of high ideals.

"I could just as well have made it all of

frosted cake," she said, "but 't would n't have been the right shade; the old house, as you observe, was never painted, and I concluded that plain gingerbread would represent it best. It was n't all I expected it would be," she said sadly, as many an artist had said before her of his work.

There were speeches by the ministers; and there proved to be a historian among the Bowdens, who gave some anecdotes of the family history; and then appeared a poetess, whom Mrs. Todd regarded with wistful compassion and indulgence, and when the long faded garland of verses came to an appealing end, she turned to me with words of praise.

"Sounded pretty," said the generous listener. "Yes, I thought she did very well. We went to school together, an' Mary Anna had a very hard time; trouble was, her mother thought she'd given birth to a genius, an' Mary Anna's come to believe it herself. There, I don't know what we should have done without her; there ain't nobody else that can write poetry between here and 'way up beyond Rockland; it adds a great deal at such a time. When she speaks o' those that are gone, she feels it all, and so does everybody else, but she harps too much. I'd laid half of that away for next time, if I was Mary Anna. There comes mother to speak to her, an' old Mr. Gilbraith's sister; now she'll be heartened right up. Mother'll say just the right thing."

The leave-takings were as affecting as the meetings of these old friends had been. There were enough young persons at the reunion, but it is the old who really value such opportunities; as for the young, it is the habit of every day to meet their comrades, — the time of separation has not come. To see the joy with which these elder kinfolk and acquaintances had looked in one another's faces and the lingering touch of their friendly hands; to see these affectionate meetings and then the reluctant part-

ings, gave one a new idea of the isolation in which it was possible to live in that after all thinly settled region. They did not expect to see one another again very soon; the steady, hard work on the farms, the difficulty of getting from place to place, especially in winter when boats were laid up, gave double value to any occasion which could bring a large number of families together. Even funerals in this country of the pointed firs were not without their social advantages and satisfactions. I heard the words "next summer" repeated many times, though summer was still ours and all the leaves were green.

The boats began to put out from shore, and the wagons to drive away. Mrs. Blackett took me into the old house when we came back from the grove: it was her father's birthplace and early home, and she had spent much of her own childhood there with her grandmother. She spoke of those days as if they had but lately passed; in fact, I could imagine that the house looked almost exactly the same to her. I could see the brown rafters of the unfinished roof as I looked up the steep staircase, though the best room was as handsome with its good wainscoting and touch of ornament on the cornice as any old house of its day in a town.

Some of the guests who came from a distance were still sitting in the best room when we went in to take leave of the master and mistress of the house. We all said eagerly what a pleasant day it had been, and how swiftly the time had passed. Perhaps it is the great national anniversaries which our country has lately kept, and the soldiers' meetings that take place everywhere, which have made reunions of every sort the fashion. This one, at least, had been very interesting. I fancied that old feuds had been overlooked, and the old saying that blood is thicker than water had again proved itself true, though from the variety of names one argued a certain adulteration

of the Bowden traits and belongings. Clannishness is an instinct of the heart,—it is more than a birthright, or a custom; and lesser rights were forgotten in the claim to a common inheritance.

We were among the very last to return to our proper lives and lodgings. I came near to feeling like a true Bowden, and parted from certain new friends as if they were old friends, rich with the treasure of a new remembrance.

At last we were in the high wagon again; the old white horse had been well fed in the Bowden barn, and we drove away and soon began to climb the long hill toward the wooded ridge. The road was new to me, as roads always are, going back. Most of our companions had been full of anxious thoughts of home,—of the cows, or of young children likely to fall into disaster,—but we had no reasons for haste, and drove slowly along, talking and resting by the way. Mrs. Todd said once that she really hoped her front door had been shut on account of the dust blowing in, but added that nothing made any weight on her mind except not to forget to turn a few late mullein leaves that were drying on a newspaper in the little loft. Mrs. Blackett and I gave our word of honor that we would remind her of this heavy responsibility. The way seemed short, we had so much to talk about. We climbed hills where we could see the great bay and the islands, and then went down into shady valleys where the air began to feel like evening, cool and damp with a fragrance of wet ferns. Mrs. Todd alighted once or twice, refusing all assistance in securing some boughs of a rare shrub which she valued for its bark, though she proved incommunicative as to her reasons. We passed the house where we had been so kindly entertained with doughnuts earlier in the day, and found it closed and deserted, which was a disappointment.

"They must have stopped to tea somewheres and thought they'd finish

up the day," said Mrs. Todd. "Those that enjoyed it best 'll want to get right home so 's to think it over."

"I did n't see the woman there after all, did you?" asked Mrs. Blackett as the horse stopped to drink at the trough.

"Oh yes, I spoke with her," answered Mrs. Todd, with but scant interest or approval. "She ain't a member o' our family."

"I thought you said she resembled Cousin Pa'lina Bowden about the forehead," suggested Mrs. Blackett.

"Well, she don't," answered Mrs. Todd impatiently. "I ain't one that's ord'narily mistaken about family likenesses, and she did n't seem to meet with friends, so I went square up to her. 'I expect you're a Bowden by your looks,' says I. 'Yes, I take it you're one o' the Bowdens.' 'Lor', no,' says she. 'Dennett was my maiden name, but I married a Bowden for my first husband. I thought I'd come an' just see what was a-goin' on!'"

Mrs. Blackett laughed heartily. "I'm goin' to remember to tell William o' that," she said. "There, Almiry, the only thing that's troubled me all this day is to think how William would have enjoyed it. I do so wish William had been there."

"I sort of wish he had myself," said Mrs. Todd freshly.

"There wa'n't many old folks there, somehow," said Mrs. Blackett, with a touch of sadness in her voice. "There ain't so many to come as there used to

be, I'm aware, but I expected to see more."

"I thought they turned out pretty well, when you come to think of it; why, everybody was sayin' so an' feelin' gratified," answered Mrs. Todd hastily with pleasing unconsciousness; then I saw the quick color flash into her cheek, and presently she made some excuse to turn and steal an anxious look at her mother. Mrs. Blackett was smiling and thinking about her happy day, though she began to look a little tired. Neither of my companions was troubled by her burden of years. I hoped in my heart that I might be like them as I lived on into age, and then smiled to think that I too was no longer very young. So we keep the same hearts, though our outer framework fails and shows the touch of time.

"'T was pretty when they sang the hymn, was n't it?" asked Mrs. Blackett at supper-time, with real enthusiasm. "There was such a plenty o' men's voices; where I sat it did sound beautiful. I had to stop and listen when they came to the last verse."

I saw that Mrs. Todd's broad shoulders began to shake. "There was good singers there; yes, there was excellent singers," she agreed heartily, putting down her teacup, "but I chanced to drift alongside Mis' Peter Bowden o' Great Bay, an' I could n't help thinkin' if she was as far out o' town as she was out o' tune, she would n't get back in a day."

Sarah Orne Jewett.

A DAY'S DRIVE IN THREE STATES.

IN a day and a night I had come from early May to middle June; from a world of bare boughs to a forest clad in all the verdure of summer. Such a shine as the big, lusty leaves of the black-jack oaks had put on! I could have raised a shout. In the day when "all the trees of the field shall clap their hands," may I be somewhere in the black-jack's neighborhood. Hour after hour we sped along, out of North Carolina into South Carolina: now through miles and miles of forest; now past a lonely cabin, with roses before the door, white honeysuckle covering the fence, and acres of sunny ploughed land on either side. Here a river ran between close green hills, and there the hills parted and disclosed the revolving horizon set with blue mountains. Then, at a little past noon, the porter appeared with his brush. "Seneca is next," he said. I alighted in lonely state, was escorted to the hotel, did my best with a luncheon, — gleaned bit by bit out of an outlying wilderness of small dishes, — and at the earliest moment took my seat in a "buggy" beside a colored boy who was to drive me to Wall-halla, nine miles away. At that point I was to be met by the carriage that should convey me into the mountains.

Seneca is a smallish place, but my colored driver was no countryman. "Boston?" Yes, yes; he had lived there once himself. He had been a Pullman porter. "But you don't get to learn anything in that way," he added, a little disdainfully; "just running back and forth." He had "waited" in Florida, and had been to Jamaica and I forget where else, though he was only twenty-three years old. He liked to go round and see the world. "Married?" No; a man who did n't live anywhere had no business with a wife and children. Still he was not oblivious to feminine charms, as be-

came evident when we passed a pair of dusky beauties. "Oh, I will *look* at 'em," he said, with the tone of a man who had broken his full share of hearts. He was one of the fortunates who are born with their eyes open. I quizzed him about birds. Yes, he had noticed them; he had been hunting a good deal. This and the other were named, — partridges, pheasants, doves, meadow larks, chewinks, chats, night-hawks. Yes, he knew them; if not by the names I called them by, then from my descriptions, to which in most cases he proceeded to add some convincing touches of his own. The chat he did not recognize under that title, but when I tried to hit off some of the bird's odd characteristics he began to laugh. "Oh yes, sir, I know *that* fellow." As for whippoor-wills, the whole country was full of them. "You can't hear your ears for 'em at night," he declared. "No, sir, you can't hear your ears." With all the rest he was a "silverite." At the end of the drive I handed him a dollar bill, one of Uncle Sam's handsomest, as it happened, fresh from the bank. He looked at it dubiously, fumbled it a moment, and passed it back. "Say, boss," he said, "can't you give me a silver dollar? It might rain." In a land of thunder-showers and thin clothing, he meant to say, what we need is an insoluble currency. That, as such things go, was a pretty substantial argument for "free silver," or so it seemed to me; and I spoke of it, accordingly, a week or two afterward, to an advocate of the "white metal." He was impressed by it just as I had been, and begged me to make use of the argument when I got back to Boston; as I now do, with all cheerfulness, feeling that, whatever a man's own opinions may be, he is bound to keep an ear open for the best that can be put

forward against them. At the same time, I am constrained to add that I have never been quite sure whether my driver's plea was anything better than a polite subterfuge. It would have been nothing wonderful, surely, if he had questioned the genuineness of a kind of money to which he was so little accustomed. Small bills — "ones and twos," as we familiarly call them — have but a limited circulation at the South, as all travelers must have noticed. On my present trip, for instance, I bought a railway ticket at a rural station, and proffered the agent a two-dollar bill. He gave it a glance of surprise, looked at me, — "Ah, a Northern man," so I read his thoughts, — and incontinently slipped the bill into his pocket. A rarity like that was not for the cash drawer and the daily course of business. I might almost as well have given him a two-dollar gold coin; like the pious heroine of a Sunday-school story I was reading the other day, who dropped into the contribution-box a "fifty-dollar gold piece"!

The rain, concerning whose destructive power my colored boy had been so apprehensive, very soon set in, and left me nothing to do but to make the best of an afternoon upon the hotel piazza, with its outlook up and down the village street, and its gossip and politics; as to the latter I played the part of listener, in spite of sundry courteous attempts to draw me out. Tillman and the silver question were discussed with a welcome coolness of spirit, while I looked at an occasional passing horseman (it is the one advantage of poor roads that they keep an entire community in the saddle), or admired the evolutions of the chimney swifts and the martins. Roses and honeysuckles would have made the dooryards beautiful, had that result fallen within the bounds of possibility, and a china-berry-tree, full of purple blossoms, was not only a thing of beauty, but to me was also a sweet remembrancer of Florida.

My only other recollection of the af-

ternoon seems almost too trivial for record. Yet who knows? What has interested one man may perchance do as much for another. In the midst of the talk, a man with an axe came along, and said to the proprietor of the hotel, "Have you got a grinding-rock here?" "Yes, round behind the house," was the answer. "Grinding-rock"! — that was a new name for my old back-breaking acquaintance of the haying season, and good as it was new. I adopted it on the instant. With its rasping, gritty sound, it seemed a plain case of onomatopoeic justice. No more "grindstone" for me, if I live a thousand years.

I mentioned the subject some days afterward to a citizen of Highlands. "Oh yes," he answered, "they always say 'rock'; not only 'grinding-rock,' but 'whet-rock.'" Then he added something that pleased me still more. He had just been to the county-seat as a member of the grand jury, and among the cases before him and his colleagues was one of alleged assault by "rocking," that word being used in the legal document, whatever its name, in which the complaint was set forth. This point was of special interest to me, I say. In my boyhood, which, so far as I know, was not exceptionally belligerent, it was an every-day occurrence to "fire rocks" at an enemy, or "rock him;" whereas an editorial brother, himself of New England birth, with whom it is often my privilege to compare notes, affirms that he never heard such expressions, though he has sometimes met with them in manuscript stories. It was no small satisfaction to find this bit of my own Massachusetts — Old Colony — dialect still surviving, and in common use, in the Carolinas.

Walhalla itself, with an elevation of a thousand feet, and mountains visible not far off, lays some not unnatural claims to a "climate," and in a small way is a health resort, I believe, in spite of its rather sinister name, both summer and winter. To me, indeed, it seemed a

place to stop at rather than to stay in; but, as the reader knows, I saw it only from the main street on a muddy afternoon, and was likely to do it but foul-weather justice. Even its merits as a necessary lodging station were lightly appreciated, till on my return I made my exit from the mountains on the other side of them, and put up for the night in another village, and especially at another hotel. Compared with that, Walhalla was in deed, as in name, a kind of heavenly place. Is it well, or not, that what is worse makes us half contented with what is simply bad? I was more than ready, at any rate, when a Walhalla boy brought me word the next morning, "Your carriage has done come."¹

The sky was fair, and shortly after seven o'clock we were on the road, the driver and his one passenger, in a heavy three-seated mountain wagon, locally known as a "hack," drawn by two horses. Our destination was said to be thirty-two miles distant, — so much I knew; but the figures had given me little idea of the length of the journey. It was an agreeable surprise, also, when the driver informed me that we were not only going from South Carolina to North Carolina, but on the way were to spend some hours in Georgia, the mountainous northeastern corner of that State being wedged in between the two Carolinas. To accomplish our ascent of twenty-eight hundred feet required a day's ride in three States and over four mountains, — an exhilarating prospect in that perfect May weather.

My recollections of the day run together, as it were, till the route, as memory tries to picture it forth, turns all to one hopeless blur: an interminable alternation of ups and downs, largely over shaded forest roads, but with occasional sunny stretches, especially, as it seemed, whenever I essayed to take the cramp out of my legs by a half-hour's climb on foot. A turn or two in the road, and we

¹ "Do come" and "did come" are proper enough; why not "done come"?

had left the village behind us, and then, almost before I knew it, we were among the hills: now aloft on the shoulder of one of them, with innumerable mountains crowding the horizon; now shut in some narrow, winding valley, our "distance and horizon gone," with a bird singing from the bushes, and likely enough a stream playing hide-and-seek behind a tangle of rhododendron and laurel. Wild as the country was, we never traveled many miles without coming in sight of a building of some kind: a rude mill, it might be, or more probably a cabin. Once at least, in a very wilderness of a place, we passed a schoolhouse; as to which it puzzled me to guess, first where the pupils came from, and then how they got light to read by, unless they took their books out of doors and studied their lessons under the trees, and so went to school with the birds.

Little by little — very little — we continued to ascend, gaining something more than we lost as the road seesawed from valley to hill, and from hill to valley. So it finally appeared, I mean to say; the changes in the vegetation serving eventually to establish a point which for hours together had been mainly an article of faith. As to another point, the four mountains over which our course was supposed to run, that remains a question of faith to this day. There might have been two, or thrice two, for aught I could tell. The road avoided summits, as a matter of course, and, if I can make myself understood, we were so lost in the hills that we could not see them. When we had left one and had come to another, I knew it only as the driver told me. So far as any sense of upward progress was concerned, we might almost as well have been marking time.

"What mountain are we on now?" This was a stock question with me.

"Stumphouse."

"And why is it called Stumphouse?"

"Because a good many years ago a man lived here in a hollow stump."

"And in what State are we?"

"South Car'lina."

"But are n't we near the North Carolina line?"

"No, sir; we have to go through Georgia first."

Till now I had been quite unaware of what I may call the interstate character of our day's ride.

"Indeed! And how soon shall we get into Georgia?"

"When we cross the Chattoogy River."

"The Chattooga? What is that? A branch of the Savannah?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you spell it?"

"I do not know, sir."

My driver had certain verbal niceties of his own; he never said "don't." As for his inability to spell "Chattooga," or "Chatuga," he was little to be blamed for that. The atlas-makers are no better off.

By and by we forded a sizable stream.

"Now, then, we are crossing into Georgia?" I began again.

"No, sir; this is not the Chattoogy, but one of its prongs."

Finally, at high noon, we dropped into a hot and breezeless valley, with the Chattooga running through it in the sun. Here was a farm. Mr. — lived here, and kept a kind of halfway house for travelers. But we would not stop at it, the driver said, if it was all the same to me. There was another house just across the river. He had given the people notice of our coming, on his way down the day before, and the woman would have dinner ready for me. Both houses were very nice places to eat at, he added for my encouragement. So it happened that I breakfasted in South Carolina, dined in Georgia, and supped in North Carolina. The dinner, to which I sat down alone, was bountiful after its kind. If the table did not "groan," it must have been because it was ignorant

of a table's duty; and if I did not make a feast, let the failure be laid to the idiosyncrasy of a man who once cut short his stay at one of the most inviting places in all Virginia because he was pampered monotonously for five consecutive meals with nothing but fried ham, fried eggs; and soda biscuits. "It is never too late to give up our prejudices," says Thoreau, in one of his lofty moods. Wisdom uttered in that tone is not to be disputed; but if it is never "too late," I for one have sometimes found it too early. My bill of fare here in Georgia was by no means confined to the three Southern staples just now enumerated (let so much be said in simple justice), but they held the place of honor, as a matter of course, and for the rest — well, there is a kind of variety that is only another kind of sameness. "An excellent dinner," said a facetious fellow-traveler of mine on a similar occasion, as, knife and fork in hand, he hovered doubtfully over the table, and, like Emerson's snowflake, "seemed nowhere to alight," — "a most excellent dinner; but then, you see, it is nothing but ham and eggs with variations." If this sounds like grumbling, it is only against a "system," as we say in these days, not against a person. My generous hostess had spared no pains, and from any point of view had given me far more than my money's worth; stinting herself only when it came to setting a price upon her bounty. That unavoidable business she approached, in response to the usual overtures on my part, with all manner of delicate indirections, holding back the decisive word till the very last moment, as if her tongue "could not bring itself to utter a figure so extortionate. The truth was, she said, she had made nothing by giving dinners the year previous, and so felt obliged to charge five cents more the present season!"¹

¹ If I seem to have said too much about the vulgar question of something to eat, let it be my apology that for a Northern traveler in the

rural South the food question is nothing less than the health question. A few years ago, two Boston ornithologists, who had undertaken

The noon hour brought a sudden change in the day's programme. All the forenoon I had been asking questions, presuming upon my double right as a traveler and a Yankee; now I was to take my turn in the witness-box. My landlady's brother sat on the veranda mending a fishing-tackle, and we had hardly passed the time of day before it became apparent that he possessed one of nature's best intellectual gifts, an appetite for knowledge. With admirable civility, yet with no waste of time or breath, he went about his work, and long before dinner was announced I had given him my name, my residence (my age, perhaps, but here recollection becomes hazy), my occupation, the object of my present journey and its probable duration, some account of my previous visits South, my notion of New England weather, my impressions of Washington, especially of the height of the Washington monument as compared with other similar structures (a question of peculiar moment to him, for some reason now past recall), and Heaven knows what else; while on a thousand or two of other topics I had confessed ignorance. I had never been to Chautauqua; that was perhaps my examiner's most serious disappointment. He was at present engaged on a Chautauquan course of reading, as it appeared, — the best course of reading that he had ever seen, he was inclined to think. Here again he had me playing second fiddle, or rather no fiddle at all.

His was a wholesome catholicity of mind, but it pleased me to notice that he too had felt the touch of the modern spirit, and was something of a specialist. Geography, or perhaps I should say climatology, seemed to lie uppermost in

his thoughts. Once, I remember, he brought out a ponderous atlas of the world, a book of really astonishing proportions when the size of the house was taken into account, though it may not have been absolutely necessary for him to bring it out of doors in order to open it. On the subject of comparative climatology, he it said without reserve, it did not take him long to come to the end of my resources. It is possible, of course, that his own concern about it was but temporary, — the result of his before-mentioned course of reading. There is no better — nor better understood — rule for conversation than to choose the subject of the book you happen to have had last in hand. Two to one the other man will know less about it than you do. Then you are in clover. But should it turn out that he is at home where you have but recently peeped in at the window, and so is bound to have you at a disadvantage, you have only to be beforehand with him by acknowledging with becoming modesty that you really know nothing about the matter, but happen to have just been looking over with interest Mr. So-and-So's recent book. In other words, you may pass for a special student or a discursive reader, honorable characters both, according as the way opens.

I am not saying that my noonday acquaintance had practiced any such stratagem. His attitude throughout was that of a learner; nor did he set himself to shine even in that humble capacity, as one may easily do (and there are few safer methods) in this day of multifarious discovery, when the ability to ask intelligent questions has become of itself a badge of scholarship. His inquiries followed one another with perfect naturalness and simplicity; he sim-

an extensive tour among the North Carolina mountains, returned before the time. Sickness had driven them home, it turned out; and when they came to publish the result of their investigations, they finished their narrative by saying, "Few Northern digestions could accom-

plish the feat of properly nourishing a man on native fare." On my present trip, a resident physician assured me that the native mountaineers, living mostly out of doors and in one of the best of climates, are almost without exception dyspeptics.

ply wanted to know. As for the more strictly personal among them, they were only such as the most conventional of us instinctively feel like asking. "As soon as a stranger is introduced into any company," says Emerson, "one of the first questions which all wish to have answered is, 'How does that man get his living?'" There was no thought of taking offense. On the contrary, it was a pleasure to be angled for by so true an artist. If any newspaper should be in want of an "interviewer," — a remote contingency so far as any newspaper that I know anything about is concerned, — I could recommend a likely hand. A candidate for the presidency might balk him, but nobody else. My own conversation with him is still an agreeable memory; a man's mind is like a well, all the better for being once in a while pumped dry. And yet, while I speak of him in this tone of sincere appreciation, it must be acknowledged that in one respect he did me an ill turn. He robbed me of an illusion. The Yankee is second where I had supposed him an undisputed first.

Though we were at the halfway house, and in fact had made more than half of our day's journey, the valley of the Chattooga at this point lay so warmly in the sun that the aspect of things remained decidedly southern. Roses and snowballs were in bloom in the dooryard, and as I came out from dinner a blue-gray gnat-catcher, the only one seen on my entire trip, was complaining from a persimmon-tree beside the gate. My attention to it, and to sundry other birds of the smaller sorts, — a blue golden-winged warbler, for example, — was matter of surprise to the men of the house, both of whom were now on the veranda. My seeker after knowledge, indeed, asked me plainly, but not without a word of apology, what object I had in view in such studies; in short, — when I stumbled a bit in my explanation, — whether there was "any money in them." In that form

the question presented less difficulty, and in my turn I asked him and his brother-in-law how often they were accustomed to see ravens thereabout. Their reply was little to the comfort of an enthusiast who had come a thousand miles, more or less, with ravens in his eye. Neither of them had seen one in the last five years. Something had happened to the birds, they could not say what. Formerly it was nothing uncommon to notice one or two flying over. Alas, this was not the first time it had been borne in upon me that, ornithologically, my portion was among the belated.

I have said nothing about it hitherto, but I had not driven five or six hours through strange woods and into the midst of strange hills without an ear open for bird notes. Even the rumbling of the heavy wagon and the uneasy creaking of the harness could not drown such music altogether, and once in a while, as I have said, I spelled myself on foot. At short intervals, too, when we came to some promising spot, — a swampy thicket, perhaps, or a patch of evergreens, — I called a halt to listen; the driver making no objection, and the horses less than none. The voices, to my regret rather than to my surprise, were every one familiar, and the single unexpected thing about it all was the dearth of northern species. The date was May 6, and the woods might properly enough have been alive with homeward-bound migrants; but the only bird that I could positively rank under that head was a Swainson thrush, — a free-hearted singer, whose cheery White Mountain tune I never hear at the South without an inward refreshment. From the evergreens, none too common, and mostly too far from the road, came the voices of a pine warbler and one or two black-throated greens; and once, as we skirted a bushy hillside, I caught the sliding ditty of a prairie warbler. Here, too, I think it was that I heard the distinctive, loquacious call of a summer

tanager, — four happy chances, as but for them, and the single gnatcatcher by the halfway house gate, my vacation bird list would have been shorter by five species.

After all, the principal ornithological event of the forenoon was, not the singing of the Swainson thrush, but the discovery of a humming-bird's nest. This happened on the side of Stumphouse Mountain. I had taken a short cut by myself, and had come out of the woods into the road again some distance ahead of the wagon, when suddenly I heard the buzz and squeak of a hummer, and, glancing upward, put my eye instantly upon the nest, which might have been two thirds done from its appearance, and then upon its owner, whose reiterated squeakings, I have no doubt, expressed her annoyance at my intrusion. In truth, both owners were present, and in that lay the exceptional interest of the story.

Some years ago I had proved, as I thought, that the male ruby-throat habitually takes no part in the hatching and rearing of its young, and, for that matter, is never to be seen about the nest in the five or six weeks during which that most laborious and nerve-trying work is going on. As to why this should be I could only confess ignorance; and subsequent observations, both by myself and by others,¹ while confirming the fact of the male's absence, had done nothing to bring to light the reason for it. Is the female herself responsible for such a state of things? I should hate to believe, as I have heard it maintained, that female birds in general cherish little or no real affection for their mates, regarding them simply as necessities, of the hour; but it is certain that widows among them waste no time in mourning, and it appears to me likely enough, if I am to say what I think, that the lady hummer, a fussy and capable body (we all know the human type), having her

nest done and the eggs laid, prefers her mate's room to his company, and gives him his walking ticket.

So much for a bit of half-serious speculation. The interest of the nest found here on Stumphouse Mountain lay, as I have said, in the fact that it was unfinished, and the male owner of it — if he is to be called an owner — was still present. Whether he was actually assisting — in any but the French sense of the word — in the construction of the family house, I am unable to tell. For the few minutes that I remained the female alone entered it, doing something or other to the wall or rim, and then flying away. With so long a journey before us there was no tarrying for further investigations, glad as I should have been to see the ruby-throat for once conducting himself with something like Christian propriety. For to-day, at all events, he was neither a deserter nor an exile.

We rested for an hour or more at the halfway house, and then resumed our journey: the morning story over again, — upward and downward and roundabout, with woods and hills everywhere, and two mountains still to put behind us. We should be in Highlands before dark, the driver said; but one contingency had been left out of his calculation. When we had been under way an hour, or some such matter, he began to worry about one of the horses. My own eyes had been occupied elsewhere, but now it was plain enough, my attention having been called to it, that "Doc" was leaving his mate to do the work. And Doc was never known to play the shirk, the driver said, with a jealousy for his favorite's reputation pleasant to see and honorable to both parties. The poor fellow must be sick. "Did n't he eat his dinner?" I asked. "Yes; there was no sign of anything wrong at that time." Then it could be no very killing matter, I said to myself; a touch of laziness, probably; who could blame him? — and I continued to enjoy the

¹ See especially an article by Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller in *The Atlantic Monthly* for June, 1896.

sights and sounds of the forest. But my seatmate, better experienced and more charitable, was not to be misled. Little by little his anxiety increased, till he could do nothing but talk about it (so it happened that we crossed the North Carolina line, and I was none the wiser); and before long it became evident, even to me, that whatever ailed the horse, sickness, laziness, discouragement, or exhaustion, he must be carefully humored, or we should find ourselves stranded for the night on a lonesome mountain road. Slower and slower we went, — both men on foot, of course, up all the ascents, — and worse and worse grew Doc's behavior. I was sorry for him, and sorrier still for the driver, who was thinking not only of his horse and his passenger, but of himself and his own standing with the owner of the team. He was sure it was none of his fault, he kept protesting; nothing of the kind had ever happened to him before. Finally, seeing him so miserably depressed (for the time being every misfortune is as bad as it looks), so quite at the end of his wit, and almost at the end of his courage, I said, "Why not take advice at the next house we come to? Two heads are better than one." That was a word in season. To take advice would be a kind of dividing the responsibility. It is what doctors do when the patient is dying on their hands. The man brightened at once.

A mile or two more of halting and painful progress, then, and we approached a clearing, on the further side of which two men were busy with a plough. The driver hailed one of them by name, and made known our difficulty. Would n't he please come to the road and see if he could make out what was the matter? He responded in the most neighborly spirit (he would have been a queer farmer, neighborly or not, not to feel interested in a question about a horse); but after looking into the animal's mouth, and disclaiming any special

right to speak in such a case, he could only say that he saw no sign of anything worse than fatigue. Had n't the horse been worked hard lately? Yes, the driver answered, he had been in the harness pretty steadily for some time past. At this I put in my oar. Could n't another horse be borrowed somewhere, and the tired one left to rest? — a suggestion, I need hardly say, that squinted hard toward the horse in sight before us across the field. The farmer approved of the idea; only where was the horse to come from? Mountain farmers, as I was to learn afterward, — and a strange state of things it seemed to a pilgrim from Yankee land, — are mostly too poor to support a horse, or even a mule. The man would let us have his, of course, but it was a young thing that had never been hitched up. "But I tell you," he broke out, after a minute's reflection. "You know So-and-So, don't you? He has a pair of mules. Perhaps you could get one of them." "Good!" said I, and we drove on a mile or two farther, — and by this time it *was* driving, — till we came to a cross-road, the only one that I recall on the whole day's route, though there must have been others, I suppose. The owner of the mules — whose exceptional opulence should have kept his name remembered — lived down that road a piece, the driver said. If I would stay by the wagon, he would go down there, and be back as quickly as possible.

He was gone half an hour or more, while the horses browsed upon the bushes (if a good appetite signified anything, Doc was not yet on his way to the buzzards), and I, after listening awhile to the masterly improvisations of a brown thrasher, went spying about to see what birds might be hiding in the underbrush. The hobbyist, say what you please about him (to the vulgar a stumbling-block, and to the worldly-minded foolishness), is a lucky fellow. All sorts of untoward accidents bring grist to his mill; and so

it was this time. I heard a sparrow's *tseep*, and soon called into sight two or three white-throats, — ordinary birds enough, but of value here as being the only ones found on the whole journey. I should have missed them infallibly but for Doc's misadventure.

The driver returned at last, and with him came a mountain farmer, — another good neighbor, I was glad to see, — leading a mule, which was quickly put into Doc's harness. But what to do with Doc? "Leave him," said I. "Lead him at the tail of the wagon," said the farmer; and the latter advice prevailed. And very good advice it seemed till we came to the first steepish piece of road. Then the horse began to hold back. "Look at him!" exclaimed the driver in despairing tones; and all our tribulations were begun over again.

From this point there was only one way of getting on, and that at a snail's pace and with incessant interruptions. The passenger took the reins, and the driver walked behind with his whip, and so, using as much kindness as might be, forced the unwilling horse to follow. Even that cruel resource threatened before long to fail us; for it began to look as if the unsteady creature would drop in his tracks. There it was, as I now suspect, that he played his best card. "You must leave him at the next house, if there is another," I said. "Yes, there is another," the driver answered, "and only one." We came to it presently, — a cabin far below us in a deep, wood-encircled valley, out of which rose pleasant evening sounds of a banjo and singing. The driver lifted his voice, and a woman appeared upon the piazza. The man of the house was not at home, she said; but the driver took down the Vir-

ginia fence, and with much patient coaxing and pulling got the horse down the long, steep slope and into a shed. Then, leaving word for him to be fed and cared for, he climbed back to the road, and, freed at last from our incumbrance, we quickened our pace.

By this time it was growing dark. Bird songs had ceased, and flowers had long been invisible. But indeed, for the greater part of the afternoon we had been so taken up with working our passage that I had found small opportunity for natural history comment. I recall a lovely rose-acacia shrub, an endless display of pink azalea, — set off here and there with the flat snowy clusters of the dogwood, — thickets fringed with drooping, white, sickly sweet *Leucothoë racemes* (which at the time I mistook for some kind of *Andromeda*), the shouts of two pileated woodpeckers, — always rememberable, — a hooded warbler's song out of a rhododendron thicket, and the sight of two or three rough-winged swallows. These last are worth mentioning, because in connection with them there came out the astonishing fact that the driver did not know what I meant by swallows. Apparently he had never heard the word, — which may help readers to understand what a scarcity of these airy birds there is in all that Alleghanian country. I should almost as soon have expected to find a man who had never heard of sparrows!

It was after eight o'clock when we turned a sharp corner in the road and saw the lights of the village shining through the forest ahead of us. In fifteen minutes more I was at supper. I had come a long way by faith, — faith in a guidebook star; and my faith had not been vain.

Bradford Torrey.

THE OLD THINGS.

XVII.

TEN days after Owen's visit Fleda received a communication from Mrs. Gereth, — a telegram of eight words exclusive of signature and date: "Come up immediately and stay with me here." It was characteristically sharp, as Maggie said; but, as Maggie added, it was also characteristically kind. "Here" was an hotel in London, and Maggie had embraced a condition which already began to produce in her some yearning for hotels in London. She would have responded in an instant, and she was surprised that her sister seemed to hesitate. Fleda's hesitation, which lasted but an hour, was expressed in that young lady's own mind by the reflection that in obeying her friend's summons she should n't know what she should be "in for." Her friend's summons, however, was but another name for her friend's appeal; and Mrs. Gereth's bounty had laid her under obligations more sensible than any reluctance. In the event — that is, at the end of the hour — she testified to her gratitude by taking the train, and to her mistrust by leaving her luggage. She went as if she had gone up for the day. In the train, however, she had another thoughtful hour, during which it was mainly her mistrust that deepened. She felt as if for ten days she had sat in darkness, looking to the east for a dawn that had not yet glimmered. Her mind had lately been less occupied with Mrs. Gereth, it had been so exceptionally occupied with Mona. If the sequel was to justify Owen's prevision of Mrs. Brigstock's action upon her daughter, this action was at the end of a week as much a mystery as ever. The stillness all round had been exactly what Fleda desired, but it gave her for the time a deep sense of failure, the

sense of a sudden drop from a height at which she had all things beneath her. She had nothing beneath her now; she herself was at the bottom of the heap. No sign had reached her from Owen, — poor Owen, who had clearly no news to give about his precious letter from Waterbath. If Mrs. Brigstock had hurried back to obtain that this letter should be written, Mrs. Brigstock might then have spared herself so great an inconvenience. Owen had been silent for the best of all reasons, — the reason that he had had nothing in life to say. If the letter had not been written, he would simply have had to introduce some large qualification into his account of his freedom. He had left his young friend under her refusal to listen to him until he should be able, on the contrary, to extend that picture; and his present submission was all in keeping with the rigid honesty that his young friend had prescribed.

It was this that formed the element through which Mona loomed large; Fleda had enough imagination, a fine enough feeling for life, to be impressed with such an image of successful immobility. The massive maiden at Waterbath *was* successful from the moment she could entertain her resentments as if they had been poor relations who need n't put her to expense. She was a magnificent dead-weight; there was something positive and portentous in her quietude. "What game are they all playing?" poor Fleda could only ask; for she had an intimate conviction that Owen was now under the roof of the Brigstocks. That was stupefying, if he really hated Mona; and if he did n't really hate her, what had brought him to Raphael Road and to Maggie's? Fleda had no real light, but she felt that to account for the absence of any result of their last meeting would take a supposi-

tion of the full sacrifice to charity that she had held up before him. If he had gone to Waterbath, it had been simply because he had to go. She had as good as told him that he would have to go; that this was an inevitable incident of his keeping perfect faith, — faith so literal that the smallest subterfuge would always be a reproach to him. When she tried to remember that it was for herself he was taking his risk, she felt how weak a way that was of expressing Mona's supremacy. There would be no need of keeping him up, if there were nothing to keep him up to. Her eyes grew wan as she discerned in the impenetrable air that Mona's thick outline never wavered an inch. She wondered fitfully what Mrs. Gereth had by this time made of it, and reflected with a strange elation that the sand on which the mistress of Ricks had built a momentary triumph was quaking beneath the surface. As *The Morning Post* still held its peace, she would be, of course, more confident; but the hour was at hand at which Owen would have absolutely to do either one thing or the other. To keep perfect faith was to inform against his mother, and to hear the police at her door would be Mrs. Gereth's awakening. How much she was beguiled Fleda could see from her having been for a whole month quite as deep and dark as Mona. She had let her young friend alone because of the certitude, cultivated at Ricks, that Owen had done the opposite. He had done the opposite, indeed, but much good had that brought forth! To have sent for her now, Fleda felt, was from this point of view wholly natural; she had sent for her to show at last how much she had scored. If, however, Owen was really at Waterbath, the refutation of Mrs. Gereth was easy.

Fleda found her in modest apartments, and with an air of fatigue in her distinguished face, — a sign, as she privately remarked, of the strain of that effort to be discreet of which she herself had

been having the benefit. It was a constant feature of their relation that this lady could make Fleda blench a little, and that the effect proceeded from the intense pressure of her confidence. If the confidence had been heavy even when the girl, in the early flush of devotion, had been able to feel herself most responsive, it drew her heart into her mouth now that she had reserves and conditions, now that she could not simplify with the same bold hand as her protectress. In the very brightening of the tired look, and at the moment of their embrace, Fleda felt on her shoulders the return of the load, and her spirit frankly quailed as she asked herself what she had brought up from her trusted seclusion to support it. Mrs. Gereth's free manner always made a joke of weakness, and there was in such a welcome a richness, a kind of familiar nobleness, that suggested shame to a harried conscience. Something had happened, she could see, and she could also see, in the bravery that seemed to announce it had changed everything, a formidable assumption that what had happened was what a healthy young woman must like. The absence of luggage had made this young woman feel meagre even before her companion, taking in the bareness at a second glance, exclaimed upon it and roundly rebuked her. Of course she had expected her to stay.

Fleda thought best to show bravery, too, and to show it from the first. "What you expected, dear Mrs. Gereth, is exactly what I came up to ascertain. It struck me as right to do that first. I mean to ascertain, without making preparations."

"Then you'll be so good as to make them on the spot!" Mrs. Gereth was most emphatic. "You're going abroad with me."

Fleda wondered, but she also smiled. "To-night — to-morrow?"

"In as few days as possible. That's

all that's left for me now." At this Fleda's heart gave a bound; she wondered to what particular difference in Mrs. Gereth's situation as last known to her it was an allusion. "I've made my plan," her friend continued: "I go for at least a year. We shall go straight to Florence; we can manage there. I don't look to you, however," she added, "to stay with me all that time. That will require to be settled. Owen will have to join us as soon as possible; he may not be quite ready to get off with us. But I'm convinced it's quite the right thing to go. It will make a good change; it will put in a decent interval."

Fleda listened; she was deeply mystified. "How kind you are to me!" she presently said. The picture suggested so many questions that she scarcely knew which to ask first. She took one at a venture. "You really have it from Mr. Gereth that he'll give us his company?"

If Mr. Gereth's mother smiled in response to this, Fleda knew that her smile was a tacit criticism of such a form of reference to her son. Fleda habitually spoke of him as Mr. Owen, and it was a part of her present vigilance to seem to have relinquished that right. Mrs. Gereth's manner confirmed a certain impression of her pretending to more than she felt; her very first words had conveyed it, and it reminded Fleda of the conscious courage with which, weeks before, the lady had met her visitor's first startled stare at the clustered spoils of Poynton. It was her practice to take immensely for granted whatever she wished. "Oh, if you'll answer for him, it will do quite as well!" she said. Then she put her hands on the girl's shoulders and held them at arm's length, as if to shake them a little, while in the depths of her shining eyes Fleda discovered something obscure and unquiet. "You bad, false thing, why did n't you tell me?" Her tone softened her harshness, and her visitor had never had

such a sense of her indulgence. Mrs. Gereth could show patience; it was a part of the general bribe, but it was also like the handing in of a heavy bill before which Fleda could only fumble in a peniless pocket. "You must perfectly have known at Ricks, and yet you practically denied it. That's why I call you bad and false!" It was apparently also why she again almost roughly kissed her.

"I think that before I answer you I had better know what you're talking about," Fleda said.

Mrs. Gereth looked at her with a slight increase of hardness. "You've done everything you need for modesty, my dear! If he's sick with love of you, you have n't had to wait for me to inform you."

Fleda hesitated. "Has he informed *you*, dear Mrs. Gereth?"

Dear Mrs. Gereth smiled sweetly. "How could he, when our situation is such that he communicates with me only through you, and that you are so tortuous you conceal everything?"

"Did n't he answer the note in which you let him know that I was in town?" Fleda asked.

"He answered it sufficiently by rushing off on the spot to see you."

Mrs. Gereth met that allusion with a prompt firmness that made almost insolently light of any ground of complaint, and Fleda's own sense of responsibility was now so vivid that all resentments turned comparatively pale. She had no heart to produce a grievance; she could only, left as she was with the little mystery on her hands, produce, after a moment, a question: "How then do you come to know that your son has ever thought"—

"That he would give his ears to get you?" Mrs. Gereth broke in. "I had a visit from Mrs. Brigstock."

Fleda opened her eyes. "She went down to Ricks?"

"The day after she had found Owen at your feet. She knows everything."

Fleda shook her head sadly; she was more startled than she cared to show. This odd journey of Mrs. Brigstock's, which, with a simplicity equal for once to Owen's, she had not divined, now struck her as having produced the hush of the last ten days. "There are things she does n't know!" she presently exclaimed.

"She knows he would do anything to marry you."

"He has n't told her so," Fleda said.

"No, but he has told you. That's better still!" laughed Mrs. Gereth. "My dear child," she went on, with an air that affected the girl as a sort of blind profanity, "don't try to make yourself out better than you are. I know what you are. I have n't lived with you so much for nothing. You're not quite a saint in heaven yet. Lord, what a creature you'd have thought me in my good time! But you do like it, fortunately, you idiot. You're pale with your passion, you sweet thing. That's exactly what I wanted to see. I can't for the life of me think where the shame comes in." Then, with a finer significance, a look that seemed to Fleda strange, she added, "It's all right."

"I've seen him but twice," said Fleda.

"But twice?" Mrs. Gereth still smiled.

"On the occasion, at papa's, that Mrs. Brigstock told you of, and one day, since then, down at Maggie's."

"Well, those things are between yourselves, and you seem to me both poor creatures at best." Mrs. Gereth spoke with a rich humor which tipped with light for an instant a real conviction. "I don't know what you've got in your veins; you absurdly exaggerated the difficulties. But enough is as good as a feast, and when once I get you abroad together" — "She checked herself as if from excess of meaning; what might happen when she should get them abroad together was to be gathered only from the way she slowly rubbed her hands.

The gesture, however, made the pro-

mise so definite that for a moment her companion was almost beguiled. But there was nothing to account, as yet, for the wealth of Mrs. Gereth's certitude; the visit of the lady of Waterbath appeared but half to explain it. "Is it permitted to be surprised," Fleda deferentially asked, "at Mrs. Brigstock's thinking it would help her to see you?"

"It's never permitted to be surprised at the aberrations of born fools," said Mrs. Gereth. "If a cow should try to calculate, that's the kind of happy thought she'd have. Mrs. Brigstock came down to plead with me."

Fleda mused a moment. "That's what she came to do with *me*," she then honestly returned. "But what did she expect to get of you, with your opposition so marked from the first?"

"She did n't know I want *you*, my dear. It's a wonder, with all my violence, — the gross publicity I've given my desires. But she's as stupid as an owl, — she does n't feel your charin."

Fleda felt herself flush slightly, but she tried to smile. "Did you tell her all about it? Did you make her understand you want me?"

"For what do you take me? I was n't such a donkey."

"So as not to aggravate Mona?" Fleda suggested.

"So as not to aggravate Mona, naturally. We've had a narrow course to steer, but, thank God, we're at last in the open!"

"What do you call the open, Mrs. Gereth?" Fleda demanded. Then, as the other faltered, "Do you know where Mr. Owen is to-day?"

Mrs. Gereth stared. "Do you mean he's at Waterbath? Well, that's your own affair. I can bear it if *you* can."

"Wherever he is, I can bear it," Fleda said. "But I have n't the least idea where he is."

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself!" Mrs. Gereth broke out, with a change of note that showed how deep

a passion underlay everything she had said. The poor woman, catching her companion's hand, however, the next moment, as if to retract something of this harshness, spoke more patiently: "Don't you understand, Fleda, how immensely, how devotedly, I've trusted you?" Her tone was indeed a supplication.

Fleda was infinitely shaken; she was silent a little. "Yes, I understand. Did she go to you to complain of me?"

"She came to see what she could do. She had been tremendously upset, the day before, by what had taken place at your father's, and she had posted down to Ricks on the inspiration of the moment. She had n't meant it on leaving home; it was the sight of you closeted there with Owen that had suddenly determined her. The whole story, she said, was written in your two faces: she spoke as if she had never seen such an exhibition. Owen was on the brink, but there might still be time to save him, and it was with this idea she had bearded me in my den. 'What won't a mother do, you know?' — that was one of the things she said. What would n't a mother do, indeed? I thought I had sufficiently shown her what! She tried to break me down by an appeal to my good nature, as she called it, and from the moment she opened on *you*, from the moment she denounced Owen's falsity, I was as good natured as she could wish. I understood that it was a plea for mere mercy, that you and he between you were killing her child. Of course I was delighted that Mona should be killed, but I was studiously kind to Mrs. Brigstock. At the same time I was honest; I did n't pretend to anything I could n't feel. I asked her why the marriage had n't taken place months ago, when Owen was perfectly ready; and I showed her how completely that fatuous mistake on Mona's part cleared his responsibility. It was she who had killed *him*; it was she who had destroyed his affec-

tion, his illusions. Did she want him now when he was estranged, when he was disgusted, when he had a sore grievance? She reminded me that Mona had a sore grievance, too, but she admitted that she had n't come to me to speak of that. What she had come to me for was not to get the old things back, but simply to get Owen. What she wanted was that I would, in simple pity, see fair play. Owen had been awfully bedeviled, — she did n't call it that, she called it 'misled,' — but it was simply you who had bedeviled him. He would be all right still if I would see that you were out of the way. She asked me point-blank if it was possible I could want him to marry you."

Fleda had listened in unbearable pain and growing terror, as if her interlocutress, stone by stone, were piling some fatal mass upon her breast. She had the sense of being buried alive, smothered in the mere expansion of another will; and now there was but one gap left to the air. A single word, she felt, might close it, and with the question that came to her lips as Mrs. Gereth paused she seemed to herself to ask, in cold dread, for her doom. "What did you say to that?" she inquired.

"I was embarrassed, for I saw my danger, — the danger of her going home and saying to Mona that I was backing you up. It had been a bliss to learn that Owen had really turned to you, but my joy did n't put me off my guard. I reflected intensely for a few seconds; then I saw my issue."

"Your issue?" Fleda murmured.

"I remembered how you had tied my hands about saying a word to Owen."

Fleda wondered. "And did you remember the little letter that, with your hands tied, you still succeeded in writing to him?"

"Perfectly; my little letter was a model of reticence. What I remembered was all that in those few words I forbade myself to say. I had been an

angel of delicacy. I had effaced myself like a saint. It was not for me to have done all that, and then figure to such a woman as having done the opposite. Besides, it was none of her business."

"Is that what you said to her?" Fleda asked.

"I said to her that her question revealed a total misconception of the nature of my present relations with my son. I said to her that I had no relations with him at all, and that nothing had passed between us for months. I said to her that my hands were spotlessly clean of any attempt to make him make up to you. I said to her that I had taken from Poynton what I had a right to take, but had done nothing else in the world. I was determined that if I had bit my tongue off to oblige you, I would at least have the righteousness that my sacrifice gave me."

"And was Mrs. Brigstock satisfied with your answer?"

"She was visibly relieved."

"It was fortunate for you," said Fle-da, "that she's apparently not aware of the manner in which, almost under her nose, you advertised me to him at Poynton."

Mrs. Gereth appeared to recall that scene; she smiled with a serenity remarkably effective as showing how cheerfully used she had grown to invidious allusions to it. "How should she be aware of it?"

"She would if Owen had described your outbreak to Mona."

"Yes, but he did n't describe it. All his instinct was to conceal it from Mona. He was n't conscious, but he was already in love with you!" Mrs. Gereth declared.

Fle-da shook her head wearily. "No; I was only in love with him!"

Here was a faint illumination with which Mrs. Gereth instantly mingled her fire. "You dear old wretch!" she exclaimed; and she again, with ferocity, embraced her young friend.

Fle-da submitted like a sick animal:

she would submit to everything now. "Then what further passed?"

"Only that she left me, thinking she had got something."

"And what had she got?"

"Nothing but her luncheon. But I got everything!"

"Everything?" Fle-da quavered.

Mrs. Gereth, struck apparently by something in her tone, looked at her from a tremendous height. "Don't fail me now!"

It sounded so like a menace that, with a full divination at last, the poor girl fell weakly into a chair. "What on earth have you done?"

Mrs. Gereth stood there in all the glory of a great stroke. "I've settled you." She filled the room, to Fle-da's scared vision, with the glare of her magnificence. "I've sent everything back."

"Everything?" Fle-da gasped.

"To the smallest snuff-box. The last load went yesterday. The same people did it. Poor little Ricks is empty." Then as if, for a crowning splendor, to check all deprecation, "They're yours, you goose!" Mrs. Gereth concluded, holding up her handsome head and rubbing her white hands. Fle-da saw that there were tears in her deep eyes.

XVIII.

Fle-da was slow to take in Mrs. Gereth's announcement, but when she had done so she felt it to be more than her cup of bitterness would hold. Her bitterness was her anxiety, the taste of which suddenly sickened her. What had she become, on the spot, but a traitress to her friend? The treachery increased with the view of the friend's motive, a motive magnificent as a tribute to her value. Mrs. Gereth had wished to make sure of her, and had reasoned that there would be no such way as by a large appeal to her honor. If it be true, as men have declared, that the sense of honor is

weak in women, some of the bearings of this stroke might have thrown a light on the question. What was now, at all events, put before Fleda was that she had been made sure of, for the greatness of the surrender imposed an obligation as great. There was an expression she had heard used by young men with whom she danced: the only word to fit Mrs. Gereth's intention was that Mrs. Gereth had designed to "fetch" her. It was a calculated, it was a crushing bribe; it looked her in the eyes and said simply, "That's what I do for you!" What Fleda was to do in return required no pointing out. The sense, at present, of how little she had done made her almost cry aloud with pain; but her first endeavor, in the face of the fact, was to keep such a cry from reaching her companion. How little she had done Mrs. Gereth did n't yet know, and possibly there would be still some way of turning round before the discovery. On her own side, too, Fleda had almost made one: she had known she was wanted, but she had not after all conceived how magnificently much. She had been treated by her friend's act as a conscious prize, but what made her a conscious prize was only the power the act itself imputed to her. As high, bold diplomacy it dazzled and carried her off her feet. She admired the noble risk of it, a risk Mrs. Gereth had faced for the utterly poor creature that the girl now felt herself. The change it instantly wrought in her was, moreover, extraordinary; it transformed at a touch her emotion on the subject of concessions. A few weeks earlier she had jumped at the duty of pleading for them, practically quarreling with the lady of Ricks for her refusal to restore what she had taken; she had been sore with the wrong to Owen, she had bled with the wounds of Poynton. Now, however, as she heard of the replenishment of the void that had so haunted her, she came as near sounding an alarm as if from the deck of a ship she had seen a person she

loved jump into the sea. Mrs. Gereth had become in a flash the victim; poor little Ricks had been laid bare in a night. If Fleda's feeling about the old things had taken precipitate form, the form would have been a frantic command. It was indeed for mere want of breath that she did n't shout, "Oh, stop them — it's no use! Bring them back — it's too late!" And what most kept her breathless was her companion's very grandeur. Fleda distinguished as never before the purity of such a passion; it made Mrs. Gereth august and almost sublime. It was absolutely unselfish, — she cared nothing for mere possession. She thought solely and incorruptibly of what was best for the things; she had surrendered them to the presumptive care of the one person of her acquaintance who felt about them as she felt herself, and whose long lease of the future would be the nearest approach that could be compassed to committing them to a museum. Now it was, in truth, that Fleda knew what rested on her; now it was, also, that she measured as if for the first time Mrs. Gereth's view of the natural influence of a fine acquisition. She had adopted the idea of blowing away the last doubt of what her young friend would gain, of making good still more than she was obliged to make it the promise of weeks before. It was one thing for the girl to have heard that in a certain event restitution would be made; it was another for her to see the condition, with a noble trust, treated in advance as performed, and to be able to feel that she should have only to open a door to find every old piece in every old corner. To have played such a card was therefore, practically, for Mrs. Gereth, to have won the game. Fleda had certainly to recognize that, so far as the theory of the matter went, the game had been won, — oh, had been made sure of!

She could n't, however, succeed for so very many minutes in deferring her exposure. "Why did n't you wait, dear-

est? Ah, why didn't you wait?" If that inconsequent appeal kept rising to her lips to be cut short before it was spoken, this was only because at first the humility of gratitude helped her to gain time, enabled her to present herself very honestly as too overcome to be clear. She kissed her companion's hands, she did homage at her feet, she murmured soft snatches of praise, and yet in the midst of it all was conscious that what she really showed most was the wan despair at her heart. She saw Mrs. Gereth's glimpse of this despair suddenly widen, heard the quick chill of her voice pierce through the false courage of endearments.

"Do you mean to tell me at such an hour as this that you've really lost him?"

The tone of the question made the idea a possibility for which Fleda had nothing from this moment but terror. "I don't know, Mrs. Gereth; how can I say?" she asked. "I've not seen him for so long; as I told you just now, I don't even know where he is. That's by no fault of his," she hurried on; "he would have been with me every day, if I had consented. But I made him understand, the last time, that I'll receive him again only when he's able to show me that his release has been complete and definite. Oh, he can't yet, don't you see, and that's why he has n't been back. It's far better than his coming only that we should both be miserable. When he does come he'll be in a better position. He'll be tremendously moved by the splendid thing you've done. I know you wish me to feel that you've done it as much for me as for Owen, but your having done it for me is just what will delight him most! When he hears of it," said Fleda, in desperate optimism, "when he hears of it" — There, indeed, regretting her advance, she quite broke down. She was wholly powerless to say what Owen would do when he heard of it. "I don't know what he won't make of you and how he won't hug you!" she

had to content herself with lamely declaring. She had drawn Mrs. Gereth to a sofa, with a vague instinct of pacifying her, and still, after all, gaining time; but it was a position in which her great duped benefactress, portentously patient again during this demonstration, looked far from inviting a "hug." Fleda found herself tricking out the situation with artificial flowers, — trying to talk even herself into the fancy that Owen, whose name she now made simple and sweet, might come in upon them at any moment. She felt an immense need to be understood and justified; she averted her face in dread from all that she might have to be forgiven. She pressed on her companion's arm as if to keep her quiet till she should really know, and then, after a minute, she poured out the clear essence of what in happier days had been her "secret." "You mustn't think I don't adore him, when I've told him so to his face. I love him so that I'd die for him. I love him so that it's horrible. Don't look at me, therefore, as if I had not been kind, as if I had not been as tender as if he were dying and my tenderness were what would save him. Look at me as if you believe me, as if you feel what I've been through. Darling Mrs. Gereth, I could kiss the ground he walks on. I have n't a rag of pride; I used to have, but it's gone. I used to have a secret, but every one knows it now, and any one who looks at me can say, I think, what's the matter with me. It's not so very fine, my secret, and the less one really says about it the better, but I want you to have it from me because I was stiff before. I want you to see for yourself that I've been brought as low as a girl can very well be. It serves me right," Fleda laughed, "if I was ever proud and horrid to you! I don't know what you wanted me, in those days at Ricks, to do, but I don't think you can have wanted much more than what I've done. The other day, at Maggie's, I did things that made me, afterwards, think

of you. I don't know what girls may do; but if he does n't know that there is n't an inch of me that is n't his" — Fleda sighed as if she could n't express it; she piled it up, as she would have said; holding Mrs. Gereth with dilated eyes, she seemed to sound her for the effect of these words. "It's idiotic," she wearily smiled; "it's so strange that I'm almost angry for it, and the strangest part of all is that it is n't even happiness. It's anguish, — it was from the first; from the first there was a bitterness and a kind of dread. But I owe you every word of the truth. You don't do him justice, either: he's a dear, I assure you, he's a dear. I'd trust him to the last breath; I don't think you really know him. He's ever so much cleverer than he makes a show of; he's remarkable in his own shy way. You told me at Ricks that you wanted me to let myself go, and I've 'gone' quite far enough to discover that, as well as all sorts of other delightful things about him. You'll tell me I make myself out worse than I am," said the girl, feeling more and more in her companion's attitude a quality that treated her speech as a desperate rigmarole, and even perhaps as a piece of cold immodesty. She wanted to make herself out "bad," — it was a part of her justification; but it suddenly occurred to her that such a picture of her extravagance imputed a want of gallantry to the young man. "I don't care for anything you think," she declared, "because Owen, don't you know, sees me as I am. He's so kind that it makes up for everything!"

This attempt at gayety was futile; the silence with which, for a minute, her adversary greeted her troubled plea brought home to her afresh that she was on the bare defensive. "Is it a part of his kindness never to come near you?" Mrs. Gereth inquired at last. "Is it a part of his kindness to leave you without an inkling of where he is?" She rose again from where Fleda had kept

her down; she seemed to tower there in the majesty of her gathered wrong. "Is it a part of his kindness that, after I've toiled as I've done for six days, and with my own weak hands, which I have n't spared, to denude myself, in your interest, to that point that I've nothing left, as I may say, but what I have on my back, — is it a part of his kindness that you're not even able to produce him for me?"

There was a high contempt in this which was for Owen quite as much, and in the light of which Fleda felt that her effort at plausibility had been mere groveling. She rose from the sofa with an humiliated sense of rising from ineffectual knees. That discomfort, however, lived but an instant; it was swept away in a rush of loyalty to the absent. She herself could bear his mother's scorn; but to avert it from his sweet innocence she broke out with a quickness that was like the raising of an arm: "Don't blame him, — don't blame him: he'd do anything on earth for me! It was I," said Fleda eagerly, "who sent him back to her. I made him go; I pushed him out of the house; I declined to have anything to say to him except on another footing."

Mrs. Gereth stared as at some gross material ravage. "Another footing? What other footing?"

"The one I've already made so clear to you: my having it in black and white, as you may say, from her that she freely gives him up."

"Then you think he lies when he tells you that he has recovered his liberty?"

Fleda hesitated a moment; after which she exclaimed, with a certain hard pride, "He's enough in love with me for anything!"

"For anything, apparently, except to act like a man, and impose his reason and his will on your incredible folly; for anything except to put an end, as any man worthy of the name would have put it, to your systematic, to your idiotic

perversity. What are you, after all, my dear, I should like to know, that a gentleman who offers you what Owen offers should have to meet such wonderful exactions, to take such extraordinary precautions about your sweet little scruples?" Her resentment rose to a strange insolence which Fleda took full in the face, and which, for the moment at least, had the horrible force to present to her vengefully a showy side of the truth. It gave her a blinding glimpse of lost alternatives. "I don't know what to think of him," Mrs. Gereth went on, "I don't know what to call him: I'm so ashamed of him that I can scarcely speak of him even to *you*. But indeed I'm so ashamed of you both together that I scarcely know in common decency where to look." She paused, to give Fleda the full benefit of this remarkable statement; then she exclaimed, "Any one but a jackass would have tucked you under his arm and marched you off to the Registrar!"

Fleda wondered; with her free imagination she could wonder even while her cheek stung from a slap. "To the Registrar?"

"That would have been the sane, sound, immediate course to adopt. With a grain of gumption you'd both instantly have felt it. I should have found a way to take you, you know, if I'd been what Owen's supposed to be. I should have got the business over first; the rest could come when you liked! Good God, girl, your place was to stand before me as a woman honestly married. One does n't know what one has hold of in touching you, and you must excuse my saying that you're literally unpleasant to me to meet as you are. Then at least we could have talked, and Owen, if he had the ghost of a sense of humor, could have snapped his fingers at your refinements."

This stirring speech affected our young lady as if it had been the shake of a tambourine borne towards her from a

gypsy dance: her head seemed to go round, and she felt a sudden passion in her feet. The emotion, however, was but meagrely expressed in the flatness with which she heard herself presently say, "I'll go to the Registrar now."

"Now?" Magnificent was the sound Mrs. Gereth threw into this monosyllable. "And pray who's to take you?" Fleda gave a colorless smile, and her companion continued: "Do you literally mean that you can't put your hand upon him?" Fleda's wan grimace appeared to irritate her; she made a short, imperious gesture. "Find him for me, you fool, — *find* him for me!"

"What do you want of him," Fleda sadly asked, "feeling as you do to both of us?"

"Never mind how I feel, and never mind what I say when I'm furious!" Mrs. Gereth still more incisively added. "Of course I cling to you, you wretches, or I should n't suffer as I do. What I want of him is to see that he takes you; what I want of him is to go with you myself to the place." She looked round the room in feverish haste, as if for a mantle to catch up; she bustled to the window as if to spy a cab: she would allow half an hour for the job. Already in her bonnet, she had snatched from the sofa a garment for the street: she jerked it on as she came back. "Find him, find him," she repeated; "come straight out with me, to try, at least, to get at him!"

"How can I get at him? He'll come when he's ready," Fleda replied.

Mrs. Gereth turned on her sharply. "Ready for what? Ready to see me ruined without a reason or a reward?"

Fleda was silent; the worst of it all was that there was something unspoken between them. Neither of them dared to utter it, but the influence of it was in the girl's tone when she returned at last, with great gentleness, "Don't be harsh to me, — I'm very unhappy." The words produced a visible impression on

Mrs. Gereth, who held her face averted and sent off through the window a gaze that kept pace with the long caravan of her treasures. Fleda knew she was watching it wind up the avenue of Poynton, — Fleda participated, indeed, fully in the vision; so that after a little the most consoling thing seemed to her to add, "I don't see why in the world you take so for granted that he's, as you say, 'lost.'"

Mrs. Gereth continued to stare out of the window, and her stillness denoted some success in controlling herself. "If he's not lost, why are you unhappy?"

"I'm unhappy because I torment you, and you don't understand me."

"No, Fleda, I don't understand you," said Mrs. Gereth, finally facing her again. "I don't understand you at all, and it's as if you and Owen were of quite another race and another flesh. You make me feel very old-fashioned and simple and bad. But you must take me as I am, since you take so much else *with* me!" She spoke now with the drop of her resentment, with a dry and weary calm. "It would have been better for me if I had never known you," she pursued, "and certainly better if I had n't taken such an extraordinary fancy to you. But that too was inevitable: everything, I suppose, is inevitable. It was all my own doing, — you did n't run after me: I pounced on you and caught you up. You're a stiff little beggar, in spite of your pretty manners: yes, you're hideously misleading. I hope you feel how handsome it is of me to recognize the independence of your character. It was your clever sympathy that did it, — your extraordinary feeling for those accursed vanities. You were sharper about them than any one I had ever known, and that was a thing I simply could n't resist. Well," the poor lady concluded, after a pause, "you see where it has landed us!"

"If you'll go for him yourself, I'll wait here," said Fleda.

Mrs. Gereth, holding her mantle together, appeared to consider for a while. "To his club, do you mean?"

"Is n't it there, when he's in town, that he has a room? He has at present no other London address," Fleda said: "it's there one writes to him."

"How do I know, with my wretched relations with him?" Mrs. Gereth asked.

"Mine have not been quite so bad as that," Fleda desperately smiled. Then she added, "His silence, *her* silence, our hearing nothing at all, — what are these but the very things on which, at Poynton and at Ricks, you rested your assurance that everything is at an end between them?"

Mrs. Gereth looked dark and void. "Yes, but I had n't heard from you then that you could invent nothing better than, as you call it, to send him back to her."

"Ah, but, on the other hand, you've learned from them what you did n't know, — you've learned by Mrs. Brigstock's visit that he cares for me." Fleda found herself in the position of availing herself of optimistic arguments that she formerly had repudiated; her refutation of her companion had completely changed its ground. She was in a fever of ingenuity, and she was painfully conscious, on behalf of her success, that her fever was visible. She could herself see the reflection of it glitter in Mrs. Gereth's sombre eyes.

"You plunge me in stupefaction," that lady answered, "and at the same time you terrify me: your account of Owen is inconceivable, and yet I don't know what to hold on by. He cares for you, it does appear, and yet in the same breath you inform me that nothing is more possible than that he's spending these days at Waterbath. Excuse me if I'm so dull as not to see my way in such darkness. If he's at Waterbath, he does n't care for you. If he cares for you, he's not at Waterbath."

"Then where is he?" poor Fleda

wailed helplessly. She caught herself up, however; she did her best to be brave and clear. Before Mrs. Gereth could reply, with due obviousness, that this was a question for her not to ask, but to answer, she found an air of assurance to say: "You simplify far too much: you always did, and you always will. The tangle of life is much more intricate than you've ever, I think, felt it to be: you slash into it," cried Fleda finely, "with a great pair of shears you nip at it as if you were one of the Fates! If Owen's at Waterbath, he's there to wind everything up."

Mrs. Gereth shook her head with slow austerity. "You don't believe a word you're saying. I've frightened you, as you've frightened me: you're whistling in the dark to keep up our courage. I do simplify, doubtless, if to simplify is to fail to comprehend the insanity of a passion that bewilders a young blockhead with bugaboo barriers, with hideous and monstrous sacrifices. I can only repeat that you're beyond me. Your perversity's a thing to howl over. However," the poor woman continued, with a break in her voice, a long hesitation, and then the dry triumph of her will, "I'll never mention it to you again! Owen I can just make out; for Owen is a blockhead. Owen's a blockhead," she repeated, with a quiet, tragic finality, looking straight into Fleda's eyes. "I don't know why you dress up so the fact that he's disgustingly weak."

Fleda hesitated; at last, before her companion's, she lowered her look. "Because I love him. It's because he's weak that he needs me," she added.

"That was why his father, whom he exactly resembles, needed me. And I did n't fail his father," said Mrs. Gereth. She gave Fleda a moment to appreciate the remark; after which she pursued, "Mona Brigstock is n't weak; she's stronger than you!"

"I never thought she was weak," Fleda answered. She looked vaguely

round the room with a new purpose: she had lost sight of her umbrella.

"I did tell you to let yourself go, but it's clear enough that you really have n't," Mrs. Gereth declared. "If Mona has got him" —

Fleda had accomplished her search; her interlocutress paused. "If Mona has got him?" the girl inquired, tightening the umbrella.

"Well," said Mrs. Gereth profoundly, "it will be clear enough that Mona has."

"Has let herself go?"

"Has let herself go." Mrs. Gereth spoke as if she saw it in every detail.

Fleda felt the tone, and finished her preparation; then she went and opened the door. "We'll look for him together," she said to her friend, who stood a moment taking in her face. "They may know something about him at the colonel's."

"We'll go there." Mrs. Gereth had picked up her gloves and her purse. "But the first thing," she went on, "will be to wire to Poynton."

"Why not to Waterbath at once?" Fleda asked.

Her companion hesitated. "In *your* name?"

"In my name. I noticed a place at the corner."

While Fleda held the door open Mrs. Gereth drew on her gloves. "Forgive me," she presently said. "Kiss me," she added.

Fleda, on the threshold, kissed her; then they went out.

XIX.

In the place at the corner, on the chance of its saving time, Fleda wrote her telegram, — wrote it in silence under Mrs. Gereth's eye, and then in silence handed it to her. "I send this to Waterbath, on the possibility of your being there, to ask you to come to me."

Mrs. Gereth held it a moment, read it more than once; then keeping it, and with her eyes on her companion, seemed to consider. There was the dawn of a kindness in her look; Fleda perceived in it, as if as the reward of complete submission, a slight relaxation of her rigor.

"Would n't it," she asked, "after all, perhaps be better, before doing this, to see if we can make his whereabouts certain?"

"Why so? It will be always so much done," said Fleda. "Though I'm poor," she added, with a smile, "I don't mind the shilling."

"The shilling's *my* shilling," said Mrs. Gereth.

Fleda stayed her hand. "No, no, — I'm superstitious."

"Superstitious?"

"To succeed, it must be all me!"

"Well, if that will make it succeed!" Mrs. Gereth took back her shilling, but she still kept the telegram. "As he's most probably not there" —

"If he should n't be there," Fleda interrupted, "there will be no harm done."

"If he should n't be there!" Mrs. Gereth ejaculated. "Heaven help us, how you assume it!"

"I'm only prepared for the worst. The Brigstocks will simply send any telegram on."

"Where will they send it?"

"Presumably to Poynton."

"They'll read it first," said Mrs. Gereth.

"Read it?"

"Yes, Mona will. She'll open it under the pretext of having it repeated; and then she'll probably do nothing. She'll keep it as a proof of your immodesty."

"What of that?" asked Fleda.

"You don't mind her seeing it?"

Rather musingly and absently, Fleda shook her head. "I don't mind anything."

"Well, then, that's all right," said

Mrs. Gereth, as if she had only wanted to feel that she had been irreproachably considerate. After this she was gentler still, but she had another point to clear up. "Why have you given, for a reply, your sister's address?"

"Because, if he *does* come to me, he must come to me there. If that telegram goes," said Fleda, "I return to Maggie's to-night."

Mrs. Gereth seemed to wonder at this. "You won't receive him here with me?"

"No, I won't receive him here with you. Only where I received him last, — only there again." She showed her companion that as to that she was firm.

But Mrs. Gereth had obviously now had some practice in following queer movements prompted by queer feelings. She resigned herself, though she fingered the paper a moment longer. She appeared to hesitate; then she brought out, "You could n't, then, if I release you, make your message a little stronger?"

Fleda gave her a faint smile. "He'll come if he can."

Mrs. Gereth met fully what this conveyed; with decision she pushed in the telegram. But she laid her hand quickly upon another form, and with still greater decision wrote another message. "From me, this," she said to Fleda when she had finished: "to catch him possibly at Poynton. Will you read it?"

Fleda turned away. "Thank you."

"It's stronger than yours."

"I don't care," said Fleda, moving to the door. Mrs. Gereth, having paid for the second missive, rejoined her, and they drove together to Owen's club, where the elder lady alone got out. Fleda, from the hansom, watched through the glass doors her brief conversation with the hall porter, and then met in silence her return with the news that he had not seen Owen for a fortnight, and was keeping his letters till called for. These had been the last orders; there were a dozen letters lying

there. He had no more information to give, but they would see what they could find at Colonel Gereth's. To any connection with this inquiry, however, Fle-da now roused herself to object, and her friend had indeed to recognize that, on second thoughts, it could n't be quite to the taste of either of them to advertise in the remoter reaches of the family that they had forfeited the confidence of the master of Poynton. The letters lying at the club proved effectively that he was not in London, and that was the question that immediately concerned them. Nothing could concern them further till the answers to their telegrams should have had time to arrive. Mrs. Gereth had got back into the cab, and, still at the door of the club, they sat staring at their need of patience. Fle-da's eyes rested, in the great hard street, on passing figures that struck her as pup-pets pulled by strings. After a little the driver challenged them through the hole in the top: "Anywhere in particular, ladies?"

Fle-da decided. "Drive to Euston, please."

"You won't wait for what we may hear?" Mrs. Gereth asked.

"Whatever we hear, I must go." As the cab went on, she added, "But I need n't drag you to the station."

Mrs. Gereth was silent a moment; then, "Nonsense!" she sharply replied.

In spite of this sharpness they were now almost equally and almost tremulously mild, though their mildness took mainly the form of an inevitable sense of nothing left to say. It was the unsaid that occupied them,—the thing that for more than an hour they had been going round and round without naming it. Much too early for Fle-da's train, they encountered at the station a long half-hour to wait. Fle-da made no further allusion to Mrs. Gereth's leaving her; their dumbness, with the elapsing minutes, grew to be in itself a reconstituted bond. They slowly paced the great gray plat-

form, and presently Mrs. Gereth took the girl's arm and leaned on it with a hard demand for support. It seemed to Fle-da not difficult for each to know of what the other was thinking,—to know, indeed, that they had in common two alternating visions, one of which, at moments, brought them as by a common impulse to a pause. This was the one that was fixed; the other filled at times the whole space, and then was should-ered away. Owen and Mona glared together out of the gloom and disappeared, but the replenishment of Poynton made a shining, steady light. The old splen-dor was there again, the old things were in their places. Our friends looked at them with an equal yearning; face to face, on the platform, they counted them in each other's eyes. Fle-da had come back to them by a road as strange as the road they themselves had followed. The wonder of their great journeys, the prodigy of this second one, was the ques-tion that made her occasionally stop. Several times she uttered it, asked how this and that difficulty had been met. Mrs. Gereth replied with pale lucidity,—was naturally the person most famil-iar with the truth that what she under-took was always somehow achieved. To do it was to do it,—she had more than one kind of magnificence. She con-fessed there, audaciously enough, to a sort of arrogance of energy, and Fle-da, going on again, her inquiry more than answered and her arm rendering ser-vice, flushed, in her diminished identity, with the sense that such a woman was great.

"You do mean literally everything, to the last little miniature on the last lit-tle screen?"

"I mean literally everything. Go over them with the catalogue!"

Fle-da went over them while they walked again; she had no need of the catalogue. At last she spoke once more: "Even the Maltese cross?"

"Even the Maltese cross. Why not

that as well as everything else? — especially as I remembered how you like it.”

Finally, after an interval, the girl exclaimed, “But the mere fatigue of it, the exhaustion of such a feat! I drag you to and fro here while you must be ready to drop.”

“I’m very, very tired.” Mrs. Gereth’s slow head-shake was tragic. “I could n’t do it again.”

“I doubt if they’d bear it again!”

“That’s another matter: they’d bear it if *I* could. There won’t have been, this time either, a shake or a scratch. But I’m too tired, — I very nearly don’t care.”

“You must sit down, then, till I go,” said Fleda. “We must find a bench.”

“No. I’m tired of *them*; I’m not tired of you. This is the way for you to feel most how much I rest on you.” Fleda had a compunction, wondering as they continued to stroll whether it was right after all to leave her. She believed, however, that if the flame might for the moment burn low, it was far from dying out, — an impression presently confirmed by the way Mrs. Gereth went on: “But one’s fatigue is nothing. The idea under which one worked kept one up. For you *I could*, — I can still. Nothing will have mattered if *she*’s not there.”

There was a question that this imposed, but Fleda at first found no voice to utter it: it was the thing that, between them, since her arrival, had been so consciously and vividly unsaid. Finally she was able to breathe: “And if *she* is there — if *she*’s there already?”

Mrs. Gereth’s rejoinder too hung back; then when it came — from sad eyes as well as from barely moved lips — it was unexpectedly merciful: “It will be very hard.” That was all, now; and it was poignantly simple. The train Fleda was to take had drawn up; the girl kissed her as if in farewell. Mrs. Gereth submitted; then after a little brought out, “If we *have* lost” —

“If we *have* lost?” Fleda repeated, as she paused again.

“You’ll all the same come abroad with me?”

“It will seem very strange to me if you want me. But whatever you ask, whatever you need, that I will always do.”

“I shall need your company,” said Mrs. Gereth. Fleda wondered an instant if this were not practically a demand for penal submission, — for a surrender that, in its complete humility, would be a long expiation. But there was none of the latent chill of the vindictive in the way Mrs. Gereth pursued: “We can always, as time goes on, talk of them together.”

“Of the old things?” Fleda had selected a third-class compartment: she stood a moment looking into it, and at a fat woman with a basket who had already taken possession. “Always?” Fleda said, turning again to her companion. “Never!” she exclaimed. She got into the carriage, and two men with bags and boxes immediately followed, blocking up door and window so long that when she was able to look out again Mrs. Gereth had gone.

Henry James.

GIRLS IN A FACTORY VALLEY.

A HURRYING, eager population fills the factory towns of one of the river valleys of New England. Changes in the social strata occur constantly. Various religions prevail, and different languages are spoken. New-coming races enter, and jostle the older inhabitants. A certain tendency to fuse into one people is observable, but it is still doubtful what will be the exact character of that people. The men of long American pedigree look on, half amused, half indignant, yet with an optimistic patience and a large amount of faith in the American destiny, as they find themselves possessed of less power and influence than citizens of foreign descent and foreign birth. Perhaps their faith in the nation's destiny is well founded.

A little while ago I visited a factory family, and I inquired into its nationality. The mother answered in imperfect English, "I am a Swede, my husband a German."

Her eight-year-old boy interrupted her with superb self-assertion. "I am a Yankee," he said, with uplifted head.

Life is very materialistic in this valley, among both the rich and the poor. The prizes desired and eagerly scrambled for are seldom of a spiritual nature, — a bigger factory, a finer house, a more gorgeous gown, a faster horse, a brighter-colored calico, a newer hat, a larger loaf of bread, a more ample allowance of tobacco, a softer bed. Wherein do these things differ, when the question is as to the soul of man?

There is a better side. The domestic affections are well esteemed. Fathers plan for their children; mothers bend over their babies, and now and then, for an instant, the Madonna look creeps into their faces.

Experiences typical of the tenderer side of this life, as well as of its dangers, fill the pages that follow.

I.

Ellen McKay's father, a night-watchman, long employed by one firm, decided some eight years ago that life with the wife who had borne him nine children was no longer tolerable, and he sought the safe shelter of a boarding-house. For a time he did nothing for his wife, but for two years past he has paid her two dollars a week. He earns nine dollars, and gives Ellen fifty cents weekly, and he paid the same sum to another daughter, Annie, after her health broke down, until her death. He also maintains a life insurance for Ellen's benefit, which costs him fifty dollars a year. Mrs. McKay keeps house with several of her children. She drinks; and although her circumstances do not make it absolutely necessary, she sometimes goes on a begging expedition. It is a mild statement of the case to say that on these occasions she does not always tell the exact truth. Her oldest son, Joe, and his wife, Maggie, board with her. They both drink. He works in a thread-mill, and the wife works there sometimes. Once in a while Maggie is inspired with a spirit of enterprise, and visits some house in the town, soliciting assistance. She, like her mother-in-law, looks upon a visit of this nature as an opportunity to exercise her imaginative faculties. She has been married six years, and her babies die at birth or in very early infancy. Other members of the McKay family are two lads, both working, and a ten-year-old girl. When I once asked Mrs. McKay the number of her children, she evidently suspected me of a desire to ascertain how many she had whose wages she could control, and her ability to count her offspring was curiously diminished by her habit of reckoning them merely according

to their wage-earning value. She finally admitted the existence of an additional son of about twenty-two. "He lives in Providence," she said; "I don't know just where. He would be no good to me if he were here," — meaning that he would, at best, only pay board; for he is of age, and would claim his own wages.

The McKays occupy an upstairs tenement in a large white house, whose garret is the abode of a hopeless drunkard and his family. As we climbed the stairs, I noticed that they were clean. We entered a kitchen, and passed through it to a front sitting-room, where Mrs. McKay sat down to entertain my companion and myself. She is a big woman, and has a face whose badness grows more evident the more it is looked at. Both the rooms were clean, and the floors were covered with bits of carpet and home-made rugs.

Maggie, the daughter-in-law, came after us into the sitting-room. She moved with a slow, feeble step, and her face betrayed an undisciplined character stirred by primitive passions. Her eyelids that day were heavy, but handsome, and her dark hair had a luxuriant look in its slovenliness. She went about restlessly from room to room, as if impelled by some inward torment of the flesh or the spirit.

On the little marble-topped centre table in the sitting-room stood a yellow baking-dish filled with green dandelion leaves. I could not decide whether they had been placed there for decorative purposes or were intended for eating at the dinner. I was somehow impressed with the idea that they were there for ornament, for just beyond the marble table was another stand supporting a tiny white coffin, with a candelabrum behind it. Within that coffin lay the body of Maggie's last infant, aged six days when it died. It looked like a little doll dressed in white, and laid in a toy cradle for some happy child's amusement.

The baby had been born one Thurs-

day. Annie, Mrs. McKay's consumptive daughter, had died on the following Sunday, and was buried on Tuesday. The baby had died on Wednesday, and was then, on Thursday morning, awaiting its burial that afternoon. The McKays had passed an eventful week. The two women were perfectly sober that day, and the house was clean for the second funeral. Mrs. McKay is credited with having possessed a great fancy for funerals in her earlier life, and with having spent much money for carriages to go in processions to the cemetery.

I left Mrs. McKay and Maggie with my companion, and went out to talk with Ellen in the pantry. She sat there washing dishes. The pantry was well stocked with china, glass, and tin ware. Indeed, everything about the house showed that the family had not been in such reduced circumstances as to sell their furniture for liquor; but Ellen explained to me, as I sat with her, that their income was an uncertain one. Maggie's husband, Joe, omitted to pay his board when he was out of work, or when, as during the last week, he had "trouble" which increased his expenses, and he did not make up for the omission afterwards. I did not learn where the money for Annie's funeral was to come from.

When Ellen was ten years old she was badly burned on the legs because of an accident with a lamp, and she has never walked since. She spoke very quietly of her sister Annie's death. "We lost a good friend in her," she said, but she did not show any passionate grief. I asked her if she liked to read. Yes, she said she did. She read story-books that different girls lent her. She never read anything but story-books. I saw one of them afterwards in the house; its title was *Cameron Pride*. I have spent several hours since thinking whether it would be possible for anybody to write just the sort of books that it would be best for a girl like Ellen to read. She did not read a great deal, she said. It

took her some time to get through a book. She did other things. She did all the family sewing. I learned afterwards that though her legs are so drawn that she cannot use crutches, she does manage to get one foot on the treadle when seated before a sewing-machine, so that she can run it.

"You're a very useful girl," I ventured to say, hoping to please her. And then I added, "You have a brother in Providence. Is he married?"

"I don't know," she answered.

"You don't know?" I exclaimed in surprised reply. "Why, are you on good terms with him? Does he come here?"

"Oh yes, he comes here often. He's been here this last week. He came Saturday, and when he saw Annie was so sick he stayed till Tuesday night. He told me a while ago he was married, an' then again he says he is n't. I don't know when he's foolin'. I've never seen his wife. He's keepin' company with a young lady, but I don't think he's got married."

She said he was a jeweler, but she was not sure where he worked. The whole relation to this brother, as she and her mother betrayed it, seemed to betoken that lack of confidential family intimacy which is a melancholy element in the lives of many persons belonging to that class which forms the doubtful layer between the vicious and the criminal.

I asked her if she ever went outdoors.

"Oh no," she said pleasantly. "Sometimes, when it's very hot, I get downstairs to the back door. I've never seen the town. I wish I could see what Main Street is like. I was only ten years old when I was burned, and I'd hardly ever been down street before that time. Mother would n't let us go out alone, an' she was always working, an' could n't go with us."

I asked her if she could go to drive if I came for her with a carriage.

"I have n't any clothes of my own," she said, as her mind evidently turned to

hats and jackets, "but I could wear my sister's things."

Mrs. McKay showed no especial interest when I told her that I was coming to take her crippled daughter out, though she said readily enough that she would get her ready. But Maggie looked up from her seat by the baby's coffin, and spoke in a soft, pleasantly modulated voice: "It would be a real blessing if you would come and take Ellen to drive. She's young, and she has no pleasures. She's always just as patient and uncomplaining as you see her. I don't see how she bears her life."

When, on May-day, I went for Ellen, I found her on the floor sweeping. She was literally on the floor, and she looked very little, for her legs were bent under her in a pitiful fashion; and when she moved, she put her hands down one at each side, and in some way slid around, keeping her person erect from the waist. It was sad and strange enough to see her use a big broom, the handle rising much above her head.

At first Ellen seemed startled by the proposition to prepare to go immediately to drive. She felt as if she could not do it. She said afterwards that she did not know it would be so easy to be lifted into the carriage. Maggie helped her with her preparations. The mother contented herself with finding a hat and making an ineffectual search for gloves. She tried to get me alone, saying that she wished to have a talk with me; but I suspected her motives, and gave her no opportunity to beg of me in private. I fancied that she was slightly under the influence of liquor. Ellen, however, appeared to have the natural childlike sentiment towards her mother. When she was dressed for her little journey, she went down the stairs sliding from step to step, and the driver took her in his arms and placed her in the open phaeton. Mrs. McKay followed us to the door. Ellen clambered upon the carriage-seat.

"Good-by!" called the girl, with a lit-

tle thrill in her voice; and then "Good-by!" once more; and finally, "Good-by, mother," she said, "for a little while, — for the first time in thirteen years."

It was a shabby little town through which we drove, but in it Ellen saw the kingdoms of this world and the glory thereof. She did not talk much, but she recognized the names of many places as names she had heard, — of streets, shops, graveyards, factories, the convent, the Catholic church and other churches. It was as much of an experience to us who took her as it was to her to be taken out into the world, — she a girl twenty-three years old, who had never seen a pretty lawn, a large shop window, or the main street of a town since she was a little child.

"She was quick at catching the meaning of things, though she said, "I saw a thousand things I never saw at home."

"I does be afraid of the electric cars," she murmured as the horses approached one; but she was soon reassured, and gave herself up to quiet enjoyment.

"Are you happy?" I asked.

"Does *this* make me happy? Oh yes."

"What do you think about when you are at home?" I inquired.

"I don't think," she answered. "It's just like being dead."

Afterwards she admitted that she spent a great deal of time wondering how it would be if she could go out from the house; but she knew that she could not, and so she was generally contented. She wanted to see the river, and we drove over many bridges and let her look up and down the stream; and when she caught a glimpse of some little steamboats, she said, "I used to think they were like houses." She admired the dolls dressed up in the shop windows to display clothing and millinery, and thought them so "natural" and "handsome;" and she liked, though maybe not quite so well, the beauty of one or two magnolia-trees which were in full bloom,

and the glowing color of some red bushes seen in the distance up the river.

"I don't know how to thank you for your kindness," she said gently, as she found we were finally returning to the tenement house which she called home.

It seemed cruel to take her back. The driver lifted her with added tenderness out of the carriage, and insisted on carrying her up the outer steps into the house. She stopped on the entry staircase, and sat there facing us as we prepared to go. Her dreadful mother stood in the door repeating her maudlin request to me: "I wan' ter see yer, I wan' ter see yer myself."

Ellen called out good-by and waved a timid farewell from the stairs, and I scarcely noted the mother's horrible face or voice, for the girl's eyes were shining as I think I never saw any other human eyes shine.

II.

One October afternoon a girl called to see me; and when I entered the sitting-room, she seemed perfectly at ease in a big armchair. She was about sixteen years old, noticeably clad in a red frock trimmed with black braid, a neat gray jacket, and a black and red hat. She had a pleasant, bright face, and she talked easily and agreeably, and tried to make me recall her, but I did not remember her. She told me that her name was Etta Burns, and that her family had once lived in this town. The strike that was pending in the town where she now lived had thrown the factory people out of work. She thought it would have been better for them to take the "cut-down" rather than quit their work. She speculated a little upon the loss per week that each operative would suffer under the reduction, and showed a general knowledge of mill work and wages, combined with some ignorance of arithmetic. Unable to get anything to do at home while the strike lasted, she had come,

she said, two weeks before, to a factory village a mile farther up the valley than the town where I live. While seeking employment, she had been staying there with a woman whom she knew, who had not charged her board. "But," she declared, "of course I must send her something after I get work. You can't take so much from a person and pay nothing."

On the day before, she proceeded to explain, a man had spread the tidings that work could now be had in the town where the strike had been, if the mill fugitives came back. Everybody was going back. She wanted to return, but she had no money, and she was trying to sell a leather music-roll for any sum that would enable her to go immediately home. She had taken music lessons, she said, when her family were in a more prosperous condition. I was familiar with the fact that girls in factory families often do take music lessons.

"If I give you a dollar for this roll, what will you do?"

"Go right home on the four o'clock train," she answered. It was then half past two.

"Won't you have to go back to the village, where your things are, first?"

"No," she replied promptly. "I came away meaning to go right on if I sold the roll."

"You must have clothes to take," I insinuated.

She gave a frank, triumphant smile, as though at that moment she felt, like Thoreau, that earthly possessions would be a burden to her free spirit. She made a pretty little gesture as if she wished to reveal herself entirely to me. "I've got nothing," she said, "but what I'm wearing."

I gave her the dollar and an addressed postal card, which she promised to post to me when she reached home. As she turned to leave the house, I saw that her short golden hair had been artificially curled. I followed her to the door with the conscience-prompted ad-

vice, "Now go home to your mother. That's where a girl like you should be."

"That's so," she said readily.

I watched her from the window, and saw her walk away with a steady, swift step. Her gown was not quite long enough to proclaim her a full-grown woman. I thought of certain well guarded, tenderly trained girls whom I knew, and the contrast between her lot and theirs struck me painfully.

At a little after five o'clock, the same afternoon, I was walking on the main street in the town, and I met a young woman. We passed each other quickly; then I wheeled about and laid a detaining touch on her shoulder. She stared blankly at me, but still I had courage to say, "You are the girl who came to my house this afternoon."

"No," she declared, "I'm not."

I looked at her dress. I looked at her yellow frizzled hair. "Yes," I said, "you are the girl."

"No, I never saw you before," she said.

"You are the one," I reiterated.

She smiled suddenly. "Why, yes!" she cried. "I did n't know you."

"You were deceiving me," I said; "you did n't go home."

"I found," she answered, "there was n't any four o'clock train. There's one about eight. I did n't know you at all," she added in a confident, winning sort of way.

"You have been spending the money I gave you," I remarked, noticing a small package in her hand.

"No, I have n't," she replied, and she calmly showed me the dollar bill tucked into her jacket pocket, and also held up to my sight the postal card, which she had rolled in one hand. "There," she said, "I would n't have kept this, if I had been deceiving you."

These proofs of an unaltered determination to go home appeared to deserve consideration, but I still had suspicion that there were features in the case mer-

iting investigation. My eyes fell again on the package that she carried.

"What have you there?" I asked, without stopping to reflect whether she had not an inalienable right to refuse to tell me.

The girl spared me any suggestion that I was impertinent, and instantly showed me two photographs. I gazed at them, half bewildered, perceiving, without really thinking about it, that while the pictures were not distinctly bad, they still were not such as I should like to see in the possession of the carefully guarded, tenderly trained girls whom this child had called to my mind. Etta wrapped up the photographs again, and said, confusing the details of her story somewhat, that a man whom she knew slightly had just met her on the street, had given her the pictures, and had asked her to take them to a girl in another part of the town. I told her that she must go at once with me to the railroad station and let me inquire about the train she intended to take. She asked if she might not go first to carry the photographs. I hesitated to permit her. She seemed to feel that I had some kind of power over her, — a matter concerning which I should have been in much doubt myself, had it occurred to her to question it, — for, as I hesitated, she said in her sweet voice, and with the politeness which characterized her manner, "You can go with me. It is n't far."

So I went. We passed through various streets, and I wondered why she was so willing that I should go with her, and whether she would slip away from me when she reached the house, and even whether there was any particular house that she was trying to find. It grew dark, and Etta looked here and there along the streets, and began to murmur incoherent remarks about the direction in which she was going. I had concluded that she did not know where to take me nor how to get rid either of me or of the

photographs, when she announced happily that we had come to the right street; and in a moment more she said, "This is the house. Wait here for me."

"Will you come out?" I asked.

"Oh yes," she answered, still well mannered and good natured, "I'll come out." She skipped up the stone steps and along a narrow paved passageway between the house and a fence. I followed, and heard a lively greeting as she went into the house and upstairs. An inside door shut as I came where I could see into the lower entry, but not before I had had a glimpse into a lighted interior which showed unmistakably that this was a tenement house occupied by families. I heard Etta's voice saying with pleasant honesty, "There's a lady waiting for me." In a moment more she came out with a girl whose face I could not clearly see in the evening light, but who had a pretty head and figure. She held the package of photographs. Both girls met me with an innocent and confiding air, as if I had been their kinswoman.

"May I stay to supper?" asked Etta.

"May she stay?" pleaded the other girl.

The situation threatened to become absurd, but since they were inclined to recognize me as in authority, I began to ask their plans. Etta assured me that Florence, as she called her companion, would go with her to the railroad station after supper. I turned to Florence, and asked, "Where and when did you know this girl?"

"About six weeks ago; she worked with me in a store."

"I worked there two days," admitted Etta.

"Six weeks ago!" I repeated. "You said that you came from B—— only two weeks ago."

She sputtered out some explanation that only half explained. I remembered her statement that she had brought no clothes from the town of B—— except those she had on, and I asked Florence

to identify her gown. Yes, she said, she thought it was the one the girl had worn when working at the store. As for extra underclothing, the need for which grew more apparent as the time of her admitted absence from home increased, she declared that she did bring two suits with her, and that she had them both on at that moment.

Uncertain what to do, I changed the point of attack, and turned to Florence, telling her that the photographs were not such as a girl would do well to receive from a young man. I tried to make the suggestion with all tenderness, but it was hardly strange that at this moment Etta's patience with my interference in her affairs suddenly failed. She began to speak in a harsh, violent, jeering tone.

"You did n't believe I was me!" she cried, facing me like an animal at bay, "Now own up, you thought I was lying."

"I hoped you were telling me the truth," I said, rather feebly. "I wanted to do by you what I should want some one to do by my child."

This sentiment softened her into an admission that she knew I had meant to be kind. From the time that Etta grew violent Florence showed signs of uneasiness, saying that she must go in, and now she left us abruptly. Etta did not seem to attach any significance to her departure, and went on storming at me.

"You did n't believe I was Etta Burns. Now you see there are people who know Etta Burns."

Florence came suddenly back, and broke out angrily. "My mother," she said, "won't let me keep the photographs, an' I don't want them." Then to Etta she continued tempestuously: "Take 'em yourself. An' my mother don't want you to come to the house any more, an' she says I must n't go with you."

"Tear up the photographs," I suggested.

"No, I won't have nothin' to do with them!" cried Florence, and she stuck them between the palings of the fence.

Etta calmly picked them up. She had grown quiet when Florence cast off her friendship. "I'm going in to see your mother," she said, and she dauntlessly marched into the house.

Florence remained with me in the doorway, complaining incoherently, as if some injury had been done her; and now I observed that she spoke of Etta as "Della."

"I don't want Della coming here," she whimpered. "I don't know her. I've only just seen her. I don't want such a fuss at the house."

I had not collected my thoughts at all, when Etta again came downstairs, and she and I stepped into the passage.

"I'm ready to go," was all she said. It was evident that she had been vanquished in the desperate raid she had made upstairs into the enemy's country.

"Now come with me to the railroad station," I bade her; and without further words we went down into the street.

She walked submissively beside me. I was wondering how I could most easily get her supper, when she broke the silence. "I'll tell you the truth," she said, calling me for the first time by my name, and with a perceptible quiver in her young voice. "I live in the next village, not in the town where I told you I lived, and I'll give you the street and number, and my name is Della Mahone; and I'll give you back your dollar. I told you that story because I thought you'd be more likely to buy my music-roll. I wanted the money to help my mother. She's a good woman. My father don't do much but drink. I did n't like to tell you the truth."

"Did n't you think I'd be as willing to help a girl who lives near by as one who lives farther off?" I asked.

"No," she answered. "I'd tried to sell the roll before, and I could n't." She took the dollar bill out of her pocket and handed it to me. "I guess you'd better take this now," she said.

It seemed to me that it might be

encouraging fraud and falsehood to refuse the money, and I took the detestable bill, feeling a little as if I were myself doing something rather disreputable. We pursued our way in the direction of the village where she now claimed residence. She murmured occasional short sentences in a soft, troubled tone. Sometimes they were spontaneous utterances of her own agitation; sometimes they were in answer to questions or remarks of mine.

"I've told you an awful lot of lies. I've got a cousin named Etta Burns. She lives in B——, where the strike is. I knew about the strike from her letters. Oh, I don't mind about the lies I've told. It's those photographs I care about. I've been such a fool. That's always the way with me. I always do what people ask me to. That's how I get into trouble. I never thought any harm when he asked me to take them to her. I'll send them back to him by mail. Oh, I don't know his name! I'll go to-morrow and find his sister, and tell her to give them to him and tell him he can do his own errands after this. Yes, I know his sister. I was standing with her a week ago, and she said, 'Oh, my brother's got some photographs,' and he came along and asked me to take them to Florence. I did n't look at them then. I took them home, and just looked at them once before I showed them to you. I never thought of there being any harm in them. Yes, I see now. I'll never do anything anybody asks me to again."

She said several times that she wished me to come and see her, and finally gave me minute instructions how to find the house where she lived, in the new part of the village, near a famous old oak-tree. "You can't miss it," she added. "My father's name is Jim. Just go along the alley and ask for Della Murray."

"Della Murray!" I repeated. "What is your name?"

"That's it," she declared.

"Is it?" I inquired. "Then why

did you tell me your name was Della Mahone?"

She was silent a moment, then answered helplessly, "I was rather nervous when I came out of that house." After a while she asked gently, "Don't you believe me?"

I mildly represented to her that in the course of the last hour or two she had herself placed several obstacles in the way of my putting absolute faith in her statements.

"I know," she meekly admitted. "I would n't believe me if I were in your place. But I'm telling the truth now. I'm Della Murray."

She was rather subdued and quiet after this. She showed an amiable solicitude that I should not stumble over some roughness in our path, and once she said humbly, "I hope you'll forgive me," and again, more childishly, "I hope you are n't mad with me."

We reached my home at last. She waited inside the door while I got the music-roll, which I gave her. She looked quite pretty as she stood there. I asked her if she wanted supper before she went on.

"No," she said, "I could n't eat."

I urged her to go straight home, and promised to go to see her soon.

"I hope you will," she answered in a bright, sweet way, and more cheerfully than she had spoken since she gave me the third name. Then she went out into the darkness, leaving me perplexed at the impotence of one human being to save the soul of another.

Two days later, on a beautiful Sunday morning, I drove to the row of tenement houses near the battered old oak, where she had said she lived. I could learn of nobody named Murray in that neighborhood, but some children told me of a girl living in a different part of the village, who wore a red gown and a black-and-red-hat, a girl whose hair was short, and who had lately bleached it yellow, and her name, they said, was Della Mahone.

III.

Margaret Lombard became a pauper through the fault of others. She was a small, round-faced French Canadian woman, who was scarcely able to speak a word of English. Her husband deserted her. She had a willful old father, a fat, dark-skinned man of the peasant type, a man who looked as if he united the passions of an animal to the stolidity of a granite boulder. He had considerable property, but he declined to support his daughter unless she promised not to live with her husband again if he returned. She refused to make such a promise, and went to the state almshouse to be confined.

She had two children, a boy and a girl, when she entered the almshouse. They were taken from her for their good, and placed in the state school, an institution designed for the care of children who for any reason involving no offense of their own become the wards of the State. The poor young mother was thus left to wait alone, deserted by her husband, cast off by her father, deprived of her children, till another baby should be born.

The baby came, lived a year with its mother in the almshouse, and died. Then she went out again into the world, worked in the mill, and struggled on till she felt justified in trying to get her children. She obtained the boy with comparative ease, as he was still an inmate of the state school. But the little girl, Ada, had been "bound out" from the school when she was only five or six years old. There was a most conscientious board in charge of the school, and they had placed Ada in an excellent family, where the "binding out" was equivalent in effect, but not in form, to an adoption. The lady with whom she lived treated and loved her as if she were her own, and certainly gave her a home which promised a far more desirable future for her than any which her own mother could

provide in her tenement life in a factory town.

Margaret was told that the child had been given away from the school, but she refused to be contented with the assurance that it was in good hands. She went to her priest. She went to her father, and either his affection or his pride was roused. He announced his determination to spend his money, if necessary, to get back his grandchild. The French Canadians of the district were moved to some indignation on behalf of the mother. There appeared to be danger lest the matter should creep into politics.

When Ada herself was told that the other mother, whom she barely remembered, wanted her, she said to her adoptive parent, "You tell her that Ada Lombard is dead, and it's Ada A—— you've got."

Several persons went to Margaret to urge her to relinquish the child voluntarily. "It will be better for Ada to stay where she is," said one.

She looked sadly back, with the helpless smile and the soft cowlike eyes of the French Canadian, and could only answer, "Yes, I know, but s'e my li'l girl. Ze feelin' is here," touching her breast. "I wants my chile."

The visitor grew dumb before the force of this unintelligent maternal impulse. Of course, Margaret, although she said "I know" so meekly, did not fully realize how much less desirable her home was than the one from which Ada was to be taken. It was, moreover, both touching and suggestive that in spite of her troubles the loving little Canadian mother had not found her tenement and factory life so hard to bear, or even her existence as a deserted wife so painful, as to make her shrink from bringing her daughter into a condition where she must take the chance of having no better fate. The mother also had the absolute justification to herself for her course implied in the fact that her religion was

different from that held by the woman who had adopted her child. There was a legal flaw in the title by which the state school held Ada, and the Board could not carry out its contract with the woman to whom they had bound the child.

Ada therefore came back to her own mother. She was an extremely attractive little creature, eight years old, — a child to fondle and caress. She wore her hair in a long curly mass. Her clothes were neat and pretty. No woman, were she either a real or an adoptive mother, could have willingly renounced her to another. The old French grandfather sat and smoked in Margaret's kitchen, and looked admiringly at the pretty child. He could not talk with her, for she did not speak French. The mother tried to devise amusement for her, and Ada sat happily in a visitor's lap and prattled of the shop windows she had seen in a walk. Nevertheless, she longed for the other mother whom she had left, and wanted to return to her. Whether it troubled her or not, Margaret did not attempt to deny that Ada was homesick.

Time passed, and once when I went to see the family I found Ada alone. She had to "keep house" all through the long hours that she was out of school and her mother was in the mill, — "keep house" or play in the street. On this particular day she was perched on a chair by the open window. She was well enough clad, but she did not look as daintily cared for as when she first came. As she sat there, I saw her throw back her curly head indignantly, when a man, passing outside, a man who lived upstairs in the same house, addressed her with a familiarity which may have been innocent enough, but which still reminded one that this beautiful child might be much exposed every day while the mother was in the mill. I asked her how she felt about her former home.

"I did want to go back at first," she

said, "but now I love my own mamma best."

Some months later, word was brought that two little children, each engaged in eating a big piece of molasses candy, had appeared at my door. They were Ada and her brother, who was younger than she. We entertained them for a while, and guarded the furniture from their sticky fingers, after which I walked home with them.

Margaret had moved into another part of the town, where an aunt who lived near by could look after the children a little during mill hours. The little Canadian occupied the lower floor of a tenement house which appeared to have no cellar. The rooms were bare, but cleanly kept, and at night the mother and the two children slept in one bed.

While I was there, Ada demanded permission to go out and play, and the mother gave her many admonitions about coming in again soon, mixed with general warnings against running about the streets. The little girl laughed in response and sputtered back with a bright, sweet impertinence, as though this was a nagging discipline to which she was well used, and whose value she esteemed at a very low figure. The mother smiled fondly, but somewhat helplessly, at the charming face, and I felt that the child's would soon be the dominant spirit. This was my last knowledge of them, and the memory of the pretty little figure dancing that Sunday gleefully before the mother's adoring eyes, offers no sure clue to the problem of the maiden's future.

IV.

Elsie Kearney was a girl whose life had passed through the crucible of some institutional home for children. When she was not quite sixteen years of age her little individual fate became complicated in the great issues of financial distress in which the whole nation was involved,

and all her past seemed to throw its force into an effort to wreck her present and threaten her future. At this time she was so fortunate as to secure the friendship of Miss W., a young lady whose better position in society and more sheltered existence had happily served to render her the more sympathetic with girls who had no shelter.

To her Elsie told her story. She and her sister lost their mother when they were little more than babies, and their father, with that fine contempt for parental responsibilities which seems to be largely a masculine prerogative, vanished calmly from the scene of his former life. Elsie said very little about him, but it was evident, when she spoke of it, that his desertion had made her feel very bitterly towards his memory.

The two little sisters were placed in a home for children, and in due time were both given out to families. Whether Elsie was bound to the Mr. and Mrs. Kearney who took her, or was legally adopted by them, I cannot say, but they gave her their name. She lived with them for several years. Mr. Kearney was a not very successful wage-earner, a man who drove wagons or did other work of a similar grade. Mrs. Kearney was rather self-indulgent and inefficient, and at times the household became indebted to charitable relief for its comforts.

Elsie was put to work in the mill when very young, and she had to do a great deal of housework in addition to her labors in the factory. She washed for the family in the morning before going to work in the mill, — mill-hours begin at half past six or seven, — and she ironed in the evening after her return.

When she was fifteen the child rebelled, and, leaving the home, went to live with some cousins in a neighboring city. The Kearneys took no legal steps to force her to come back, but they made idle speeches, and carelessly tossed

about damaging insinuations that Elsie had fled to some evil resort.

Elsie's cousins were so poor that she could not stay long with them, and she returned to the town she had left, to find herself, as a consequence of this unkind gossip, under a cloud of suspicion, while she was still so young that, had her lot been differently cast, she would hardly have known there was any such wrong as that of which she was suspected, in a world which would then probably have seemed to her made up mostly of nurseries for children and Sunday-school rooms.

The tears came into her beautiful blue eyes as she told Miss W. of this trouble which had befallen her.

"It's an awful thing," she said, "for a respectable girl to bear."

She took refuge with a kindly woman who could not afford to give her board, but who readily agreed to accept no recompense until the girl got to earning money. Day by day Elsie haunted the mills, and day by day she turned away from them heartsick because not one of them had any place for her within its walls.

Mrs. Kearney heard that Elsie was back in the town, and went to tell her that if she got work in the mill she should hold to the old legal bond, and claim and take her wages.

Poor Elsie's clothes were all black, and once Miss W. asked her if she was wearing mourning. Then the poor little thing confessed to the bit of childish sentimentality which had led her for years past, whenever she got anything to wear, to get only black garments.

"I felt so alone in the world," she said, "I felt as if I ought to wear black. I have n't anybody belonging to me. If I only had some one person, it would be so different!"

Elsie's sister, all this while, was living not many miles away. The choice of a home for her when she was put out from the asylum had been more wisely

made than in Elsie's case. She had been given to people who loved and cherished her as a child should be loved. They had taken her for their own, and secured her a comfortable and happy existence. They did not desire her to continue relations with persons with whom they had no connection. Elsie had seen her only once in five years. "It is quite right," she said, but still she felt the more bereaved because of this separation from her sister.

Elsie did not want to work in the mill. She preferred to do housework in some nice family, and at last — for even experiences pitiful as hers had been do not always end in utter tragedy — she heard of a place she could have, and came hopefully to Miss W. to tell her that the lady had a kind face, and that, best of all, she had a little child, so the girl felt sure there would be something bright and sweet in the life to which she was going.

V.

The house was in a part of the valley somewhat unfamiliar to me. It was a high, square box with windows that looked like black holes. I entered, climbed two or three staircases that led through entries with board partitions, and finally made my way into a large kitchen lighted by two sunny windows. The sunshine was the only cheerful thing there. On a hard, narrow cot placed against the wall lay a seventeen-year-old girl covered with dirty bedclothes. Her nightgown was dirty. She owned but one, so perhaps it would be unfair to blame anybody for its condition, but her hands and wrists and face were dirty. She looked old, as persons in the last stages of consumption are likely to look, however few may be their years. She had probably once been pretty. Her features were delicate, and over her forehead waved loose hair of golden brown. Its

color was still bright. She hardly understood that bathing might relieve her sufferings, but gratefully accepted the comfort it brought when tried. She needed nourishment, too. Some one had sent her custard, which stood in a cup on the table. Black cinders and dust had fallen in and floated on the top, but her aunt fed her from it unhesitatingly, and omitted to wipe her lips afterwards.

She was in the care of two aunts, small, round-faced, white-haired, middle-aged creatures. To call them women would seem to confer on them a dignity beyond their deserts. They were not only dwarfish in stature, but distinctly elfish in character, and were apparently incapable of sustained mental effort or intelligent purpose, though they had undoubtedly a kind of interest, not wholly selfish, in the three children of their brother who had fallen to their care. Annie was the eldest of these. Her aunts showed fitful impulses of kindness towards her. They simply did not know and could not be made to know that she ought to be properly fed and bathed. They were not degraded or brutish, but they seemed like beings apart from those upon whom has been laid the burden of either mental or moral responsibility.

They did manifest a slight consciousness of the relation of cause and effect when they told how Annie had had to walk a mile or two on cold winter mornings to the mill where she worked, and the exposure had been bad for her; but I doubt if they suspected that if they had drank less beer, and had worked more themselves, either in the house or out of it, to procure her better food and warmer clothes, she might perhaps not have been brought thus pitifully to her death-bed, with life's morn yet golden in her hair.

These diminutive women were beer-drinkers; I do not know that they were guilty of other vices. A few years before this time they had lived in my own village, and the moment I opened the

door, on my second visit, they began hopping before me, uttering wild little cries in a sort of elfish glee at having found out who I was ; calling me, as the factory folk had been wont to call me before my marriage, by my Christian name preceded by a courteous title. Their excitement and the use of the old name almost bewildered me. For a moment it seemed as if their eerie salutations summoned me to partake with them some odd communion, growing out of an old association of their lives with mine, — the association of a common village life.

In one of my later visits, Annie lay so still that I was deluded into thinking she did not hear what was said. I was undeceived with a shock. Her aunts peered at her and commented on her appearance, and told me they had thought her dying a night or two before, and assured me that she certainly would die very soon. As they gabbled on I looked at her, and to my surprise saw tears flowing down her cheeks.

"Why, she hears what you are saying," I whispered in dismay.

"Oh yes, she hears every word," they cheerfully admitted, as though they were rather proud of her ability.

"You must not talk that way, then," I said. "You must not let her hear you say she is dying."

I drew one of the women aside. I explained ; I entreated that they should not chatter about death before the child.

"Oh no, we will not, — we never do," replied this human elf ; and then she and her sister went on talking as before about how ill Annie was and how soon the girl would die, and they did not appear to know that they were doing what one of them had said they never did and never would do.

Thank Heaven, it was not long before this poor, neglected child did die ; and when I saw her body laid out for burial, it struck me as both strange and pitiful that it was all clean and covered with a spotless white garment.

Lillie B. Chace Wyman.

NIAGARA.

WHERE echo ne'er hath found
A footing on the steep,
Descends, without a sound,
The cataract of sleep.

Like swallows in the spray,
When evening is near
The thronging thoughts of day
About the brink appear ;

Till greets a heaven below
A sister heaven above,
Alik ; with stars aglow
Of unextinguished love.

John B. Tabb.

ATHÉNAÏSE: A STORY OF A TEMPERAMENT.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

VI.

ATHÉNAÏSE reached her destination sound of skin and limb, but a good deal flustered, a little frightened, and altogether excited and interested by her unusual experiences.

Her destination was the house of Sylvie, on Dauphine Street, in New Orleans, — a three-story gray brick, standing directly on the banquette, with three broad stone steps leading to the deep front entrance. From the second-story balcony swung a small sign, conveying to passers-by the intelligence that within were “chambres garnies.”

It was one morning in the last week of April that Athénaïse presented herself at the Dauphine Street house. Sylvie was expecting her, and introduced her at once to her apartment, which was in the second story of the back ell, and accessible by an open, outside gallery. There was a yard below, paved with broad stone flagging; many fragrant flowering shrubs and plants grew in a bed along the side of the opposite wall, and others were distributed about in tubs and green boxes.

It was a plain but large enough room into which Athénaïse was ushered, with matting on the floor, green shades and Nottingham-lace curtains at the windows that looked out on the gallery, and furnished with a cheap walnut suit. But everything looked exquisitely clean, and the whole place smelled of cleanliness.

Athénaïse at once fell into the rocking-chair, with the air of exhaustion and intense relief of one who has come to the end of her troubles. Sylvie, entering behind her, laid the big traveling-bag on the floor and deposited the jacket on the bed.

She was a portly quadron of fifty or thereabout, clad in an ample volant of

the old-fashioned purple calico so much affected by her class. She wore large golden hoop-earrings, and her hair was combed plainly, with every appearance of effort to smooth out the kinks. She had broad, coarse features, with a nose that turned up, exposing the wide nostrils, and that seemed to emphasize the loftiness and command of her bearing, — a dignity that in the presence of white people assumed a character of respectfulness, but never of obsequiousness. Sylvie believed firmly in maintaining the color-line, and would not suffer a white person, even a child, to call her “Madame Sylvie,” — a title which she exacted religiously, however, from those of her own race.

“I hope you be please’ wid yo’ room, madame,” she observed amiably. “Dat’s de same room w’at yo’ brother, M’sieur Miché, all time like w’en he come to New Orlean’. He well, M’sieur Miché? I receive’ his letter las’ week, an’ dat same day a gent’man want I give ’im dat room. I say, ‘No, dat room already ingage.’ Ev’body like dat room on ’count it so quite [quiet]. M’sieur Gouvernail, dere in nax’ room, you can’t pay ’im! He been stay t’ree year’ in dat room; but all fix’ up fine wid his own furn’ture an’ books, ’tel you can’t see! I say to ’im plenty time’, ‘M’sieur Gouvernail, w’y you don’ take dat t’ree-story front, now, long it’s empty?’ He tell me, ‘Leave me ’lone, Sylvie; I know a good room w’en I fine it, me.’”

She had been moving slowly and majestically about the apartment, straightening and smoothing down bed and pillows, peering into ewer and basin, evidently casting an eye around to make sure that everything was as it should be.

“I sen’ you some fresh water, ma-

dame," she offered upon retiring from the room. "An' w'en you want an't'ing, you jus' go out on de gall'ry an' call Pousette: she year you plain, — she right down dere in de kitchen."

Athénaïse was really not so exhausted as she had every reason to be after that interminable and circuitous way by which Montéclin had seen fit to have her conveyed to the city.

Would she ever forget that dark and truly dangerous midnight ride along the "coast" to the mouth of Cane River! There Montéclin had parted with her, after seeing her aboard the St. Louis and Shreveport packet which he knew would pass there before dawn. She had received instructions to disembark at the mouth of Red River, and there transfer to the first south-bound steamer for New Orleans: all of which instructions she had followed implicitly, even to making her way at once to Sylvie's upon her arrival in the city. Montéclin had enjoined secrecy and much caution; the clandestine nature of the affair gave it a savor of adventure which was highly pleasing to him. Eloping with his sister was only a little less engaging than eloping with some one else's sister.

But Montéclin did not do the grand seigneur by halves. He had paid Sylvie a whole month in advance for Athénaïse's board and lodging. Part of the sum he had been forced to borrow, it is true, but he was not niggardly.

Athénaïse was to take her meals in the house, which none of the other lodgers did; the one exception being that Mr. Gouvernail was served with breakfast on Sunday mornings.

Sylvie's clientèle came chiefly from the southern parishes; for the most part, people spending but a few days in the city. She prided herself upon the quality and highly respectable character of her patrons, who came and went unobtrusively.

The large parlor opening upon the front balcony was seldom used. Her

guests were permitted to entertain in this sanctuary of elegance, — but they never did. She often rented it for the night to parties of respectable and discreet gentlemen desiring to enjoy a quiet game of cards outside the bosom of their families. The second-story hall also led by a long window out on the balcony. And Sylvie advised Athénaïse, when she grew weary of her back room, to go and sit on the front balcony, which was shady in the afternoon, and where she might find diversion in the sounds and sights of the street below.

Athénaïse refreshed herself with a bath, and was soon unpacking her few belongings, which she ranged neatly away in the bureau drawers and the armoire.

She had revolved certain plans in her mind during the past hour or so. Her present intention was to live on indefinitely in this big, cool, clean back room on Dauphine Street. She had thought seriously, for moments, of the convent, with all readiness to embrace the vows of poverty and chastity; but what about obedience? Later, she intended, in some roundabout way, to give her parents and her husband the assurance of her safety and welfare; reserving the right to remain unmolested and lost to them. To live on at the expense of Montéclin's generosity was wholly out of the question, and Athénaïse meant to look about for some suitable and agreeable employment.

The imperative thing to be done at present, however, was to go out in search of material for an inexpensive gown or two; for she found herself in the painful predicament of a young woman having almost literally nothing to wear. She decided upon pure white for one, and some sort of a sprigged muslin for the other.

VII.

On Sunday morning, two days after Athénaïse's arrival in the city, she went in to breakfast somewhat later than

usual, to find two covers laid at table instead of the one to which she was accustomed. She had been to mass, and did not remove her hat, but put her fan, parasol, and prayer-book aside. The dining-room was situated just beneath her own apartment, and, like all the rooms of the house, was large and airy; the floor was covered with a glistening oil-cloth.

The small, round table, immaculately set, was drawn near the open window. There were some tall plants in boxes on the gallery outside; and Pousette, a little, old, intensely black woman, was splashing and dashing buckets of water on the flagging, and talking loud in her creole patois to no one in particular.

A dish piled with delicate river-shrimps and crushed ice was on the table; a caraffe of crystal-clear water, a few hors d'œuvres, beside a small golden-brown crusty loaf of French bread at each plate. A half-bottle of wine and the morning paper were set at the place opposite Athénaïse.

She had almost completed her breakfast when Gouvernail came in and seated himself at table. He felt annoyed at finding his cherished privacy invaded. Sylvie was removing the remains of a mutton-chop from before Athénaïse, and serving her with a cup of café au lait.

"M'sieur Gouvernail," offered Sylvie in her most insinuating and impressive manner, "you please leave me make you acquaint' wid Madame Cazeau. Dat's M'sieur Miché's sister; you meet 'im two t'ree time', you rec'lec', an' you been one day to de race wid 'im. Madame Cazeau, you please leave me make you acquaint' wid M'sieur Gouvernail."

Gouvernail expressed himself greatly pleased to meet the sister of Monsieur Miché, of whom he had not the slightest recollection. He inquired after Monsieur Miché's health, and politely offered Athénaïse a part of his newspaper, — the part which contained the Woman's Page and the social gossip.

Athénaïse faintly remembered that

Sylvie had spoken of a Monsieur Gouvernail occupying the room adjoining hers, living amid luxurious surroundings and a multitude of books. She had not thought of him further than to picture him a stout, middle-aged gentleman, with a bushy beard turning gray, wearing large gold-rimmed spectacles, and stooping somewhat from much bending over books and writing material. She had confused him in her mind with the likeness of some literary celebrity that she had run across in the advertising pages of a magazine.

Gouvernail's appearance was, in truth, in no sense striking. He looked older than thirty and younger than forty, was of medium height and weight, with a quiet, unobtrusive manner which seemed to ask that he be let alone. His hair was light brown, brushed carefully and parted in the middle. His mustache was brown, and so were his eyes, which had a mild, penetrating quality. He was neatly dressed in the fashion of the day; and his hands seemed to Athénaïse remarkably white and soft for a man's.

He had been buried in the contents of his newspaper, when he suddenly realized that some further little attention might be due to Miché's sister. He started to offer her a glass of wine, when he was surprised and relieved to find that she had quietly slipped away while he was absorbed in his own editorial on *Corrupt Legislation*.

Gouvernail finished his paper and smoked his cigar out on the gallery. He lounged about, gathered a rose for his buttonhole, and had his regular Sunday-morning confab with Pousette, to whom he paid a weekly stipend for brushing his shoes and clothes. He made a great pretense of haggling over the transaction, only to enjoy her uneasiness and garrulous excitement.

He worked or read in his room for a few hours, and when he quitted the house, at three in the afternoon, it was to return no more till late in the night.

It was his almost invariable custom to spend Sunday evenings out in the American quarter, among a congenial set of men and women, — des esprits forts, all of them, whose lives were irreproachable, yet whose opinions would startle even the traditional "sapeur," for whom "nothing is sacred." But for all his "advanced" opinions, Gouvernail was a liberal-minded fellow; a man or woman lost nothing of his respect by being married.

When he left the house in the afternoon, Athénaïse had already ensconced herself on the front balcony. He could see her through the jalousies when he passed on his way to the front entrance. She had not yet grown lonesome or homesick; the newness of her surroundings made them sufficiently entertaining. She found it diverting to sit there on the front balcony watching people pass by, even though there was no one to talk to. And then the comforting, comfortable sense of not being married!

She watched Gouvernail walk down the street, and could find no fault with his bearing. He could hear the sound of her rockers for some little distance. He wondered what the "poor little thing" was doing in the city, and meant to ask Sylvie about her when he should happen to think of it.

VIII.

The following morning, towards noon, when Gouvernail quitted his room, he was confronted by Athénaïse, exhibiting some confusion and trepidation at being forced to request a favor of him at so early a stage of their acquaintance. She stood in her doorway, and had evidently been sewing, as the thimble on her finger testified, as well as a long-threaded needle thrust in the bosom of her gown; and she held a stamped but unaddressed letter in her hand.

And would Mr. Gouvernail be so kind as to address the letter to her brother, Mr.

Montéclin Miché? She would hate to detain him with explanations this morning, — another time, perhaps, — but now she begged that he would give himself the trouble.

He assured her that it made no difference, that it was no trouble whatever; and he drew a fountain pen from his pocket and addressed the letter at her dictation, resting it on the inverted rim of his straw hat. She wondered a little at a man of his supposed erudition stumbling over the spelling of "Montéclin" and "Miché."

She demurred at overwhelming him with the additional trouble of posting it, but he succeeded in convincing her that so simple a task as the posting of a letter would not add an iota to the burden of the day. Moreover, he promised to carry it in his hand, and thus avoid any possible risk of forgetting it in his pocket.

After that, and after a second repetition of the favor, when she had told him that she had had a letter from Montéclin, and looked as if she wanted to tell him more, he felt that he knew her better. He felt that he knew her well enough to join her out on the balcony, one night, when he found her sitting there alone. He was not one who deliberately sought the society of women, but he was not wholly a bear. A little commiseration for Athénaïse's aloneness, perhaps some curiosity to know further what manner of woman she was, and the natural influence of her feminine charm were equal unconfessed factors in turning his steps towards the balcony when he discovered the shimmer of her white gown through the open hall window.

It was already quite late, but the day had been intensely hot, and neighboring balconies and doorways were occupied by chattering groups of humanity, loath to abandon the grateful freshness of the outer air. The voices about her served to reveal to Athénaïse the feeling of loneliness that was gradually coming over her. Notwithstanding certain dormant

impulses, she craved human sympathy and companionship.

She shook hands impulsively with Gouvernail, and told him how glad she was to see him. He was not prepared for such an admission, but it pleased him immensely, detecting as he did that the expression was as sincere as it was outspoken. He drew a chair up within comfortable conversational distance of Athénaïse, though he had no intention of talking more than was barely necessary to encourage Madame — He had actually forgotten her name!

He leaned an elbow on the balcony rail, and would have offered an opening remark about the oppressive heat of the day, but Athénaïse did not give him the opportunity. How glad she was to talk to some one, and how she talked!

An hour later she had gone to her room, and Gouvernail stayed smoking on the balcony. He knew her quite well after that hour's talk. It was not so much what she had said as what her half saying had revealed to his quick intelligence. He knew that she adored Montéclin, and he suspected that she adored Cazeau without being herself aware of it. He had gathered that she was self-willed, impulsive, innocent, ignorant, unsatisfied, dissatisfied; for had she not complained that things seemed all wrongly arranged in this world, and no one was permitted to be happy in his own way? And he told her he was sorry she had discovered that primordial fact of existence so early in life.

He commiserated her loneliness, and scanned his bookshelves next morning for something to lend her to read, rejecting everything that offered itself to his view. Philosophy was out of the question, and so was poetry; that is, such poetry as he possessed. He had not sounded her literary tastes, and strongly suspected she had none; that she would have rejected *The Duchess* as readily as *Mrs. Humphry Ward*. He compromised on a magazine.

It had entertained her passably, she admitted, upon returning it. A New England story had puzzled her, it was true, and a creole tale had offended her, but the pictures had pleased her greatly, especially one which had reminded her so strongly of Montéclin after a hard day's ride that she was loath to give it up. It was one of Remington's Cowboys, and Gouvernail insisted upon her keeping it, — keeping the magazine.

He spoke to her daily after that, and was always eager to render her some service or to do something towards her entertainment.

One afternoon he took her out to the lake end. She had been there once, some years before, but in winter, so the trip was comparatively new and strange to her. The large expanse of water studded with pleasure-boats, the sight of children playing merrily along the grassy palisades, the music, all enchanted her. Gouvernail thought her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Even her gown — the sprigged muslin — appeared to him the most charming one imaginable. Nor could anything be more becoming than the arrangement of her brown hair under the white sailor hat, all rolled back in a soft puff from her radiant face. And she carried her parasol and lifted her skirts and used her fan in ways that seemed quite unique and peculiar to herself, and which he considered almost worthy of study and imitation.

They did not dine out there at the water's edge, as they might have done, but returned early to the city to avoid the crowd. Athénaïse wanted to go home, for she said Sylvie would have dinner prepared and would be expecting her. But it was not difficult to persuade her to dine instead in the quiet little restaurant that he knew and liked, with its sanded floor, its secluded atmosphere, its delicious menu, and its obsequious waiter wanting to know what he might have the honor of serving to "monsieur et madame." No wonder he made the mis-

take, with Gouvernail assuming such an air of proprietorship. But Athénaïse was very tired after it all; the sparkle went out of her face, and she hung dragglingly on his arm in walking home.

He was reluctant to part from her when she bade him good-night at her door and thanked him for the agreeable evening. He had hoped she would sit outside until it was time for him to regain the newspaper office. He knew that she would undress and get into her peignoir and lie upon her bed; and what he wanted to do, what he would have given much to do, was to go and sit beside her, read to her something restful, soothe her, do her bidding, whatever it might be. Of course there was no use in thinking of that. But he was surprised at his growing desire to be serving her. She gave him an opportunity sooner than he looked for.

"Mr. Gouvernail," she called from her room, "will you be so kind as to call Pousette an' tell her she fo'got to bring my ice-water?"

He was indignant at Pousette's negligence, and called severely to her over the banisters. He was sitting before his own door, smoking. He knew that Athénaïse had gone to bed, for her room was dark, and she had opened the slats of the door and windows. Her bed was near a window.

Pousette came flopping up with the ice-water, and with a hundred excuses: "Mo pa oua vou à tab c'te lanuite, mo cri vou pé gagni déjà là-bas; parole! Vou pas cri conté ça Madame Sylvie?" She had not seen Athénaïse at table, and thought she was gone. She swore to this, and hoped Madame Sylvie would not be informed of her remissness.

A little later Athénaïse lifted her voice again: "Mr. Gouvernail, did you remark that young man sitting on the opposite side from us, coming in, with a gray coat an' a blue ban' aroun' his hat?"

Of course Gouvernail had not noticed any such individual, but he assured Athé-

naïse that he had observed the young fellow particularly.

"Don't you think he looked something, — not *very* much, of co'se, — but don't you think he had a little faux-air of Montéclin?"

"I think he looked strikingly like Montéclin," asserted Gouvernail, with the one idea of prolonging the conversation. "I meant to call your attention to the resemblance, and something drove it out of my head."

"The same with me," returned Athénaïse. "Ah, my dear Montéclin! I wonder w'at he is doing now?"

"Did you receive any news, any letter from him to-day?" asked Gouvernail, determined that if the conversation ceased it should not be through lack of effort on his part to sustain it.

"Not to-day, but yesterday. He tells me that maman was so distracted with uneasiness that finally, to pacify her, he was fo'ced to confess that he knew w'ere I was, but that he was boun' by a vow of secrecy not to reveal it. But Cazeau has not noticed him or spoken to him since he threaten' to throw po' Montéclin in Cane River. You know Cazeau wrote me a letter the morning I lef', thinking I had gone to the rigoleto. An' maman opened it, an' said it was full of the mos' noble sentiments, an' she wanted Montéclin to sen' it to me; but Montéclin refuse' poin'blank, so he wrote to me."

Gouvernail preferred to talk of Montéclin. He pictured Cazeau as unbearable, and did not like to think of him.

A little later Athénaïse called out, "Good-night, Mr. Gouvernail."

"Good-night," he returned reluctantly. And when he thought that she was sleeping, he got up and went away to the midnight pandemonium of his newspaper office.

IX.

Athénaïse could not have held out through the month had it not been for

Gouvernail. With the need of caution and secrecy always uppermost in her mind, she made no new acquaintances, and she did not seek out persons already known to her ; however, she knew so few, it required little effort to keep out of their way. As for Sylvie, almost every moment of her time was occupied in looking after her house ; and, moreover, her deferential attitude towards her lodgers forbade anything like the gossipy chats in which Athénaïse might have condescended sometimes to indulge with her landlady. The transient lodgers, who came and went, she never had occasion to meet. Hence she was entirely dependent upon Gouvernail for company.

He appreciated the situation fully ; and every moment that he could spare from his work he devoted to her entertainment. She liked to be out of doors, and they strolled together in the summer twilight through the mazes of the old French quarter. They went again to the lake end, and stayed for hours on the water ; returning so late that the streets through which they passed were silent and deserted. On Sunday morning he arose at an unconscionable hour to take her to the French market, knowing that the sights and sounds there would interest her. And he did not join the intellectual coterie in the afternoon, as he usually did, but placed himself all day at the disposition and service of Athénaïse.

Notwithstanding all, his manner toward her was tactful, and evinced intelligence and a deep knowledge of her character, surprising upon so brief an acquaintance. For the time he was everything to her that she would have him ; he replaced home and friends. Sometimes she wondered if he had ever loved a woman. She could not fancy him loving any one passionately, rudely, offensively, as Cazeau loved her. Once she was so naïve as to ask him outright if he had ever been in love, and he assured her promptly that he had not. She thought

it an admirable trait in his character, and esteemed him greatly therefor.

He found her crying one night, not openly or violently. She was leaning over the gallery rail, watching the toads that hopped about in the moonlight, down on the damp flagstones of the courtyard. There was an oppressively sweet odor rising from the cape jessamine. Pousette was down there, mumbling and quarreling with some one, and seeming to be having it all her own way, — as well she might, when her companion was only a black cat that had come in from a neighboring yard to keep her company.

Athénaïse did admit feeling heart-sick, body-sick, when he questioned her ; she supposed it was nothing but homesick. A letter from Montéclin had stirred her all up. She longed for her mother, for Montéclin ; she was sick for a sight of the cotton-fields, the scent of the ploughed earth, for the dim, mysterious charm of the woods, and the old tumble-down home on the Bon Dieu.

As Gouvernail listened to her, a wave of pity and tenderness swept through him. He took her hands and pressed them against him. He wondered what would happen if he were to put his arms around her.

He was hardly prepared for what happened, but he stood it courageously. She twined her arms around his neck and wept outright on his shoulder ; the hot tears scalding his cheek and neck, and her whole body shaken in his arms. The impulse was powerful to strain her to him ; the temptation was fierce to seek her lips ; but he did neither.

He understood a thousand times better than she herself understood it that he was acting as substitute for Montéclin. Bitter as the conviction was, he accepted it. He was patient ; he could wait. He hoped some day to hold her with a lover's arms. That she was married made no particle of difference to Gouvernail. He could not conceive or

dream of its making a difference. When the time came that she wanted him, — as he hoped and believed it would come, — he felt he would have a right to her. So long as she did not want him, he had no right to her, — no more than her husband had. It was very hard to feel her warm breath and tears upon his cheek, and her struggling bosom pressed against him, and her soft arms clinging to him, and his whole body and soul aching for her, and yet to make no sign.

He tried to think what Montéclin would have said and done, and to act accordingly. He stroked her hair, and held her in a gentle embrace, until the tears dried and the sobs ended. Before releasing herself she kissed him against the neck; she had to love somebody in her own way! Even that he endured like a stoic. But it was well he left her, to plunge into the thick of rapid, breathless, exacting work till nearly dawn.

Athénaïse was greatly soothed, and slept well. The touch of friendly hands and caressing arms had been very grateful. Henceforward she would not be lonely and unhappy, with Gouvernail there to comfort her.

X.

The fourth week of Athénaïse's stay in the city was drawing to a close. Keeping in view the intention which she had of finding some suitable and agreeable employment, she had made a few tentatives in that direction. But with the exception of two little girls who had promised to take piano lessons at a price that it would be embarrassing to mention, these attempts had been fruitless. Moreover, the homesickness kept coming back, and Gouvernail was not always there to drive it away.

She spent much of her time weeding and pottering among the flowers down in the courtyard. She tried to take an interest in the black cat, and a mocking-bird that hung in a cage outside the

kitchen door, and a disreputable parrot that belonged to the cook next door, and swore hoarsely all day long in bad French.

Beside, she was not well; she was not herself, as she told Sylvie. The climate of New Orleans did not agree with her. Sylvie was distressed to learn this, as she felt in some measure responsible for the health and well-being of Monsieur Miché's sister; and she made it her duty to inquire closely into the nature and character of Athénaïse's malaise.

Sylvie was very wise, and Athénaïse was very ignorant. The extent of her ignorance and the depth of her subsequent enlightenment were bewildering. She stayed a long, long time quite still, quite stunned, except for the short, uneven breathing that ruffled her bosom. Her whole being was steeped in a wave of ecstasy. When she finally arose from the chair in which she had been seated, and looked at herself in the mirror, a face met hers which she seemed to see for the first time, so transfigured was it with wonder and rapture.

One mood quickly followed another, in this new turmoil of her senses, and the need of action became uppermost. Her mother must know at once, and her mother must tell Montéclin. And Cazeau must know. As she thought of him, the first purely sensuous tremor of her life swept over her. She half whispered his name, and the sound of it brought red blotches into her cheeks. She spoke it over and over, as if it were some new, sweet sound born out of darkness and confusion, and reaching her for the first time. She was impatient to be with him. Her whole passionate nature was aroused as if by a miracle.

She seated herself to write to her husband. The letter he would get in the morning, and she would be with him at night. What would he say? How would he act? She knew that he would forgive her, for had he not written a letter? — and a pang of resentment toward

Montéclin shot through her. What did he mean by withholding that letter? How dared he not have sent it?

Athénaïse attired herself for the street, and went out to post the letter which she had penned with a single thought, a spontaneous impulse. It would have seemed incoherent to most people, but Cazeau would understand.

She walked along the street as if she had fallen heir to some magnificent inheritance. On her face was a look of pride and satisfaction that passers-by noticed and admired. She wanted to talk to some one, to tell some person; and she stopped at the corner and told the oyster-woman, who was Irish, and who God-blessed her, and wished prosperity to the race of Cazeaus for generations to come. She held the oyster-woman's fat, dirty little baby in her arms and scanned it curiously and observingly, as if a baby were a phenomenon that she encountered for the first time in life. She even kissed it!

Then what a relief it was to Athénaïse to walk the streets without dread of being seen and recognized by some chance acquaintance from Red River! No one could have said now that she did not know her own mind.

She went directly from the oyster-woman's to the office of Harding & Off-dean, her husband's merchants; and it was with such an air of partnership, almost proprietorship, that she demanded a sum of money on her husband's account, they gave it to her as unhesitatingly as they would have handed it over to Cazeau himself. When Mr. Harding, who knew her, asked politely after her health, she turned so rosy and looked so conscious, he thought it a great pity for so pretty a woman to be such a little goose.

Athénaïse entered a dry-goods store and bought all manner of things, — little presents for nearly everybody she knew. She bought whole bolts of sheerest, softest, downiest white stuff; and when the clerk, in trying to meet her wishes, asked

if she intended it for infant's use, she could have sunk through the floor, and wondered how he might have suspected it.

As it was Montéclin who had taken her away from her husband, she wanted it to be Montéclin who should take her back to him. So she wrote him a very curt note, — in fact it was a postal card, — asking that he meet her at the train on the evening following. She felt convinced that after what had gone before, Cazeau would await her at their own home; and she preferred it so.

Then there was the agreeable excitement of getting ready to leave, of packing up her things. Pousette kept coming and going, coming and going; and each time that she quitted the room it was with something that Athénaïse had given her, — a handkerchief, a petticoat, a pair of stockings with two tiny holes at the toes, some broken prayer-beads, and finally a silver dollar.

Next it was Sylvie who came along bearing a gift of what she called "a set of pattern," — things of complicated design which never could have been obtained in any new-fangled bazaar or pattern-store, that Sylvie had acquired of a foreign lady of distinction whom she had nursed years before at the St. Charles Hotel. Athénaïse accepted and handled them with reverence, fully sensible of the great compliment and favor, and laid them religiously away in the trunk which she had lately acquired.

She was greatly fatigued after the day of unusual exertion, and went early to bed and to sleep. All day long she had not once thought of Gouvernail, and only did think of him when aroused for a brief instant by the sound of his foot-falls on the gallery, as he passed in going to his room. He had hoped to find her up, waiting for him.

But the next morning he knew. Some one must have told him. There was no subject known to her which Sylvie hesitated to discuss in detail with any man of suitable years and discretion.

Athénaïse found Gouvernail waiting with a carriage to convey her to the railway station. A momentary pang visited her for having forgotten him so completely, when he said to her, "Sylvie tells me you are going away this morning."

He was kind, attentive, and amiable, as usual, but respected to the utmost the new dignity and reserve that her manner had developed since yesterday. She kept looking from the carriage window, silent, and embarrassed as Eve after losing her ignorance. He talked of the muddy streets and the murky morning, and of Montéclin. He hoped she would find everything comfortable and pleasant in the country, and trusted she would inform him whenever she came to visit the city again. He talked as if afraid or mistrustful of silence and himself.

At the station she handed him her purse, and he bought her ticket, secured for her a comfortable section, checked her trunk, and got all the bundles and things safely aboard the train. She felt very grateful. He pressed her hand warmly, lifted his hat, and left her. He was a man of intelligence, and took defeat gracefully; that was all. But as he made his way back to the carriage, he was thinking, "By Heaven, it hurts, it hurts!"

XI.

Athénaïse spent a day of supreme happiness and expectancy. The fair sight of the country unfolding itself before her was balm to her vision and to her soul. She was charmed with the rather unfamiliar, broad, clean sweep of the sugar plantations, with their monster sugar-houses, their rows of neat cabins like little villages of a single street, and their impressive homes standing apart amid clusters of trees. There were sudden glimpses of a bayou curling between

sunny, grassy banks, or creeping sluggishly out from a tangled growth of wood, and brush, and fern, and poison-vines, and palmettos. And passing through the long stretches of monotonous woodlands, she would close her eyes and taste in anticipation the moment of her meeting with Cazeau. She could think of nothing but him.

It was night when she reached her station. There was Montéclin, as she had expected, waiting for her with a two-seated buggy, to which he had hitched his own swift-footed, spirited pony. It was good, he felt, to have her back on any terms; and he had no fault to find since she came of her own choice. He more than suspected the cause of her coming; her eyes and her voice and her foolish little manner went far in revealing the secret that was brimming over in her heart. But after he had deposited her at her own gate, and as he continued his way toward the rigolet, he could not help feeling that the affair had taken a very disappointing, an ordinary, a most commonplace turn, after all. He left her in Cazeau's keeping.

Her husband lifted her out of the buggy, and neither said a word until they stood together within the shelter of the gallery. Even then they did not speak at first. But Athénaïse turned to him with an appealing gesture. As he clasped her in his arms, he felt the yielding of her whole body against him. He felt her lips for the first time respond to the passion of his own.

The country night was dark and warm and still, save for the distant notes of an accordion which some one was playing in a cabin away off. A little negro baby was crying somewhere. As Athénaïse withdrew from her husband's embrace, the sound arrested her.

"Listen, Cazeau! How Juliette's baby is crying! Pauvre ti chou, I wonder w'at is the matter with it?"

Kate Chopin.

TEACHING THE SPIRIT OF LITERATURE.

READERS of Balzac's *Une Fille d'Eve* will recall his description of the depressing education given by the Countess de Granville to her two young daughters. That she might make smooth their path to heaven and matrimony, she subjected them to a regimen that had at least one fatal defect in that it took no account of their emotions. Its results may be learned from the story, but few thoughtful readers will refrain from asking themselves whether our educational regimen is not in too many cases followed by results similar in kind, if not in degree.

Parents and teachers of modern America have doubtless quite different ideals for their children from those of the Countess de Granville, but they often make the same mistake of pursuing these ideals at the cost of their children's emotions; that is to say, at the cost of their real happiness. The ideals of the French mother were summed up in the word *convenance*; the ideals of too many American mothers and fathers, and, I regret to add, teachers, are summed up in the word "utility." Neither set of ideals takes much account of those emotions which are the highest part of our nature, and are most impressionable in childhood; for the world of the suitable and of the useful is the world of fact, and fact has to be transmuted by the imagination before it can reach and act upon the emotions. It follows, then, that every educational regimen which appeals to the mind through facts should be supplemented by one which appeals to the soul through ideas; that is, through facts transmuted by the imagination. Hence no educational system is complete that does not include instruction in religion and art, the two chief sources of appeal to the emotions. For obvious reasons we Americans have been compelled to leave religion outside the ordinary

school and college curriculum, and this is practically the case with the plastic arts. We are thus reduced to rely mainly on literature and music as sources of appeal to the emotions of our youth, but we have hitherto made insufficient use of both.

This was not the case with the best educated people the world has ever known, the Greeks. Literature, especially poetry, and music were the basis of a Greek boy's education, and education in these two arts (which it must be remembered were closely connected with religion) led to the culmination of all the other arts in the Athens of Pericles. But the Athens of Pericles had its weakness as well as its strength, and the world has moved forward greatly in twenty-three hundred years; hence the basis of a boy's education should be far broader now than it was then. Yet while broadening the base and shifting its centre, we should not be rash enough to cast away its old material. Poetry and music are still essential to any sound educational system; and this being so, the inquiry how they may best be taught is of great interest, and, if confined to the first named, leads to the main topic of this paper.

I use the term "poetry" advisedly, for it best represents the literature of the imagination, and that is what we have to deal with, as we shall see at once after a little analysis. What did the Greek teacher expect his pupils to get from their study of Homer? Probably two sets of good results; one affecting the mind, the other the soul. From the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* the Greek boy could derive much information with regard to mythology, genealogy, and so-called history. They served also as reading-books, and for a long while took the place of formal grammars and rhetorical treatises. In other words, they were

to him a storehouse of facts. But they also filled him with emotions of pleasure. They charmed his ear by their cadences; they charmed his inner eye by their pictures; they charmed his moral nature by the examples they offered him of sublime beauty and bravery and patriotism. In short, they were to him a storehouse of ideas: and this, in the eyes of his teacher, was doubtless their chief value. But nowadays we need not use poetry as a storehouse of facts, and we need to use literature for this purpose only so far as a good style helps in the presentation of facts, as for example in the case of history. With our long list of sciences, natural and linguistic and moral, we are in no danger of ignoring the world of facts, and are therefore free to use literature, especially poetry, in order to appeal to the emotions of youth. Hence, in inquiring how we may best teach literature, we are really inquiring how we may best teach the literature of the imagination,—that is, poetry in a wide sense; for it would seem that literature used as a storehouse of facts might be taught like any other subject in the domain of fact.

Some one may ask, While all this is true enough, what has it to do with the practical teaching of literature? I answer that it has everything to do with it. If the chief reason for teaching literature be the fact that we shall thereby best appeal to the emotions, what is one to say of the amount of time given to the study of the history of literature, and to those critical, philological, and historical annotations which fill most of our literary textbooks? The history of literature is important enough, but it belongs to the domain of fact; it does not appeal primarily to the emotions. It is well for a child to know the names of great books and their authors; it is just as well that he should not say that Fielding wrote *Tom Jones's Cabin* or that Telemachus was a great French preacher of the seventeenth century, as I have

known university students to do. But if literary history really appealed to the emotions, if it vitally affected any pupil, would he make such mistakes? Literary history belongs to the domain of fact just as much as geography does, and the ability on the part of a child to reel off the names of authors and their dates is just as useless as his ability to tell the capital of Bolivia or to draw a map of Afghanistan. A certain amount of literary history is useful,—the amount given in Mr. Stopford Brooke's and Professor Richardson's primers and in Mr. Brander Matthews's volume on American literature,—but not a bit more; for as intellectual training literary history is not nearly so efficient as many another study.

But if teaching the history of literature be beside the mark, if we wish to reach the emotions, what are we to say of criticism? I cannot see that we can say anything different. That pupil of mine who called Cowper's lines on the receipt of his mother's picture out of Norfolk an "ode" made an utterly absurd mistake, but I am not at all sure that he would have been essentially better or happier if he had not made it. Critical appreciation is certainly better than uncritical, but, after all, appreciation is the main thing, and must precede criticism. Just how much critical, philological, and historical elucidation is needed to make a poem intelligible—for of course it has to be apprehended intellectually before it can produce its full emotional effect—is a hard matter to decide, but I am sure that the amount varies with the ages of the pupils. The younger the pupils, the simpler and less numerous the teacher's comments should be; for he has no right to be dealing with an obscure poem, and he must remember that he is not, or should not be, trying to teach his pupils facts. I am forced to conclude, then, that the common practice of putting into the hands of pupils a certain number of fully annotated classics, with the understanding

that the unfortunate pupils are to be examined on the numerous facts contained in the notes and introductions, whatever may be claimed for it by college associations or by the editors of such books, is not the very best way of using literature as an appeal to the emotions of the young. Criticism, philology, and history are admirable handmaids to literature, but they are not literature, and they will not help us much in an appeal to the emotions. To make this appeal we must bring pupils in contact with the body of literature, and here is the crucial point of the problem before us.

But is not this to play into the hands of men like the late Professor Freeman, who opposed the establishment of a Chair of Literature at Oxford on the plea that we cannot examine on tastes and sympathies? If we are to make a minimum use of criticism, philology, and history, what manner of examination shall we be able to set our classes in literature? To this question Mr. Churton Collins replied that we ought to examine in Aristotle, Longinus, Quintilian, and Lessing; that is to say, in criticism. A very good answer so far as university students are concerned. The history and theory of literary composition, especially of poetry, should be included in every well-organized curriculum, and any competent teacher can examine on them. But though these studies may chasten the emotions, they do not primarily appeal to or awaken them, and for the purposes of the elementary teacher they are almost useless. Are such teachers, then, to be debarred from making use of those departments of literary study that admit of being tested by examination? I answer, Yes, so far as their main work is concerned. A small amount of literary history may be required and pupils may be examined on it, and perhaps a tiny amount of criticism, but for the most part school classes in literature should go scot-free from examination.

This will seem a hard saying to teach-

ers enamored of school machinery, — who teach by cut-and-dried methods, and regard the school-day as a clock face, with the recitation hours corresponding to the figures, and themselves and their pupils to the hands. But the literary spirit and the mechanical spirit have long been sworn enemies, for machinery has no emotions; so, for the purposes of this paper, we need hardly consider the mechanical teacher, who had best keep his hands off literature. The born teacher, the teacher with a soul, — and I am optimist enough to believe that many of the men and women in this country who are wearing their lives away in the cause of education belong to this category, — will be glad to believe that there is at least one important study that need not and should not be pursued mechanically. The trouble will be not so much with the pupils and teachers as with the parents and statisticians, who want marks and grades, and that sort of partly necessary, partly hopeless thing. Now I have not the slightest idea how a child can be graded or marked on his emotions, yet I am sure that all teaching of literature that is worthy the name takes account of these chiefly. If this be true, should we not be brave enough to let the machinery go, and confine ourselves to the one pertinent and eternal question, how young souls can be best brought in contact with the spirit of literature?

If I may judge from my experience with college work, covering several years, and from my briefer experience with school work, I am forced to the conclusion that sympathetic reading on the part of the teacher should be the main method of presenting literature, especially poetry, to young minds. I have never got good results from the history of literature or from criticism except in the case of matured students, and I never expect to. I have examined hundreds of papers in the endeavor to find out what facts or ideas connected with literature appeal most to the young, and I

have found that in eight out of ten cases it is the trivial or the bizarre. I remember a curious instance in point. I had been using Gosse's *History of Eighteenth Century Literature*, and I asked my class to give a brief account of the life of Alexander Pope. Judge of my astonishment when I found that three fourths of a large class had, without collusion, and no matter what the merits of the individual paper, copied verbatim the following sentence: "Pope, with features carved as if in ivory, and with the great melting eyes of an antelope, carried his brilliant head on a deformed and sickly body." Fortunately, in this case the trivial facts retained were rightly applied. In another case I was gravely informed that the poet Collins died "of a silk-bag shop," information that completely staggered me until I found that Mr. Gosse, with quite unnecessary particularity, had stated that Sterne died in "lodgings over a silk-bag shop." I need hardly cite further examples of utter and ridiculous confusion of names, for such examples are familiar to all teachers of experience. What I need to point out is that these mistakes are due, not to the stupidity of our pupils or to our own bad teaching, but to the fact that the history of literature is drier than mineralogy to any one who is not already fairly well read. Much the same thing may be said of criticism, only the chances of making mistakes are magnified through the elusive nature of the subject. It is well, certainly, to give a child some interesting information about great authors, and to try to teach him the distinctions between the broader categories of literature; but after this it seems to me that the primary and secondary teachers should rely mainly upon sympathetic reading. Certainly this is my experience with younger students. Whenever I find their attention flagging, I begin to read, and make my comments as brief as possible. In this way I have reached men who seemed at first

sight to be hopeless. My most signal success was when I involuntarily set a baseball pitcher to committing certain sonnets of Shakespeare to memory, while he was resting from practicing new curves. I have always been proud of that achievement, but I believe it would be a by no means unusual one if teachers generally would criticise less and read more. Of course the teacher must read sympathetically, or the result will be far from good. He must read with sincerity and enthusiasm and understanding, and with critical judgment. To try Browning's *Red Cotton Night-Cap Country* on a class of freshmen would be simply silly. To abstain from reading Byron to them on account of Mr. Saintsbury's recent utterances on the subject of his lordship's poetry would be equally silly. But there is, fortunately, a large amount of English and American poetry that is both noble and suitable to the comprehension of young minds. Where Emerson's *Brahma* will prove incomprehensible, his *Concord Hymn* will stir genuinely patriotic emotions.

It will be perceived that I am throwing a great deal of responsibility on the teacher; and I think this is right, for the emotions of his pupils are like the strings of an instrument. After a while his intermediation will become less necessary, but at first it is essential in most cases. In spite of what many critics say, it is a fact that with a majority of children whatever literary appreciation they may have lies dormant until it is awakened by some skillful hand. It is better that this hand should be the teacher's, if only for the reason that the performance of such a service will add a pleasure to many a life wearied of the daily rounds of mechanical duty. I am sure that there is no teacher, man or woman, who would not be glad to have a half-hour set apart in each school-day in which arithmetics and grammars could be laid aside, and some favorite volume of poetry brought out from the desk

and read with sympathy and enthusiasm. If I had a private school of my own, I should surely snatch the time for this, if I had to have fewer maps drawn and fewer examples in partial payments worked. "What passion cannot music raise and quell?" asked Dryden, and we may ask the same question with regard to poetry. I have so much belief in the power of the "concord of sweet sounds" that I am inclined to say that many pupils will receive benefit from merely hearing great poetry read, even though it may not convey much meaning to their minds. Take, for example, this magnificent passage from *Lycidas*:

"Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding
seas

Wash far away, where'er thy bones are
hurled,

Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with
ruth,

And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth."

For the elucidation of these eleven lines I felt compelled to give recently nearly three pages of notes, over one page being concerned with the single word "Angel." Now I do not believe that the average schoolboy would have any clear notion as to who this Angel was, or as to what Bellerus or Namancos means, but I think that the noble picture of the corpse of *Lycidas* washed by the sounding seas would appeal profoundly to his imagination, and that he would be the better for having heard his teacher read the lines. That he would be the better for nine out of ten of the critical or philological annotations that editors are constrained to make on the passage I see grave reason to doubt. The fact is that we have let the teacher of the Greek and Latin classics affect us by methods of minute analysis better fitted to the study of a dead than of a living lan-

guage. These same classical teachers have, too, not a little to answer for, on account of the slight which time out of mind they have put on the purely literary side of their work. How many teachers of Latin, when reading Virgil, stop to comment on the sonorous quality of such a grand verse as

"Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem,"

or upon this verse of Horace's,

"Cras ingens iterabimus æquor,"

which suggests comparison at once with Shakespeare's "multitudinous seas," or with Matthew Arnold's

"The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea"?

The mention of Arnold reminds me that the stress I am laying on sympathetic reading of poetry by the teacher is but an amplification of his advice that we should keep passages of great poetry in our minds, to serve as touchstones (perhaps tuning-forks would be a more accurate though less elegant metaphor) that will enable us to detect the presence or absence of truly poetic qualities in the verse we read. I should add also that this method of study is strictly in line with the best modern ideas; for pupils should be put in touch with a subject as a whole before they are set to studying its parts.

There are many other things that I should like to say, did space permit. I should like to protest against the use of great literature for exercises in parsing or for etymological or philological investigations; it ought even to be sparingly used for the purposes of reading-classes. I should like to protest against the lack of judgment shown by teachers and college professors in the texts they assign for study, — two books of Pope's *Iliad*, for example, in place of his *Rape of the Lock*, — a matter, however, in which we teachers of English are so far ahead of our friends who teach French and German that perhaps I ought to be thankful for the progress we have made. I

should like finally to insist upon what I believe will some day be generally recognized, — the supremacy of literature as a study over all others that now occupy the world's attention. For when everything is said, it is literature, and especially poetry, that has the first and undisputed right to enter the audience-chamber of the human soul. Painting,

sculpture, music, the whole noble list of the sciences, the lower but still important useful arts, may and must continue to appeal and minister to the spirit of man; but artistic prose and poetry are the servants, — nay, are they not rather the masters? — on which that spirit has relied from the beginning of time, and on which it will rely till time itself shall end.

W. P. Trent.

SOME YORKSHIRE GOOD CHEER.

It is a difficult matter definitely to decide which of the two concomitant pleasures of a trip abroad, anticipation or retrospect, is the better. Perhaps the choice between the two is a question of taste, and depends upon whether one likes most to feel one's self largely sanguine, or soberly certain of only a limited number of pleasant realities. There is no doubt about the sanguine character of the period which precedes a pleasure tour. No one counts then on checks and disappointments, or fosters suspicions of the trickiness of circumstances, — such as weather, — or has misgivings of his own entire competency to plan an itinerary free from diabolical feuds with time-tables and railway connections; one's mind is bent on nothing but the mastering of maps and guidebooks, finger-posts to the Utopias with which imagination is busy flirting and coquetting. The date of sailing looms up before one as the birthday to a sort of intellectual and æsthetic *vita nuova*; on the other side, an elect section of earth, comprising the tour on which one has finally settled, seems to exist expressly for the delectation of rambling inmates of inns and lodging-houses. The other type of pleasure is necessarily of later date. It comes only after one's trunks, becomingly battered, and decorated all over with those treasured souvenirs the railway and hotel labels, have

been sent empty to the attic; and after certain peccadillos in the custom-house, of several sorts but of identical intent, have gently faded from memory or ceased to twinge an uneasy conscience. Then, by degrees, one becomes sensible of the unforeseen charms of the homely and unregarded experiences of travel. A respectable library of volumes on architecture, from the A B C of Gothic upward, went, very likely, to the making of one's preparation for sightseeing; and some fine day one is surprised at finding that it is not of Canterbury Cathedral at all, but of a wayside cottage, perhaps, with a garden full of gillyflowers and snapdragon running down to the roadside, that one is thinking and dreaming. There are moods of retrospection that can be fed only by trivialities; times of cosy communings with one's own thoughts, when one breaks away from all that is warranted worth thinking about, and is content to drift rudderless among the shoals and shallows of recollection.

In England, there is no county that lends itself to light reminiscences of a gastronomical nature so well as Yorkshire. To the outside uninitiated world, Yorkshire of course stands irretrievably committed for her puddings, in the same way that Cheshire and the vale of Cheddar do for their cheeses. But those who are fortunate enough to be in the culi-

nary secrets of the shire know very well that her final disclosure of unique cookery has not been made in this solid staple of diet, locally known, with its familiar appendage the joint, as "beef and Yorkshire." The dietary productiveness of Yorkshire can by no means be measured by, say, that of the ancient town of Bath, parent and sponsor of one sole edible, the sadly indigestible, though meagre, Bath bun. The good cheer of Yorkshire is as generous in quantity as the climate is provocative of an appetite that corresponds. In the East and North Ridings in particular, a high-class bakery, the purveyor to liberal breakfast and tea tables, fairly overflows with the variety of its farinaceous delicacies. There are on its shelves tea-cakes sweetened and unsweetened, large tea-cakes and small ones, tea-cakes with currants and tea-cakes without; there are muffins brown and white, muffins made of whole-meal flour and muffins baked from fine wheaten flour; and there are still other cakes, whose names remain among the unsolved local mysteries of the county. Better, however, than any of these, richer and more spicy, is the round, plump, generously stuffed twopenny pork pie, — twopence only, or threepence at the most, but, with a cup of something hot or a glass of something sparkling, quite large enough for a famishing tourist's luncheon. You are conscious, while consuming your pork pie, of a gratifying sense of security about its pedigree. Not every day do you have before you on the board a viand of as ancient lineage as this. Just when its family was founded need not be a matter of too definite inquiry, unless indeed the deepening thirst of ancestry — born, no doubt, of the overdose of democracy in the New World — pursue one without respite. Certain it is that the family of pork pie, if perchance a trifle less aristocratic, is as old as that of venison pasty, and that it has played a part as useful, if not as prominent in romantic fiction, as the pasty, in feeding hungry

generations before the soil on which you yourself were bred had felt the imprint of plough or spade. The family coat of pork pie has, moreover, no ghostly quarterings. Peer as far back as you choose, there is no eerie legend to chill your imagination, as for instance there is in the case of the hot cross-bun. It is not entirely comfortable to reflect that if you should eat a hot cross-bun you would be swallowing the symbol wherewith the heathen goddess Eastre was exorcised from and dispossessed of cakes especially consecrated to herself. Discovery of this sort opens the way to nightmares and creeping fancies. But there is no pagan strain in the heredity of pork pie, no taint of the mythical or problematical; in it all turns out to be toothsome, jellied, and substantial.

One has met with tourists who have gone to Greenwich without stopping there to sit down to whitebait; so, doubtless, there are some who have gone the diversified length and breadth of Yorkshire without having once come upon parkin: personally, one would prefer not to belong to either class. Not to have tasted for one's self the peculiar kernelly consistency and the fine nutty flavor of parkin is to have missed a unique gustatory experience. Parkin has possibly a far-away cousinship with gingerbread, but it has no close ties of consanguinity with any cake that comes out of an oven. Oatmeal and treacle are the bases of its composition, the solid *fond* of the more subtle ingredients of its character, though, even if one were possessed of sufficiently acute powers of analysis to detect them, the naming of all its component parts would no more convey an idea of the completed cake than enumerating the pigments used on a canvas would describe the picture. Much naturally depends on the genius of the cook who mixes and bakes the parkin. In no spot is it to be found in finer perfection than just on the threshold of the shire, in the town of York itself, under

the very shadow of the minster. Two things there are to be done in York, which, though as widely sundered as the poles in their general nature, are yet alike in one respect, inasmuch as each gives a sense of especial familiarity with the local conditions of a particular period, — that sense of temporary intimacy with what is remote in time or place that constitutes one of the chief inducements for knocking about in unknown parts. One of these two things is to go to the museum of antiquities, in the grounds of St. Mary's Abbey, and look at the Roman lady's back hair; the other is to go and spend a sixpence in parkin, confident that any urchin in the town would be delighted so to spend it in your stead. That abundant dark hair in the museum lies in the same folds into which it was coiled when the Roman lady was laid in her stone coffin, in the days when a Roman emperor, and not an archbishop, was the city's chief dignitary; even the hairpins that held it in place are still stuck through its mass, to the wonder and admiration of the sightseer. As to parkin, there is a time for buying it, as there is a fitting time for all business, grave or merry. This time is the hour of mental exhaustion that follows upon the tour of the cathedral. When brain and eyeballs have united in their refusal to receive, from nave, chapter-house, or crypt, one impression more, it is possible to secure the needed reaction of emotion by proceeding directly from the south transept into the quaint street it faces, and thence into the bakeshop which stands on the first corner to the right. At the back of this shop, in the tiniest and neatest of luncheon-rooms, at a round white table, one may discuss, among a variety of other light refreshments, the unfamiliar merits of parkin. Parkin, freshly baked, may here be bought by the slice or the pound. In other places, where its longevity is greater, it is sold in boxes, from the two-penny box to the box for a shilling and

upward. In York, however, it has precisely the right degree of rich brown freshness, beside the qualities that may be warranted as commensurate with the appetite of a growing boy at boarding-school.

It cannot be claimed that parkin is, after all, in any wise superior to human nature's mere daily food. In view, therefore, of the large proportion of mankind that cannot be touched with a feeling for the modest pleasures and pains that are hidden beneath homespun, there will undoubtedly be a contingent of tourists to whom the wholesome oaten and syrupy flavors of parkin will be caviare. To such as these, inflexible aristocrats in their incidental diversions even, the shop of the Yorkshire confectioner can still offer attractions. It would hardly be possible to find anywhere a cake of which the composition is more intricate and more artful than that of *simmel*, or one whose useful or nutritious ingredients are more inscrutably concealed beneath an icing of conventional almond paste; and *simmel* is a prime Yorkshire specialty. To be introduced to it in proper form, amid all the accessories which constitute its appropriate retinue of impressions, it is necessary to go to Scarborough, the flaunting queen of northern watering-places. Scarborough is the last place left in the kingdom where postilions are not an exclusive adjunct of royalty riding in state, but where any one who chooses may still ride behind them, though even in Scarborough they appear in the diminished form of boys, riding on ponies which are attached to low chaises, on the order of Bath chairs. Their striped caps, top-boots, and vivid red, yellow, or blue breeches and shirts give a gay appearance to the streets of the town, and they seem — though it is no more than seeming — to impart by their jockeying and their flourishing of whips a post-haste speed to their turnouts. One of these boy postilions will, after his various misapprehensions of one's wishes have been

experimentally cleared up, bring one to the shop where simnel is made and sold, and whence it is sent carriage-paid (if the order is a handsome one) to "any railway station in Great Britain."

Simnel, it will soon be discovered, is not to be bought for a song. Half a crown is the lowest figure one of the "original and far-famed" simnel cakes goes for, and even a good golden guinea has not been thought too handsome a coin to lay out in a cake of the pretensions of simnel. To appreciate, however, its intrinsic cheapness, notwithstanding its apparent dearness, one has but to reflect what it is that one is getting for one's money. Here you have, in the first place, a cake whose etymology has set the linguists a-thinking, and the gossips to wagging their foolish tongues in a tale of a discreditable Simon and Nelly. *Simila* is the Latin for wheat flour of the finest quality, and the Low Latin *simenellus* stands for bread of fine flour, as does the Old French *simenel*; in Germany, moreover, simnel has a suspected relative still living on the current tongue, — *Semmel*, or wheat bread. Such a genealogical tree for your cake is more pleasing than the old-wives' invention of a quarreling gammer and gaffer, Sim and Nel. You are also to bear in mind that in becoming possessed of a simnel you are making a definite æsthetic even if it is not a practical acquisition for your mental furnishing; in other words, you are giving tangible quality to one of your hitherto more or less vague literary conceptions, inasmuch as this is the identical cake the poet Herrick had in view when he wrote: —

"He to thee a Simnell bring,
'Gainst thou go'st a mothering;
So that, when she blesseth thee,
Half that blessing thou 'lt give me."

There is a kind of shopping it is pleasant to engage in once in a while, which may be undertaken, not for the sake of what the shopman will actually hand out over the counter, but as a special variety

of sentimental indulgence. On occasions of this kind, a purchase, whatever its nature, merely serves the purpose of a magnet to trains of reflection; it is a loadstone to draw out from dim regions of the mind into the full light of consciousness all sorts of dormant associations and affiliations of idea. Such, in some sort, is the bargain that is driven in buying this "good round sugarye King of Cakes, a Symnelle," whether it be bought in Yorkshire or at the more famous Buz-zard's in Oxford Street. It is well, in any case, to have on hand a cake dedicated, as was this, to filial piety. Mothering Sunday has dropped out of our cold modern calendar, but in the fair Dianeme's day it fell on mid-Sunday in Lent. On that day, sons and daughters, grown up and scattered abroad in the world, made a pious duty of visiting their parents, taking with them a cake such as that with which the poet promised to provide his obdurate lady-love, a kind return for the

"thousand Thorns and Bryars and Stings
I have in my poore Brest."

At Bolton-le-Moors, in Lancashire, they are said still to keep their simnel Sunday, as the French yet do their *mi-Carême*. For this particular feast no cake could be devised that would better serve the purposes of domestic economy than simnel. Although mid-Lent Sunday is a single feast-day which is succeeded by a score or so of fast-days, simnel would at their end be found to have lost nothing of its moistness or flavor. Well does the visitor in England know the sultana and the Madeira cake of the present day, put up for indefinite preservation, in glazed papers, by Huntly & Palmer, biscuit-makers in ordinary to the British public at large; and well does he know the state of crummy decrepitude into which these favorite cakes are allowed to fall before they disappear from the tea-tables of our frugal cousins. But in the quality of drying up simnel has no relationship with Madeira or with

sultana cake. Its kinship is rather with the English rose, which is so tenacious of its sweetness and freshness that even if bought in the streets of London, it may, unlike the frailer blossoms sprung from our own soil, be counted among one's fairly durable possessions.

If one happen to be afflicted with a fondness for English life that can find a fascination in even its minute details, there may always lurk in one's mind a shamefaced regret at never having known from experience the joys of making one's cheeks sticky with bull's-eyes, purchased, surreptitiously perhaps, in a tiny shop, from a dame in a frilled white cap. When the opportunity comes, later in life, of testing the qualities of bull's-eyes, it would be too embarrassing to go into the tiny shop of the story-book and confide one's wish to the tidy dame in charge, even could the shop be found. Some pleasures there are which, if not enjoyed in the right decade, must be resigned forever. But there is a commodity sold in Scarborough which, if one likes, will in a measure make amends for an early disappointment in regard to bull's-eyes. If time is abundant, the day sparklingly clear, the fine air like wine to the spirits, and the vast curve of white beach under the dazzling cliffs alive with the throng of Cockney holiday-makers, it will not seem out of harmony with the universal frame of things to go shopping for Scarborough pebbles. Name and qualities to the contrary, the pebbles are a sweet, a sugar-plum, save the mark! The Scarborough confectioner whose invention they are has shown himself an adept at imitation. Look at the large bowl of them in his window, and you can hardly believe your eyes but that they are veritable pebbles; they have all the freaks of outline, stripe, and dull brownish or yellowish tone of the wave-tossed, water-worn shingle of the beach. You may take them home to your small cousins to play at jackstones with, and their knuckles may be trusted never to

suspect the difference. But the Scarborough confectioner's British idea of "candy," — there is where the joke would come in, in the eyes of any sophisticated American boy. A Yorkshire baker, however, even in swarming, Philistine Scarborough, is not the man to pander to a taste for new-fangled invention in sweets; he bakes according to his conscience and the recipes of his forefathers. What was good enough for them should be good enough for you. And so it will be if you have an honest appetite, satisfied with honest fare that has no foreign trickery in its names, — names that a sturdy Yorkshire tongue, endued with the proper thickness and burr, would refuse to turn off with any recognizable likeness to the original.

If it were not for one of the arbitrary freaks of association, which now and then make a laughing-stock of logic and put to rout the most painstaking systematizing of one's knowledge, one would never dream of classing together under any common head Scarborough and Beverly. In Scarborough, one may sigh, and sigh in vain, for a single hour of soothing, open-air solitude; in Beverly, solitude seizes upon and oppresses one with its weight. The lonely minster and still lonelier St. Mary's seem to cry out for congregations to fill their large spaces, or even for tourists rudely to disturb the lethargy of ages in which they are buried. Between the two lofty and imposing churches crookedly rambles the little market-town, oblivious of the stately sentinels that guard it at either end. There is a good deal of fussy life going on in its single thoroughfare, and as you jostle along the narrow sidewalk your eye is caught by the repetition in several windows of a large printed sign surmounting a red-and-white mass of something edible. Peppermint candy would be the nearest approach to a translation of its name into the American tongue, but Beverly rock is its native cognomen. Beverly rock has many properties in common with Scar-

borough pebbles. Both resemble in hardness the igneous formation which geologists tell us is composed of "quartz, felspar, and mica arranged in distinct grains or crystals." But Beverly rock has, on the other hand, no suggestion of poison in its colors or flavors; it is of a good healthy white and pink, like the Yorkshire complexion; and although there may be little in its composition to endear it to palates unfamiliar with it, it nevertheless belongs, like the pebbles of Scarborough, among those comestibles which mean to the traveler more than meets the taste.

There are in touring, as in morals, acts of supererogation and acts of necessity. If one chooses, one may travel through the length and breadth of Yorkshire without so much as seeing the color of parkin or of any other saccharine invention of cook or confectioner; but under no circumstances must one rush ever so superficially through the least of the Ridings without making acquaintance with the tender virtues of Yorkshire ducklings. In the making of ducklings Nature herself has taken a hand, and has shown her usual exquisite perfection of manipulation. It is as if it had been her pride to prove that, when it is her sweet will to do so, she can mould in the barnyard a creature as delicately flavored and finely textured as those she fashions amid heather and bracken on the moorland. She has taken care that the pond on which he essays his first callow feats of swimming shall be replenished and sweetened

by daily showers, and that not so much as a stray feather shall be left to foul its surface. The skinny chicken of the London table, with his prominent anatomy and alarmingly protuberant breast-bone, the tourist must perforce know well. This sorry specimen may heretofore have been all that he has come across, outside the pages of Audubon, of the British bird. Henceforth the Yorkshire duckling will nobly replace the London fowl in all casual gastronomical reminiscences. Your duck is a pleasant sight when he comes in fresh from market, still dressed in his shiny feathers, before he disappears into the custody of the landlady. See to it, by all means, that he be dry-plucked. Only when he and his feathers have parted company in this fashion will he later attain the full meridian of flavor and juiciness. The herb-garden must be laid under generous contribution for his stuffing; the more deeply the perfume of an old and well-stocked kitchen-garden is intermingled with his own aroma, the better for him in one's memory. Apple-sauce (never bread-sauce; Heaven forbid that a bit of his flesh should be poulticed by this glutinous compound!) — apple-sauce must flank the dish on which he is laid out brown and crisp. Then he may be eaten in open defiance of the claims of roast pig, and in full confidence that Charles Lamb could never have tasted a roasted duckling in Yorkshire, else would duckling, without a doubt, have received long ago its undeservedly withheld apotheosis.

Eugenia Skelding.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

POETRY.

Poems and Ballads, by Robert Louis Stevenson. (Scribners.) This complete collection of Stevenson's verse is as distinct an acquisition as anything the publishers have given us in a long day. As the intimate spirit of the man spoke through his letters, so the note of personality rings clear through this volume, all too small. The true friend of men and children, the brave sufferer, the artist striving to finish his work before nightfall, and first and last the man, speak here in a way we cannot soon forget. — Robert Louis Stevenson, an Elegy, and Other Poems mainly Personal, by Richard Le Gallienne. (Copeland & Day.) In the *Vailima* Letters Stevenson is found protesting that nobody cares much for his writings but boys and journalists. It would not prove the truth of this statement, nor would it be without interest for its own sake, to count the numbers of threnodies his death has called forth from the younger generation of writers. Mr. Le Gallienne's is as good as many, but not the most memorable of its sort. Many of his other poems are graceful and bright, yet "mainly personal" so well describes them that one is a little surprised at their being thought suited to the formation of a large part of a book. Not often does he print a line of such doubtful taste as one in his *Free Worship*, at the point where a human corpse is supposed once to have swung from this new kind of a Talking Oak which is only talked to: "His eighteenth century flesh hath fattened nineteenth century cows." — The Purple East, a Series of Sonnets on England's Desertion of Armenia, by William Watson. (Stone & Kimball.) The disciple of Wordsworth has seldom struck his master's note more clearly than Mr. Watson has done it in these sonnets. They tell England her duty in a way which cannot be quite comfortable reading for statesmen bound about by expediency and circumstance. It is the poet's power to see through and beyond these things; and as Wordsworth saw, and called to Milton, "England hath need of thee," so Mr. Watson sees, and speaks to his countrymen themselves. He has a vig-

orous word, too, for his fellow-singer, the new Laureate, whom in verse he designates as "Treachery's apologist," and in his prose Preface handles with a scorn which one can understand after seeing the features of Mr. Watson as they are presented in the frontispiece of his other recent volume, *The Father of the Forest*. — Mr. W. B. Yeats, who shares with Mr. John Davidson, Mr. William Watson, and Mr. Francis Thompson the chief honors of the "new school" in British poetry, has brought together all that he cares to preserve from his previous volumes of verse in an attractively printed volume of Poems. (T. Fisher Unwin, London; Copeland & Day, Boston.) The long poems, *The Wanderings of Usheen* and *The Princess Cathleen* appear again, the latter rewritten and considerably lengthened. *The Wanderings of Usheen* is in form a dialogue between St. Patrick and Usheen, the mythic hero of Ireland, who is carried off by the "pearl-pale Neave" to fairy-land, where he "knows three centuries of dalliance with a demon thing." Not only is Mr. Yeats drenched with the eerie folk-lore of Ireland, but his wayward and passionate fancy is of the very stuff out of which the first Celtic bards were made. Accordingly, when he turns to these old myths, with his native sympathy reinforced by the subtleties of modern technique, he touches them to fine issues. In *The Princess Cathleen* he is on the track of Maeterlinck, and something of the hectic intensity and sick insistent horror of that writer enters in to lay a numbing hand on the poet's vital fancy. — American poets have been, to an extent unparalleled in any literature of the same bulk, lovers and celebrants of Nature, lyrist of the woods and fields. The one instrument that we have learned to sound quite clearly and sweetly is the syrinx. One has only to turn the pages of Mr. Archibald Lampman's *Lyrics of Earth* (Copeland & Day), to find how genuine has been this apprenticeship. Hardly a hint of the street or the roof-tree, the great human moil left far behind, with only a sigh of happy release, and then a day-long, night-long communion with the spirit of trees, a heark-

ening to the rare note of birds in the "heart of the sensitive solitudes," a stooping with Pan above brown pools "simmering in the sun" to watch the water-bugs voyaging about the tremulous floors of their "frail lucid worlds." Perhaps we demand something more than this from our poets, perhaps we grow intolerably lonely in these wide busy solitudes, where human feet come not. But that is our fault more than Mr. Lampman's. He for one does not grow lonely, and the celebration which he makes of his delight has almost always the tremulous, vivid lover's note. — Poems and Pastels, by William Edward Hunt [Kepell Strange]. (William Briggs, Toronto.) — Songs of December and June, by Walter Malone. (Lippincott.)

FICTION.

Casa Braccio; The Ralstons; by F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan.) The dedication tells us that Casa Braccio is its author's twenty-fifth novel; and no one of its predecessors shows more strikingly Mr. Crawford's rare constructive skill, or his power of exciting and holding the interest of his reader. We snatched the story — to use Dr. Holmes's happy word referring to a greater romance — when it appeared serially, though even then there was no thought of placing it with the Saracinesca books, and two or three shorter tales which so far, to us, indicate Mr. Crawford's high-water mark as a novelist. Casa Braccio is not, like them, a story to return to, so to speak, in cold blood. We are quite as much impressed by the extreme cleverness of the work in certain directions; but we are less than ever inclined to regard the chain of events as the logical and inevitable consequence of Maria Braccio's "deadly sin." (By the bye, what small account in this reckoning is taken of the cruel wrong, as it seems to most English or American readers, done to the hapless girl by her parents.) It is the author who devises and controls the course of events, and the characters, the most living of them, are but means to his ends. To trace in Walter Crowdie's tragic fate the final working-out of the peasant girl's curse, we must go to The Ralstons, but this is the least convincing part of the entire scheme. — Cinderella and Other Stories, by Richard Harding Davis. (Scribners.) Mr. Davis's familiar

habit of building skillfully upon foundations of unreality is well displayed in the four stories of this book. The stories are perhaps even less illustrative of real life than his previous tales, but admitting the situations upon which they turn, one must also admit, especially in the case of Miss Delamar's Understudy, a sprightliness and confidence of manner, a spirit of vigor and good-nature, which go far in pleading forgiveness for the more fundamental faults. — The Red Republic: A Romance of the Commune, by Robert W. Chambers. (Putnams.) Both as an historical novel and as a story of adventure, The Red Republic deserves praise, but we think the latter element detracts a little from the book's entire success as a realistic picture of the Second Terror, for no actual hero could possibly escape, even by accident, from such a rapid and varied succession of deadly perils. Accepting this, however, the tale depicts with exceeding vividness and truth the Paris of the Commune and the sort of men who ruled therein. The writer shows himself an admirable storyteller, and most readers will reach the last of the many pages before they think of criticism. It is of necessity a history of cruelty, treachery, battle, and murder, though the love story is idyllic, — hardly a French idyl, but then the hero is an American. — Mr. Chambers's later book, A King and a few Dukes (Putnams), is disappointing. It is one of the numerous offspring of The Prisoner of Zenda, but, on the whole, Ruritania is a much more satisfactory country of romance than Bosnovia. In this fantasy, the writer shows a genuine feeling for nature, and, as in his earlier tale, a pleasing kindness for humble four-footed friends. — In a Dike Shanty, by Maria Louise Pool. (Stone & Kimball.) Of the same general character as this author's Tenting on Stony Beach, but written with more vigor and compactness. Each of the persons in this outing-sketch is strongly individualized, and an effective little love story is inwoven. The author has a certain hardness of tone which gives strength to her work, but deprives it of the one touch needed to make it first-rate literature. A little dash of poetry, and the book would be quite out of the common. — The Dream-Charlotte, a Story of Echoes, by M. Betham-Edwards. (Macmillan.)

Another addition to the large company of tales of the French Revolution, but one in which the writer sedulously avoids beaten tracks. Indeed, the effect of that great convulsion upon the Huguenot remnant has seldom engaged the novelist's attention. Their sufferings even to the last days of the old order, and the emancipation which came with the dawn of the new, are graphically and sympathetically indicated. Otherwise the feeling and spirit of the time are described rather than revived, nor do we hear very clearly the echoes of the national tumult, which must have been often painfully audible, even in a little Norman village. The *Dream-Charlotte* is of course Charlotte Corday, who in her own person is scarcely introduced to the reader, but whose influence is constantly present in the thought and life of her humbly-born foster-sister. — A Gentleman's Gentleman: Being Certain Pages from the Life and Strange Adventures of Sir Nicolas Steele, Bart., as related by his Valet, Hildebrand Bigg, by Max Pemberton. (Harpers.) This may be said to be the adventures of the hero of a seventeenth or eighteenth century picaresque novel in the costume of to-day, so little does the contemporary world appear to be the proper dwelling-place of the reckless, conscienceless Sir Nicolas, who lives by his wits, with the efficient assistance of his more astute, if quite as rascally servant. After their manner, the sketches which make up the book are very well done, and show a good deal of inventive as well as narrative skill. — In the Village of Viger, by Duncan Campbell Scott. (Copeland & Day.) A little volume of French stories, graceful and entertaining, but not calculated to add substantially to the reputation which the author has already won by his verses. — Excellent for vacation reading are the volumes of a series, *Stories by English Authors*, issued in attractive form by the Messrs. Scribners. Most of the tales are of recent publication, and many contemporary English story-tellers are represented in the collection, which also embraces, from older writers, a few tales which have become classics. The stories have been grouped according to their localities, England, Scotland, Ireland, London, France, Italy, Africa, and The Orient having appeared. Each volume contains a portrait. The plan of

the compilers to bring together stories of genuine value and interest has been generally well carried out, though, of course, each experienced reader will note certain sins of omission and commission. For instance, Mrs. F. A. Steel does not appear in *The Orient*, while Netta Syrett is to be found there. — *Trains that met in the Blizzard*, a Composite Romance: Being a Chronicle of the Extraordinary Adventure of a Party of Twelve Men and One Woman in the Great American Blizzard, March 12, 1888, by R. Pitcher Woodward. (Salmagundi Publishing Co., New York.) — *The Iron Pirate*, by Max Pemberton. Globe Library; Checked Through, by Richard Henry Savage. *Rialto Series*. (Rand, McNally, & Co.)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Lectures on the Council of Trent, Delivered at Oxford, 1892-3, by James Anthony Froude. (Scribners.) The last to be published of Mr. Froude's three courses of lectures at Oxford is the one earliest delivered. We infer, however, that, unlike the others, these lectures had been in no way revised by their author, and come to us practically as spoken by him. All the more noteworthy is it to discover no sign of age or failing power in the lucid, vigorous, graphic style, with its living warmth and glow, of this master of English. For instance, the sketch of Luther's early career, culminating in the momentous scene at Worms, is of the briefest, — it is simply a re-telling of facts familiar to commonplaceness; and yet it compels our interest as many eloquent recitals of things new and strange quite fail to do. All readers of Froude will know before they open this book precisely the attitude of the writer, — with which, broadly speaking, probably the large majority of them will not quarrel. They will look for and find the prepossessions and also the ardor of the thoroughgoing partisan. Some of them will hardly recognize the Emperor Charles in the glorified presentment of him in these pages, a portrait which Mr. Froude's art can make vivid, though the picture is absolutely without shadows. The volume, which like its two companions is for the general reader rather than the student, ends with the peace of Passau. Evidently the author had intended later to follow his hero's career to its close, and to consider the work

of the Council at its final assembling. — *Books and their Makers during the Middle Ages, a Study of the Condition of the Production and Distribution of Literature from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the Close of the Seventeenth Century*, by George Haven Putnam, A. M. Vol. I. (Putnams.) This sumptuous volume will be read with delight by all good bibliophiles. It is seldom that such wide learning, such historical grasp and insight, have been employed in their service. The volume at hand covers the period from 476 to 1500 A. D. The second volume (in press) will continue the study down to 1709. — *Madame Roland, a Biographical Study*, by Ida M. Tarbell. (Scribners.) This biography really deserves the name of study, wherein it differs from most estimates of its subject of English and American origin. The writer has not only consulted the rather large library of Roland literature, but she has also carefully examined the unpublished letters, which, eight years ago, were deposited in the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, as well as others of less importance that still remain in the hands of Madame Roland's descendants. The book is a result of a genuine knowledge of its heroine and her world, and its insight and good sense are a pleasing contrast to the fervent and emotional partisanship of some of Madame Roland's biographers. From first to last, that brilliant, passionate, and devoted disciple of Rousseau was given to posing, and yet that very obvious fact has been curiously often unperceived or ignored. Some really new matter in this volume are the letters showing the ardent love of Mademoiselle Phlipon for Roland, forming in every way an extreme contrast to the account of the courtship and marriage in her autobiography ; and the history of her attempts in 1784 to secure a title and its privileges for her husband. The book is liberally illustrated, and contains reproductions of several portraits of Madame Roland, only one of which, however, is surely authentic.

LITERATURE.

The Colour of Life and other Essays of Things Seen and Heard. By Alice Meynell. (Way & Williams, Chicago.) Mrs. Meynell seems likely to be the proud inspirer of a cult. Her essays are so freighted with choice thought, and yet so unobvious,

that they almost require the initiation of the reader. Now and then she gives expression to a profound criticism, as in her comparison of Greek and Japanese art ; occasionally she is enigmatical, as in her *Donkey Races* ; and she is at her best in her rendering of phenomena in nature, where her large imagination is at work on elemental themes and her wit finds language which is fine without being finicking. Altogether we advise fastidious readers to cultivate Mrs. Meynell. — Mr. Le Gallienne has gone far to remove the traditional stigma which rests upon journalistic criticism, by collecting his contributions to the periodic press for the past five years into two volumes of *Retrospective Reviews*. (Copeland & Day.) The sub-title, *A Literary Log*, shows the author's intention to make the volumes serve as a gossip survey of literary activity in England during the interval covered, and so they do, in satisfying if not perfect measure. They have of course the piquancy that always attaches to criticism of contemporaries ; but they have something better, too, a rare distinction, gentleness, and fine breeding, a gracious eagerness to praise, which makes even the least significant of these tiny essays delightful reading. Not that the critic loses himself in the panegyrist. Mr. Le Gallienne has standards and is quietly faithful to them. But he holds the happy doctrine that it is the critic's business to deal with literature as Stevenson said the poet should deal with life, to "find out the joy, and give it a voice beyond singing." It is this particular critic's good fortune to have an instinct for "the joy," and a gift of phrase that helps him to voice it. — The eighth volume of the new edition of *Pepys's Diary* (Bell, London ; Macmillan, New York) brings the journal to its end, and, as always, with the last pages comes the sharp regret that the ever-to-be-lamented malady of the eyes, which compelled the writer to bid farewell to the confidential volume, could not have been delayed for twenty or ten years, or even for a single twelvemonth, as in the latter case we should at least have followed Mrs. Pepys's brief story to its close, and known the inner history of a memorable epoch in the diarist's life. It is well to remember that when the final entry was written, Pepys had but just passed his thirty-sixth birthday, so that the *Diary* to the last can

be called a young man's record, in the beginning, that of a very young man. Would that he could have shown himself, and the momentous chances and changes of his world, in his middle or old age, even if only in a fragmentary fashion. We are glad that Mr. Wheatley, whose work in these volumes has been so admirable, hints that he may at some future time annotate his author's letters, as a "sorry substitute" for the journal that might have been. This volume contains a portrait of General Monk, Duke of Albemarle, after Lely; and one of Charles II., from the painting by Greenhill in the National Portrait Gallery. — The new edition of what are without doubt Galt's six best novels, is brought to a close by the publication of the seventh and eighth volumes, which contain *The Provost* and *The Last of the Lairds*. The former is, we think, outranked only by *The Annals of the Parish*, and the autobiographic notes of that successful practical politician, the chief magistrate of Gudetown, give quite as masterly a piece of self-portraiture as that to be found in the records of the minister of Dalmailling. Indeed we have so much pleasure in following Mr. Pawkie's career, that we willingly assist at the presentation of that "very handsome silver cup, bearing an inscription in the Latin tongue" which the provost ingeniously contrives shall be given to himself on his retirement from civic life. *The Last of the Lairds*, a book almost unknown to the present generation, was, Mr. Crockett tells us, included in this edition at his special request, whereby he has earned the thanks of its readers. With some judicious skipping, — less than is needed in *Sir Andrew Wylie*, — the story will be found instructive and entertaining, the first for its pictures of a bygone life, the second by reason of some humorous character sketches. (Roberts.) — The fifth volume of the new edition of Wordsworth, by William Knight (Macmillan), is devoted to *The Excursion* and appendices. It is interesting to observe that Mr. Henry Reed of Philadelphia, son of Wordsworth's friend and introducer to America, has been able to add to his father's services. The portrait used in this volume is that by Margaret Gillies. — *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Macbeth* are the two latest numbers of the serviceable *Temple Shakespeare*. (Macmillan.) The good text, the handy glossary, and perti-

nent notes and introduction render this edition distinctively the readers' edition.

NATURE.

Riverside Letters: A Continuation of "Letters to Marco," by George D. Leslie, R. A. With illustrations by the Author. (Macmillan.) Certainly no less entertaining than the former Letters. Though the author's modesty deprecates a comparison of his books with White's *Selborne*, yet one cannot help being struck by a certain resemblance in spirit as well as in form. It is easy to see that Mr. Leslie is no scientist, but this does not prevent his raising many a question about birds and flowers which we suspect it would puzzle the scientists to answer. His hearty sympathy with nature, his intelligent curiosity about out-of-door things, and his sane and healthy attitude towards everything he approaches are delightful to meet with, while there is a certain sweet simplicity in his manner which is wholly charming. In this book he has a little more to say about his garden than in the other, and it is refreshing to see that the perfect taste which shows itself in other things presides over his flowers also. Beauty, simplicity, and naturalness must reign in a garden superintended by one who has so truly the artist's eye and heart. These letters, like the former series, were written originally to the author's friend Mr. H. Stacy Marks, R. A., and being genuine letters they naturally do not confine themselves entirely to birds, flowers, trees, and country lore. Indeed, one of the most interesting is devoted to reminiscences of Sir Edwin Landseer. Mr. Leslie was a neighbor and friend of Landseer, and often helped him by painting certain details in his pictures. — *Bar Harbor* is another of the trifles included in *American Summer Resorts*. (Scribners.) It is a light sketch by Mr. Crawford, with agreeable pictures by Mr. Reinhart, a book which one discovers he has finished almost before he has begun it. — *Missouri Botanical Garden, Seventh Annual Report* (published by the Board of Trustees) contains, beside the annual reports, scientific papers (illustrated) by William Trelease, A. Isabel Mulford, and Charles Henry Thompson; an address on the Value of a Study of Botany by Henry Wade Rogers; and an article on the Sturtevant Prelinnean Library.

PHILOSOPHY.

The celebrated Case of Wagner has been chosen as the opening volume in a translation of the complete works of Friedrich Nietzsche. (Macmillan.) The widespread interest in Nietzsche's thought, together with the inaccessibility of his writings to English readers, justify the publishers in their large undertaking. There is room for doubt, however, as to the wisdom of opening the series with the volume in question, both because the piquancy of Nietzsche's attack on Wagnerism has been largely destroyed by Nordau's much more wily and formidable onslaught, and because the peculiar philosophic tenets which form the groundwork of Nietzsche's thought are presented in this volume with more than his usual quatum of insolent nonchalance, wild paradox, and ferocious dogmatism. One closes the volume with a feeling of wonder that a set of ideas so disproportionate and incoherent should have been granted the title of a philosophic sys-

tem, and yet with a profound interest in the author as a philosophic figure. — *Genetic Philosophy*, by David Jayne Hill. (Macmillan.) — *Basal Concepts in Philosophy*, by Alexander T. Ormond, Ph. D., Professor of Philosophy in Princeton University. (Scribners.) — *Search-Lights and Guide-Lines; or, Man and Nature, What they Are, What they Were and What they Will Be*, by Edgar Greenleaf Bradford. (Fowler & Wells Co., New York.) — *Philosophy of Mind: An Essay in the Metaphysics of Psychology*, by George Trumbull Ladd, Professor of Philosophy in Yale University. (Scribners.) — *Evolution and Effort, and their Relation to Religion and Politics*, by Edmond Kelly. (Appletons.) — *The Essential Man. A Monograph on Personal Immortality in the Light of Reason*, by George Crosswell Cressey, Ph. D. (Geo. H. Ellis, Boston.) — *Pan-Gnosticism: A Suggestion in Philosophy*, by Noel Winter. (The Transatlantic Publishing Co., New York.)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

In Defense of the Traveler's Note-Book.

It is a more or less common habit of Americans to cry out against the conceit of foreigners, Englishmen especially, who, after a run through "the States," publish their impressions of the country. These outcries — though that may seem too strong a word — are supposed to be quite independent of the character of the comments in question, whether favorable or unfavorable. In the tourist's eyes, Americans may be an uninteresting, boastful, worldly-minded people. The magnitude of our lakes may not blind him to the imperfections of our newspapers, and in spite of Niagara and the prairies he may esteem our politicians, for the most part, a vulgar and time-serving set. Whatever criticisms of this sort he in his unwisdom may feel called upon to express are likely to have their modicum of truth; at least they would have if any one but a foreigner were to utter them. Americans are not slow to find fault with each other, and especially with their public men. Except on the

Fourth of July, we are far from constituting a mutual admiration society. The complaint, then, is not that the tourist offers such and such criticisms, but that he takes it upon himself to offer any criticism at all. What business has he with "impressions of America" after a visit of a month or two? And even if he has impressions, why should he be so presumptuous as to print them? A great people cannot be understood after this haphazard, percursor fashion. True; but the objection is futile, if for no other reason, because it goes wide of the mark. The question is not of understanding a people, but of having something to say about them.

Since the world began, men have traveled, and, having traveled, have recounted their adventures. The two things go together, and are alike inevitable. And the thing that hath been, it is that which shall be. Some authors travel in other men's books; some travel in the outward and literal sense of the word; and both tell as good a story as they can of the wonders

they have seen. It is only here and there a philosopher who can sit at home and spin his web out of his own insides. Thoreau delighted to talk as if Concord were the centre and sum of the world. Everything grew there, everything happened there. Why should a Concord man ever stir beyond the town limits? Sure enough! And yet what are Thoreau's books but records of his journeys: *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*; *The Maine Woods*; *Cape Cod*; *A Yankee in Canada*; *Excursions*. With him, as with the rest of us, it was the volume he had just read that he liked to talk about; it was the country he had just seen that his pen naturally busied itself with describing. Even his one Concord book is really a book of travels. To write it he went into camp, that he might study the world on its off side, as it were, and feel his life new.

In other words, for here we come to the pith of the matter, it is the fresh impression that is vivid, and therefore will have itself expressed. We may almost say that it is the only thing that can be expressed. This is what Bagehot had in mind. "Those who know a place or a person best," he said, "are not those most likely to describe it best; their knowledge is so familiar that they cannot bring it out in words." And this truth, partial though it be, and, like all truth, liable to abuse, is the scribbling tourist's encouragement, and, if he be supposed to need it, his perennial justification.

More than one scholar has failed to produce the great work that was expected of him, — that he of all men seemed best qualified to produce, — simply because he put off the doing of it till his knowledge should be something like complete. So monumental a structure could not be too carefully prepared for, he thought: a conscientiousness most scholarly and honorable, but deadly in its result; for by the time he had laid in his stores he had lost the freshness of his enthusiasm; a palsy had stricken his pen; and by and by the night came, and his knowledge perished with him.

Writers of travels, whatever their shortcomings, fall into no error of this kind. They strike while the iron is hot; and whether their subject be Africa or America, that is the true method. The value of such literature depends on the observer's alert-

ness, fairness, good sense, and general competency, rather than upon the length and leisureliness of his journey. Time of itself never did much for a blind man's vision; and to come back to our Englishman, he may run through America in a month, or spend a year in his note-taking, and in either event he will discover only what he came prepared to discover. If the photographic plate is sensitive enough, it may need but the briefest exposure. And anyhow, let the picture turn out never so badly, no irreparable harm is done. The object itself is not altered because its portrait is drawn awry. What we have to dread is not the foreigner's unfair opinion of us, but our unfair opinion of the foreigner. It is our own thoughts that do us damage, not other men's thoughts about us. And if this be too rare an atmosphere for comfortable every-day breathing, we may come at a similar result on lower ground. Who are we, that we should be treated better than the rest of the world? Must our feelings never be hurt, because we are Americans? Have we never learned that it is a man's part to be thankful for intelligent and friendly criticism, and to bear all other in silence?

Let visitors to "the States," then, be "impressed;" and let them print their impressions, the more the better. Some of them will be shallow, some of them unkindly and prejudiced, some, perhaps, ignorantly and foolishly eulogistic. We shall be blamed for faults that are beyond our mending, and praised for virtues that were never ours, — if such virtues there be. At best, the criticism and the comment will fall a little short of innerrancy; for perfection is one of the lost arts, even in England; but in the sum many true things will be said, and in the end the cause of truth will be forwarded; and possibly, if a thousand English pens are thus employed, one of them may happen to make an immortal picture of the Great Republic as it now is, and as it will not be, for better or worse, a hundred years hence. Thus it is at any rate, by one lucky experimenter out of many, that immortal work is done.

Some critics, it is true, would have literature, even current literature, to consist solely of such happy strokes. Let no man write anything till he can write a master-

piece, they say. Yes, and let no boy go near the water till he has learned to swim; and since crows have waxed destructive, let cornfields be planted hereafter with no outside rows; and lest malarial fevers should make an end of the human race, let all plains and valleys be filled up, and nothing remain but mountains. In short, seeing that failure has been the rule hitherto, let us abolish rules, and get on with exceptions alone; a condition of things curiously prefigured in certain Grammars of the Latin Language, of a kind still vaguely remembered by elderly people. A fine economy, surely, and well worth thinking about. But for the time being, till dreams become substantial, this present evil world, as we reverently call it, remembering its Creator, must be suffered to jog along in its ancient, expensive, wasteful-seeming, happy-go-lucky, highly exceptionable manner: a million seeds, and one tree; a million books, and one *chef-d'œuvre*. Classics are not yet produced of set purpose, nor do they make their advent in royal isolation, starred and wearing the laurel. They come, as was said just now, with the crowd, the "spawn of the press," if they come at all, and are only sifted out by the slow hand of time. And meanwhile their humbler fellows, missing of immortality, may nevertheless have their day and serve their turn. Readers, fortunately or unfortunately, are of many grades, and even the wisest of them, — in some unwise but not infrequent mood, — desire not a classic, but something a shade less excellent. "There is no book that is acceptable, unless at certain seasons." So said Milton; and the saying is true, even of Paradise Lost. In the great sea of literature there is room both for the big fish and for "the other fry." Let us be thankful; and if we are scribblers, by nature or by conceit, let us scribble on.

Dante and St. Louis. The various commentators who have followed every step of Dante's journeys through either what we call the true "*cammin di nostra vita*," or what to him was truer yet, the road to the city of woe, the mount of cleansing, and the orbs of bliss, seem to take little or no note of one most undisguised trait in the man — his malignity. No weaker word will answer. Sternness, severity, a strict sense of God's

justice, are not adequate terms for the fierce delight with which he consigns this enemy and that friend to one or another torture, equally with the men and women of history whom he never saw, and of mythology, who never existed. He consigns to the self-same rain of fire Capaneus, whose only offense was blasphemy against a false god, for which Isaiah would have blessed him, and his own beloved master, whose crime he would have buried in eternal silence, if he really knew of its existence. Such hard-heartedness has not passed wholly without comment; but there is one instance of Dante's insensibility to the right, when his own enmities stood in the way, that I have never seen mentioned.

In his childhood, all Europe was ringing with the death of Louis IX., King of France, the leader of the sixth and seventh crusades; his virtues in every public and private relation of life were so conspicuous that he was canonized within thirty years of his death, and will never be known by any other name than St. Louis. By every conceivable title which Dante recognizes, he should have been admitted into that paradise where Dante's utterly unknown ancestor Cacciaguida blazes in the cross of Mars, with other armed champions of the church, or higher yet, where Rhipeus, existing only by the fiction of two lines of Virgil, gleams among just monarchs in the eagle of Jove. But St. Louis was King of France; the Pope, who canonized him, was outraged by his grandson Philip the Fair, the same who transported the papal see to Avignon, under Clement V. For this Babylonish captivity, this outrage on Christ's vicar by a French monarch, Dante has no terms too severe; half a canto of Purgatorio is devoted to the exposition of its naked horrors; and apparently for no other reason but his hatred to the grandson, Dante leaves without mention the memory of a man who came up to the very highest standard, religious, moral and political, known to his own age, and who scarcely deserves a different reputation, judged by the entirely different standard of our own age; one whom the poet must have heard named forty times a year for every once he heard of some of his pet heroes and villains to whom he distributes eternal suffering and eternal happiness with such complacent partiality.

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FIVE AMERICAN CONTRIBUTIONS TO CIVILIZATION.

LOOKING back over forty centuries of history, we observe that many nations have made characteristic contributions to the progress of civilization, the beneficent effects of which have been permanent, although the races that made them may have lost their national form and organization, or their relative standing among the nations of the earth. Thus, the Hebrew race, during many centuries, made supreme contributions to religious thought; and the Greek, during the brief climax of the race, to speculative philosophy, architecture, sculpture, and the drama. The Roman people developed military colonization, aqueducts, roads, and bridges, and a great body of public law, large parts of which still survive; and the Italians of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance developed ecclesiastical organization, and the fine arts as tributary to the splendor of the Church and to municipal and private luxury. England, for several centuries, has contributed to the institutional development of representative government and public justice; the Dutch, in the sixteenth century, made a superb struggle for free thought and free government; France, in the eighteenth century, taught the doctrine of individual freedom and the theory of human rights; and Germany, at two periods within the nineteenth century, fifty years apart, proved the vital force of the sentiment of nationality. I propose to consider certain characteristic and durable contributions which the American people has been making to the progress of civilization.

I.

The first and principal contribution is the advance made in the United States, not in theory only, but in practice, toward the abandonment of war as the means of settling disputes between nations, the substitution of discussion and arbitration, and the avoidance of armaments. If the intermittent Indian fighting and the brief contest with the Barbary corsairs be disregarded, the United States have had only four years and a quarter of international war in the one hundred and seven years since the adoption of the Constitution. Within the same period the United States have been a party to forty-seven arbitrations, being more than half of all that have taken place in the modern world. The questions settled by these arbitrations have been just such as have commonly caused wars, namely, questions of boundaries, fisheries, damages inflicted by war or civil disturbances, and injuries to commerce. Some of them were of great magnitude, the four made under the treaty of Washington (8 May, 1871) being the most important that have ever taken place. Confident in their strength, and relying on their ability to adjust international differences, the United States have habitually maintained, by voluntary enlistment for short terms, a standing army and a fleet which in proportion to the population are insignificant.

The beneficent effects of this American contribution to civilization are of two sorts: in the first place, the direct

evils of war and of preparations for war have been diminished; and secondly, the influence of the war spirit on the perennial conflict between the rights of the single personal unit and the powers of the multitude that constitute organized society — or, in other words, between individual freedom and collective authority — has been reduced to lowest terms. War has been, and still is, the school of collectivism, the warrant of tyranny. Century after century, tribes, clans, and nations have sacrificed the liberty of the individual to the fundamental necessity of being strong for combined defense or attack in war. Individual freedom is crushed in war, for the nature of war is inevitably despotic. It says to the private person: "Obey without a question, even unto death; die in this ditch, without knowing why; walk into that deadly thicket; mount this embankment, behind which are men who will try to kill you lest you should kill them; make part of an immense machine for blind destruction, cruelty, rapine, and killing." At this moment, every young man in continental Europe learns the lesson of absolute military obedience, and feels himself subject to this crushing power of militant society, against which no rights of the individual to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness avail anything. This pernicious influence, inherent in the social organization of all continental Europe during many centuries, the American people have for generations escaped, and they show other nations how to escape it. I ask attention to the favorable conditions under which this contribution of the United States to civilization has been made.

There has been a deal of fighting on the American continent during the past three centuries; but it has not been of the sort which most imperils liberty. The first European colonists who occupied portions of the coast of North America encountered in the Indians men of the Stone Age, who ulti-

mately had to be resisted and quelled by force. The Indian tribes were at a stage of development thousands of years behind that of the Europeans. They could not be assimilated; for the most part, they could not be taught, or even reasoned with; with a few exceptions, they had to be driven away by prolonged fighting, or subdued by force so that they would live peaceably with the whites.

This warfare, however, always had in it, for the whites, a very large element of self-defense, — the homes and families of the settlers were to be defended against a stealthy and pitiless foe. Constant exposure to the attacks of savages was only one of the formidable dangers and difficulties which for a hundred years the early settlers had to meet, and which developed in them courage, hardness, and persistence. The French and English wars on the North American continent, always more or less mixed with Indian warfare, were characterized by race hatred and religious animosity, — two of the commonest causes of war in all ages, — but they did not tend to fasten upon the English colonists any objectionable public authority, or to contract the limits of individual liberty. They furnished a school of martial qualities at small cost to liberty. In the War of Independence there was a distinct hope and purpose to enlarge individual liberty. It made possible a confederation of the colonies, and, ultimately, the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. It gave to the thirteen colonies a lesson in collectivism, but it was a needed lesson on the necessity of combining their forces to resist an oppressive external authority. The War of 1812 is properly called the Second War of Independence, for it was truly a fight for liberty and for the rights of neutrals, in resistance to the impressment of seamen and other oppressions growing out of European conflicts. These early national experiences

explain the great attention paid by American jurists to the doctrines of neutrality and allegiance, and to the general subject of international law. The Civil War of 1861-65 was waged on the side of the North, primarily, to prevent the dismemberment of the country, and secondarily and incidentally, to destroy the institution of slavery. It therefore called forth a generous element of popular ardor in defense of free institutions; and though it temporarily caused centralization of great powers in the government, it did as much to promote freedom for the individual as it did to strengthen public authority.

In all this series of fightings, the main motives were self-defense, resistance to oppression, the enlargement of liberty, and the conservation of national acquisitions. The war with Mexico, it is true, was of a wholly different type. That was a war of conquest, and of conquest chiefly in the interest of African slavery. It was also an unjust attack made by a powerful people on a feeble one; but it lasted less than two years, and the number of men engaged in it was at no time large. Moreover, by the treaty which ended the war, the conquering nation agreed to pay the conquered eighteen million dollars, in partial compensation for some of the territory wrested from it, instead of demanding a huge war indemnity, as the European way is. This treaty also contained a remarkable clause which undertook to impose a mutual obligation to submit future differences to arbitration. The results of the war contradicted the anticipations both of those who advocated and of those who opposed it. It was one of the wrongs which prepared the way for the great Rebellion; but its direct evils were of moderate extent, and it had no effect on the perennial conflict between individual liberty and public power.

In the mean time, partly as the result of Indian fighting and the Mexican War, but chiefly through purchases and

arbitrations, the American people had acquired a territory so extensive, so defended by oceans, gulfs, and great lakes, and so intersected by those great natural highways, navigable rivers, that it would obviously be impossible for any enemy to overrun or subdue it. The civilized nations of Europe, western Asia, and northern Africa have always been liable to hostile incursions from without. Over and over again barbarous hordes have overthrown established civilizations; and at this moment there is not a nation of Europe which does not feel obliged to maintain monstrous armaments for defense against its neighbors. The American people has long been exempt from such terrors, and is now absolutely free from this necessity of keeping in readiness to meet heavy assaults. The absence of a great standing army and of a large fleet has been a main characteristic of the United States, in contrast with the other civilized nations; this has been a great inducement for immigration, and a prime cause of the country's rapid increase in wealth. The United States have no formidable neighbor except Great Britain in Canada. In April, 1817, by a convention made between Great Britain and the United States, without much public discussion or observation, these two powerful nations agreed that each should keep on the Great Lakes only a few police vessels of insignificant size and armament. This agreement was made but four years after Perry's naval victory on Lake Erie, and only three years after the burning of Washington by a British force. It was one of the early acts of Monroe's first administration, and it would be difficult to find in all history a more judicious or effectual agreement between two powerful neighbors. For eighty years this beneficent convention has helped to keep the peace. The European way would have been to build competitive fleets, dockyards, and fortresses, all of which would have helped to bring on war during the peri-

ods of mutual exasperation which have occurred since 1817. Monroe's second administration was signalized, six years later, by the declaration that the United States would consider any attempt on the part of the Holy Alliance to extend its system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to their peace and safety. This announcement was designed to prevent the introduction on the American continent of the horrible European system, with its balance of power, its alliances, offensive and defensive, in opposing groups, and its perpetual armaments on an enormous scale. That a declaration expressly intended to promote peace and prevent armaments should now be turned into an argument for arming and for a belligerent public policy is an extraordinary perversion of the true American doctrine.

The ordinary causes of war between nation and nation have been lacking in America for the last century and a quarter. How many wars in the world's history have been due to contending dynasties, how many of the most cruel and protracted wars have been due to religious strife, how many to race hatred! No one of these causes of war has been efficacious in America since the French were overcome in Canada by the English in 1759. Looking forward into the future, we find it impossible to imagine circumstances under which any of these common causes of war can take effect on the North American continent. Therefore, the ordinary motives for maintaining armaments in time of peace, and concentrating the powers of government in such a way as to interfere with individual liberty, have not been in play in the United States as among the nations of Europe, and are not likely to be.

Such have been the favorable conditions under which America has made its best contribution to the progress of our race.

There are some people of a misdirected sentimentality who occasionally lament

the absence in our country of the ordinary inducements to war, on the ground that war develops certain noble qualities in some of the combatants, and gives opportunity for the practice of heroic virtues, such as courage, loyalty, and self-sacrifice. It is further said that prolonged peace makes nations effeminate, luxurious, and materialistic, and substitutes for the high ideals of the patriot soldier the low ideals of the farmer, manufacturer, tradesman, and pleasure-seeker. This view seems to me to err in two opposite ways. In the first place, it forgets that war, in spite of the fact that it develops some splendid virtues, is the most horrible occupation that human beings can possibly engage in. It is cruel, treacherous, and murderous. Defensive warfare, particularly on the part of a weak nation against powerful invaders or oppressors, excites a generous sympathy; but for every heroic defense there must be an attack by a preponderating force, and war, being the conflict of the two, must be judged by its moral effects, not on one party, but on both parties. Moreover, the weaker party may have the worse cause. The immediate ill effects of war are bad enough, but its after-effects are generally worse, because indefinitely prolonged and indefinitely wasting and damaging. At this moment, thirty-one years after the end of our Civil War, there are two great evils afflicting our country which took their rise in that war, namely: (1) the belief of a large proportion of our people in money without intrinsic value or worth less than its face, and made current solely by act of Congress, and (2) the payment of immense annual sums in pensions. It is the paper-money delusion born of the Civil War which generated and supports the silver-money delusion of to-day. As a consequence of the war, the nation has paid two thousand millions of dollars in pensions within thirty-three years, a single generation. So far as pensions go to disabled persons,

they are just and inevitable, but unproductive expenditure; so far as they go to persons who are not disabled, men or women, they are in the main not only unproductive, but demoralizing; so far as they promote the marriage of young women to old men as a pecuniary speculation, they create a grave social evil. It is impossible to compute or even imagine the losses and injuries already inflicted by the fiat-money delusion; and it is plain that some of the worst evils of the pension system will go on for a hundred years to come, unless the laws about widows' pensions are changed for the better. It is a significant fact that of the existing pensioners of the War of 1812 (June 30, 1895), only 21 were surviving soldiers or sailors, while 3826 were widows.

War gratifies, or used to gratify, the combative instinct of mankind, but it also gratifies the love of plunder, destruction, cruel discipline, and arbitrary power. It is doubtful whether fighting with modern appliances will gratify even the savage instinct of combat; for it is not likely that in the future two opposing lines of men can ever meet, or any line or column reach an enemy's intrenchments. The machine-gun can only be compared to the scythe, which cuts off every blade of grass within its sweep. It has made cavalry charges impossible, just as the modern iron-clad has made impossible the manœuvres of one of Nelson's fleets. On land, the only mode of approach of one line to another must hereafter be by concealment, crawling, or surprise. Naval actions will henceforth be conflicts between opposing machines, guided, to be sure, by men; but it will be the best machine that wins, and not necessarily the most enduring men. War will be a contest between treasuries or war-chests; for now that ten thousand men can fire away a million dollars' worth of ammunition in an hour, no poor nation can long resist a rich one, unless there be some extraordinary dif-

ference between the two in mental and moral strength.

The view that war is desirable omits also the consideration that modern social and industrial life affords ample opportunities for the courageous and loyal discharge of duty, apart from the barbarities of warfare. There are many serviceable occupations in civil life which call for all the courage and fidelity of the best soldier, and for more than his independent responsibility, because not pursued in masses or under the immediate command of superiors. Such occupations are those of the locomotive engineer, the electrical lineman, the railroad brakeman, the city fireman, and the policeman. The occupation of the locomotive engineer requires constantly a high degree of skill, alertness, fidelity, and resolution, and at any moment may call for heroic self-forgetfulness. The occupation of a lineman requires all the courage and endurance of a soldier whose lurking foe is mysterious and invisible. In the two years 1893 and 1894 there were 34,000 trainmen killed and wounded on the railroads of the United States, and 25,000 other railroad employees besides. I need not enlarge on the dangers of the fireman's occupation, or on the disciplined gallantry with which its risks are habitually incurred. The policeman in large cities needs every virtue of the best soldier, for in the discharge of many of his most important duties he is alone. The feminine occupation of the trained nurse illustrates every heroic quality that can possibly be exhibited in war; for she, simply in the way of duty, without the stimulus of excitement or companionship, runs risks from which many a soldier in hot blood would shrink. No one need be anxious about the lack of opportunities in civilized life for the display of heroic qualities. New industries demand new forms of fidelity and self-sacrificing devotion. Every generation develops some new kind of hero. Thus, the violence of strikers has made

the "scab" a creditable type of nineteenth-century hero. In defense of his rights as an individual, he deliberately incurs the reprobation of many of his fellows, and runs the immediate risk of bodily injury or even of death. He also risks his livelihood for the future, and thereby the well-being of his family. He steadily asserts in action his right to work on such conditions as he sees fit to make, and in so doing he displays remarkable courage and renders a great service to his fellow men. He is generally a quiet, unpretending, silent person, who values his personal freedom more than the society and approbation of his mates. Often he is impelled to work by family affection, but this fact does not diminish his heroism. There are file-closers behind the line of battle of the bravest regiment. Another modern personage who needs heroic endurance, and often exhibits it, is the public servant who steadily does his duty against the outcry of a party press bent on perverting his every word and act. Through the telegram, cheap postage, and the daily newspaper, the forces of hasty public opinion can now be concentrated and expressed with a rapidity and an intensity unknown to preceding generations. In consequence, the independent thinker or actor, or the public servant, when his thoughts or acts run counter to prevailing popular or party opinions, encounters sudden and intense obloquy, which to many temperaments is very formidable. That habit of submitting to the opinion of the majority which democracy fosters renders the storm of detraction and calumny all the more difficult to endure, — makes it, indeed, so intolerable to many citizens that they will conceal or modify their opinions rather than endure it. Yet the very breath of life for a democracy is free discussion, and the taking account of all opinions honestly held and reasonably expressed. The unreality of the vilification of public men in the modern press

is often revealed by the sudden change of tone when an eminent public servant retires or dies. A man for whom no words of derision and condemnation were strong enough yesterday is recognized to-morrow as an honorable and serviceable person, and a credit to his country. Nevertheless, this habit of partisan ridicule and denunciation in the daily reading matter of millions of people calls for a new kind of courage and toughness in public men, and calls for it, not in brief moments of excitement only, but steadily, year in and year out. Clearly, there is no need of bringing on war in order to breed heroes. Civilized life affords plenty of opportunities for heroes, and for a better kind than war or any other savagery has ever produced. Moreover, none but lunatics would set a city on fire in order to give opportunities for heroism to firemen, or introduce the cholera or yellow fever to give physicians and nurses opportunity for practicing disinterested devotion, or condemn thousands of people to extreme poverty in order that some well-to-do persons might practice a beautiful charity. It is equally crazy to advocate war on the ground that it is a school for heroes.

Another misleading argument for war needs brief notice. It is said that war is a school of national development; that a nation, when conducting a great war, puts forth prodigious exertions to raise money, supply munitions, enlist troops and keep them in the field, and often gets a clearer conception and a better control of its own material and moral forces while making these unusual exertions. The nation which means to live in peace necessarily foregoes, it is said, these valuable opportunities of abnormal activity. Naturally, such a nation's abnormal activities devoted to destruction would be diminished; but its normal and abnormal activities devoted to construction and improvement ought to increase. One great reason for the rapid development of the United States since

the adoption of the Constitution is the comparative exemption of the whole people from war, dread of war, and preparations for war. The energies of the people have been directed into other channels. The progress of applied science during the present century, and the new ideals concerning the well-being of human multitudes, have opened great fields for the useful application of national energy. This immense territory of ours, stretching from ocean to ocean, and for the most part but imperfectly developed and sparsely settled, affords a broad field for the beneficent application of the richest national forces during an indefinite period. There is no department of national activity in which we could not advantageously put forth much more force than we now expend; and there are great fields which we have never cultivated at all. As examples, I may mention the post-office, national sanitation, public works, and education. Although great improvements have been made during the past fifty years in the collection and delivery of mail matter, much still remains to be done in both city and country, and particularly in the country. In the mail facilities secured to our people we are far behind several European governments, whereas we ought to be far in advance of every European government except Switzerland, since the rapid interchange of ideas, and the promotion of family, friendly, and commercial intercourse, are of more importance to a democracy than to any other form of political society. Our national government takes very little pains about the sanitation of the country, or its deliverance from injurious insects and parasites; yet these are matters of gravest interest which only the general government can deal with, because action by separate States or cities is necessarily ineffectual. To fight pestilences needs quite as much energy, skill, and courage as to carry on war; indeed, the foes are more insidious and awful, and the means of resistance

less obvious. On the average and the large scale, the professions which heal and prevent disease and mitigate suffering call for much more ability, constancy, and devotion than the professions which inflict wounds and death and all sorts of human misery. Our government has never touched the important subject of national roads, — by which I mean, not railroads, but common highways; yet here is a great subject for beneficent action through government, in which we need only go for our lessons to little republican Switzerland. Inundations and droughts are great enemies of the human race, against which government ought to create defenses, because private enterprise cannot cope with such wide-spreading evils. Popular education is another great field in which public activity should be indefinitely enlarged, not so much through the action of the federal government, — though even there a much more effective supervision should be provided than now exists, — but through the action of States, cities, and towns. We have hardly begun to apprehend the fundamental necessity and infinite value of public education, or to appreciate the immense advantages to be derived from additional expenditure for it. What prodigious possibilities of improvement are suggested by the single statement that the average annual expenditure for the schooling of a child in the United States is only about eighteen dollars! Here is a cause which requires from hundreds of thousands of men and women keen intelligence, hearty devotion to duty, and a steady uplifting and advancement of all its standards and ideals. The system of public instruction should embody for coming generations all the virtues of the mediæval Church. It should stand for the brotherhood and unity of all classes and conditions; it should exalt the joys of the intellectual life above all material delights; and it should produce the best constituted and most wisely directed intellectual and

moral host that the world has seen. In view of such unutilized opportunities as these for the beneficent application of great public forces, does it not seem monstrous that war should be advocated on the ground that it gives occasion for rallying and using the national energies?

II.

The second eminent contribution which the United States have made to civilization is their thorough acceptance in theory and practice of the widest religious toleration. As a means of suppressing individual liberty, the collective authority of the Church, when elaborately organized in a hierarchy directed by one head and absolutely devoted in every rank to its service, comes next in proved efficiency to that concentration of powers in government which enables it to carry on war effectively. The Western Christian Church, organized under the Bishop of Rome, acquired, during the Middle Ages, a centralized authority which quite overrode both the temporal ruler and the rising spirit of nationality. For a time Christian Church and Christian State acted together, just as in Egypt, during many earlier centuries, the great powers of civil and religious rule had been united. The Crusades marked the climax of the power of the Church. Thereafter Church and State were often in conflict, and during this prolonged conflict the seeds of liberty were planted, took root, and made some sturdy growth. We can see now, as we look back on the history of Europe, how fortunate it was that the colonization of North America by Europeans was deferred until after the period of the Reformation, and especially till after the Elizabethan period in England, the Luther period in Germany, and the splendid struggle of the Dutch for liberty in Holland. The founders of New England and New York were men who had imbibed the principles of resistance both to arbitrary civil power and to universal ecclesiastical authority. Hence it

came about that within the territory now covered by the United States no single ecclesiastical organization ever obtained a wide and oppressive control, and that in different parts of this great region churches very unlike in doctrine and organization were almost simultaneously established. It has been an inevitable consequence of this condition of things that the Church as a whole, in the United States, has not been an effective opponent of any form of human rights. For generations it has been divided into numerous sects and denominations, no one of which has been able to claim more than a tenth of the population as its adherents; and the practices of these numerous denominations have been profoundly modified by political theories and practices, and by social customs natural to new communities formed under the prevailing conditions of free intercourse and rapid growth. The constitutional prohibition of religious tests as qualifications for office gave the United States the leadership among the nations in dissociating theological opinions and political rights. No one denomination or ecclesiastical organization in the United States has held great properties, or had the means of conducting its ritual with costly pomp or its charitable works with imposing liberality. No splendid architectural exhibitions of church power have interested or overawed the population. On the contrary, there has prevailed in general a great simplicity in public worship until very recent years. Some splendors have been lately developed by religious bodies in the great cities, but these splendors and luxuries have been almost simultaneously exhibited by religious bodies of very different, not to say opposite kinds. Thus, in New York city, the Jews, the Greek Church, the Catholics, and the Episcopalians have all erected, or undertaken to erect, magnificent edifices. But these recent demonstrations of wealth and zeal are so distributed among differing religious organizations

that they cannot be imagined to indicate a coming centralization of ecclesiastical influence adverse to individual liberty.

In the United States, the great principle of religious toleration is better understood and more firmly established than in any other nation of the earth. It is not only embodied in legislation, but also completely recognized in the habits and customs of good society. Elsewhere it may be a long road from legal to social recognition of religious liberty, as the example of England shows. This recognition alone would mean to any competent student of history that the United States had made an unexampled contribution to the reconciliation of just governmental power with just freedom for the individual, inasmuch as the partial establishment of religious toleration has been the main work of civilization during the past four centuries. In view of this characteristic and infinitely beneficent contribution to human happiness and progress, how pitiable seem the temporary outbursts of bigotry and fanaticism which have occasionally marred the fair record of our country in regard to religious toleration! If any one shall imagine that this American contribution to civilization is no longer important, that the victory has been already won for toleration, let him recall the fact that the last years of the nineteenth century have witnessed two horrible religious persecutions: one by a Christian nation, the other by a Moslem; one of the Jews by Russia, and the other of the Armenians by Turkey.

III.

The third characteristic contribution which the United States have made to civilization has been the safe development of a manhood suffrage nearly universal. I say a safe development of manhood suffrage, because many limitations of the suffrage have been tried in practice by the American Colonies and States, such as church membership, pro-

perty qualifications, the payment of a poll-tax, and ability to read and write; and the people have arrived at a wide suffrage as a result of experiments and experience, and not on the strength of ethical or sentimental theories. The experience of the United States has brought out several principles with regard to the suffrage which have not been clearly apprehended by some eminent political philosophers. In the first place, American experience has demonstrated the advantages of a gradual approach to universal suffrage over a sudden leap. Universal suffrage is not the first and only means of attaining democratic government; rather, it is the ultimate goal of successful democracy. It is not a specific for the cure of all political ills; on the contrary, it may itself easily be the source of great political evils. The people of the United States feel its dangers to-day. When constituencies are large, it aggravates the well-known difficulties of party government; so that many of the ills which threaten democratic communities at this moment, whether in Europe or in America, proceed from the break-down of party government rather than from failures of universal suffrage. The methods of party government were elaborated where suffrage was limited and constituencies were small. Manhood suffrage has not worked perfectly well in the United States or in any other nation where it has been adopted, and it is not likely very soon to work perfectly anywhere. It is like freedom of the will for the individual,—the only atmosphere in which virtue can grow, but an atmosphere in which sin also can grow. Like freedom of the will, it needs to be limited and surrounded with checks and safeguards, particularly in the childhood of the nation: but, like freedom of the will, it is the supreme good, the goal of perfected democracy. Secondly, like freedom of the will, universal suffrage has an educational effect, which has been insisted upon by many

writers, but certainly has never been exaggerated or even adequately described. This educational effect is produced in two ways.

In the first place, the combination of individual freedom with social mobility, which a wide suffrage tends to produce, permits the capable to rise through all grades of society, even within a single generation; and this freedom to rise is intensely stimulating to personal ambition. Thus, from youth to age every capable American is bent on bettering himself and his condition. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the mental condition of an average American, belonging to the laborious classes, but conscious that he can rise to the top of the social scale, and that of a European mechanic, peasant, or tradesman, who knows that he cannot rise out of his class, and is content with his hereditary classification. The state of mind of the American prompts to constant struggle for self-improvement and the acquisition of all sorts of property and power. In the second place, it is a direct effect of a broad suffrage that the voters become periodically interested in the discussion of grave public problems, which carry their minds away from the routine of their daily labor and household experience out into larger fields. The instrumentalities of this prolonged education have been multiplied and improved enormously within the last fifty years. In no field of human endeavor have the fruits of the introduction of steam and electrical power been more striking than in the methods of reaching multitudes of people with instructive narratives, expositions, and arguments. The multiplication of newspapers, magazines, and books is only one of the immense developments in the means of reaching the people. The advocates of any public cause now have it in their power to provide hundreds of newspapers with the same copy or the same plates for simultaneous issue. The mails provide the means of circulat-

ing millions of leaflets and pamphlets. The interest in the minds of the people which prompts to the reading of these multiplied communications comes from the frequently recurring elections. The more difficult the intellectual problem presented in any given election, the more educative the effect of the discussion. Many modern industrial and financial problems are extremely difficult, even for highly educated men. As subjects of earnest thought and discussion on the farm and in the workshop, factory, rolling-mill, and mine, they supply a mental training for millions of adults the like of which has never before been seen in the world.

In these discussions, it is not only the receptive masses that are benefited; the classes that supply the appeals to the masses are also benefited in a high degree. There is no better mental exercise for the most highly trained man than the effort to expound a difficult subject in so clear a way that the untrained man can understand it. In a republic in which the final appeal is to manhood suffrage, the educated minority of the people is constantly stimulated to exertion by the instinct of self-preservation as well as by love of country. They see dangers in proposals made to universal suffrage, and they must exert themselves to ward off those dangers. The position of the educated and well-to-do classes is a thoroughly wholesome one in this respect,—they cannot depend for the preservation of their advantages on land-owning, hereditary privilege, or any legislation not equally applicable to the poorest and humblest citizen. They must maintain their superiority by being superior. They cannot live in a too safe corner.

I touch here on a misconception which underlies much of the criticism of universal suffrage. It is commonly said that the rule of the majority must be the rule of the most ignorant and incapable, the multitude being necessarily un-

instructed as to taxation, public finance, and foreign relations, and untrained to accurate thought on such difficult subjects. Now, universal suffrage is merely a convention as to where the last appeal shall lie for the decision of public questions; and it is the rule of the majority only in this sense. The educated classes are undoubtedly a minority, but it is not safe to assume that they monopolize the good sense of the community. On the contrary, it is very clear that native good judgment and good feeling are not proportional to education, and that among a multitude of men who have had only an elementary education a large proportion will possess both good judgment and good feeling. Indeed, persons who can neither read nor write may possess a large share of both, as is constantly seen in regions where the opportunities for education in childhood have been scanty or inaccessible. It is not to be supposed that the cultivated classes, under a régime of universal suffrage, are not going to try to make their cultivation felt in the discussion and disposal of public questions. Any result under universal suffrage is a complex effect of the discussion of the public question in hand by the educated classes, in the presence of the comparatively uneducated, when a majority of both classes taken together is ultimately to settle the question. In practice, both classes divide on almost every issue. But in any case, if the educated classes cannot hold their own with the uneducated by means of their superior physical, mental, and moral qualities, they are obviously unfit to lead society. With education should come better powers of argument and persuasion, a stricter sense of honor, and a greater general effectiveness. With these advantages, the educated classes must undoubtedly appeal to the less educated, and try to convert them to their way of thinking; but this is a process which is good for both sets of people; indeed, it is the best possible process for

the training of freemen, educated or uneducated, rich or poor.

It is often assumed that in a democracy the educated classes become impotent because the representatives of those classes are not exclusively chosen to public office. This argument is a very fallacious one. It assumes that the public offices are the places of greatest influence; whereas, in the United States, at least, that is conspicuously not the case. In a democracy, it is important to discriminate influence from authority. Rulers and magistrates may or may not be persons of influence; but many persons of influence never become rulers, magistrates, or representatives in parliaments or legislatures. The complex industries of a modern state and its innumerable corporation services offer great fields for administrative talent which were entirely unknown to preceding generations; and these new activities attract many ambitious and capable men more strongly than the public service. These men are not on that account lost to their country or to society. The present generation has wholly escaped from the conditions of earlier centuries, when able men who were not great land-owners had but three outlets for their ambition,—the army, the church, or the national civil service. The national service, whether in an empire, in a limited monarchy, or in a republic, is now only one of many fields which offer to able and patriotic men an honorable and successful career. Inevitably, legislation and public administration have a very second-hand quality; and more and more legislators and administrators become dependent on the researches of scholars, men of science, and historians, and follow in the footsteps of inventors, economists, and political philosophers. Political leaders are very seldom leaders of thought; they are generally trying to induce masses of men to act on principles thought out long before. Their skill is in the selection of practicable approxi-

mations to the ideal; their arts are arts of exposition and persuasion; their honor comes from fidelity, under trying circumstances, to familiar principles of public duty. The real leaders of American thought in this century have been preachers, teachers, jurists, seers, and poets. While it is of the highest importance, under any form of government, that the public servants should be men of intelligence, education, and honor, it is no objection to any given form that under it large numbers of educated and honorable citizens have no connection with the public service.

Well-to-do Europeans, when reasoning about the working of democracy, often assume that under any government the property-holders are synonymous with the intelligent and educated class. That is not the case in the American democracy. Any one who has been connected with a large American university can testify that democratic institutions produce plenty of rich people who are not educated, and plenty of educated people who are not rich, just as mediæval society produced illiterate nobles and cultivated monks.

Persons who object to manhood suffrage as the last resort for the settlement of public questions are bound to show where in all the world a juster or more practicable regulation or convention has been arrived at. The objectors ought at least to indicate where, in their judgment, the ultimate decision should rest, — as, for example, with the land-owners, or the property-holders, or the graduates of secondary schools, or the professional classes. It would be a bold political philosopher who, in these days, should propose that the ultimate tribunal should be constituted in any of these ways. All the experience of the civilized world fails to indicate a safe personage, a safe class, or a safe minority with which to deposit the power of ultimate decision. On the contrary, the experience of civilization indicates that no select person or class can be

trusted with that power, no matter what the principle of selection. The convention that the majority of males shall decide public questions has obviously great recommendations. It is apparently fairer than the rule of any minority, and it is sure to be supported by an adequate physical force. Moreover, its decisions are likely to enforce themselves. Even in matters of doubtful prognostication, the fact that a majority of the males do the prophesying tends to the fulfillment of the prophecy. At any rate, the adoption or partial adoption of universal male suffrage by several civilized nations is coincident with unexampled ameliorations in the condition of the least fortunate and most numerous classes of the population. To this general amelioration many causes have doubtless contributed; but it is reasonable to suppose that the acquisition of the power which comes with votes has had something to do with it.

Timid or conservative people often stand aghast at the possible directions of democratic desire, or at some of the predicted results of democratic rule; but meantime the actual experience of the American democracy proves, (1) that property has never been safer under any form of government; (2) that no people have ever welcomed so ardently new machinery, and new inventions generally; (3) that religious toleration was never carried so far, and never so universally accepted; (4) that nowhere have the power and disposition to read been so general; (5) that nowhere has governmental power been more adequate, or more freely exercised, to levy and collect taxes, to raise armies and to disband them, to maintain public order, and to pay off great public debts, national, state, and town; (6) that nowhere have property and well-being been so widely diffused; and (7) that no form of government ever inspired greater affection and loyalty, or prompted to greater personal sacrifices in supreme moments. In

view of these solid facts, speculations as to what universal suffrage would have done in the seventeenth or eighteenth century, or may do in the twentieth, seem futile indeed. All the most civilized nations of the world have already adopted this final appeal to manhood suffrage, or they are approaching that adoption by rapid stages. The United States, having no customs or traditions of an opposite sort to overcome, have led the nations in this direction, and have had the honor of devising, as a result of practical experience, the best safeguards for universal suffrage, — safeguards which, in the main, are intended to prevent hasty public action, or action based on sudden discontents or temporary spasms of public feeling. These checks are intended to give time for discussion and deliberation, or, in other words, to secure the enlightenment of the voters before the vote. If under new conditions existing safeguards prove insufficient, the only wise course is to devise new safeguards.

IV.

The United States have made to civilization a fourth contribution, of a very hopeful sort, to which public attention needs to be directed, lest temporary evils connected therewith should prevent the continuation of this beneficent action. The United States have furnished a demonstration that people belonging to a great variety of races or nations are, under favorable circumstances, fit for political freedom. It is the fashion to attribute to the enormous immigration of the last fifty years some of the failures of the American political system, and particularly the partial failure in municipal government, and the introduction in a few States of the rule of the irresponsible party foremen known as "bosses." Impatient of these evils, and hastily accepting this improbable explanation of them, some people wish to depart from the American policy of welcoming immigrants. In two respects the absorption

of large numbers of immigrants from many nations into the American commonwealth has been of great service to mankind. In the first place, it has demonstrated that people who at home have been subject to every sort of aristocratic, despotic, or military oppression become within less than a generation serviceable citizens of a republic; and in the second place, the United States have thus educated to freedom many millions of men. Furthermore, the comparatively high degree of happiness and prosperity enjoyed by the people of the United States has been brought home to multitudes in Europe by friends and relatives who have emigrated to this country, and has commended free institutions to them in the best possible way. This is a legitimate propaganda vastly more effective than any annexation or conquest of unwilling people, or of people unprepared for liberty.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the process of assimilating foreigners began in this century. The eighteenth century provided the colonies with a great mixture of peoples, although the English race predominated then as now. When the Revolution broke out, there were already English, Scotch, Dutch, Germans, French, Portuguese, and Swedes in the colonies. The French were in small proportion, to be sure, and were almost exclusively Huguenot refugees, but they were a valuable element in the population. The Germans were well diffused, having established themselves in New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Georgia. The Scotch were scattered through all the colonies. Pennsylvania, especially, was inhabited by an extraordinary mixture of nationalities and religious denominations. Since steam navigation on the Atlantic and railroad transportation on the North American continent became cheap and easy, the tide of immigration has greatly increased; but it is very doubtful if the amount of assimilation going on in the nineteenth century

has been any larger in proportion to the population and wealth of the country than it was in the eighteenth. The main difference in the assimilation accomplished in the two centuries is this: that in the eighteenth century the new-comers were almost all Protestants, while in the nineteenth century a considerable proportion have been Catholics. One result, however, of the importation of large numbers of Catholics into the United States has been a profound modification of the Roman Catholic Church in regard to the manners and customs of both the clergy and the laity, the scope of the authority of the priest, and the attitude of the Church toward public education. This American modification of the Roman Church has reacted strongly upon the Church in Europe.

V.

Another great contribution to civilization made by the United States is the diffusion of well-being among the population. No country in the world approaches the United States in this respect. It is seen in that diffused elementary education which implants for life a habit of reading, in the success of the voluntary system for the support of religious institutions, and in the habitual optimism which characterizes the common people. It is seen in the housing of the people and of their domestic animals; in the comparative costliness of their food, clothing, and household furniture; in their implements, vehicles, and means of transportation; and in the substitution on a prodigious scale of the work of machinery for the work of men's hands. This last item in American well-being is quite as striking in agriculture, mining, and fishing as it is in manufacturing processes. The social effects of the manufacture of power, and of the discovery of means of putting that power just where it is wanted, have been more striking in the United States than anywhere else. Manufactured and

distributed power needs intelligence to direct it: the bicycle is a blind horse, and must be steered at every instant; somebody must show a steam-drill where to strike and how deep to go. So far as men and women can substitute for the direct expenditure of muscular strength the more intelligent effort of designing, tending, and guiding machines, they win promotion in the scale of being, and make their lives more interesting as well as more productive. It is in the invention of machinery for producing and distributing power, and at once economizing and elevating human labor, that American ingenuity has been most conspicuously manifested. The high price of labor in a sparsely settled country has had something to do with this striking result; but the genius of the people and of their government has had much more to do with it. As proof of the general proposition, it suffices merely to mention the telegraph and telephone, the sewing-machine, the cotton-gin, the mower, reaper, and threshing-machine, the dish-washing machine, the river steamboat, the sleeping-car, the boot and shoe machinery, and the watch machinery. The ultimate effects of these and kindred inventions are quite as much intellectual as physical, and they are developing and increasing with a portentous rapidity, which sometimes suggests a doubt whether the bodily forces of men and women are adequate to resist the new mental strains brought upon them. However this may prove to be in the future, the clear result in the present is an unexampled diffusion of well-being in the United States.

These five contributions to civilization — peace-keeping, religious toleration, the development of manhood suffrage, the welcoming of new-comers, and the diffusion of well-being — I hold to have been eminently characteristic of our country, and so important that, in spite of the qualifications and deductions which

every candid citizen would admit with regard to them, they will ever be held in the grateful remembrance of mankind. They are reasonable grounds for a steady, glowing patriotism. They have had much to do, both as causes and as effects, with the material prosperity of the United States; but they are all five essentially moral contributions, being triumphs of reason, enterprise, courage, faith, and justice, over passion, selfishness, inertness, timidity, and distrust. Beneath each one of these developments there lies a strong ethical sentiment, a strenuous moral and

social purpose. It is for such work that multitudinous democracies are fit.

In regard to each one of these contributions the characteristic policy of our country has been from time to time threatened with reversal, — is even now so threatened. It is for true patriots to insist on the maintenance of these historic purposes and policies of the people of the United States. Our country's future perils, whether already visible or still unimagined, are to be met with courage and constancy founded firmly on these popular achievements in the past.¹

Charles W. Eliot.

THE POLITICAL MENACE OF THE DISCONTENTED.

AT first sight, it seems a discouraging thing that the American people should be obliged to devote the energy of a presidential campaign to assert that a debased currency cannot bring prosperity. It seems all the more discouraging when it is recalled that we have had abundant experience with this error. He who knows our own history but slightly knows that at various times, under varying conditions, we have tried this same method of relief from "hard times," always with disaster.

Yet perhaps if we had chosen we could not have done better than take this subject in hand for campaign discussion; for a clear analysis of public opinion in the United States for thirty years will show that the false notion of money, dating back to the successful issue of greenbacks during the war, has never ceased to affect the popular imagination. Not only have the discontented and the unbalanced held the doctrine of fiat money ever since, in one form or another, but by far the larger part of our public men — the very men who are now doing excellent service

against the absurdity — have at one time or another dallied with it. Even the Supreme Court of the United States once fell a victim to it, and three post-bellum Presidents have had to veto unsound-money bills. This legacy from the war-time has cost us, first and last, far more in arrested commercial development than the war itself cost us in treasure. So magnificent and impressive was the demonstration of the credit of the government that the successful issue of greenbacks was almost from the first popularly regarded not as a forced loan, but as one of the proper functions of the Treasury Department. The supreme act of the government in making a direct issue of money seemed so easy and natural that belief in its power to issue money at will has hardened into the most persistent political superstition of our time. Cheap money has been proposed as a remedy for a long succession of different ills. No other superstition, indeed, ever lent itself so well to impressive statistical statement, or showed such an easy adaptability to every condition of discontent. It is well, then, that

¹ This paper was delivered as an address at Chautauqua on August 19, 1896.

it should once for all be baldly asserted, and put to trial at the polls. Efforts to wear it out by compromise have failed, and have cost us dear. To subject it to open discussion, stripped of confusion with other subjects, — this is the democratic fashion of dealing with a fallacy; and no better use could be made of the energy that spends itself in a national campaign than to direct it all to the defeat of so persistent and costly an error.

The campaign has an even wider educational value. Besides the necessity of sound money another lesson is forcibly taught, — a larger corollary of the same proposition, that financial honesty is the basis of character, — the lesson, namely, of the intricate workings and supreme value of credit. The danger now involved in the threat to debase the currency is not simply the danger of substituting a base coin for a good one in the small transactions of individual men, but the danger of deranging instantly our relations with the whole world. All the civilized parts of the earth have become one trading community. Credit delicately adjusts this closely knit world community, part to part, and in this complex sense it is a new instrument and measure of civilization, and even a new conception to most men. It is the one great fact in the practical world of to-day that more clearly than any other marks us off from the practical world of preceding times. We often speak of the changes wrought by modern transportation and instantaneous communication and enlarged publicity. All these new instruments of modern life do their nimble and far-reaching service in the appraisal of men and communities and nations, and this appraisal is registered as credit. So accurate and prompt is the registration that credit is fast making coin one of the crude tools of civilization. The business of the world is done with a constantly lessening use of so primitive an instrument.

Thus, simultaneously with the growth

of credit, and as a part of the same movement, has come, not by any decree of men, of course, but by the inevitable and irreversible process of social development, the gold standard. The steps from wampum to beads, from beads to iron, from iron to copper, from copper to silver (if this was the order), each required a long period of time. The step from silver to gold, in the more rapid development of modern life, was more quickly taken, and it is small wonder that men to whom the very conception of credit is foreign should look upon the passing of silver as a standard of value with superstitious fear, especially men who have no personal contact with the great processes of interchange, — men who live apart from the channels of trade, and men, of a very different class, who speculate on human progress without knowledge of the instruments by which it is brought about.

For these larger reasons the campaign that we are now conducting is an effort at public education that has no recent parallel in its scope or aim. The credit of a democracy is no greater than the sum total of the people's credit, just as the fighting strength of a nation is no greater than the sum total of the fighting strength of its men. Before we can have a stable popular government, under modern conditions, there must be a popular understanding of the meaning and value of credit in its widest sense. This is the lesson that we must learn, and perhaps the only lesson, before we can contest with Great Britain the commercial supremacy of the world. Now, there is no way more quickly or forcibly to teach the people this fundamental truth than by facing this definite threat to take the United States from the first rank of commercial nations and to put it in the third rank; and nothing but a military attack could so arouse our patriotism as this assault on our national character ought to arouse it, and fortunately is arousing it. The assault,

therefore, looks very like an evil out of which will come unexpected good. At any rate, it is reassuring to see the most abstruse subject that was ever brought upon the stump taken up with confidence in the effectiveness of free discussion to eradicate a superstition.

But the most significant aspect of the Chicago programme is not its political, nor even its commercial, but its social aspect; and from this point of view it is a symptom of a condition that may cause anxiety. It was in a sense an accident that the several groups of the discontented hit upon the free coinage of silver as their shibboleth. This action was due, as we have seen, to the vitality of the superstition about cheap money, helped by the overzealous activity of the owners of silver mines. But they have threatened also a reorganization of the Supreme Court of the United States for a partisan purpose, and made a protest against the use of the executive power to protect the property of the general government; each of these "demands" being the work of a different element in the convention. The alarming fact is that nearly all the groups of malcontents that have hitherto existed separately are now united. We have before had a Greenback party, Socialist-Labor parties, Farmers' Alliances, the "Wheel," Nationalists, and other detached groups of the dissatisfied or unbalanced, and their activity separately has generally been harmless. Now, practically, all these groups are united, and the consolidated organization includes also the unthinking mass of the Democratic party. This mass gives the movement its strength. This body of ignorance that the revolutionists have thus made captive, if left to itself or if properly led, would not do violence to our civilization; for it does not understand that the present programme means ruin. The unthinking masses look upon it merely as a method of removing the cause of their discontent.

The social fact that we must consider, then, is the existence of a widespread discontent. This is the meaning of the heterogeneous declarations made at Chicago as understood by those who approve them. These malcontents are not as prosperous as they think they ought to be, and they think that there is some artificial barrier to their prosperity.

Now what are the causes of a widespread dissatisfaction? And are there artificial hindrances to prosperity?

One important cause of discontent is the shrinking of agricultural profit. By reason of machinery and improved methods, the relative number of men required to produce farm products has constantly become less. It is probable, too, that the cultivated area of good land has been extended faster than the food demand has increased. Agricultural profit has shrunk not only in our own country, but in Europe as well, for the complaint is world-wide. Following the farmer's loss of profit has come also a certain loss of dignity. The tiller of the soil, who in the days of our fathers was the embodiment of economic independence and of civic virtue, has passed away. He is a stock figure no longer of the orator, but only of the humorist. His relative social standing has been lost. The "sturdy yeoman" has become the "hayseed." This agricultural discontent is a large part of the organized unrest, and it has been gathering volume for a dozen years.

But there are still other causes of unrest. The reflex influence on rural life of the great movement of the population to the cities makes rural life less and less attractive; and there is abundant evidence of a sort of social revolt by the countryman against the townsman. The town sets the fashion not in attire only, but in the whole round of living. The social disadvantage of the dweller in the country must be reckoned as an important cause of discontent, especially since cheap and rapid

communication and the newspapers bring to the envious knowledge of the countryman an intimate acquaintance with the follies as well as with the advantages of town life; and the vice of living beyond one's income has spread from the town to the farm.

The organization of vast enterprises into forms that lessen personal responsibility also has had its effect on the popular imagination. It is not by saving, but by "booming," that fortunes are thought to be made, and "booming" is but another name for borrowing with only a speculative opportunity to pay. Here, indeed, we are disposed to think, is the very root of the malady which expresses itself in this composite revolutionary programme; for attacks on property always come from those who not only do not have property, but who cannot conserve it or wisely use it. It is more than a coincidence that the menace to property and to credit is most determined in the two parts of the Union that have nothing in common but a lack of thrift, — in the South, where the unsound economic habit of life that was the basis of slavery yet lingers, and in the mining States, where industry itself has been speculative. In the last analysis it is these defects of character that we must confront. With these, we may be sure, we shall have to deal again and often. Some forms of unrest are passing moods, and will disappear with a revival of trade; but the discontent that has its root in a lack of thrift and of a rigid commercial morality is more serious.

Besides these more or less specific causes there is a general cause of widespread dissatisfaction. The frontier has disappeared. The public lands have practically all been taken. The adventurous and the dissatisfied can no longer leave their homes and find new homes for the asking. From the beginning of our history the unoccupied land in the West has provoked, and it has till lately absorbed, the restlessness of our people,

but that restlessness must now find new outlets. We have too long bred pioneers and wanderers and adventurers to settle down easily and quickly to anything humdrum, even to a humdrum prosperity.

This general dissatisfaction has some of the symptoms of the discontent that has projected itself into the politics of all old governments. We are no longer free from the kind of social maladies that have afflicted the Old World, but have hitherto spared us, thanks to our simplicity of life, to our vast territory, and to our more elastic institutions; and we know by this token that we are now become a part of complex civilization.

A class feeling more distinct than ever before has asserted itself in politics. In Jackson's time a similar thing happened, but in those youthful days of the republic it was comparatively harmless. Now it is the most harmful spirit that could be evoked. True, the population of the United States is made up of classes, as the population of every other country is, — the rich and the poor, the cultivated and the ignorant, the well bred and the rude. But in political life it is our theory, and has been our boast, that we have no classes. This campaign has taken a more dangerous form than any preceding one, because so direct and so essentially dishonest an appeal has been made to the envy of the mass of men, and a candidate for the presidency has himself appealed directly to the class feeling of the dissatisfied. Now, if our institutions are in danger from any quarter, if the democratic plan of government is to fail at last, if we are to suffer the ancient sorrows of other societies which it was hoped we had outgrown, and if it shall turn out that we are but going through a cycle of Old-World experience, and not making progress at all, — the blessings which we have credited to our institutions being only the blessings of a vast domain and of elbow-room for a time, — the most alarming symptom of such a collapse and failure would be the

appearance of sharp class distinctions in politics. The very threat of such a disaster makes a thoughtful man shudder.

But if the time is ever to come when there is good reason why the poor and the rich should be permanently arrayed against each other at the polls, it ought not yet to come; for we have not passed out of the period when the poor of to-day become the rich of to-morrow. Though it assumes the guise of the supremest danger, the present agitation ought to turn out, as it seems likely to turn out, to be a farce; for no other fact is so conspicuous in our recent history as the very rapid increase in the number of the well-to-do. If we roughly divide the population into the poor, the well-to-do, and the rich, and could determine the numbers in each class at any two given periods, say in 1876 and 1896, we should see that while there has been a large absolute and small comparative increase alike in the number of the rich and in the number of the poor, there has been an enormous increase, both absolute and relative, in the number of the well-to-do. Never since industrial society was organized has there been such a general rise from poverty to comfort as there has been in the United States during the last thirty years. There is no more fallacious doctrine than that the rich are becoming richer, and the poor poorer. The truth is, the lift from poverty to plenty has so engaged our thought that we have come too near to forgetting that other things than material well-being are needful to make a great people, and we are now paying one of the penalties of this forgetfulness.

But we are at least reminded that a new test of our institutions is now to be made. These new problems of democracy are of a kind that our predecessors did not anticipate. It requires a considerable effort, indeed, to picture to our-

selves the comparative simplicity of life in the United States even half a century ago, and the comparative simplicity of our political problems at that time, except the one problem of maintaining the Union. Even that was a definite and concrete task. For one thing, those who tried to disrupt the Union lived in one group of States, and those who opposed disruption lived in another. But there is no sharp geographical line between the discontented and the prosperous.

Now, when, in this very definite way, the ominous social side of politics presents itself, our political machinery lacks something of its earlier elasticity to deal with it. The government, like all other complex modern instruments, is become a great machine, infinitely more powerful and more effective, but far less personal, than any form of government dreamed of by our fathers. It has necessarily been developed along the lines of all other modern activity, dealing swiftly with large units. In many ways, in government as in all other active and practical things, the individual becomes less and less. It is this feeling that in some way the government has ceased to be his, as it was his in a time nearer to the town-meeting, that has aroused the suspicion of the isolated man. It is in fact a contest between the isolated and the organized, with the isolated suddenly organized for the moment, without the training that brings wisdom or prudence, — in a word, a mob on one side, and on the other side civilization. The government has proved its strength, and the question now is whether it be flexible enough to serve alike and at once a complex society of the modern type and the primitive conditions of half a century ago that yet prevail in a large part of our territory. The present task is to save it as an instrument of civilization. Thereafter will come the duty of removing the real causes of discontent.

MARM LISA.¹

V.

HOW THE NEW PLANT GREW.

"Now, Rhoda dear," said Mistress Mary one day, when Lisa had become somewhat wonted to her new surroundings, "you are to fold your hands respectfully in your lap, and I will teach you things, — things which you in your youth and inexperience have not thought about as yet. The other girls may listen, too, and catch the drippings of my wisdom. I really know little about the education of defective children, but, thank Heaven, I can put two and two together, as Susan Nipper said. The general plan will be to train Lisa's hands and speak to her senses in every possible way, since her organs of sense are within your reach, and those of thought are out of it. The hardest lesson for such a child to learn is the subordination of its erratic will to our normal ones. Lisa's affection is the most hopeful thing about her, and encourages me more than anything else. It is n't as if there were no mental processes existing; they are there, but in a very enfeebled state. Of course she should have been under skilled teaching the last six years, but, late as it is, we could not think of giving up a child who can talk, use her right hand, dress herself, go upon errands, recognize colors, wash dishes; who is apparently neither vicious nor cunning, but who, on the contrary, has lived four years under the same roof with Mrs. S. Cora Grubb without rebellion or violence or treachery! Why, girls, such a task, if it did not appeal to one on the moral, certainly would on the intellectual side. Marm Lisa will teach us more in a year than we shall teach her. Let us keep a record of our experiments; drop all materials that seem

neither to give her sensations nor wake her discriminative power, and choose others that speak to her more clearly. Let us watch her closely, both to penetrate the secret of her condition and to protect the other children. What a joy, what a triumph, to say to her some dear day, a few years hence, 'You poor, motherless bairn, we have swept away the cobwebs of your dreams, given you back your will, put a clue to things in your hand: now go on and learn to live and be mistress of your own life under God!'"

It was at such a moment, when Mary's voice trembled and her eyes shone through a mist of tears like two victorious stars, that a hush fell upon the little group, and the spirit of the eternal child descended like a dove, its pure wings stirring the silence of each woman's heart. At such a moment, their daily work, with its round of harsh, unlovely, beautiful, discouraging, hopeful, helpful, heavenly duties, was transfigured, and so were they. The servant was transformed by the service, and the service by the servant. They were alone together, each heart knit to all the others by the close bond of a common vocation; and though a heretofore unknown experience, it seemed a natural one when Mistress Mary suddenly bent her head and said softly: —

"Father in heaven, it is by the vision of thy relation to us that we can apprehend our relation to these little ones. As we have accepted that high trust, so make us loyal to it. When our feet grow weary and our faith grows dim, help us to follow close after the ever perfect One who taught even as we are trying to teach. He it was whom the common people heard gladly. He it was who disdained not the use of objects and symbols, remembering it was the child-

¹ Copyright, 1896, by Kate Douglas Riggs.

hood of the race. He it was who spake in parables and stories, laying bare soul of man and heart of nature, and revealing each by divine analogy. He it was who took the little ones in his arms and blessed them; who set the child in the midst, saying, 'Except ye become as one of these.' May the afterglow of that inspired teaching ever shine upon the path we are treading. May we bathe our tired spirits in its warmth and glory, and kindle our torches at the splendor of its light. We remember that he told us to feed his lambs. Dear Lord, help all the faithful shepherds who care for the ninety-and-nine that lie in the safe cover of the fold; help us, too, for we are the wandering shepherds whose part it is to go out over the bleak hills, up the mountain sides and rocky places, and gather in out of the storm and stress of things all the poor, unshepherded, wee bit lambs that have either wandered forlornly away from shelter, or have been born in the wilderness and know no other home. Such an one has just strayed into the fold from the dreary hill-country. It needs a wiser shepherd than any one of us. Grant that by gentleness, patience, and insight we may atone somewhat for our lack of wisdom and skill. We read among thy mysteries that the divine Child was born of a virgin. May he be born again and born daily in our hearts, already touched by that remembrance and consecrated by its meaning. And this we ask for love's sake. Amen."

Then there was a space of silence, — one of those silences in which we seem to be caught up into the heart of things, when hidden meanings are revealed, when the soul stretches itself and grows a little.

It was a few minutes later when Rhoda said: "I am fired with zeal. I confess it. Henceforth my single aim shall be to bring Marm Lisa into her lost kingdom and inheritance. But meanwhile, how, oh how shall I master the hateful preliminaries? How shall I teach her to lace her shoes and keep them laced, unless I

invent a game for it? How shall I keep her hair from dangling in her eyes, how keep her aprons neat? — though in those respects she is no worse than Pacific Simonson. I promised her a doll yesterday, and she was remarkably good. Do you object, Mistress Mary?"

"I don't know how much rewards are used in these cases," answered Mary, "but why do you begin with them when the problem presents no insuperable difficulties as yet? Whenever she conquers herself, her awkward hands, her weak will, her inattention, her restlessness, give her some task she likes, some pleasure or occupation for which she has shown decided preference, and thus make happiness follow close upon the heels of effort. We who see more clearly the meaning of life know that this will not always happen, and we can be content to do right for right's sake. I don't object to your putting hosts of slumbering incentives in Lisa's mind, but a slumbering incentive is not vulgar and debasing, like a bribe."

A plant might be a feeble and common thing, yet it might grow in beauty and strength in a garden like Mistress Mary's. Such soil in the way of surroundings, such patient cultivation of roots and stems, such strengthening of tendrils on all sorts of lovely props, such sunshine of love, such dew of sympathy, such showers of kindness, such favoring breezes of opportunity, such pleasure for a new leaf, joy for a bud, gratitude for a bloom! What an atmosphere in which to grow towards knowledge and goodness! Was it any wonder that the little people "all in a row" responded to the genius of Mistress Mary's influence? They used to sing a song called *The Light Bird*, in which some one, all unknown to the children, would slip into the playground with a bit of broken looking-glass, and suddenly a radiant fluttering disk of light would appear on the wall, and dance up and down, above and below, hither and yon, like a winged sunbeam. The children held out longing

arms and sang to it coaxingly. Sometimes it quivered over Mistress Mary's head, and fired every delicate point of her steel tiara with such splendor that the little Irish babies almost felt like crossing themselves. At such times, those *deux petits cœurs secs*, Atlantic and Pacific, and all the other full-fledged and half-fledged scapegraces, forgot to be naughty, and the millennium was foreshadowed. The neophytes declared Mistress Mary a bit of a magician. Somehow or other, the little evil imps in the children shrank away, abashed by the soft surprise of a glance that seemed to hope something better, and the little good angels came out of their banishment, unfolded their wings, and sunned themselves in the warmth of her approving smile. Her spiritual antennæ were so fine, so fine, that they discerned the good in everything; they were feeling now after the soft spot in the rocky heart of Atlantic Simonson; they had n't found it yet, but they would, — oh, they would in time; for if hope is the lover's staff, it is no less that of the idealist.

Marm Lisa looked upon the miracles that happened under Mistress Mary's roof with a sort of dazed wonder, but her intelligence grew a little day by day; and though she sadly taxed everybody's patience, she infused a new spirit into all the neophytes.

Had not improvement been rapid, their untrained zeal might perhaps have flagged. Had the mental symptoms, by their obscurity, baffled them or defied them on every side, their lack of systematic, scientific training for such a task might have made them discouraged; but delicate and exacting as the work was, their love and enthusiasm, their insight and patience, their cleverness and ingenuity, triumphed over all obstacles; and luckily for their youth and comparative inexperience, they were rewarded in marvelous measure.

Not that every day was bright and hopeful. The carefully kept record was

black enough on occasions, beginning with the morning when Helen, sitting in the circle, felt a rough hand on her head, and Marm Lisa, without the slightest warning of her intention, snatched Mary's steel band forcibly from her hair, and taking it across the room, put it in its accustomed place on its owner's head. Everybody was startled, but Mary rose from her chair quietly, and taking the ornament in one hand and Marm Lisa by the other, she came to Helen's side.

"I like to have my shining crown in Miss Helen's hair," she said; "it is such pretty curly hair, — stroke it softly, Lisa; she must wear it this morning to please me, and then I will take it again for my own. Dear Miss Helen, who is so sweet and good to the children, I love her," and she kissed her fondly on each cheek.

Marm Lisa did not attempt to rebel, but she was sullen, and refused her work when it was offered her later.

Such occurrences were rare, however, for her obliquity always seemed mental rather than moral.

Straws and bright papers, beads and pretty forms to thread on stout laces, were given her to wean her from her favorite but aimless string-play. There were days of restlessness, when she wandered up and down stairs, and could not be kept in her chair nor persuaded to stand in her place in the circle. There were days, too, when she tore the bright cardboards and glossy weaving-mats that ordinarily gave her such keen pleasure, but this carelessness grew more and more infrequent until it ceased altogether; so that it had probably come more from her inability to hold and move the materials and needles properly than from a wanton instinct of destruction, for they would often see the tears drop from her eyes upon her clumsy fingers as she strove to make them obey her feeble behests. At such a moment there was always some one to fling herself with passionate ardor and sympathy into this latest difficulty.

A stouter weaving-needle was invented, and a mat of pretty colored morocco substituted for the fragile paper ; while the poor inert hands were held and coaxed and strengthened every day by finger gymnastics.

As Lisa grew in power Rhoda grew in ingenuity, and failure in any one particular only stimulated her genius of invention. Did Marm Lisa spill paste, mucilage, water, on her gingham aprons, and wipe anything and everything on them that came in her way, Rhoda dressed her in daintier ones of white cambric, with a ruffle at the neck and sleeves ; the child's pleasure knew no bounds, and she kept the aprons clean. With Mrs. Grubb's permission her hair was cut shorter, and brushed back under a round comb. No regiment of soldiers could have kept the comb in place. It was taken away, and a blue ribbon substituted. She took off the ribbon every five minutes for two days, when Mary circumvented her by sewing a blue ribbon on each sleeve. This seemed to divert her attention from the head-band, and after a week or two she allowed it to remain without interference. Mary gave her low shoes, hoping that the lessened trouble of lacing them would make the task a possibility. There was no improvement. If she laced them, it was only under supervision, and they were always untied within the hour, the dangling laces tripping her awkward feet. Slippers or old-fashioned boots with elastic at the side would have been an easy way out of the difficulty, but to Rhoda's mind that would have been a humiliating confession of failure. As a last resort she bought brown shoes and brown laces.

"If these do not succeed," she said, "I will have red ones made, paint the tips blue, and give her yellow laces ; but I will fix her mind on her shoes and arouse her pride in them, or die in the attempt."

This extreme, fortunately, proved unnecessary, since for some unknown rea-

son the brown shoes and laces appealed to Marm Lisa, and she kept them tied. The salient peculiarity and encouraging feature of the child's development was that, save in rare cases, she did not slip back into her old habits when the novelty of the remedy wore off ; with her, almost every point gained was a point kept. It was indeed a high Hill Difficulty that she was climbing, — so high that had she realized it she would never have taken the first step of her own unaided will ; but now the impelling force behind her was so great, and the visions forever leading her on were so beautiful, that she ran nor grew weary, she walked yet did not faint.

The other children, even the youngest of them, were more or less interested in the novel enterprise, too, though they little knew the nature of it or how much was at stake. That a human mind was tottering to its fall, and that Mistress Mary was engaged in preventing it, was beyond their ken. They could see certain details, however, for they were all one great family of little people, and it was no unaccustomed thing for them to watch a moral conquest, though they had no conception of an intellectual one.

Accordingly, there was a shout of triumph from a corner of the room one morning, — such a shout that seventy or eighty youngsters held their breath to see what was happening.

After weeks upon weeks of torn cards, broken threads, soiled patterns, wrong stitches, weak hand held in place by strong hand, Marm Lisa had sewed without help, and in one lesson, the outline of a huge red apple ; and there she stood offering her finished work to Mistress Mary ! The angels in heaven never rejoiced more greatly over the one repentant sinner than the tired little shepherdesses over their one poor ewe lamb as she stood there with quivering hands and wet eyes, the first sense of conscious victory written on her inscrutable brow, and within the turbid, clouded brain the

memory of a long struggle, and a hint, at least, of the glory she had achieved.

Rhoda took the square of neat cardboard with the precious red circle that meant so much, and ran into the playground with it, hugging it to her heart, and crying and laughing over it like a child.

When she came back, Mistress Mary put her arm round Lisa's waist and said to the whole great family: "Children, after trying hard for ever so long, Lisa has sewed this lovely apple all by herself. There is not a wrong stitch, and one side is as neat as the other. What shall we say?"

"Three cheers! The Chinese must go!" shouted Pat Higgins, a patriotic person of five years whose father was an organizer of sand-lot meetings.

All the grown-ups laughed at this unexpected suggestion, but the cheers were given with a good will, and Marm Lisa, her mind stirred to its depths by the unwonted emotion, puzzled out the meaning of them and hid it in her heart.

VI.

FROM GRUBB TO BUTTERFLY.

The children were all nearly a year older when Mrs. Grubb one day climbed the flight of wooden steps leading to Marm Lisa's Paradise, and met, as she did so, a procession of Mistress Mary's neophytes who were wending their way homeward.

The spectacle of a number of persons of either sex, or of both sexes, proceeding in line or grouped as an audience, acted on Mrs. Grubb precisely as the taste of fresh blood is supposed to act on a tiger in captivity. At such a moment she had but one impulse, and that was to address the meeting. The particular subject was not vital, since it was never the subject, but her own desire to talk, that furnished the necessary inspiration.

While she was beginning, "Ladies and gentlemen," in her clear, pleasant voice, her convictions, opinions, views, prejudices, feelings, experiences, all flew from the different corners of what she was pleased to call her brain, and focused themselves on the point in question.

If the discussion was in a field in which she had made no excursions whatever, that trifling detail did not impose silence upon her. She simply rose and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, though a stranger in your midst, I feel I must say a word of sympathy to you, and a word of encouragement for your cause. It is a good and worthy movement, and I honor you for upholding it. Often and often have I said to my classes, it matters not what face of truth is revealed to you so long as you get a vision that will help you to bless your fellow men. To bless your fellow men is the great task before each and every one of us, and I feel to urge this specially upon occasions like this, when I see a large and influential audience before me. Says Rudyard Kipling, 'I saw a hundred men on the road to Delhi, and they were all my brothers.' Yes, all our brothers! The brotherhood of man and the sisterhood of woman, those are the subjects that include all others. I am glad to have met with you and to have heard the eloquent words of your speakers. If any of you would like to know more of my work, I will gladly meet you in room A at the close of this meeting."

She then sat down amid applause. Never did Mrs. S. Cora Grubb cease speaking without at least a ripple of approval that sometimes grew into a positive ovation. What wonder, then, that she mistook herself for an inspired person? It was easy to understand her popularity with her fellow men. Her eyes were as soft and clear as those of a child, her hair waved prettily off her low serene brow, her figure was plump and womanly, and when her voice trembled with emotion (which in her was a shallow well

very near the surface) the charmingest pink color came and went in her cheeks. On such occasions more than one member of the various brotherhoods thought what a cosy wife she would make, if removed from the public arena to the "sweet safe corner of the household fire." To be sure she had not much logic, but plenty of sentiment; rather too great a fondness for humanity, perhaps, but that was because she had no husband and family of her own to absorb her superfluous sympathy and energy. Mrs. Grubb was not so easily classified as these "brothers" imagined, however, and fortunately for them she had no leanings towards any man's fireside. Mr. Grubb had died in the endeavor to understand her, and it is doubtful whether, had he been offered a second life and another opportunity, he would have thought the end justified the means.

This criticism, however, applies only to the family circle, for Mrs. Grubb in a hall was ever winning, delightful, and persuasive. If she was illogical, none of her sister women realized it, for they were pretty much of the same chaotic order of mind, though with this difference: that a certain proportion of them were everywhere seeking reasons for their weariness, their unhappiness, their poverty, their lack of faith and courage, their unsatisfactory husbands and their disappointing children. These ladies were apt to be a little bitter, and much more interested in Equal Suffrage, Temperance, Cremation, and Edenic Diet than in subjects like Palmistry, Telepathy, and Hypnotism, which generally attracted the vague, speculative, feather-headed ones.

These discontented persons were always the most frenzied workers and the most eloquent speakers, and those who were determined to get more rights were mild compared with those who were determined to avenge their wrongs. There was, of course, no unanimity of belief running through all these Clubs, Classes,

Circles, Societies, Orders, Leagues, Chapters, and Unions; but there was one bond of aversion, and that was housework. That no woman could develop or soar properly, and cook, scrub, sweep, dust, wash dishes, mend, or take care of babies at the same time, — to defend this proposition they would cheerfully have gone to the stake. They were willing to concede all these sordid tasks as an honorable department of woman's work, but each wanted them to be done by some other woman.

Mrs. Grubb really belonged to neither of these classes. She was not very keen about more rights, nor very bloodthirsty about her wrongs. She inhabited a kind of serene twilight, the sort that follows an especially pink sunset. She was not wholly clear in her mind about anything, but she was entirely hopeful about the world and its disposition to grow and move in ever ascending spirals. She hated housework as much as any of her followers, although she was seldom allowed to do anything for herself. "I'll step in and make your beds, Mrs. Grubb; I know you're tired." "I'll sweep the front room, Mrs. Grubb; you give yourself out so, I know you need rest." "Let me cook your supper while you get up strength for your lecture; there are plenty of people to cook, but there's only one Mrs. Grubb!" These were the tender solicitations she was ever receiving.

As for theories, she had little choice. She had looked into almost every device for increasing the sum of human knowledge and hastening the millennium, and she thought them all more or less valuable. Her memory, mercifully, was not a retentive one, therefore she remembered little of the beliefs she had outgrown; they never left even a deposit in the stretch of wet sand in which they had written themselves.

She had investigated, and of course taught, Delsarte, Physical Culture, Dress-Reform, the Blue Glass Cure, Scientific Physiognomy, Phrenology, Cheiro-

mancy, Astrology, Vegetarianism, Edenic Diet, Single Tax, Evolution, Mental Healing, Christian Science, Spiritualism, Theosophy, and Hypnotism. All these metamorphoses of thought had Mrs. S. Cora Grubb passed through, and was not yet a finished butterfly. Some of the ideas she had left far behind, but she still believed in them as fragments of truth suitable for feeble growing souls that could not bear the full light of revelation in one burst. She held honorary memberships in most of the outgrown societies, attended annual meetings of others, and kept in touch with all the rest by being present at their social reunions.

One of her present enthusiasms was her "Kipling Brothers," the boys' band enlisted under the motto, "I saw a hundred men on the road to Delhi, and they were all my brothers." She believed that there was no salvation for a boy outside of a band. Banded somehow he must be, then badged, beribboned, bannered, and by-lawed. From the moment a boy's mother had left off her bye-lows, Mrs. Grubb wanted him put under by-laws. She often visited Mistress Mary with the idea that some time she could interest her in one of her thousand schemes; but this special call was to see if the older children, whose neat handiwork she had seen and admired, could embroider mottoes on cardboard to adorn the Kipling room at an approaching festival. She particularly wanted "Look not upon the Wine" done in blood-red upon black, and "Shun the Filthy Weed" in smoke-color on bright green. She had in her hand a card with the points for her annual address noted upon it, for this sort of work she ordinarily did in the horse-cars. These ran:—

1st. Value of individuality. "*I saw.*"

2d. Value of observation. "*I saw.*"

3d. Value of numbers. "*I saw a hundred men.*"

4th. Importance of belonging to the male sex. It was *men* who were seen on the road.

5th. What and where is Delhi?

6th. Description of the road thither.

7th. Every boy has his Delhi.

8th. Are you "on the road"?

9th. The brotherhood of man.

10th. The Kipling Brothers' Call to Arms.

She intended to run through the heads of this impassioned oration to Mistress Mary, whom she rather liked; and, in truth, Mary had difficulty in disliking her, though she thoroughly disapproved of her. She was so amiable, and apparently so susceptible to teaching, that Mary always fancied her on the verge of something better. Her vagaries, her neglects, and what to Mary's mind were positive inhumanities seemed in a way unconscious. "If I can only get into sufficiently friendly relations," thought Mary, "so that I can convince her that her first and highest duty lies in the direction of the three children, I believe she will have the heroism to do it!" But in this Mistress Mary's instinct was at fault. Mrs. Grubb took indeed no real cognizance of her immediate surroundings, but she would not have wished to see near duties any more clearly. Neither had she any sane and healthy interest in good works of any kind; she simply had a sort of philanthropic hysteria, and her most successful speeches were so many spasms.

VII.

THE COMET AND THE FIXED STAR.

"I don't feel that I can part with Lisa now, just as she's beginning to be a help to me," argued Mrs. Grubb, shortly after she had been welcomed and ensconced in a rocking-chair. "As Madame Gold-marker says, nobody else in the world would have given her a home these four years, and a good many would n't have had her round the house."

"That is true," replied Mary, "and

your husband must have been a very good man, from all you tell me, Mrs. Grubb."

"Good enough, but totally uninteresting," said that lady laconically.

"Well, putting aside the question as to whether goodness ought to be totally uninteresting, you say that Lisa's mother left Mr. Grubb three hundred dollars for her food and clothing, and that she has been ever since a willing servant, absolutely devoted to your interests."

"We never put a cent of the three hundred dollars into our own pockets," explained Mrs. Grubb. "Mr. Grubb was dreadfully opposed to my doing it, but every penny of it went to freeing our religious society from debt. It was a case of the greatest good of the greatest number, and I did n't flinch. I thought it was a good deal more important that the Army of Present Perfection should have a roof over its head than that Lisa Bennett should be fed and clothed; that is, if both could not be done."

"I don't know the creed of the Army, but it seems to me your Presently Perfect soldiers would have been rather uncomfortable under their roof, if Lisa Bennett had been naked and starving outside."

"Oh, it would never have come to that," responded Mrs. Grubb easily. "There is plenty of money in the world, and it belongs equally to the whole human race. I don't recognize anybody's right to have a dollar more than I have; but Mr. Grubb could never accept any belief that had been held less than a thousand years, and before he died he gave some money to a friend of his, and told him to pay me ten dollars every month towards Lisa's board. Untold gold could never pay for what my pride has suffered in having her, and if she had n't been so useful I could n't have done it, — I don't pretend that I could. She's an offense to the eye."

"Not any longer," said Mary proudly.

"Well, she was, up to a few months ago; but she would always do anything

for the twins, and though they are continually getting into mischief, she never lets any harm come to them, not so much as a scratch. If I'd taken a brighter child, she would have been forever playing on her own account and thinking of her own pleasure; but if you once get an idea into Lisa's head of what you expect her to do, she will go on doing it to the end of the world, and wild horses could n't keep her from it."

"It's a pity more of us had n't that virtue of obedience to a higher law."

"Well, perhaps it is, and perhaps it is n't; it's a sign of a very weak mind."

"Or a very strong one," retorted Mary.

"There are natural leaders and natural followers," remarked Mrs. Grubb smilingly, as she swayed to and fro in Mary's rocking-chair. Her smile, like a ballet dancer's, had no connection with, nor relation to, the matter of her speech or her state of feeling; it was what a watch-maker would call a detached movement. "I can't see," said she, "that it is my duty to send Lisa away to be taught, just when I need her most. My development is a good deal more important than hers."

"Why?"

"Why? Because I have a vocation and a mission; because, if I should falter or faint by the wayside, hundreds of women who depend on me for inspiration would fall back into error and suffer permanent loss and injury."

"Do you suppose they really would?" asked Mary rather maliciously, anxious if possible to ruffle the surface of Mrs. Grubb's exasperating placidity. "Or would they, of course after a long period of grief-stricken apathy, attach themselves to somebody else's classes?"

"They might," allowed Mrs. Grubb, in a tone of hurt self-respect, "though you must know, little as you've seen of the world, that no one woman has just the same revelation as any other, and that there are some who are born to interpret truth to the multitude. I can say in all humility that it has been so with me

from a child. I've always had a burning desire to explore the secret chambers of Thought, always yearned to understand and explain the universe."

"I have never tried to explain it," sighed Mary a little wearily; "one is so busy trying to keep one's little corner clean and sweet and pleasant, a helpful place where sad and tired souls can sit down and rest."

"Who wants to sit down and rest? Not I!" exclaimed Mrs. Grubb. "But then, I'm no criterion, I have such an active mind."

"There are just a few passive virtues," said Mary teasingly. "We must remember that activity does n't always make for good; sometimes it is unrest, disintegration; not growth, Mrs. Grubb, but fermentation."

Mrs. Grubb took out a small blank-book and made a note, for she had an ear for any sentence that might be used in a speech.

"That is true. '*Distrust the activity which is not growth, but fermentation:*' that will just hit some ladies in my classes, and it comes right in with something I am going to say this evening. We have a Diet Congress here this week, and there's a good deal of feeling and dispute between the various branches. I have two delegates stopping with me, and they have n't spoken to each other since yesterday morning, nor sat down to eat at the same table. I shall do all I can, as the presiding officer, to keep things pleasant at the meetings, but it will be difficult. You've never been in public life and can't understand it, but you see there are women among the delegates who've suffered the tyranny of man so long that they will cook anything their husbands demand; women who believe in eating any kind of food, and hold that the principal trouble lies in bad cooking; women who will give up meat, but still indulge in all sorts of cakes, pastries, and kickshaws; and women who are strong on temperance in drink, but who see no

need of temperance in food. The whole question of diet reform is in an awful state, and a Congress is the only way to settle it."

"How do men stand on the diet question?" asked Mary, with a twinkle in her eye.

"They don't stand at all," answered Mrs. Grubb promptly. "They sit right still, and some of them lie down flat, you might say, whenever it's mentioned. They'll do even more for temperance than they will for reformed diet, though goodness knows they're fond enough of drinking. The Edenites number about sixty-seven in this city, and nine is the largest number of gentlemen that we've been able to interest. Those nine are the husbands and sons of the lady members, and at the next meeting two of them are going to be expelled for backsliding. I declare, if I was a man, I'd be ashamed to confess that I was all stomach; but that's what most of them are. Not that it's easy work to be an Edenite; it's impossible to any but a highly spiritual nature. I have been on the diet for three months, and nothing but my position as vice-president of the society, and my desire to crush the body and release the spirit, could have kept me faithful. I don't pretend to like it, but that does n't make me disloyal. There's nothing I enjoy better than a good cut of underdone beef, with plenty of dish gravy; I love nice tender porterhouse steaks with mushrooms; I love thick mutton-chops broiled over a hot fire: but I can't believe in them, and my conscience won't allow me to eat them. Do you believe in meat?"

"Certainly."

"I don't see why you say 'certainly.' You would be a good deal better off without it. You are filling yourself full of carnal, brutal, murderous passions every time you eat it. The people who eat meat are not half so elevated nor half so teachable as the Edenites."

"The Edenites are possibly too weak

and hungry to resist instruction," said Mary.

"They are neither weak nor hungry," replied their vice-president, with dignity. "They eat milk, and stewed fruit, and all the edible grains nicely boiled. It stands to reason that if you can subdue your earthly, devilish, sensual instincts on anything, you can do it on a diet like that. You can't fancy an angel or a Mahatma devouring underdone beef."

"No," agreed Mistress Mary; "but for that matter, the spectacle of an angel eating dried-apple sauce does n't appeal to my imagination."

"It's no joking matter," said Mrs. Grubb, with real tears in her eyes. "It was my interest in Theosophy that brought me to the Edenic diet. I have good and sufficient motives for denying my appetite, for I've got a certain goal to reach, and I'm in earnest."

"Then here's my hand, and I respect you for it. Oh, how I should like a hot mutton-chop at this moment! — Do forgive me."

"I forgive you, because I can see you act up to all the light that has been revealed to you. I don't know as I ought to be proud because I see so much truth. My classes tell me I get these marvelous revelations because I'm so open-minded. Now Mr. Grubb would n't and could n't bear discussion of any sort. His soul never grew, for he would n't open a chink where a new idea might creep in. He'd always accompany me to all my meetings (such advantages as that man had and missed!), and sometimes he'd take the admission tickets; but when the speaking began, he'd shut the door and stay out in the entry by himself till it was time to wait upon me home. — Do you believe in vaccination?"

"Certainly."

"Well, it passes my comprehension how you can be so sure of your beliefs. You'd better come and hear some of the arguments on the opposite side. I am the secretary of the Anti-Vaccination

League." (Mrs. Grubb was especially happy in her anti-societies; negatives seemed to give her more scope for argument.) "I say to my classes, 'You must not blame those to whom higher truths do not appeal, for refusing to believe in that which they cannot understand; but you may reprove them for decrying or ridiculing those laws or facts of nature which they have never investigated with an unprejudiced mind.' Well, I must be going. I've sat longer than I meant to, this room is so peaceful and comfortable."

"But what about Lisa's future? We have n't settled that, although we've had a most interesting and illuminating conversation."

"Why, I've told you how I feel about her, and you must respect my feeling. The world can only grow when each person allows his fellow man complete liberty of thought and action. I've kept the child four years, and now when my good care and feeding, together with the regular work and early hours I've always prescribed, have begun to show their fruits in her improved condition, you want she should be put in some institution. Why is n't she doing well enough as she is? I'm sure you've had a wonderful influence over her."

"Nothing could induce me to lose sight of her entirely," said Mistress Mary, "but we feel now that she is ready to take the next step. She needs a skilled physician who is master both of body and mind, as well as a teacher who is capable of following out his principles. I will see to all that, if you will only give me the privilege."

Mrs. Grubb sank down in the rocking-chair in despair. "Don't I need some consideration as well as that little imbecile? Am I, with my ambitions and aspirations, to be forever hampered by these three nightmares of children? Oh, if I could once get an astral body, I would stay in it, you may be sure!"

"You do not absolutely need Lisa

yourself," argued Mary. "It is the twins to whom she has been indispensable. Provide for them in some way, and she is freed from a responsibility for which she is not and never was fit. It is a miracle that some tragedy has not come out of this daily companionship of three such passionate, irresponsible creatures."

"Some tragedy will come out of it yet," said Mrs. Grubb gloomily, "if I am not freed from the shackles that keep me in daily slavery. The twins are as likely to go to the gallows as anywhere; and as for Lisa, she would be a good deal better off dead than alive, as Mrs. Sylvester says."

"That is n't for us to decide," said Mistress Mary soberly. "I might have been careless and impertinent enough to say it a year ago, but not now. Lisa has all along been the victim of cruel circumstances. Wherever she has been sinned against through ignorance, it is possible, barely possible, that the fault may be atoned for; but any neglect of duty now would be a criminal offense. It does not behoove us to be too scornful when we remember that the taint (fortunately a slight one) transmitted to poor little Lisa existed in greater or less degree in Handel and Molière, Julius Caesar, Napoleon, Petrarch, and Mohammed. The world is a good deal richer for them, certainly."

Mrs. Grubb elevated her head, the light of interest dawned in her eye, and she whipped her notebook out of her pocket.

"Is that a fact?" she asked excitedly.

"It is a fact."

"Is it generally known?"

"It must be known by all who have any interest in the education of defective persons, since it touches one of the bugbears which they have to fight."

"Is there any society in this city devoted to the study of such problems?"

"There is a society which is just on the point of opening an institution for the training of defective children."

Mrs. Grubb's face fell, and her hand relaxed its grasp upon the pencil. (If there was anything she enjoyed, it was the sensation of being a pioneer in any movement.) Presently she brightened again.

"If it is just starting," she said, "then it must need more members, and speakers to stir up the community. Now I am calculated, by constant association with a child of this character, to be of signal service to this cause. Not many persons have had my chance to observe phenomena. Just give me a letter to the president, — have they elected officers yet? — where do they meet? — and tell him I'll call on him and throw all the weight of my influence on his side. It's wonderful! Handel, Molière, Buddha, — was it Buddha? — Caesar, Petrarch, and Wellington, — no, not Wellington. Never mind, I'll get a list from you to-morrow and look it all up, — it's perfectly marvelous! And I have one of this great, unhappy, suffering class in my own family, one who may yet be transformed into an Elizabeth Browning or a Joan of Arc!"

Mistress Mary sighed in her heart. She learned more of Mrs. Grubb with every interview, and she knew that her enthusiasms were as discouraging as her apathies.

"How unlucky that I mentioned Napoleon, Caesar, and Mohammed!" she thought. "I shall be haunted now by the fear that she will go on a lecturing-tour through the country, and exhibit poor Lisa as an interesting example. Mrs. Grubb's mind is like nothing so much as a crazy-quilt."

VIII.

THE YOUNG MINISTER'S PSYCHOLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

Mrs. Grubb's interest in the education of the defective classes was as short-

lived as it was ardent. One interview with the president of the society convinced her that he was not a person to be "helped" according to her understanding of the term. She thought him a self-sufficient gentleman, inflexible in demeanor, and inhospitable to anybody's ideas or anybody's hobbies but his own. She resented his praise of Mistress Mary and Rhoda, and regarded it fulsome flattery when he alluded to their experiment with Marm Lisa as one of the most interesting and valuable in his whole experience; saying that he hardly knew which to admire and venerate the more, the genius of the teachers, or the devotion, courage, and docility of the pupil.

In the summer months Lisa had gone to the country with Mistress Mary and Edith, who were determined never to lose sight of her until the end they sought was actually attained. There, in the verdant freshness of that new world, Lisa experienced a strange exaltation of the senses. Every wooded path unfolded treasures of leaf, bud, blossom, and brier, and of beautiful winged things that crept and rustled among the grasses. There was the ever new surprise of the first wild flowers, the abounding mystery of the bird's song and the brook's song, the daily greeting of bees and butterflies, frogs and fishes, field mice and squirrels; so that the universe, which in the dead past had been dreary and without meaning, suddenly became warm and friendly, and she, the alien, felt a sense of kinship with all created things.

Helen had crossed the continent to imbibe the wisdom of the East, and had brought back stores of knowledge to spend in Lisa's service; but Rhoda's sacrifice was perhaps the most complete, for Mrs. Grubb having at first absolutely refused to part with Lisa, Rhoda had flung herself into the breach and taken the twins to her mother's cottage in the mountains.

She came up the broad steps, on a certain appointed day in August, leading

her charges into Mistress Mary's presence. They were clean, well dressed, and somewhat calm in demeanor.

"You may go into the playground," she said, after the greetings were over; "and remember that there are sharp spikes on the high fence by the peppertree."

"Mary," she went on impressively, closing the doors and glancing about the room to see if there were any listeners, "Mary, those children have been with me eight weeks, and I do — not — like — them. What are you going to do with me? Wait, I have n't told you the whole truth, — I *dislike* them actively. As for my mother, she is not committed to any theory about the essential integrity of infancy, and she positively abhors them."

"Then they are no more likable in the bosom of the family than they have been here?" asked Mary, in a tone of disappointment.

"More likable? They are less so! Do you see any change in me, — a sort of spiritual effulgence, a saintly radiance, such as comes after a long spell of persistent virtue? Because there ought to be, if my summer has served its purpose."

"Poor dear rosy little martyr! Sit down and tell me all about it."

"Well, we have kept a log, but" —

"*We*? What, Rhoda, did you drag your poor mother into the experiment?"

"Mother? No, she generally locked herself in her room when the twins were indoors, but — well, of course I had help of one sort and another with them. I have held to your plan of discipline pretty well; at any rate, I have n't administered corporal punishment, though if I had whipped them whenever they actually needed it, I should have worn out all the young minister's slippers."

Mary groaned. "Then there was another young minister? It does n't make any difference, Rhoda, whether you spend your summers in the woods or by the sea,

in the valleys or on the mountains, there is always a young minister. Have all the old ones perished off the face of the earth, pray? And what do the young ones see in you, you dear unregenerate, that they persist in following you about, threatening my peace of mind and your future career? Well, go on!"

"Debarred from the use of the persuasive but obsolete slipper," Rhoda continued evasively, "I tried milder means of discipline, — solitary confinement for one; not very much, you know, — only seventeen times in eight weeks. I hope you don't object to that? Of course it was in a pleasant room with southern exposure, good view and good ventilation, a thermometer, picture-books, and all that. It would have worked better if the twins had n't always taken the furniture to pieces, and mother is so fussy about anything of that sort. She finally suggested the winter bedroom for Atlantic's incarceration, as it has nothing in it but a huge coal-stove enveloped in a somewhat awe-inspiring cotton sheet. I put in a comfortable low chair, a checker-board, and some books, fixing the time limit at half an hour. By the way, Mary, that's such a pretty idea of yours to leave the door unlocked, and tell the children to come out of their own accord whenever they feel at peace with the community. I tried it, — oh, I always try your pretty ideas first; but I had scarcely closed the door before Pacific was out of it again, a regenerated human being according to her own account. But to return to Atlantic. I went to him when the clock struck, only to discover that he had broken in the circles of isinglass round the body of the coal-stove, removed the ashes with a book, got the dampers out of order, and taken the doors off the hinges! I am sure Mrs. Grubb is right to keep them on bread and milk and apple sauce; a steady diet of beef and mutton would give them a simply unconquerable energy. Oh, laugh as you may, I could never have lived through

the ordeal if it had n't been for the young minister!"

"Do you mean that he became interested in the twins?"

"Oh yes! — very deeply interested. Why, you have heard me speak of him: it was Mr. Fielding."

"Why, Rhoda, he was the last summer's minister, the one who preached at the seashore."

"Certainly; but he was only supplying a pulpit there; now he has his own parish. He is taking up a course of child-study, and asked me if he was at liberty to use the twins for psychological observations. I assented most gratefully, thinking, you know, that he could n't study them unless he kept them with him a good deal; but he counted without his host, as you can imagine. He lives at the hotel until his cottage is finished, and the first thing I knew he had hired a stout nursemaid as his contribution to the service of humanity. I think he was really sorry for me, for I was so confined I could scarcely ever ride, or drive, or play tennis; and besides, he simply had to have somebody to hold the children while he observed them. We succeeded better after the nurse came, and we all had delightful walks and conversations together, just a nice little family party! The hotel people called Atlantic the Cyclone and Pacific the Warrior. Sometimes strangers took us for the children's parents, and that was embarrassing; not that I mind being mistaken for a parent, but I decline being credited, or discredited, with the maternity of those imps!"

"They are altogether new in my experience," confessed Mary.

"That is just what the young minister said."

"Will he keep up his psychological investigation during the autumn?" Mary inquired.

"He really has no material there."

"What will he do then, — carry it on by correspondence?"

"No, that is always unsatisfactory.

I fancy he will come here occasionally: it's the most natural place, and he is especially eager to meet you."

"Of course!" said Mistress Mary, reciting provokingly:—

"My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
But with my numbers mix my sighs,
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise
I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes."

How delightful," she added, "how inspiring it is to see a young man so devoted to science, particularly to this neglected science! I shall be charmed to know more of his psychology and observe his observations."

"He is extremely clever."

"I have no doubt of it from what you tell me, both clever and ingenious."

"And his cottage is lovely; it will be finished and furnished by next summer,—Queen Anne, you know."

Now this was so purely irrelevant that there was a wicked hint of intention about it, and though Mistress Mary was smiling (and quaking) in the very depths of her heart, she cruelly led back the conversation into safe educational channels. "Is n't it curious," she said, "that we should have thought Lisa the impossible problem? Yet, as I have written you, her solution is something to which we can look forward with reasonable confidence? It is scarcely eighteen months, but the work accomplished is almost incredible, even to me, and I have watched and counted every step."

"The only explanation must be this," said Rhoda, "that her condition was largely the fruit of neglect and utter lack of comprehension. The state of mind and body in which she came to us was out of all proportion to the moving cause, when we discovered it. Her mother thought she would be an imbecile, the Grubbs treated her as one, and nobody cared to find out what she really was or could be."

"Her brain had been writ upon by the 'moving finger,'" quoted Mary, "though the writing was not graved so deep but

that love and science could erase it. You remember the four lines in Omar Khayyám?

"The moving finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

"Edith says I will hardly know her," said Rhoda.

"It is true. The new physician is a genius, and physically and outwardly she has changed more in the last three months than in the preceding year. She dresses herself neatly now, braids her own hair and ties her ribbons prettily. Edith has kept up her gymnastics, and even taught her to row and play ninepins. For the first time in my life, Rhoda, I can fully understand a mother's passion for a crippled, or a blind, or a defective child. I suppose it was only Lisa's desperate need that drew us to her at first. We all loved and pitied her, even at the very height of her affliction; but now she fascinates me. I know no greater pleasure than the daily miracle of her growth. She is to me the sister I never had, the child I never shall have. When we think of our success with this experiment, we must try to keep our faith in human nature, even under the trying ordeal of the twins."

"My faith in human nature is absolutely intact," answered Rhoda; "the trouble is that the Warrior and the Cyclone are not altogether human. Atlantic is the coldest creature I ever knew,—so cold that he could stand the Shadrach-Meshach-and-Abednego test with impunity; Pacific is hot,—so hot-tempered that one can hardly touch her without being scorched. If I had money enough to conduct an expensive experiment, I would separate them, and educate Pacific at the North Pole and Atlantic in the tropics."

"If they are not distinctly human, we must allow them a few human virtues at least," said Mary; "for example, their loyalty to each other. Pacific, always at

war with the community, seldom hurts her brother; Atlantic, selfish and grasping with all the world, shares generously with his sister. We must remember, too, that Lisa's care has been worse than nothing for them, notwithstanding its absolute fidelity, and their dependence has been a positive injury to her. There! she has just come into the playground with Edith. Will wonders never cease? Pacific is embracing her knees, and Atlantic allows himself to be hugged!"

Marm Lisa was indeed beside herself with joy at the meeting. She clung to the little rebels, stroked their hair, admired their aprons, their clean hands, their new boots; and, on being smartly slapped by Atlantic for putting the elastic of his hat behind his ears, kissed his hand as if it had offered a caress. "He's so little," she said apologetically, looking up with wet eyes to Edith, who stood near.

IX.

MARM LISA'S QUEST.

It was not long after this conversation that the twins awoke one morning with a very frenzy of adventure upon them. It was accompanied by a violent reaction against all the laws of God and man, and a desire to devour the tree of knowledge, fruit, limbs, and trunk, no matter at what cost.

We have no means of knowing whether there was an excess of electricity in the atmosphere, whether their infant livers were disordered, or whether the Evil One was personally conducting the day's exercises; judged by the light of subsequent events, all of these suppositions might easily have been true. During the morning they so demeaned themselves that all Mistress Mary's younger neophytes became apostates to the true faith, and went over in a body to the theory of the total depravity of unbaptized infants.

In the afternoon they did not appear, nor did Marm Lisa. This was something that had never occurred before, save when Pacific had a certain memorable attack of mumps that would have carried off any child who was fitted for a better world, or one who was especially beloved.

"Do you suppose anything is wrong?" asked Mary nervously.

"Of course not," said Edith. "I remember seeing Lisa in the playground at one o'clock, but my impression is that she was alone, and stayed only a moment. At any rate, I was very busy and did not speak to her. Mrs. Grubb has probably taken the twins to have their hair cut, or something of that sort."

"What a ridiculous suggestion!" exclaimed Rhoda. "You know perfectly well that Mrs. Grubb would never think of cutting their hair, if it swept the earth! She may possibly have taken them to join a band; they must be getting to a proper age for membership. At any rate, I will call there and inquire, on my way home, although I can never talk to Mrs. Grubb two minutes without wanting to shake her."

Rhoda made her promised visit, but the house was closed, and the neighbors knew nothing of the whereabouts of the children beyond the fact that Mrs. Grubb was seen talking to them as she went into the yard, a little after twelve o'clock. Rhoda naturally concluded, therefore, that Edith's supposition must be correct, and that Mrs. Grubb had for once indulged in a family excursion.

Such was not the case, however. After luncheon, Marm Lisa had washed the twins' hands and faces in the back yard as usual, and left them for an instant to get a towel from the kitchen. When she returned, she looked blankly about, for there was no sign of the two dripping faces and the uplifted streaming hands. They had a playful habit of hiding from her, knowing that in no other way could they make her so unhappy; so she stood

still for some moments, calling them, at first sharply, then piteously, but with no result. She ran to the front gate: it was closed; the rope-fastening was out of reach, and plainly too complicated even for their preternatural powers. She hurried back to the house, and searched every room in a bewildered sort of fashion, finding nothing. As she came out again, her eye caught sight of a kitchen chair in the corner of the yard. They had climbed the picket fence, then. Yes; Atlantic, while availing himself of its unassuming aid, had left a clue in a fragment of his trousers. She opened the gate, and ran breathlessly along the streets to that Garden of Eden where joy had always hitherto awaited her. Some instinct of fear or secrecy led her to go quietly through all the rooms and search the playground, without telling any one of her trouble. That accomplished fruitlessly, she fled home again, in the vain hope of finding the children in some accustomed haunt overlooked in her first search. She began to be thoroughly alarmed now, and thoroughly confused. With twitching hands and nervous shaking of the head, she hurried through the vacant rooms, growing more and more aimless in her quest. She climbed on a tall bureau and looked in a tiny medicine cupboard; then under the benches and behind the charts in the parlor; even under the kitchen sink, among the pots and pans, and in the stove, where she poked tremulously in the ashes. Her new-found wit seemed temporarily to have deserted her, and she was a pitiable thing as she wandered about, her breath coming in long-drawn sighs, with now and then a half-stifled sob.

Suddenly she darted into the street again. Perhaps they had followed their aunt Cora. Distance had no place in her terror-stricken heart. She traversed block after block, street after street, until she reached Pocahontas Hall, a building and locality she knew well. She crept softly up the main stairs, and from

the landing into the little gallery above. Mrs. Grubb sat in the centre of the stage, with a glass of water, a bouquet of roses, and a bundle of papers and tracts on the table by her side. In the audience were twenty or thirty women and a dozen men, their laps filled, and their pockets bulging, with propaganda. They stood at intervals to ask superfluous or unanswerable questions, upon which Mrs. Grubb would rise and reply, with cheeks growing pink and pinker, with pleasant smile and gracious manner, and a voice fairly surcharged with conviction. Most of the ladies took notes, and a girl with a receding chin was seated at a small table in front of the platform, making a stenographic report.

All this Marm Lisa saw, but her eyes rested on nothing she longed to see. Mrs. Grubb's lecture-voice rose and fell melodiously, floating up to her balcony heights in a kind of echo that held the tone, but not the words. The voice made her drowsy, for she was already worn out with emotion, but she roused herself with an effort, and stole down the stairs to wander into the street again. Ah, there was an idea! The coat-shop! Why had she not thought of it before? The coat-shop was a sort of clothing manufactory on a small scale, a tall, narrow building four stories high, where she had often gone with Atlantic and Pacific. There were sewing-machines on the ground floor, the cutters and pressers worked in the middle stories, and at the top were the finishers. It was neither an extensive nor an exciting establishment, and its only fascination lay in the fact that the workwomen screamed with laughter at the twins' conversation, and after leading them to their utmost length, teasing and goading them into a towering passion, would stuff them with nuts or dates or cheap sweetmeats. The coat-shop was two or three miles from the hall, and it was closing-time and quite dark when Lisa arrived. She came out of the door after having looked vainly

in every room, and sat down dejectedly in the entrance, with her weary head leaning against the wall. There was but a moment's respite for her, for the manager came out of his office, and stumbling over her in the dusk, took her by the shoulders and pushed her into the street with an oath.

"Go and sit on your own doorstep, can't you," he muttered, "and not make me break my legs over you!"

She was too spent to run any farther. She dragged her heavy feet along slowly, almost unconsciously, neither knowing nor caring whither they led her. Home she could not, dared not go, bearing that heavy burden of remorse! Mrs. Grubb would ask for Atlantic and Pacific, and then what would become of her? Mr. Grubb would want to give Pacific her milk. No, Mr. Grubb was dead. There! she had n't looked in the perambulator. No, there was n't any perambulator. That was dead, too, and gone away with Mr. Grubb. There used to be babies, two babies, in the perambulator. What had become of them? Were they lost, too? And the umbrella that she used to hold until her arm ached, and the poor pale weeping mother always lying on a bed, — were they all gone together? Her head buzzed with worrying, unrelated thoughts, so that she put up her hands and held it in place on her shoulders as she shuffled wearily along. A heavy dripping mist began to gather and fall, and she shivered in the dampness, huddling herself together and leaning against the houses for a shelter. She sat down on the curbstone and tried to think, staring haggardly at the sign on the corner fruit-shop. In that moment she suddenly forgot the reason of her search. She had lost — what? She could not go home to Eden Place, but why not? Oh yes! it came to her now: there was something about a perambulator, but it all seemed vague to her. Suddenly a lamplighter put his ladder against a post in front of her, and climbing up nimbly

lighted the gas-jet inside of the glass frame. It shone full on a flight of broad steps, a picture so much a part of her life-dream that she would go up to the very gate of heaven with its lines burned into her heart and brain.

She crept up and turned the knob of the outer door. It was unlocked, and she stole into the inner room, the Paradise, place of joy and sweet content, heart's rest, soul's heaven, love's own abode. The very atmosphere soothed her. She heard the janitress clatter through the halls, lock the door, and descend the stairs to her own rooms in the basement. The light from the street lamps shone in at the two end windows, so that the room was not in utter darkness. She would lie down here and die with Mr. Grubb and the babies and the umbrella. Atlantic and Pacific would be sure to come back; nobody could live without this place that had ever known it. Miss Mary would find them. She would make everything right. The mere thought of Mistress Mary brought a strange peace into poor Lisa's overwrought, distraught mind.

She opened the closet door. It was as dainty and neat as Mistress Mary herself, and the mere sight of it bred order in Lisa's thoughts. On the top of a pile of envelopes lay the sewing-picture that Atlantic had spoiled that day. It had been a black morning, and the bit of cardboard was torn and soiled and bent. Lisa looked at it with a maternal and a prophetic eye. She could see the firm line of Rhoda's lip as she bore down upon the destructive little urchin. She could almost hear the bright challenging tone as Rhoda would say: "Now, Atlantic, let us see what we can do! Cut off the chewed edges with these scissors, paste these thin pieces of paper over the tears, and rub the card with this crust of bread. A new one? Certainly *not*!"

Lisa took the poor little object in her hand, and seeing Mistress Mary's white apron, pressed her cheek against it in a transport of tenderness and hung it over

her arm. Just then she caught sight of the clay bird's-nest that Pacific had modeled, — such a lovely bird's-nest that it had been kept for the cabinet. She carried her treasures over to the old-fashioned lounge where the babies took their occasional nap, put them carefully in a little red chair close beside it, and then, stretching her weary length on the cushions, she kissed the smooth folds of the apron and clasped it in her arms.

Mistress Mary would come soon. She would come in her cloud of white, and her steel fillet would gleam and shine when the sunshine fell upon it, and make star-rays and moonbeams and lightning-flashes; and the little points would twinkle and wink and laugh and blink whenever she turned her head. She would smile, and everything would suddenly be clear; she would speak, and the weary buzzing of windmills in the brain would be hushed. Under her touch the darkness and heaviness would vanish, and there would be no more night there, — no more night.

As these healing visions stole upon Marm Lisa, the torture and the anguish, the long hours of bewilderment, faded little by little, little by little, till at length a blessed sleep crept over her eyelids, blotting into a merciful nothingness the terror and the misery of the day.

X.

THE TWINS JOIN THE CELESTIALS.

Meanwhile, Atlantic and Pacific had been enjoying themselves even unto the verge of delirium. In the course of their wanderings they had come upon a Chinaman bearing aloft a huge red silken banner crowned by a badger's tail. Everything young that had two legs was following him, and they joined the noble army of followers. As they went on, other Chinamen with other banners came from the side-alleys, and all at once the

small procession thus formed turned a corner and came upon the parent body, a sight that fairly stunned them by its Oriental magnificence. It was the four thousandth anniversary of the birth of Yeong Wo, had the children realized it (and that may have been the reason that they awoke in a fever of excitement), — Yeong Wo, statesman, philanthropist, philosopher, and poet; and the great day had been chosen to dedicate the new temple and install in it a new joss, and to exhibit a monster dragon just arrived from China. The joss had been sitting in solemn state in his sanctum sanctorum for a week, while the priests appeased him hourly with plentiful libations of rice brandy, sacrifices of snow-white pigeons, and offerings of varnished pork. Clouds of incense had regaled his expensive mahogany nostrils, while his ears of ivory inlaid with gold and bronze had been stimulated with the ceaseless clashing of gongs and wailings of Chinese fiddles. Such homage and such worship would have touched a heart of stone, and that of the joss was penetrable sandalwood; so as the days of preparation wore away, the smile on the teakwood lips of the idol certainly became more propitious. This was greatly to the satisfaction of the augurs and the high priest; for a mighty joss is not always in a sunny humor on feast-days, and to parade a sulky god through the streets is a very depressing ceremony, foretelling to the initiated a season of dire misfortune. So his godship smiled and shook his plume of peacock feathers benignantly on Yeong Wo's birthday, and therefore the pageant in which Atlantic and Pacific bore a part was more gorgeous than anything that ever took place out of the Flowery Kingdom itself.

Fortune smiled upon the naughty creatures at the very outset, for Pacific picked up a stick of candy in the street, and gave half of it to a pretty little Chinese maiden whose name in English would have been Spring Blossom, and

who looked, in any language, like a tropical flower, in her gown of blue-and-gold-embroidered satin and the sheaf of tiny fans in her glossy black hair. Spring Blossom accepted the gift with enthusiasm, since a sweet tooth is not a matter of nationality, and ran immediately to tell her mother, a childish instinct also of universal distribution. She climbed, as nimbly as her queer little shoes would permit, a flight of narrow steps leading to a balcony; while the twins followed close at her heels, and wedged their way through a forest of Mongolian legs till they reached the front, where they peeped through the spaces of the railings with Spring Blossom, Fairy Foot, Dewy Rose, and other Celestial babies, quite overlooked in the crowd and excitement and jollity. Such a very riot of confusion there was, it seemed as if Confucius might have originally spelled his name with an *s* in the middle; for every window was black with pigtailed highbinders, cobblers, pork butchers, and pawnbrokers. The narrow streets and alleys became one seething mass of Asiatic humanity, while the painted belles came out on their balconies like butterflies, sitting among a wealth of gaudy paper flowers that looked pale in comparison with the daubs of vermilion on their cheeks and the rainbow colors of their silken tunics.

At last the pageant had gathered itself together, and came into full view in all its magnificence. There were pagodas in teakwood inlaid with gold and resting on ebony poles, and behind them, on a very tame Rosinante decked with leopard skins and gold bullion fringes, a Chinese maiden dressed to represent a queen of Celestial mythology. Then came more pagodas, and companies of standard-bearers in lavender tunics, red sashes, green and orange leggings and slippers; more and more splendid banners, painted with dragons sprawling in distressed attitudes; litters containing minor gods and the paraphernalia they

were accustomed to need on a journey like this; more litters bearing Chinese orchestras, gongs going at full blast, fiddles squeaking, drums rumbling, trumpets shrieking, cymbals clashing, — just the sort of Babel that the twins adored.

And now came the chariot and throne of the great joss himself, and just behind him a riderless bay horse, intended for his imperial convenience should he tire of being swayed about on the shoulders of his twelve bearers, and elect to change his method of conveyance. Behind this honored steed came a mammoth rock-cod in a pagoda of his own, and then, heralded by a fusillade of firecrackers, the new dragon itself, stretching and wriggling its monster length through one entire block. A swarm of men cleared the way for it, gesticulating like madmen in their zeal to get swimming-room for the sacred monster. Never before in her brief existence had Pacific Simonson been afraid of anything, but if she had been in the street, and had so much as caught the wink of the dragon's eye or a wave of its consecrated fin, she would have dropped senseless to the earth; as it was, she turned her back to the procession, and, embracing with terror-stricken fervor the legs of the Chinaman standing behind her, made up her mind to be a better girl in the future. The monster was borne by seventy-four coolies, who furnished legs for each of the seventy-four joints of its body, while another concealed in its head tossed it wildly about. Little pigtailed boys shrieked as they looked at its gaping mouth that would have shamed a man-eating shark, at the huge locomotive headlights that served for its various sets of eyes, at the horns made of barber poles, and the mustache of twisted hog-head hoops. Behind this baleful creature came other smaller ones, and more flags, and litters with sacrificial offerings, and more musicians, till all disappeared in the distance, and the crowd surged in the direction of the new temple.

There was no such good fortune for the twins as an entrance into this holy of holies, for it held comparatively few beside the dignitaries, aristocrats, and wealthy merchants of the colony; but there was still ample material for entertainment, and they paid no heed to the going down of the sun. Why should they, indeed, when there were fascinating opium dens standing hospitably open, where they could have the excitement of entrance even if it were followed by immediate ejection? As it grew darker, the scene grew more weird and fairy-like, for the scarlet, orange, and blue lanterns began to gleam one by one in the narrow doorways, and from the shadowy corners of the rooms behind them. In every shop were tables laden with Chinese delicacies, — fish, flesh, fowl, tea, rice, whiskey, lichee nuts, preserved limes, ginger, and other sweetmeats; all of which, when not proffered, could be easily purloined, for there was no spirit of parsimony or hostility afloat in the air. In cubby-holes back of the counters, behind the stoves, wherever they could find room for a table, groups of moon-eyed men began to congregate for their nightly game of fan-tan, some of the players and onlookers smoking, while others chewed lengths of peeled sugar-cane.

In the midst of festivities like these the twins would have gone on from bliss to bliss without consciousness of time or place, had not hunger suddenly descended upon them and sleep begun to tug at their eyelids, changing in a trice their joy into sorrow, and their mirth into mourning. Not that they were troubled with any doubts, fears, or perplexities. True, they had wandered away from Eden Place, and had not the slightest idea of their whereabouts. If they had been a couple of babes in a wood, or any two respectable lost children of romance, memories of lullabies and prayers at mother's knee would have precipitated them at this juncture into floods of tears; but home to them was simply supper and

bed. The situation did not seem complex to their minds; the only plan was of course to howl, and to do it thoroughly, — stand in a corner of the market-place, and howl in such a manner that there could be no mistake as to the significance of the proceeding; when the crowd collected, — for naturally a crowd would collect, — simply demand supper and bed, no matter what supper nor which bed; eat the first, lie down in the second, and there you are! If the twins had been older and more experienced, they would have known that people occasionally do demand the necessities of life without receiving them; but in that case they would also have known that such a misfortune would never fall upon a couple of lost children who confide their woes to the public. There was no preconcerted plan between them, no system. They acted without invention, premonition, or reflection. It was their habit to scream, while holding the breath as long as possible, whenever the universe was unfriendly, and particularly when Nature asserted herself in any way; it was a curious fact that they resented the intervention of Nature and Providence with just as much energy as they did the discipline of their care-takers. They screamed now, the moment that the entertainment palled and they could not keep their eyes open without effort, and never had they been more successful in holding their breath and growing black in the face.

A crowd did gather, inevitably, for the twins' lungs were capable of a body of tone more piercing than that of a Chinese orchestra, and the wonder is that poor Lisa did not hear them as she sat shivering on the curbstone, miles away; for it was her name with which they conjured.

The populace amused itself a little, watching the fine but misdirected zeal of the performance, and supposing that the parents of the chanting cherubs were within easy reach. It became unpleasant after a while, however, and a policeman, inquiring into the matter, marched the

two dirty, weary little protestants off to a station near by, — a march nearly as difficult and bloody as Sherman's memorable "march to the sea;" for the children associated nothing so pleasant as supper and bed with a blue-coated, brass-buttoned person, and resisted his well-meant advances with might and main, and tooth and nail.

The policeman was at last obliged to confine himself to Atlantic, and called a brother-in-arms to take charge of Pacific. He was a man who had achieved distinction in putting down railroad riots, so he was well calculated for the task, although he was somewhat embarrassed by the laughter of the bystanders when his comrade called out to him, "Take your club, Mike, but don't use firearms unless your life's in danger!"

The station reached, the usual examination took place. Atlantic never could tell the name of the street in which he lived, nor the number of the house. Pacific could, perhaps, but she would n't; and it must be said, in apology for her abnormal defiance, that her mental operations were somewhat confused, owing to copious indulgence in strong tea, ginger, sugar-cane, and dried fish. She had

not been wisely approached in the first place, and she was in her sulkiest and most combative humor; in fact, when too urgently pressed for information as to her age, ancestry, and abiding-place, she told the worthy police officer to go to a locality for which he felt utterly unsuited, after a life spent in the exaltation of virtue and the suppression of vice. (The vocabulary of the twins was somewhat poverty-stricken in respect to the polite phrases of society, but in profanity it would have been rich for a parrot or a pirate.) The waifs were presently given into the care of the police matron, and her advice, sought a little later, was to the effect that the children had better be fed and put to bed, and as little trouble expended upon them as was consistent with a Christian city government.

"It is possible their parents may call for them in the morning," she said acidly, "but I think it is more than likely that they have been deserted. I know if they belonged to me they'd be lost forever before I tried to find them!" and she rubbed a black-and-blue spot on her person, which, if exposed, would have betrayed the shape, size, and general ground-plan of Pacific's boot.

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

CAKES AND ALE.

"The Muses smell of wine."

IT is with reasonable hesitation that I venture upon a theme which no pleading words of Horace can ever make acceptable to a nineteenth-century conscience. The world at present is full of people to whom drinking-songs are inseparably associated with drinking habits, and drinking habits with downright drunkenness; and it would be hard to persuade them that the sweet Muses have never smiled upon the joyless bestiality which wrecks the lives of men.

Even in days long past, when consciences had still to be developed, and poets sang that wine was made to scatter the cares of earth, the crowning grace of self-control was always the prize of youth. When little Aristion, her curls crowned with roses, drained the contents of three golden goblets before beginning her dance, she was probably as careful to avoid unseemly intoxication as is the college athlete of to-day training for the gentle game of football; yet none the less her image is abhorrent to our peculiar morality, which

can ill endure such irresponsible gayety of heart. The perpetual intrusion of ethics into art has begotten a haunting anxiety lest perchance for one glad half-hour we should forget that it is our duty to be serious. I had this lesson forcibly impressed upon me a few years ago when I wrote a harmless essay upon war-songs, and a virtuous critic reminded me, with tearful earnestness, that while there was nothing really hurtful in such poetry, it would be better far if I turned my attention to the nobler contest which Lady Henry Somerset was then waging so valiantly against intemperance.

Now, to the careless mind, it does not at first sight appear that war-songs, considered solely in their literary aspect, have any especial connection with intemperance. I am not even prepared to admit that drinking-songs can be held responsible for drink. When Englishmen began to cultivate habits of consistent insobriety, they ceased to sing of wine. The eighteenth century witnessed not only the steady increase of drunkenness in every walk of life, but also its willful and ostentatious defense. From the parson to the ploughman, from the peer to the poacher, all classes drank deeply, and with the comfortable consciousness that they were playing manly parts. It was one of the first lessons taught to youth, and fathers encouraged their sons — vainly sometimes, as in the case of Horace Walpole — to empty as many bottles as their steady hands could hold. "A young fellow had better be thrice drunk in one day," says honest Sir Hildebrand to Frank Osbaldistone, "than sneak sober to bed like a Presbyterian." And there is true paternal pride in the contrast the squire draws between this strange, abstemious relative from town and his own stalwart, country-bred boys, "who would have been all as great milksops as yourself, Nevey," he heartily declares, "if I had not nursed them, as one may say, on the toast and tankard."

Nevertheless, it was not in the eighteenth century, with its deep potations, and its nightly collapses of squire and squireen under their mahogany tables, that the gay English drinking-songs were written. The eighteenth-century drinker had no time and no breath to waste in singing. Burns, indeed, a rare exception, gave to Scotland those reckless verses which Mr. Arnold found "insincere" and "unsatisfactory," and from which more austere critics have shrunk in manifest disquiet. Perhaps the reproach of insincerity is not altogether undeserved. There are times when Burns seems to exult over the moral discomfort of his reader, and this is not the spirit in which good love-songs or good war-songs or good drinking-songs are written. Yet who shall approach the humor of that transfigured proverb which Solomon would not have recognized for his own; or the honest exultation of these two lines,

"O Whisky! soul o' plays an' pranks!

Accept a bardie's gratefu' thanks!"

or, best of all, the genial gayety of Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut, — sovereign, says Mr. Saintsbury, of the poet's Bacchanalian verse? —

"O, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,

And Rob and Allan came to pree;

Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,

Ye wad na find in Christendie."

Here at last is the true ring, without bravado, without conceit, without bestiality, — only the splendid high spirits, the foolish, unhesitating happiness of youth: —

"It is the moon, I ken her horn,

That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;

She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,

But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!"

When Burns sings in this strain, even those who wear the blue ribbon may pause and listen kindly, remembering, if they like, before leaving the world of "Scotch wit, Scotch religion, and Scotch drink" so repellent to Mr. Arnold's pitiless good taste, how another jovial north-countryman has defined for them the inestimable virtue of temperance. "Nae

man shall ever stop a night in my house," says the Ettrick Shepherd, "without partakin' o' the best that's in it, be't meat or drink; and if the coof canna drink three or four tumblers or jugs o' toddy, he has nae business in the Forest. Now, sir, I ca' that no an abstemious life, — for why should any man be abstemious? — but I ca' 't a temperate life, and o' a' the virtues, there's nane mair friendly to man than Temperance."

Friendly indeed! Why, viewed in this genial light, she is good-fellowship itself, and hardly to be distinguished from the smiling nymph whom Horace saw in the greenwood, learning attentively the strains dictated to her by the vine-crowned god of wine.

The best of the English drinking-songs were written by the dramatists of the seventeenth century, men who trolled out their vigorous sentiments, linked sweetly together in flowing verse, without the smallest thought or fear of shocking anybody. Frankly indecorous, they invite the whole wide world to drink with them, to empty the brimming tankard passed from hand to hand, and to reel home through the frosty streets, where the watchman grins at their unsteady steps, and quiet sleepers, awakened from dull dreams, echo with drowsy sympathy the last swelling cadence of their uproarious song. Where there is no public sentiment to defy, even Bacchanalian rioters and Bacchanalian verses cease to be defiant. What admirable good temper and sincerity in Fletcher's generous importunity!

"Drink to-day, and drown all sorrow,
You shall perhaps not do it to-morrow:
Best, while you have it, use your breath;
There is no drinking after death.

"Then let us swill, boys, for our health,
Who drinks well, loves the commonwealth.
And he that will to bed go sober
Falls with the leaf still in October."

Upon this song successive changes have been rung, until now its variations are bewildering, and to it we owe the ever

popular and utterly indefensible glee roared out for generations by many a lusty tavern chorus: —

"He who goes to bed, and goes to bed sober,
Falls as the leaves do, and dies in October;
But he who goes to bed, and goes to bed
mellow,
Lives as he ought to do, and dies an honest
fellow."

The most affectionate solicitude is continually manifested by seventeenth-century poets lest perchance unthinking mortals should neglect or overlook their opportunities of drinking, and so forfeit their full share of pleasure in a pleasant world.

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may"

is as much the motto of the drinker as of the lover, and the mutability of life forever warns him against wasting its flying moments in unprofitable soberness.

"Not long youth lasteth,
And old age hasteth.

"All things invite us
Now to delight us,"

is the Elizabethan rendering of Father William's counsel; and the hospitable ghost in Fletcher's *Lovers' Progress*, who, being dead, must know whereof he speaks, conjures his guests to

"Drink apace, while breath you have,
You'll find but cold drink in the grave."

Apart from life's brevity and inconsequence, there is always the incentive of patriotism and national pride summoning the reveler to deep and ever deeper potations. It is thus he proves himself a true son of the soil, a loyal and law-abiding Englishman.

"We'll drink off our liquor while we can
stand,

And hey for the honor of old England!"

sang the Devonshire harvesters two hundred years ago, connecting in some beery fashion the glory of their native isle with the gallons of home-brewed ale they consumed so cheerfully in her name; and the same sentiment is more intelligibly embodied in that graceless

song of Shadwell's which establishes conclusively the duty of an honest citizen and taxpayer : —

"The king's most faithful subjects, we
In service are not dull,
We drink to show our loyalty,
And make his coffers full.
Would all his subjects drink like us,
We'd make him richer far,
More powerful and more prosperous
Than Eastern monarchs are."

It may be noted, by way of illustration, that Dryden, in his *Vindication of the Duke of Guise*, remarks somewhat vindictively that the only service Shadwell could render the king was to increase his revenue by drinking.

Finally, in England, as in Greece and Rome, black care sat heavily by the hearths of men; and English singers, following the examples of Horace and Anacreon, called upon wine to drown the unwelcome guest. "Fortune's a jade!" they cried with Beaumont's Yeoman; but courage and strong drink will bid the hussy stand. Davenant echoed the sentiment defiantly in his mad round,

"Come, boys! a health, a health, a double health,
To those who 'scape from care by shunning wealth ;"

and Ford gave the fullest expression to the gay laws of Sans Souci in the drink-song in *The Sun's Darling* : —

"Cast away care; he that loves sorrow
Lengthens not a day, nor can buy to-morrow;
Money is trash; and he that will spend it,
Let him drink merrily, Fortune will send it.

"Pots fly about, give us more liquor,
Brothers of a rout, our brains will flow quicker;
Empty the cask; score up, we care not;
Fill all the pots again; drink on, and spare not."

To pause in the generous swing of verses like these, and call to mind Mrs. Jameson's refined and chilling verdict, "It is difficult to sympathize with English drinking-songs," is like stepping from the sunshine of life into the shaded

drawing-room of genteel society. Difficult to sympathize! Why, we may drink nothing stronger than tea and Apollinaris water all our lives; yet none the less the mad music of Elizabethan song will dance merrily in our hearts, and give even to us our brief hour of illogical, unreasonable happiness. What had the author of *The Diary of an Ennuyée* to do with that robust age when ennui had still to be invented? What was she, to think of the indecorous Bacchanalian catches of Lyly and Middleton, or of the uncompromising vulgarity of that famous song from Gammer Gurton's Needle, or of the unseemly jollity of Cleveland's tavern-bred, tavern-sung verse?

"Come hither, Apollo's bouncing girl,
And in a whole Hippocrene of Sherry,
Let's drink a round till our brains do whirl,
Tuning our pipes to make ourselves merry;
A Cambridge lass, Venus-like, born of the froth
Of an old half-filled jug of barley-broth,
She, she is my mistress, her suitors are many,
But she'll have a square-cap if e'er she have any."

Yet after discarding these ribald songs, with which refined femininity is not presumed to sympathize, there still remain such charming verses as Ben Jonson's

"Swell me a bowl with lusty wine,
Till I may see the plump Lyæus swim
Above the brim.
I drink as I would write,
In flowing measure, filled with flame and sprite."

Or, if this be too scholarly and artificial, there are the far more beautiful lines of Beaumont and Fletcher : —

"God Lyæus, ever young,
Ever honoured, ever sung,
Stained with blood of lusty grapes;
In a thousand antic shapes
Dance upon the maze's brim,
In the crimson liquor swim;
From thy plenteous hand divine
Let a river run with wine;
God of youth, let this day here
Enter neither care nor fear."

Or we may follow where Shakespeare leads, and sing unhesitatingly with him :

"Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne !
In thy vats our cares be drowned,
With thy grapes our hairs be crowned,
Cup us, till the world go round —
Cup us, till the world go round."

There is only one drinking-song — a seventeenth-century drinking-song, too — with which I find it difficult to sympathize, and that is the well-known and often-quoted verse of Cowley's, beginning,

"The thirsty earth drinks up the rain,
And thirsts and gapes for drink again."

Its strained and elaborate conceits are not in accordance with anything so natural and simple as conviviality. Men may give a thousand foolish reasons for loving, and feel their folly still unjustified ; but drinking needs no such steel-forged chain of arguments. Moreover Cowley's last lines,

"Fill all the glasses up, for why
Should every creature drink but I ?
Why, man of morals, tell me why ?"

give to the poem an air of protest which destroys it. The true drinking-song does not concern itself in the least with the "man of morals," nor with his verdict. And precisely because it is innocent of any conscious offense against morality, because it has not considered the moral aspect of the case at all, it makes its gay and graceless appeal to hearts wearied with the perpetual consideration of social reforms and personal responsibility. "Be merry, friends !" it says in John Heywood's homely phrase ;

"Mirth salveth sorrows most soundly :"

and this "short, sweet text" is worth a solid sermon in days when downright merriment is somewhat out of favor.

The poet who of all others seems least aware that life has burdens, not only to be carried when sent, but to be rigorously sought for when withheld, is Robert Herrick. He is the true singer

of Cakes and Ale, or rather of Curds and Cream ; for in that pleasant Devonshire vicarage, where no faint echo of London streets or London taverns rouses him from rural felicity, his heart turns easily to country feasts and pastimes. It is true he rejoices mightily in

"wassails fine

Not made of ale, but spiced wine,"

yet even these innocent carousals are of Arcadian simplicity. He loves, too, the fare of Devon farmers, — the clotted cream, the yellow butter, honey, and baked pears, and fresh-laid eggs. He loves the Twelfth-Night cake, with "joy-sops," — alluring word, — the "wassail-bowl" of Christmas, the "Whitsun ale," the almond paste sacred to wedding-rites, the "bucksome meat and capring wine" that crown the New Year's board, and, above all, the plenteous bounty of the Harvest Home. In his easy, unvexed fashion, he is solicitous that we, his readers, should learn, not "to labor and to wait," but to be idle and to enjoy, while idleness and enjoyment still gild the passing day.

"Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,

Come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a May-ing ;"

is the gay doctrine preached by this unclerical clergyman. Even when he remembers perforce that he *is* a clergyman, and turns his heart to prayer, this is the thanksgiving that rises sweetly to his lips : —

"'T is Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth,
And giv'st me wassail-bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink."

Had the patronage of the Church never been extended to Herrick, and had he lived on in London, the friend of Jonson and Selden and Fletcher and kind, witty Bishop Corbet, we should have lost the most charming pastoral vignettes ever flung like scattered May-blossoms into literature ; but we should have gained drinking-songs such as the world

has never known, — songs whose reckless music would lure us even now from our watchful propriety as easily as great Bacchus lured that wise beast Cerberus, who gave his doggish heart and wagged his doggish tail, gentle and innocent as a milk-fed puppy, when he saw the god of wine.

The close of the seventeenth century witnessed a revolution in English poetry, and the great "coming event" of Queen Anne's Augustan age threw its shadow far before it, — a shadow of reticence and impersonality. People drank more and more, but they said less and less about it. Even in the reign of Charles II., though convivial songs were written by the score, they had lost the ring of earlier days; and we need only read a few of the much-admired verses of Tom D'Urfey to be convinced that periods of dissolute living do not necessarily give birth to sincere and reckless song. In the following century, sincerity and recklessness were equally out of date. Now and then, a cheerful outburst, like the drinking-song from Congreve's *Way of the World*, illumines our sober path, and shows the source whence Thackeray drew his inspiration for those delightful verses in *Rebecca* and *Rowena* concerning the relative pleasures of Pope and Sultan. Later on, Sheridan gave us his glee in *The Duenna*, and his ever popular toast in *The School for Scandal*, which is not properly a drinking-song at all. Then there came a time when the spurious conviviality of Barry Cornwall passed for something fine and genuine, and when Thomas Haynes Bayly "gave to minstrelsy the attributes of intellect, and reclaimed even festive song from vulgarity." And at precisely this period, when a rapid elegance pervaded the ditties warbled forth in refined drawing-rooms, and when Moore alone, of all the popular song-writers, held the secret of true music in his heart, Thomas Love Peacock wrote for respectable and sentimental England five of the very best

drinking-songs ever given to an ungrateful world. No thought of possible disapprobation vexed his soul's serenity. He lived in the nineteenth century, as completely uncontaminated by nineteenth-century ideals as though Robinson Crusoe's desert island had been his resting-place. The shafts of his good-tempered ridicule were leveled at all that his countrymen were striving to prove sacred and beneficial. His easy laugh rang out just when everybody was most strenuous in the cause of progress. His wit was admirably calculated to make people uncomfortable and dissatisfied. And in addition to these disastrous qualities, he apparently thought it natural and reasonable and right that English gentlemen — sensible, educated, *married* English gentlemen — should sit around their dinner-tables until the midnight hour, drinking wine and singing songs with boyish and scandalous joviality.

The songs he offered for these barbarian entertainments are perfect in character and form. Harmless mirth, a spirit of generous good-fellowship, a clean and manly heart, disarm, or should disarm, all moral judgment, while the grace and vigor of every line leave the critic powerless to complain. Hail to the Headlong, and A Heel-tap! a Heel-tap! are the poet's earliest tributes at the shrine of Bacchus. He gained a fuller insight and an ampler charity before he laid down his pen. His three best poems, which cannot possibly be omitted from such a paper as this, show how time mellowed him, as it mellows wine. We mark the ripening power, the surer touch, the kinder outlook on a troubled world. Peacock was but twenty-nine when he wrote *Headlong Hall*. He was thirty-two when *Melincourt* was given to the world, and in it his inimitable *Ghosts*:—

"In life three ghostly friars were we,
And now three friendly ghosts we be.
Around our shadowy table placed,
The spectral bowl before us floats:
With wine that none but ghosts can taste

We wash our unsubstantial throats.
 Three merry ghosts — three merry ghosts —
 three merry ghosts are we :
 Let the ocean be port, and we'll think it
 good sport
 To be laid in that Red Sea.

"With songs that jovial spectres chant,
 Our old refectory still we haunt.
 The traveler hears our midnight mirth :
 'O list,' he cries, 'the haunted choir!
 The merriest ghost that walks the earth
 Is now the ghost of a ghostly friar.'
 Three merry ghosts — three merry ghosts —
 three merry ghosts are we :
 Let the ocean be port, and we'll think it
 good sport
 To be laid in that Red Sea."

The next year, in Nightmare Abbey appeared the best known and the most admirable of all his glees, a song which holds its own even in an alien world, which is an admitted favorite with singing societies, and which we have all of us heard from time to time chanted decorously by a row of sedate and serious gentlemen in correct evening dress : —

"Seamen three ! what men be ye ?
 Gotham's three wise men we be
 Whither in your bowl so free ?
 To rake the moon from out the sea.
 The bowl goes trim, the moon doth shine,
 And our ballast is old wine ;
 And your ballast is old wine.

"Who art thou so fast adrift ?
 I am he they call Old Care.
 Here on board we will thee lift.
 No : I may not enter there.
 Wherefore so ? 'Tis Jove's decree
 In a bowl Care may not be ;
 In a bowl Care may not be.

"Fear ye not the waves that roll ?
 No : in charmed bowl we swim.
 What the charm that floats the bowl ?
 Water may not pass the brim.
 The bowl goes trim, the moon doth shine,
 And our ballast is old wine ;
 And your ballast is old wine."

Last, but by no means least, in Crotchet Castle we have a drinking-song at once the kindest and the most scandalous that the poet ever wrote, — a song which is the final, definite, unrepentant expression of heterodoxy : —

"If I drink water while this doth last,
 May I never again drink wine ;
 For how can a man, in his life of a span,
 Do anything better than dine ?
 We'll dine and drink, and say if we think
 That anything better can be ;
 And when we have dined, wish all mankind
 May dine as well as we.

"And though a good wish will fill no dish,
 And brim no cup with sack,
 Yet thoughts will spring as the glasses ring
 To illumine our studious track.
 O'er the brilliant dreams of our hopeful
 schemes
 The light of the flask shall shine ;
 And we'll sit till day, but we'll find the way
 To drench the world with wine."

With Peacock the history of English drinking-songs is practically closed, and it does not seem likely to be reopened in the immediate future. Any approach to the forbidden theme is met by an opposition too strenuous and universal to be lightly set aside. We may not love nor value books more than did our great-grandfathers, but we have grown to curiously overrate their moral influence, to fancy that the passions of men and women are freed or restrained by snatches of song or the bits of conversation they read in novels. Accordingly, a rigorous censorship is maintained over the ethics of literature, with the rather melancholy result that we hear of little else. Trivialities have ceased to be trivial in a day of microscopic research, and there is no longer anything not worth consideration. We all remember what happened when Lord Tennyson wrote his *Hands all Round* : —

"First pledge our Queen, this solemn night,
 Then drink to England, every guest."

It is by no means a ribald or rollicking song. On the contrary, there is something dutiful, as well as justifiable, in the serious injunction of its chorus : —

"Hands all round !
 God the traitor's hope confound !
 To this great cause of Freedom drink, my
 friends,
 And the great name of England, round and
 round."

Yet such was the scandal given to the advocates of temperance by this patriotic poem, and so lamentable were the reproaches which ensued, that the Saturday Review, playing the unwonted part of peacemaker, "soothed and sustained the agitated frame" of British sensitiveness by reminding her that the laureate had given no hint as to what liquor should be drunk in the cause of freedom, and that he probably had it in his mind to toast

"the great name of England, round and round"

in milk or mineral waters. The more recent experience of Mr. Rudyard Kipling suggests forcibly the lesson taught our Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table when he sent his little poem to a "festive and convivial" celebration, and had it returned with "some slight changes" to suit the sentiments of the committee:

"In cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall,

Down, down with the tyrant that masters us
all!"

Hood, a good-tempered mocker always, took note of the popular prejudice in his hospitable lines by a Member of a Temperance Society:—

"Come, pass around the pail, boys, and give it
no quarter,

Drink deep, and drink oft, and replenish
your jugs."

And Longfellow, with his usual directness, went straight to the hearts of his readers when, in simple seriousness, he filled his antique pitcher, and sang his Drinking Song in praise of water.

"Come, old friend, sit down and listen!

As it passes thus between us,

How its wavelets laugh and glisten

In the head of old Silenus!"

This was the verse which New England, and Mother England too, stood ready to applaud. Every era has its cherished virtues, and when the order changes, the wise do well to change with

it as speedily as they can. Once there was a jolly old playwright named Cratinus, who died of a broken heart on seeing some Lacedæmonian soldiers fracture a cask of wine and let it run to waste. He is mentioned kindly by ancient writers, but Peacock is the last man to fling him a word of sympathy. Once there was a time when Chaucer received from England's king the grant of a pitcher of wine daily in the port of London. What poet or public servant now has, or hopes to have, such mark of royal favor? Once Charles I. gave to Ben Jonson, as poet laureate, one hundred pounds a year, and a terse of Spanish Canary. No such generous drink comes now from Queen Victoria to lend sparkle and vivacity to Mr. Austin's verse. Once Dr. Johnson, "the real primate, the soul's teacher of all England," says Carlyle, declared roundly and without shocking anybody, "Brandy, sir, is the drink for heroes." It is not thus that primates and teachers of any land now hearten their wavering disciples. Once the generous publishers of Marmion sent Scott a hog-head of fine claret to mark their appreciation of his verse. It is not in this graceful fashion that authors now receive their tokens of good will. The jovial past is dead, quite dead, we keep repeating sternly; yet its merry ghost smiles at us broadly, in no way abashed by our frowns and disapprobation. A friendly ghost it is, haunting the secret chambers of our hearts with laughter instead of groans, and echoes of old songs in place of clanking chains,—a companionable ghost, with brave tales to tell and jests to ease our pain, a word of wisdom when we have wit to listen, a word of comfort when we have time to heed.

"Troll the bowl, the nut-brown bowl,

And here, kind mate, to thee!

Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,

And drown it merrily."

Agnes Repplier.

THE SPIRIT OF AN ILLINOIS TOWN.

IN THREE PARTS. PART THREE.

ON THE SOUTH SIDE.

WE stood without speaking. The most vital consciousness I had was of the change that had come over me, rendering me so indifferent to her presence. Her dark beauty was intensified rather than marred by what she had done. Vivid health and the very insolence of prosperity sat visible upon her. Her eye, encountering mine with resistant hardness, swept critically down my length. She could not help that; she was a physical epicure. It was I, care-and-sorrow-worn, lean in my clothes, who winced before her.

"You sent for me?"

"Yes. I saw you at the station this morning. I was on the south-bound train. I got off at the next junction and came back."

"What do you want?"

She sank into the chair on which her hand rested, and said, "Sit down."

I stood. On the opposite side of the small parlor was a full-length glass, reflecting a cadaverously pale man in evening dress, hat in hand, holding an overcoat on his left arm. His features were large, but the mouth was like a woman's. He had a thin layer of blond hair on his head. His eyes, which I had always thought blue, were points of steel. I had no interest in him as a presentation of myself, except to despise his lankness and his pitiable attitude before the world and the woman who had wronged him.

She, who had been for me the romance of youth, my first voyage, my first taste of life, the woman who had done with me as she pleased without having her caprices questioned, began the arraignment: —

"I want to know what you are doing here on this miserable raw prairie."

"May I ask what concern it is of yours?"

"I choose to know what brought you here."

"Poverty."

"What are you doing?"

"Editing a country paper. There was a time when I could have selected my occupation, but that time is past."

The swimming nights of our young dissipation floated between us. Any human presence is compelling, but the power held by one who has been wedded to you is a spiritual tyranny which I do not believe death destroys. I was calm, and without any desire to throw my ruin in her face. She, on her part, I could see, was yielding to the strain of the old tie.

"There is some other reason for your being here. Your talents would command something better."

"My talents are perhaps undeveloped. And the place need not trouble you to the extent of sending for me to remonstrate about it. There was really no occasion for this meeting."

Her crimson mouth flattened across her teeth. "You are here on account of a — person," she accused, and for the first time I felt jarred.

"As you are evidently neither in ill health nor in need, I will say good-night. Our relation ended when you left me in Paris with our sick boy."

"You shall not blame me with the child's death. It was the nurse's fault. I have shed enough tears without being unjustly blamed. You know I was not fit for the care of children."

I wondered that I had ever thought her fit for anything except bending the world to her amusement. I could look at her without any cursing, and see the

tangle of erratic motives which governed her life. It was not manly to be even bitter toward a creature so slight. Her pretty selfishness I had myself fostered. We met on shipboard, during my first voyage, and I followed her and her parents, and courted her from Edinburgh to Egypt, so that the guidebook routes were full of her. Her indulgent father and mother finally witnessed our marriage and went home, and then like two prodigals we wasted my living. And all the time that rich American friend who had been her suitor hovered around us, pitying her for the shortness of my purse, until we quarreled, and she suddenly chose her lot with him. It actually seemed now the affair of another man, and I an idiot for having taken it to heart. Her trespasses were far away in a dream, as all trespasses may appear when we look back at them from another life.

"I have not accused you of being fit for anything; and as I said before, there is no need of this interview, so good-night again, and good-by."

She threw herself against the door and faced me.

"No, Seth Adams, you are not going to leave this room yet. I have disgraced you. I have disgraced myself. But my father and mother have forgiven me, and they have hushed things up. It isn't known, among us, exactly what happened; and that other—you know he lives abroad. I shall never see him again. I don't want to." She was crimson. "I never should have behaved as I did if you had not blamed me about money. At home they never blamed me for anything. I was n't used to it. You made me wretched, and I was determined to make you wretched, and I did. But I never thought how terrible it was until I had actually gone with him. I made him send me home when I heard the baby was dead."

I put out my hand to stop her. I was ashamed. But she caught my hand

and hung to it, and I loathed her touch, shaking it off.

"Clara, I don't know what you have done to me, but you have killed something in me that can't be brought to life again. Doubtless I was to blame, but I cannot be what I was before. I don't feel now as I did for months after the baby died. That's past. I believe I can honestly say I forgive you, but as for anything else—you are dead to me."

She stood away from the door, turning so pallid that I remembered keenly the pinched nostrils of my dead child.

"You have never cared for me,—you let me go easily,—and I—I have been searching for you."

I broke away and ran downstairs, and paused, moved to go back and comfort her, and rushed on, anywhere, to get her out of my sight. The personal charm that I had once thought so irresistible filled me with loathing. I said, "She would try it on any man." I did not believe she had been seeking me. It was her caprice to get off the train, and to-morrow it would be her caprice to do something else.

Sam found me about one o'clock in my room, burning a student's lamp, and smoking densely from a case containing my blackest cigars. Having caused a front-door key to be made for himself, and coaxed Mrs. Jutberg not to bolt the locks, he entered at will; but no other footsteps than his came into the house. Kate stayed all night with the Yorks, when she had been given to what her aunt called play-acting.

Sam tiptoed, the floor creaking under him, and sat noisily down, giving me so determined a look of misery that I thought my secret was out. It would have to come out to Sam, anyhow, without further evasion. The next day might bring me trouble. I was in a frame of mind to expect anything. Discovery could no longer pain me. I had a steady front fixed for Sam, but the poor fellow stretched himself out in great weariness,

declaring, "You have the only level head in the firm, after all, old man. Here you sit smoking in comfort, and I've been bawling and dancing and eating and proposing ever since eight o'clock, until I'm a complete wreck."

"Lucia York or Teresa Babcock?"

"Both, man, both. I've been asking 'em right and left. If Alice had n't been engaged, and the young man in attendance, I'd have given her a whirl, too. In fact, there's hardly a girl in Trail City that I have n't proposed to to-night."

"You must have been drinking."

"Not in this town. I'd like to get drunk."

"And which of these young ladies may I congratulate?"

"All of them, man, all of them. I'm not quite unanimously accepted, but I'm taken on probation and the approval of our elders by one or two. And the only one I'm head over ears in love with I did n't dare tackle at all." Sam heaved a sigh which might have alarmed the house. "That's Kate Keene."

I transfixed Sam with an eye which arrested him in the midst of his emotions, and pushing the cigars toward him, I began and told him my own story.

We smoked until three o'clock, and he gave me copious advice. He had been sure I was hiding something from him. I had to defend my child's mother, so scathing and contemptuous was his wrath.

"If we had both of us come to these prairies from college, instead of trying experiments or loping off to Europe, we might be rich men now. As it is, your prospects are ruined, and mine have been damaged at least ten years."

"I like your material views of things," I said. "I had n't quite reduced the matter to dollars and cents before, but your calculation is a great help to a man."

Sam spouted forth a strong oath and struck the table with his fist. "Everything in this world has to stand on a basis of dollars and cents. You are like

a dog chained to a post, if you have n't dollars and cents. Money is liberty, freedom of choice, power, generosity, virtue, religion."

This estimate of his struck me a convincing blow in the face next morning when a telegram was handed to me, signed with my wife's initials:—

"I am going back to him. Shall sail Saturday from New York."

"Sam," I exclaimed, starting up from my office chair, "I must have a hundred dollars before the train goes north."

As I crushed the telegram into my pocket my partner answered, "Bank won't be open; and we have n't a hundred dollars on the right side of the balance, anyhow, collections have been so slow."

"You must get it."

The keen north wind made me bow to encounter it as I rushed to my boarding-house. By the time I had put some things in a valise I paused. The old habit of guarding the woman I had married, from her impulses, had sent me like a bolt from a bow. But why should I attempt to restrain her now? What would it mean if I did restrain her, except an assertion of rights which could never be resumed? I smoothed the telegram on my knee and gave it a second reading. It had been written on an east-bound train, and sent from a station in Indiana. It dared me to let her plunge again into that life from which she had recoiled. It was desperation, defiance, challenge. Her father and mother, ignorant of her change of destination, would not be able to check her. I clenched the telegram and threw it across the room. Very well. Let her go. What affair was it of mine? It had now become her father's affair. Let him see to her. I would telegraph and warn him. But how could I open communication with him? The whole business turned me sick. How bitter it is to feel responsibility and loathing! To what good did it tend, this appalling tangle of human lives?

I had never been in the house at that time of day before. It seemed very still, like a sanctuary, from which Mrs. Jutberg must be eliminated on some errand. Presently a singing voice sought through the lower rooms, for what I know not; but it found me and turned me as soft as a child, so that I wept face downward on the table. A man in my position could never meddle with that crystal simple spirit called Kate Keene. She who had stood in a large transfiguration like the spread of wings, with a community at her feet, was now moving about the house again in her short black dress, forgetting her power in domestic service for us. Meaner women would have been posing for homage, but she served, served always.

Oh, I had made a mess in my boyish folly, cutting myself off from the real things, and mixing with lives I had no warrant to touch. My wife's case against me was as bad as my case against her. If that telegram had come from Kate Keene, I would have followed her on my hands and knees.

Sitting down calmly at my office desk again, I told Sam I should not want that hundred dollars.

"But I've got it!" he exclaimed, elated.

"Take it back, then. And thanks, old fellow, for your promptness. But I'm not going."

"What was the row, anyway?"

I opened the telegram, which I had picked up to destroy, and, smoothing creases, passed it over to him.

He whistled, and tore it into the wastebasket. "I should think not. Were you such a fool as to want to run after her? Where do you expect to land?"

"She was my wife — and is yet."

"She'll get unhooked from you easy enough. That kind always do. They'll have their way if it bursts up the universe. Let her go and be hanged. Blast such business!"

I looked up at Sam, and he dropped

the subject, fingering some bank-notes which he took out of his vest-pocket. His quizzical smile dwelt on me.

"Like to know who I held up? Old Billy, the coroner. He was flush, and going to deposit when the bank opened. I touched him about the boost we gave him in election. Say, Seth, my mouth has been watering for one of these new sewing-machine-looking things they call typewriters. Think what an attraction and boom it would be in this office. The fellows over at Caxton would lie down and die if they heard we had one."

"But we have n't the money for it."

"Yes, we have; here it is. I fixed old Billy up with a note for sixty days, at legal rates; and money loans outside at ten now. We're solid with old Billy. It was an accommodation, but he said he would n't want it until the note comes due."

"We have another payment to make on our press in sixty days."

"But our circulation's growing. If we get hard up, I'll renew old Billy."

It therefore resulted that we soon had a typewriting machine in the office, a thing of wonder, which Sam manipulated and streams of farmers came to see. He showed its paces, rattling the types and jingling the little bell in endless lines of senseless printing, while I worked double, making up the paper. Our friend Billy came, also; but when the novelty of the typewriter had worn off, his attitude used to disturb us. He would sit leaning forward, with his arms on his knees, gazing pensively at Sam.

"Confound it, what does ail you?" Sam once burst out.

Billy shook his head. "I have n't said anything."

"No, but you wear a man out looking at him. What did you lend your money for, if you wanted it yourself?"

"I have n't asked you to take up the note."

"No, but you come and sit on it right

here in the office. Now will you go before I mash you with this letterpress?"

Billy sat still, leaning on his arms and looking at Sam, waiting for his note to mature.

"Blast an accommodating man that repents! Go out and wreck a train, Seth, and give the old fool something to do."

Then Sam would put on a stoic front, and fix Billy with fishlike glassiness between intervals of work.

So it came to pass that at the end of sixty days we renewed other notes, but paid old Billy's, though with the unflinching fraternity of Western men he and Sam remained in that state of mutual affection which they called "solid" with each other.

It was not so easy to keep solid with the social element of Trail City, for we had started our daily, and were obliged to watch with incessant vigilance all municipal ebb and flow. While no hostess wanted to blazon her social functions, and affected much reticence toward the press, each was indignant and sometimes revengeful if not blazoned according to her full merit. I learned also that there is no stickler for etiquette like your small-town woman who has read and not traveled. It came to me like another revelation that rich men are really the scapegoats of the poor. I saw the financial sins of a whole community piled again and again on the few who were able to bear them.

"Confound the unsuspecting beef!" growled our banker, Mr. Babcock, who took me for a confidant in his municipal troubles. "They'll vote for a measure that will take the very hide off of them. Then as soon as it begins to hurt they bellow and lie down; and we other fellows, we have to step up and do the pulling."

The beef, on their part, were wise in the use of money not their own, and full of suggestions to those who had it. "Babcock and York," remarked one of these

small taxpayers, "is belly-achin' and chawin' the rag about somethin' the whole time. If I had as much as they have, I'd make a handsome gift to the town, f'rinstance a lib'ary."

Sam showed his athletics in our local column, and polished off items in the prevailing manner. We chronicled the visits of Miss Callie Van Voris, one of Trail City's fairest daughters, to Veedersburg, or the arrival of a lovely brick-top blonde from Caxton. And we announced that Mr. Blue Thompson had accepted a position in Davis's drug-store, when everybody knew he had been hanging around all winter for a job. In the same spirit, a few weeks later, Mr. Blue Thompson being kicked out of the drug-store for incompetency, and obliged to fall back on his relations, we said he had severed his connection, and would visit a few weeks at his grandfather's, to recuperate his health. Nobody but a political aspirant of the wrong party had the truth printed about him. We chronicled Christmas trees in the various churches, and Reverend Spindle's apt remarks to a giggling school on the difficulty of Santa Claus's making a way through drifts that year.

As spring opened, every stick or stone of improvement which took shape in Trail City we duly recorded, with glorification of the public-spirited improver. At the same time, having our yearly railroad passes in the bottoms of our pockets, we performed that gymnastic feat which Sam called jumping on the companies with both hoofs, demanding suitable station buildings for our growing town. The penurious policy of sticking old sheds together with new paint was held up to Trail City's delighted ridicule.

This applause, however, was the last unanimous voice heard in Trail City that spring; for we of the North Side were growing bitterly jealous of the South Side. It blossomed, and thrived, and flaunted. We sneered, and called it the Capitol and Nob Park; while it retorted

jauntily by giving us the name of Chew-the-Rag or Grumblersville. But none of these little localisms crept into the paper. On the contrary, Trail City's daily organ trumpeted the vigorous solidarity which was making us the envy of all less prosperous towns.

Then the first warm day of spring, like a stroke of summer, prostrated us. One hour it was March, bleak and howling, mud from bottomless slews smearing revolving spokes to a semblance of chariot wheels; and almost at once the earth was fleeced with grass, it was April, the air ringing with bird-songs.

The blood started anew with longing which was harder to starve down than it had been during hibernating winter. I was in a passion of aching, and used to sit with hands clasped behind my head in the spring twilights, secretly demanding my own and the life I had a right to live with her. Perhaps because the riot of youth had turned to loathing, I put my idol on a pedestal and adored her, with nunlike hiding and cherishing of celestial passion. How many times I watched Kate in the April and May evenings of that spring, standing, the centre of assemblies, raying her power in almost visible streams in every direction to the remotest soul. It seemed impossible for her to imagine malice even in her aunt. Through Sam I learned that Teresa Babcock and Lucia York were always quarreling. When Teresa's betrothed from a distant State appeared to claim his rights, and Sam's engagement to Lucia duly followed, these girls agreed worse than ever. Kate used to stand between them, a golden medium through which their spiteful speeches passed gilded and refined. While they fought for social leadership, she easily led both them and their partisans, because she did not care to rule and had every one's love.

Her lonesomeness was known only to me, who drew near her in the same need. "When people see you lucky and glad,"

said Kate, in one of our brief talks, "they think the world must be a glad and lucky place, and are ashamed they have n't found it out for themselves. I never tell the girls my troubles. What good would it do? They could not help me. I'm not going to make any fuss. My father said that's what strengthens us,—bearing strains by ourselves. I love to kneel and keep still. There must be such a racket of prayers in God Almighty's ears, especially in the winter when some churches have revivals, that heaven resounds like a factory."

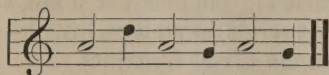
During this resurrecting spring she kindled ambition in me once more, and I began to work in that line which has since become my absorbing occupation. Kate was my critic. We were not often together, but I passed her my manuscript, and she set down her opinion on a separate slip of paper. It had salt sense, and was gently merciless with my faults. And no praise that ever comes again to me in this world will bring such rapture as her large-lettered "Right" penciled beside a paragraph. We sometimes disagreed and argued from our points of view, her eyes looking straight into mine with human love and experience and patience, old as the Pyramids, wise as the Sphinx. She was like primeval air blowing across the prairies, her very flesh seeming to exhale fragrance.

Clara had sent me notice of divorce proceedings from Paris. She would some time be able to rehabilitate herself and take the place she was fitted for. Clara was one of those people who get anything they want by simply taking it at any cost. I may set down here that she finally married her friend, whose wealth was boundless, and now queens it in a certain American circle in Paris, and no doubt looks back with contempt on her advances toward me. These established facts have become a moral stay to me.

The animal instinct to better herself without retrospective pangs, which Clara

had, was not understood by Kate. I left the French paper containing notice of matrimonial dissolution on my table, marked and conspicuous, secure in the knowledge that Mrs. Jutberg read nothing but her mother tongue. My child was very tender with me afterwards, not failing to call me father when we spoke together alone. She thought I cared because divorce was to be added to my other griefs. Though this sweet impersonal kindness might have been shown as well to Sam, I lived on it.

Oh, what sunsets there were, flashing across emerald plains; and twilights, beginning before the sun went down, and lingering with the smell of grass quite into the night! The thunder-pumper began his suction-note again in the distance, and as days warmed and the birds thickened, like a dream-note far out on the prairie you heard the prairie-chicken's "bum-bum-boo." How cunning was that lowly home-maker! I have seen the mother hen fall, dragging her wing and limping, to draw the sportsman away from her nest; and, this accomplished, rise in the air like a dart. Listening, I can hear again, across years, the six dove cadences which came incessantly from the cemetery up the slope:



"Wo-o, Wo-o, Wo-o!"

Not the least wistfulness stirred in Kate as she saw other girls pairing off, and heard their talk about wedding-clothes. She had to keep clear of such entanglements. Sam, elated by alliance with a leading house, really congratulated himself on putting Kate like a temptation out of his mind. He told me broadly her father had furnished her all the shade she could stand. What Kate Keene now required was a rich, indulgent, and powerful husband, a man politically established, who would give full play to her talents in a diplomatic way. "I would like to see her in Wash-

ington," declared Sam. "Confinc her powers to a drawing-room, and let her work for a purpose; she could move the government."

I told Sam broadly that an engaged man would be better employed turning his face toward the charms he meant to admire in the future instead of back to the charms he had admired in the past; upon which he began a resentful and baffled eulogy of Lucia.

"You know Lucia is exactly the girl for me. I've got my way to make. I don't expect the old colonel to take me in out of the wet, though a quarter section as a starter won't go bad. Lucia York is n't one of your fair-weather girls, either; she'll come out best under hardship."

"And you're just the man for her. You'll keep her in hardship enough to develop all her virtues."

"There are times," my partner said contemptuously, "when I would like to turn in and be a hog myself. But there's never any chance; the other member of the firm has a permanent job of it."

I pointed out to Sam how often we violate conscience and self-respect by smiling at our friends' horse-play, and suffering in accepting it as humor. But a man like Mr. Jutberg never distorted one by this passion of sympathy. He put himself sincerely into what he said, and the restricted alphabet of his native tongue drove the few words he used home in the memory.

He was smoking his pipe when an altercation took place between his wife and Mrs. York at the gate. Mrs. York, gentle to tremulousness, always fluttering about her children, apprehensive of some change in their health, must have thought of the domiciliary interest this formidable neighbor ought to have in Lucia's affianced husband. With nagging love she would coo, "How do you feel, Alice? Does your head ache?"

"No, mamma," the impatient girl would answer.

"But, Lucia dear, your poor stomach, — how is your poor stomach to-day?"

"Oh, mamma," the girls would groan, "do let our heads and backs and stomachs alone."

So, feeling her family ties extended, Mrs. York braved the tricks which fierce sky-light plays with the human countenance, and dared the encounter: —

"How are you to-day, Mrs. Jutberg? How is your — face?"

"I'm well," answered Mrs. Jutberg, unmasking that face like a battery, "and likelier to stay well than folks that spend their nights dancing."

"Yes, I know you don't approve of it. But boys and girls," pleaded Mrs. York weakly, "always love the harmless amusement."

"Do you call yourself a boy or a girl?"

"Well, not exactly," hedged the gentle sympathizer. "But they like to have their fathers and mothers occasionally take a turn with them. Indeed, I feel it is only due to the girls."

"I've been wanting to ask you a question this long time," said the burden-bearer, coming nearer the fence and looking her apprehensive listener down.

"Have you?" faltered Mrs. York. "What is it? I shall be glad to answer anything I can answer."

"The question is this: What is a man thinking about," demanded Mrs. Jutberg, chopping her words fiercely, "when he is dancing with you?"

The expression of the matron outside changed at once from puzzled pondering of a conundrum to alarm and swift aversion, as she saw the other begin to gasp and chew air with inarticulate sounds.

"The man that danced with you would have enough to think about," she returned, with tardy but effectual asperity, escaping as Mr. Jutberg sauntered to the fence and performed his usual surgery.

In a culmination of soft Swedish wrath he swore: "By Vashin'tons! I

never put this yaw up again no more if it vag at every neighbor that go past. By Yacksons! I could get me plenty voman that not come unyointed at all."

Then the woman pulled her sunbonnet over her face, slammed the gate, and set forth on one of her hag-ridden walks, and her husband looked after her, relenting. "She vas the finest cook in Trail City."

I cannot recall a word of love that was spoken by me to Kate. Yet if she came unexpectedly near, the blood jumped in my heart. Sometimes our eyes met in silence, and she was puzzling with a beneficence that for the first time held pain.

Heats like burning blasts of the desert swept those prairies in the very greenness of May. Before we could well bear the renewed tingle of life which the spring brought, that unspeakable longing for things unfulfilled, the passion of lava fires was in the air.

On a hot May night, as I came downstairs, I saw Kate in the unlighted hall. Her hand was on the newel where I had rested the lamp the first night I looked upon her face. She stood thinking, and turned mutely to give me through the dusk the smile of general good will, her potent benediction on all men. I dared to slide my hand down the rail, so near that my finger-tips kissed her dear wrist, lingering, taking joy of the touch. The strong current of her life shocked through me. The cool firm surface of flesh drove my blood like mad waters. Her hand turned and clung around mine, understanding; and then remembering, wrung itself away. Her breath was caught with a gasp. She left me, and I went out to the limits of the town, and walked and walked, feeling as if I could take the stars out of the sky and handle them one by one. How high life rose in that touch!

The afternoon of the next day, about three o'clock, night swept suddenly through the office. Our windows looked north. I was hard at work, oblivious

to time, and rose for matches to light the chandelier. Then I heard a stam-pede of feet on the pavements below. Little pillars of dust walked like phantoms. The air which had been sultry turned dead-ly cold, and yet you could not breathe it in that strange vacuum. It was as if air had been withdrawn, and a stifling odorless gas substituted. It rasped all objects with a whistling scream. I saw the sky dragging on the opposite roofs, rising and rebounding; and running down into the eclipsed streets, I joined men standing on a crossing holding their hats on. My head was bare, and I had a sensation of having my hair pressed into my skull. Northward, vapor bounded along the surface of the earth at right angles to a moving wall of blackness coming out of the southwest. Ragged lights of bird's-egg green zigzagged in this wall, and the faces of all around me were dim and ghastly. We smothered in an icy river of exhausted air, and the wall came on with a million locomotive roars, crashes and screams rising in its course. I remember Sam shouting at my ear, but his voice was blown away, and so seemed the people, running to cellars in that earthquake darkness. The most distinct object in the world to me was Kate, two or three blocks to the south, driven like a leaf.

Sometimes I dream now of swimming against eternity, clutching for the dear lithe shape I could not, could not find. The wind which drowned my voice brought hers to me. She called me. My child, my mate, mine by the kinship nothing can break—if I ever strained body and soul until blood broke through the pores, that was my instant of sinew-cracking agony. If I had found her, heaven would have made a white spot in that whirling hell.

The next thing I knew there was rain pouring down windows. I heard it hiss. Then the smell of drugs surrounded me; and I looked up into a physician's face,

and at Sam supporting me, and at the ceiling of Mrs. Jutberg's back parlor. So tyrannical are the trivial things of life, I thought first of her anxious care about the carpets, and wondered what had happened to sink them below humanity.

Then I noticed that I was dressed for bed, and had perhaps lain some time in the folding couch which held me. Mrs. Jutberg was behind my head, for she moved into sight as she came into my mind, looking chastened. But I had no further interest in her. It flashed across me that the cyclone was over, and I did not see Kate.

"Where is she?" I demanded.

"You're all right now," said Sam.

"Did any one bring Kate in?"

"Oh yes," soothed the doctor, "Kate was brought in."

"Was she hurt?"

"She's well."

"I want to see her," I explained to the bland stupidity of the man. "I want to see Kate Keene. She was out in the storm. Did you bring her in yourself, Sam?"

"I helped," answered Sam. "Shut up, sonny, and take your medicine. You were a pretty spectacle when we brought you in; must have been blown through a tree-box. What little sense you ever had has been knocked out of you for a week."

After swallowing what they gave me, I did not fully awake until it was night, and I saw the water still rushing down black panes. Sam was with me, reading beside a shaded lamp.

"Is it ever going to quit raining?" I inquired.

He put his book down, and sat on the edge of my bed. "We have had a pretty wet spell since the cyclone. How do you feel?"

I tried to move a body stiff and weighted.

"A few broken ribs," exaggerated Sam, "and a few pieces of skull jammed in."

I looked at him closely: he showed ravages himself. "Was Kate hurt?"

He twisted uneasily, and I saw he was preparing a tale for me, and gripped him by the lapels of his coat. My arms had not been broken. "Sam, you are a great fraud in some ways, but you are not a good liar. Tell me the truth."

"You idiot!" he blustered. "When half the South Side was wrecked, would anybody outside a cellar escape a whirl? The storm cut a track of a hundred yards as clean as if a mowing-machine had done it."

"Who suffered on the South Side?" I asked craftily.

"Babcocks; everybody. But you ought to have seen how the North Side turned out to clear the wreck and house the homeless, and the food and clothes and household stuff and money they poured over the Capitol to get the nobles on their feet again. Trail City is the best neighbor in this State. There's no north, no south, no west, now; nothing but one united town."

"Was any one killed, Sam?"

"Yes: Esther's little chap, that she carried around with the crane, was blown across the prairie and picked up dead. But the crane survived."

"Poor old Esther! What did Kate say to her?"

Sam looked at me, startled.

"Kate would say something to comfort Esther."

"Well, these things have been so sudden, none of us know how to take hold of them yet."

"She would come in here and see me, too. I want you to call her."

"I can't call her in the night, Seth. Have a little consideration."

With mad abandonment of all self-control I caught him around the neck, and pleaded by every kind memory there was between us, by every prospect he had of joy for himself, that he would have mercy on me and tell me where Kate was.

"I know she would at least come and look at me," I said. "She had love and a kind word for every human creature. If you tell me she is dead, I must bear it. But if she has forgotten me — my God! then I am forsaken."

With a blubbing cry Sam broke down and hugged me like a mother. I knew that she was dead. The pungent odor of camphor offended my nostrils, and my eyes stared at him.

"But what have they done with her?"

"Bear it, my boy, bear it. She was taken out of this house four days ago."

I tried to climb from the couch. Had I lain there a dead log and never looked my last on her sweet face? My partner had no need to force me back. I fell.

"You know how it is with me, Sam."

"Yes, I know. I've seen it all along."

"God Almighty! Sam, can you pray?"

"No, Seth, I can't."

"But you must."

"Wait till I call Jutberg; he'll fetch a preacher."

"No — pray quick. I learned one that will do. Thank God Almighty."

"What for?"

"For everything."

"Well, that's a fine prayer!"

"It's a prayer to love. Say it."

"Thank God Almighty for everything." As he spoke it, I said, "For everything," like one who lies in the trough of the sea and watches unattainable cloud mountains rush overhead. "For everything." Kate's body was underground. "For everything." Yes, for that touch of her hand. Yes, for that cry in the storm. Yes, for the stainless love of my stainless girl. A peace came on me that passed understanding. Sam was wiping the cold sweat from my face.

"Seth! are you dying?" he whispered. "Seth! are you in a trance? Why, man, what ails you? Your face is like a spirit's."

He could do nothing but bathe my face and fan me. And as he fanned

and his apprehension settled, he poured out, unasked, that chivalrous worship which men cannot withhold from their ideals. I heard his voice away in the distance, or it buzzed close in my ears. The facts struck, and I put them one by one in a vivid row.

"She was the grandest sight under white flowers that you ever saw lying with the frozen smile. The women say there was n't a bruise on her, and I don't believe she knew she was hurt. She was just caught up in the fiery chariot like old Elijah — or was it Abraham, or Moses?"

"I said to myself again and again, as I looked at her, 'The Spirit of this Illinois town!' Sprung out of hardship, buoyant and full of resources, big-hearted, patient, great, — how mightily she did express the soul of the West!"

"Oh, this house has seen mourning. That room was crowded with girls on their knees, as if they surrounded a shrine. And then came the young men, fathers and mothers and children. She lay in state like a queen. Near you, not ten feet from those closed doors the pageant went on. The room was sweet with wild flowers.

"Poor old Billy and his coroner's jury, when she was first brought in, made a ring of crying men around her. I never saw such a sight before. Every fellow put his face in his handkerchief, — or, if he did n't have a handkerchief, in his hat, — and shook. To see her lying there with the dust in her hair, — who had been our pride, — her face, that had always lighted up at meeting us, white and holy-looking —

"Billy blew his nose, and said to them, 'This is the hardest way to earn a living that I ever tried, boys. I'm doing some kicking now myself.'

"The Spirit of this town, — that's what she was; just as a beautiful ideal woman expresses the Goddess of Liberty. Pluck and genius and humility, boundless energy and vision, and a per-

sonal power that carried everything before it, — all these covered with the soft flesh of a child just turning woman, — that was Kate.

"Esther's been in to see you, Seth. She stood here, her big coarse Madonna breast heaving. She's cried her face shapeless. To top all, her brother's widow has taken the remaining children and moved back home to Indiana. 'She took everything,' says Esther. 'She did n't even leave me the crane.'

"'We've had hard luck, too, Esther,' says I. 'But I hope we'll save our crane.'"

Before the rising sun leaped above the prairie edge far northeastward, I was awakened. Sam slept. He was not near me and could not have touched me. I was awakened by the invisible dear hand of her I love. It touched and turned and clung around mine, and the thrill of our marriage went through me, — a rising tide of life.

Two or three years ago I encountered in New York a man whom I had known as a hard drinker abroad. We renewed our acquaintance, he appearing the chastened angel of his former self. There was some attraction between us during the brief time we spent together, and I made bold to bridge years and inquire what had changed him. His name has nothing to do with this story, which, if he reads it, will forestall his pardon for setting down his secret here. I have never repeated it with my lips.

He turned himself squarely and looked me in the eye. "Do you believe in what is called Spiritualism?"

"No."

"Neither do I. But do you believe it is impossible for departed souls to come back?"

"I did n't say that. I only meant to assert that I have no interest in spiritualists, in people who live by a presumed traffic with the other world."

"Neither have I. But this queer

thing happened to me. When I was at my worst, I went one night with some fellows to what they called a séance, and the woman fakir told me there was a young girl at my shoulder, and that girl made signs that she had come to be my guardian angel. The woman described her, and, my friend, I remembered the girl. She was a lovely child who died when she was about sixteen, in my native town. I don't know what interest she had in me; I was older than she was. I could n't get rid of it. I know she is with me, watching everything I do. Well — I would n't give up that

conviction for money." He turned his cigar in his fingers and laughed.

"She takes good care of me. She does n't let me make a dog of myself any more. I would n't go where she ought n't to, I would n't let her eyes rest on what was n't fit for them to see, for anything that could be offered me. Now that is what has changed me: I'm trying to live up to her. But I never have talked about it. She's more to me than any living woman. Did you ever hear of such a case? Do you understand?"

I told him I understood.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

THE IMPERILED DIGNITY OF SCIENCE AND THE LAW.

VARIOUS attempts have been made of late to effect certain changes in our patent laws. These changes relate to the limits of patents at home and abroad, and to some methods of legal procedure. The evils of expert testimony have not been dwelt upon publicly, although they are almost universally conceded in private conversation.

For the benefit of the young professor who is asked to testify in regard to scientific questions as an expert, and who has never "been through the mill," — the slang expression represents the experience in such good Anglo-Saxon that I am tempted to retain it, — I will endeavor so to describe the process that he may consider if he can preserve his high ideals, and at the same time become an expert in the legal sense. We will suppose that the professor makes his first appearance before a committee of a legislative body. After he has stated his opinion on the scientific questions at issue, the opposing counsel, who has not apparently paid the slightest attention to the professor, being occupied either in arranging his papers or in conversation

with an outsider, rises with the air of Sergeant Buzfuz, and, fixing his eye on his victim, thus begins: —

"Let me see, Professor." (There are several ways of pronouncing this word.)

"Did you not give your opinion that the Wilkins compressed air motor had merits?"

"I did."

"You are possibly aware that the Wilkins air motor exploded, practically and financially.

"Did you not express your opinion that sewerage could be treated economically by electricity?"

"I did, if" —

"Excuse me, no 'ifs,' if you please."

Sergeant Buzfuz thereupon spreads his hands to the court, with a shrug of the shoulders which says, "You see the value of this expert's testimony." The professor (*perfeessor*) may enter into an indignant explanation, and give very good reasons why rascality and want of knowledge prevent the success of many inventions. The poison, however, has been administered, and the lawyer smiles to himself and thinks that his week's labor

in the professor's ash-barrel and refuse-heap has not been thrown away. These are the tactics of the counsel who asks a reverend gentleman, president of an abstinence society, "Were you not intoxicated on the evening in question?" The audience pricks up its ears, and thinks there must be some foundation for such a question.

But let us continue our report of the professor's first experience. The opposing counsel arises and rebukes his learned brother for his rough handling of the professor. With his hand in the breast of his coat, he says to the court, or the chairman of the committee before which the hearing takes place: "The professor represents a body of men devoted to science. They are like the Egyptian priesthood" ("Prophets of Egyptian darkness," mumbles the opposing counsel), "removed far from the sordid turmoil of the world, and engaged in labors for the good of humanity." And so he continues to impress upon the court the necessity of courteous consideration for the opinion of the professor. The latter, however, may soon hear this considerate counsel deliver himself thus on another patent case: "The opinion, your honor, of the expert is that of a man engaged in purely theoretical investigations, — the opinion of a monk in the seclusion of his cloister. Did not a certain professor say that it would be impossible to cross the ocean by means of steam? Did not another prove that the Atlantic cable could not be operated practically? We are practical men, and we want practical ideas on this subject. Why, sir, I can bring you any number of professors to match the number on the other side."

The opposing counsel thereupon indulge in crimination and recrimination; but their wordy warfare does not prevent their lunching together during the pauses of the hearing with apparent *entente cordiale*. The professor probably returns to his seclusion a sadder and a wiser man, doubtful of his ability to

make a good figure in this new world to which he has been so charmingly introduced.

"But," remarks a legal friend, "all this is horse-play, of course. Wait until you give an affidavit in a reputable way to an eminent counsel, and submit yourself to a respectful cross-examination by the equally eminent opposing counsel." It is not long, it may be, before such an opportunity presents itself.

We will suppose that the professor is asked to testify to a question of fact; for instance, in regard to the strength of an electric current which would be dangerous to life. He takes a seat beside his counsel, and the latter proceeds to dictate to a typewriter his view of what his expert ought to say.

"A man can be killed by five hundred volts" — begins the lawyer.

The expert interrupts: "When accompanied by a strong current."

"Well," muses the counsel, "we want to keep the case clear and simple before the court. It is true, is n't it, that a five-hundred-volt current will kill a man?"

"It is n't the whole truth clearly expressed," the expert may say, and he proceeds to put in a number of "ifs," and to make some learned remarks upon the resistance of the skin, and conditions of heart failure depending upon sex and age.

The counsel, with a dry smile, remarks that "ifs" and "ands" and hypothetical cases will prove like rats to a Boston terrier, and will be well shaken. "It is important to stick to broad assertions, and not to refine too much. We are not writing a scientific essay."

As the dictation goes on, the professor perceives that he is becoming a partisan. He begins to reflect. "Perhaps too close attention to my specialty and a life in a college cloister have made me of too delicate fibre for robust practical life. I am a too gentlemanly football player to help my team;" and it may be he ends by signing the dictated affidavit, which

has not any scientific "ifs," and is true as far as it goes.

The scene now shifts to the room of the opposing counsel, who proceeds to cross-examine the expert.

"Now, professor, our object, you well understand, in this cross-examination, is merely to arrive at the truth." (Heaven save the mark!) "Are there many cases of men being killed by a five-hundred-volt current?"

"Very few."

"Did you ever know of a case?"

"No, not personally; but a man might be killed if the five hundred volts were accompanied by a strong current."

"Objected to as irresponsible; please do not use the word 'if.' You say that you never heard of a man's being killed by a five-hundred-volt current, and you say it is necessary that there should be a strong current together with this voltage to kill a man. How strong a current?"

"Perhaps three fourths of an ampere, the ampere being the unit of current."

"You say 'perhaps;' don't you know?"

"The current," replies the professor, "depends both upon the voltage and upon the resistance it encounters. If the resistance of the skin is small, a current of three fourths of an ampere might enter the human body."

"Objected to as irresponsible. Have you ever measured the resistance of the human skin?"

"No, but I have a very good idea of its amount. I mean, an idea which enables me to form an estimate."

"You have an idea from not having measured the resistance of the skin."

And so the cross-examination proceeds, the professor feeling more and more that he would cut a more impressive figure in lecturing to his students; and even the smile of the typewriter at the "cuteness" of the lawyer is an added drop of bitterness. The only solace he has is in the large check which he has

received for allowing himself to be brow-beaten. He then estimates, perchance, that ten such checks would amount to more than his college salary; and if the poison has begun to work, we can imagine him soliloquizing thus:—

"After all, am I not foolish to refuse to make money in this way? I can arrange my college duties so that I can be absent one or two days in the week. My scientific investigations can wait. Perhaps, after all, investigation is not such very important work. There is a good deal of nonsense about original research. Contact with the world, and knowledge of the applications of science such as expert work gives, may enable me to impart valuable information to my students."

The high ideals begin to disappear one by one, and in time what the professor loses in the estimation of the highest scientific authorities, he gains in the commendations of the patent lawyers.

"Professor So-and-So," said a distinguished counsel to the writer, "is an excellent expert; he never admits too much."

If the professor could divest his mind of his expert work when the job is done, he might possibly carry on his intellectual work with a degree of equanimity; but he is in the condition of Lady Macbeth. The spot will not out. He lies awake nights thinking over the remarks of the opposing counsel and of the opposing experts; and the spectre of an adversary slain by repressed or distorted facts rises like Banquo's ghost. It is far easier to slide down Mount Ideal than to ascend it. To yield once makes it easier to yield again. This is trite philosophy. If George Eliot, in the concluding chapter of *Middlemarch*, had made Lydgate a patent expert, her remarkable portrait of lowered ideals would have stood out in still stronger colors.

In an important patent case, a professional expert spends no inconsiderable portion of his college year in elementary experimental work, endeavoring to make

as lucid as possible the scientific points which the counsel wishes to bring forcibly to the attention of the judge. This apparent lucidity is often gained by suppressing or slurring the real difficulties. The more one knows, the more one is apt, when one's opinion is asked, to ponder over a question in science; for a perfect comprehension of the smallest phenomena in nature demands *au fond* a long process of mental weighing. Huxley, in an essay on Agnosticism, remarks: "In the course of other inquiries I have had to do with fossil remains which looked quite plain at a distance, and became more and more indistinct as I tried to define their outline by close inspection."

The scientific expert, however, finds that, under the existing method of procedure, he cannot give the court the benefit of the broadest and most exact analysis. He must be ready with cock-sure opinions. He must model his scientific method of weighing arguments and presenting facts upon the method of the counsel who sits at his elbow.

"*Mephistopheles.* Ich bin dein Geselle,
Und mach' ich dir's recht,
Bin ich dein Diener, bin dein Knecht.

"*Faust.* Und was soll ich dagegen dir erfüllen?"

We will now turn our attention to the perplexed position of the judge before whom the two lawyers, armed with an equal number of affidavits, make their salaams. The judge does not see the professional witnesses to the scientific facts; he has not the advantage of judging a man's words by his utterance of them. He is asked to read carefully prepared partisan *ex parte* statements, and he listens to comments upon these statements by the learned counsel. This method of procedure might be made the basis of a humorous treatment in a comic opera. One can see the perplexity of a benign judge who has not had the training which might enable him to sift statements on scientific points. His perplexity is as great as that of a professor of sci-

ence, who without legal training might presume to decide points in a case in real property. The condition of many judges is like that of the college president who, after hearing the statement of a proctor that he saw Mr. Smith build a bonfire, and the counter-statement of Mr. Smith that he was not present on the occasion, remarked: "Mr. Smith, the proctor says you were present, and you say that you were not present. You see our difficulty."

The judge, after hearing the arguments of the learned counsel, is left alone with the voluminous affidavits, in which the scientific statements have been pared thin by the lawyers to enable one with no scientific training to see through them. One expert is balanced against another, and the court is plunged into a state of great perplexity. What wonder that, in a recent case, a judge remarked that one side having brought forward four experts and the other side five, and the learned professors on one side having testified in direct opposition to those on the opposing side, he would give a verdict to the side which brought the greater number of experts; and he therefore ordered an injunction to be issued in favor of the latter. One is reminded of the judgments of Sancho Panza in the case brought by the tailor.

The attitude of the judge, therefore, toward the scientific expert is not an entirely respectful one; for he feels that he is dealing with a partisan. He perceives that in the war of wits the *amour propre* of the experts has often been offended, and he recognizes a desire to down the adversary. Close contact with antagonistic men in patent cases acts very much like the shoulder-to-shoulder encounters in football; bad blood is apt to be engendered. The judge feels that his common sense is his chief reliance; and it may be he begins to despise purely scientific points. At the present time, certain judges have the reputation of being patent-breakers, and others that of

stern upholders of patents in their broadest claims. One judge will reverse the opinions of another; and there is no ultimate scientific tribunal before which the statements of the experts can be brought to be examined and affirmed or denied.

The dignity of scientific men is imperiled by engaging in the business of expert testimony; and the dignity of the law is no less in danger, for the business man does not at present rely on the decisions of one judge. He feels that such decisions may be reversed by another judge on a new interpretation of obscure scientific points by pliant experts, and he therefore makes up his mind to fight; to weary out the opposing side, and to bring impecunious inventors to terms by manipulating the perplexities of the judges. The amount of money that is spent in patent litigation by the present method of procedure may be counted every year by millions.

It is incumbent upon a critic of existing evils to suggest a remedy. What other method of procedure is possible? Do not searching examinations bring out the fallacies of expert testimony? Pos-

sibly they do in criminal law. On the other hand, does the professor desire to be treated as a lying witness in a criminal case? Cross-examination of experts might be of more service if the experts could avoid becoming partisans; if the money element could be eliminated; if shallow self-possession could be persuaded to take the back seat, and modest knowledge, with its doubts born of long study, could be properly respected; if—and so one could continue with “ifs.” The most practical remedy, it seems to me, for the existing evils of expert testimony, would consist in making it customary for a judge to call to his assistance any professor of science of high attainment who is not engaged by either of the parties in dispute. If the judge appealed to the State to provide him with scientific advice, and if men eminent in science were selected by the State to aid the judge in his endeavor to arrive at the truth on scientific points, both the bench and the professional chairs would gain in dignity, and the pursuit of truth would again be considered one of the chief characteristics of a scientific life.

John Trowbridge.

MYSTERY.

ELUDE me still, keep ever just before,
A cloudy thing, a shape with wingèd feet.
I shall pursue, but be you strict and fleet,
Unreachable as gusts that pass the door.
Better than doubting eye that eye of yore
Which set tall robbers stalking through the night;
Or of the wind, lane's hollow, briers white,
Made for the Apriltide one ghost the more.
For safe am I that have you still in sight;
See you down each new road, upon you come
In crocus days; under the stripped tree find;
In creed and song, in harvest as in blight;
My chiefest joy till I grow cold and dumb;
Till my years fail, and you are left behind!

Lizette Woodworth Reese.

"TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE" AT HARVARD.

It is three years since I promised The Atlantic Monthly that, by way of closing a series of reminiscences, I would attempt a comparison of Harvard College sixty years ago with the college of to-day.

The subject is an interesting one, and is very apt to come up at class dinners, as old gentlemen, in a figure, pick over their walnuts. If Mr. Hill will pardon a parenthesis, let me say that a hundred years ago and more George Washington would frequently "sit over his walnuts" two hours, really picking out the meats and nibbling at them, with the accompaniment of one only glass of Madeira. The subject is an interesting one, but it has proved so interesting that I have never put pen to paper until now. For *le mieux est l'ennemi du bon*, alas, and one does not very willingly handle a theme which so many other men can work out much better than he.

I am set on it, at last, by the accident that I have been reading this week Mark Pattison's extraordinary and therefore amusing memorials of his own life in Oxford, to which place he went four years before I went to our Cambridge. The book, quite worthless in itself, is amusing, and indeed edifying, when matched in with Stanley's, Ward's, Newman's, and a dozen other memorials of Oxford life at the same time. To an American graduate it is simply amazing as well as amusing, because it exhibits a habit of life — one hardly says of thought — among undergraduates as different from our undergraduate life as the life of Mr. Kipling's four-footed friends is different from the life of Thyrsis and Amyntas in Arcadia. Let me try my hand and memory in giving to the undergraduate of to-day some notion of what undergraduates at our Cambridge did, and what they thought about, fifty or sixty years ago. Possibly this may

show how it happened that a few of them turned out to be of some use in the world.

As matter of familiar speech or language, let me begin with saying that, in the thirties, it was not the habit of Harvard College men or boys to say that they were of Harvard or from Harvard. We knew what such words meant, and Amherst or Williams men used them to us, not we to them. We spoke of ourselves as Cambridge men, — as a Balliol man now might say he was from Oxford. This means, I think, that we all wanted to hold to the phrase in the Constitution of Massachusetts which speaks of the "University at Cambridge." Mr. Everett afterward introduced this on the college programmes and catalogues. It showed that a man was somewhat fresh if he said he was from Harvard. The present fashion came in a little after.

Professor Beers has just now written a pleasant book which he calls Initial Studies in American Letters. He says good-naturedly that "the professors of literature in our colleges are usually persons who have made no additions to literature; and the professors of rhetoric seem ordinarily to have been selected to teach students how to write, for the reason that they themselves have never written anything that any one has read." And after this friendly joke on his own craft, he adds that "the Harvard College of some fifty years ago offers some striking exceptions to these remarks." I will own that, as a Cambridge man, I read with some pride and much pleasure his list of the seventeen years after 1821, in which there graduated Emerson, Holmes, Sumner, Phillips, Motley, Thoreau, and Lowell. He had only to go a little farther to have added Higginson and Parkman. Let me say, in passing, that the inaugural address delivered by Edward Channing in 1819, when he as-

sumed the Boylston Chair of Rhetoric at Cambridge, is still worth reading; and let me also say that we Cambridge men are a little surprised that in Dr. Beers's list we do not find the name of Frederic Henry Hedge. The years of which I am now to speak, of my own undergraduate life, are years included in the period of which Dr. Beers speaks with such approval.

The Oxford of Stanley, Ward, and Pattison, and the Harvard of the same time, touch at only one point. In each, the freshman, on entering, if he thought at all, was amazed at the indifference with which some of his teachers handled the business of education. Here was poor Pattison, an unlicked cub from Yorkshire, who when he was eighteen years old turned up at Oxford. Poor boy, he says he went there with an idea that Oxford was a place for teaching and learning. He went to his first lecture, what we should call his first recitation, without any of the niceties of scholarship, not well grounded in the Greek grammar, and he had not been shown how to read Greek. To his amazement, he found that Dennison, his teacher, did not, in the whole course, make a single remark on Alkestis or Hippolytus which did not come from the notes at the foot of the page. "In less than a week," he says, "I was entirely disillusionized as to what I was to learn in an Oxford lecture-room."

Stanley, four years after, made just the same remark. Stanley had been well trained at Rugby. He went up to Oxford supposing that he was to be taught something. Here is his account, written after a month at Balliol: "Alas, most truly was it said that the last year at school surpassed a hundredfold the first year of college. . . . We construed in the old way, word for word in turn, with one or two unimportant remarks from the tutor." Two out of three classical lectures he finds absolutely useless.

I copy these words from the Oxford

men of that time, because such was exactly our experience in the classics at Cambridge. Our two tutors who had charge of Greek and Latin were young men who had graduated within two years, and, I suppose, wanted to earn their living while they were preparing for professions. We measured them in our first fortnight, and formed the opinion, which I have never changed since, that they knew little more of Latin and Greek than we knew ourselves. I am quite clear that Washburn, our head scholar at the Boston Latin School, could have given either of them points on the Latin and Greek languages. Those of us who had had the advantage of being decently fitted for college went in to the recitations of that freshman year, not with defiance, but with indifference. If we had read the text through before we went in, we knew perfectly well that we should be taught nothing in the hour in which we sat there. I ought not to say this without adding that when, a year after, Jones Very was made tutor in Greek, all this was changed. His boys are grateful to him, not simply, as I am, because he is one of the prophets of our time, but because he compelled them to appreciate Thucydides and Herodotus.

The experience of the afternoon with Benjamin Peirce was that of real education. He was still young, — only twenty-eight years old. If we wanted to have anything explained to us, we might go to his table and sit down with him and have a perfectly friendly talk; of which the consequence was that we learned something from a teacher. In the course of my life I have not had more than five such experiences with persons who took the name of teacher. Mr. Edward Everett's epigram is perfectly true, that in general a person who is called a teacher is a person who hears you recite a lesson which somebody else has taught you.

I think this detail worth repeating, because it shows the difference between the mere perfunctory foolery of a tutor,

who is in his place for a year or two, and the work of a professor, who has the honor of the college at stake, and who, if you please, has his own reputation before him and behind him. As things must go in the world, a boy is apt to leave a first-class preparatory school, probably under the charge of a leader in education, to enter college. He enters college, and he finds that the leaders of the college are engaged with seniors and juniors, and the freshmen are turned into the hands of boys who graduated perhaps only three months before, who have had no experience in teaching, and who are just trying to find out whether they have any gifts in that line. The boy is a fool if he does not feel such a contrast. I owe this remark to Dr. James Walker, so many years president of the college.

There were not then twenty instructors, tutors, and professors in what President Quincy used to call the "academy," the college proper. Of the professors among these, the names of John W. Webster, Henry Ware, Jared Sparks, Henry Longfellow, Cornelius Felton, Benjamin Peirce, and Joseph Lovering are remembered. Several of these men, certainly Longfellow, Lovering, Peirce, Felton, and Sparks, were men of genius, who interested the pupils even if they did not teach them. Emerson's rule applied: "It is of no great consequence what you study; the question is, with whom you study." And yet Felton, who knew Greek, as we all realized, who was an enthusiast about Greek literature, and in private life would fire one with his enthusiasm, never in the recitation-room went a hair's breadth beyond the work of the most humble construer. The upshot of the whole classical training of the college, as far as I was concerned, was that at the end of the junior year I detested the whole business. We were permitted then to elect some of our studies for the senior year, and I gave up Latin and Greek gladly. As I am very fond of language, and as accident after-

wards brought me back into the enjoyment of the classics, my experience has a certain interest. It shows the power of four or five men to blunt a natural appetite by sheer negligence. I am not aware that at the university I received from the appointed teachers the slightest assistance in Greek or Latin, or that any enthusiasm for classical literature came to me from any of them.

But, as I have implied, with mathematics all this was different. Here was Peirce, a leader of leaders, perfectly willing to take by the hand the most ignorant freshman. You felt confidence in him from the beginning, and knew he was your friend.

The common thing to say about Peirce was that the steps of his ladder were so far apart that, though he ascended it easily, other people fell through. Very likely this was true, but he kindled you with the enthusiasm which you needed. I have never forgotten the awful rebuke he gave to the class one day, when some fellow had undertaken to cheat at the black-board. Peirce cut short the formal mathematics to give a lesson about truth. The mathematics were the voice of God; we were in that room because we wanted to find out what truth was; and here was a son of perdition who had brought a lie into that room. We went out from the recitation-room sure that we had been very near God when we listened to that oracle. That sort of relation between teacher and pupil shows what is really meant by "education."

I tried, in an earlier paper, to give some sense of the freshness and vitality of Longfellow's intimacy with his classes, and of Edward Channing's with his. I should be glad to speak at more length of Pietro Bachi, about whose life there was an element of mystery. All I knew of him was that he was an accomplished Italian gentleman, who made friends of us, and who interested us vitally in the literature of Italy. Mr. Sparks read a few lectures while I was in college, and

was perfectly willing to make us companions and to talk with us about American history as a master has a right to talk. With Dr. Webster, also, and with Mr. Harris, the instructor in natural history, we were on intimate terms, and once in a while we got some bit of information from one of them or the other. For the rest, four years of college were, so far as the staff went, four years of mere mechanical drudgery. The bell rang, and you went in to the exercise. You sat through an hour, and heard other men blunder through it. Nobody told anybody anything, and nobody gave anybody any light.

My father published the Boston Daily Advertiser, and so I was one of the few boys in college who had a daily newspaper. After breakfast I used to walk round and get the paper, and was therefore ready to take it in to the eight-o'clock recitation. I used to fold it lengthwise, so that I could turn it over without annoying my neighbors, and read it as the recitation in what they called philosophy went on. When I had done this a week or so, the teacher asked me to stop after the recitation, and remonstrated with me. I said: "You see I make no concealment of it. It seems a pity to waste the hour, and I bring in the paper to read it at that time." I then asked what good there was in my listening to a lot of men stumbling over something which only half of them knew anything about. He assented very frankly to my view of that part of the business. He did not pretend that he assisted by a word the process of learning. He only said he thought the newspaper was bad for the discipline of the place; and I said, if it was his wish that I should not read it, I would not. I closed the conversation by asking him a question on the subject we had in hand, which he could not answer. This anecdote, I think, is worth telling as an illustration of the view which both parties took of the transaction which was called a recitation.

So was it that, for most of us who had any enthusiasm or ambition, the work of the college, so called, was, generally speaking, a sad bore. In my junior year I was so annoyed by a bit of petty tyranny on the part of one of the teachers that I went to Boston and told my father that I must give it all up. I said that I would not bear it any longer; that I wanted to go to work, and I would go to work wherever he would place me. He was a very wise man, and, among other things, he knew how to deal with boys. He told me that he knew very well that this particular person was my inferior. It was one of the misfortunes, he said, of such institutions that they had to enlist a great many inferior men in their management, but that I would find, as I went through life, that I had a great deal to do with men inferior to myself, and that he wanted me to take this experience as a part of the training of the university. His confidence in me would never be abated, he was pleased to say, and I might go back to Cambridge with that feeling. So I went back. I have never changed my opinion about the person who was involved, from that day to this day, but I have been grateful to my father for handling a pettish boy with such wisdom.

On the other hand, if we did not profit much from the functions of the staff, we had a good deal of time left to us in which to work out our own salvation. And as I look on the Cambridge of to-day, I am disposed to ask whether now young fellows who want to work are not kept up to the rack a little too closely. I sometimes think, if I may follow out the parallel with horses, that we got as much from that part of the time when we were kicking our heels in the pasture as we got from the time when we were tied up in the stalls. Anyway, this is what happened: We had, on the average, three recitations a day, sometimes four. For each recitation it took an hour to prepare; at least, that was the rule I

laid down. The thing was a thing to be done. I gave to it an hour; never more, and seldom less. If it could be done in that time, well; if it could not, why, so much the worse for the thing. I was not going to fool away any more time over that. Here were six hours, then, provided for, out of the fifteen. For the rest what? There was not nearly so much of athletics as there is now. There was no gymnasium, but there was, in summer, a circle of six miles radius where anybody who had legs could go in search of wild flowers or of butterflies, or to practice at a mark with pistols, or, if it were at the right season, even to look for partridge or quail or plover. A man could walk over to Revere Beach and collect shells, if the three recitations and the two chapel exercises did not come in at too close periods. Boats on the river were prohibited, under the statute, which we had all agreed to obey, forbidding us to keep "horses, dogs, or other animals."

Then there was the library, — a very poor library, as libraries now go, but it had fifty thousand books in it, and a good many of them were books worth reading. We were permitted to go in and out and find pasture. We took down just what we chose; nobody helped us, and nobody hindered us. There were not many recent books there, but there were a few.

I forget what it was, but something set me on the explorations of the Pacific coast. I read from the invaluable Ebeling collection ever so many things that are of use to me every day of my life now. Very likely this matchless collection gave a direction to my reading ever since, so I am very grateful for it, and to Mr. Eliot who gave it to the college. I used to hunt over the bound volumes of *The Gentleman's Magazine*. Heaven knows what I found there, but I found something. In short, I taught myself how to work up a subject in this precious freedom of the library.

They gave out as a subject for a Bowdoin dissertation *The Difference between the Imaginary Beings of the Poets and Those of Folk-Lore*. I wanted the money for a Bowdoin prize badly, and I wrote on this subject, of which I knew nothing. But I went to the library, I dipped through Pope's *Homer*, Dryden's *Virgil*, and all the recent translations of the prominent Greek and Latin classics, — I had no time to take them in the original, though I was ashamed that I did not, — and I wrote my essay accordingly. It was a good, deserving piece of hack-work, I guess. I have never read it from that day to this, but I know it got a second prize. Morison, my class-mate, got another second prize, and we were both told that neither of the essays was good enough for a first prize. I learned the other day that Mr. Emerson came out in exactly the same way with both of his Bowdoin essays, and any mortification of mine certainly would have been soothed by that discovery. But I have no recollection of any sense of mortification, and I tell the story now simply to show how good a thing a good library is. If Mr. Hill will pardon another parenthesis, I will say that there was nothing which Emerson liked to discourse about more than this very matter of the good of an open library, where a person may rove about at his will. And Dr. Wayland said to me the very same thing. He opened the whole library of Brown University to every pupil he had there. He told me that they never lost a book but one miniature edition of *Shakespeare*, and he said, "And that is doing good to somebody somewhere, now."

In the next place, we had the college societies. Observe there was no professor of botany; there was nobody who taught anything of natural history, excepting that Mr. Harris delivered a few lectures on botany, and Dr. Webster a few on mineralogy. But a lot of the fellows got together who were interested in such things, and we spent a great deal of

time on our collections and on our studies in connection with them. A man took the habit of research from such work in such fashion that he never lost it. Alpha Delta Phi was founded in my day, and did for us exactly the same thing in matters of literature, in history, and in classical study. James Russell Lowell, I rather think, wrote his Beaumont and Fletcher lectures for Alpha Delta, of which he was a member. I know that I did some of the most solid work of my college life in Alpha Delta. And there again the stimulus of coöperation, of friendship, of mutual sympathy, did for us what it was not worth the while of the staff to try to do. The debating societies were much more of an element in college than they are now, and most of us then and there had a chance to learn how to stand erect and speak without a trembling of the knees. I dare say the debates were wretched, but we did learn not to be afraid of an audience.

Our connection with the outside world was very close. Certainly we knew more of its affairs than the average undergraduate does now. This seems rather strange to say, in the presence of the newspaper life of to-day, but I have within ten years met a well-trained graduate, who had taken high rank in modern Cambridge, but did not know that there was any question of copyright between England and America. He had never heard of it. When I was a chaplain at Cambridge, between the years 1886 and 1888, I was constantly seeing young gentlemen who came to me for advice about their career after they should leave college, who had not the slightest idea of the duties of a civil engineer, of a mining engineer, of a clergyman, or of the superintendent of a factory or a railroad. These same men could have told me all about nines and elevens, and such things which I did not know. What I mean to say is that the university is now so large a world that the fellows are much more satisfied with its home con-

cerns than they were then. On the other hand, we were crazily interested in politics. We were just on the beginning of the anti-slavery conflict, and we knew we were. We had our opinions, such as they were, on every important subject which the men of the time were discussing. Nobody pretended to talk about indifference; the word had not yet been applied to college life.

And to bring to an end such hasty generalizations, we were interested in literature, as the average undergraduate of to-day is not. Let me repeat what I said three years ago. Emerson had come from England. He had the first published volume of Tennyson, and we copied Tennyson's poems and passed them from hand to hand. Somebody in Philadelphia had printed Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats in one volume, and we had that volume on our tables as a textbook. I had read every one of the principal poems of the prominent English poets from Chaucer down to Cowper, before I was a junior. I do not believe that there was a man in the Harvard Union who had not read *Paradise Lost*, and who was not reasonably well up in his Chaucer or his Spenser. In brief, literary ambition was the ambition before every man in the class. Although there were a great many stupid men and a great many lazy men, every one of them felt that it would be a disgrace if he were not in touch with literature. I need not say that the presence of Henry Longfellow was a great satisfaction to us in such a habit. I think it more likely, however, that Lowell, who was an undergraduate, showed Tennyson's poems to Longfellow than that Longfellow showed them to Lowell.

Considering the hard things I have said about the indifference of the staff in the recitation-room, I am bound to say that I am afraid we rejected in a very cubbish way their advances in private. I ought to say, what I observe poor old Pattison says, that I feel mor-

tification now for the hardness or coldness with which we almost always received the overtures of officers who were entirely our superiors, who wanted to come into closer touch with us. I was afterwards on the most intimate terms with George Frederick Simmons, a charming and accomplished man, — a little too fine, perhaps, for this world. I am, therefore, personally led to reflect with shame on the sternness with which I had refused every effort which he made, when I was in college, to render my life agreeable to me. He was a proctor, who lived in the next room to me when I was a freshman.

I lived for two years in the same entry with Jones Very, whose sonnets, written at that time, have been of value to me since which I will not try to express. He was our proctor. But I have no recollection of ever entering his room, though he offered me his hospitality in the most cordial and courteous way. I make these two mortifying confessions because I think they may be of use to men who are as young now as I was then. A few years afterward I lost my only opportunity of talking with Allston because I had some ridiculous evening engagement, which of course I have long since forgotten. *Hæc narratio docet* what young people who hear me preach know very well, — that it is always well to talk with people who are wiser than you.

All these personal reminiscences may readily be compared with observations made now in any of the great colleges. There is hardly a detail to which I have referred where matters are not quite different now. Of such details I will speak before I have done. There is certainly an interesting question how far, with us, they have been affected by the very important changes which have come into the government of the university between that time and this. A college which was

changed into a university. How far did this change come from pre-ordained changes of method of administration, and how far is it the result of the growth of the country in wealth and of the growth of the world in intelligence?

Old Dr. Dwight, who was a very wise as well as a very amusing person, now wholly forgotten, says in his journal, when he visits Bowdoin College, that the plan of the government of that college is the same as that of Harvard College, namely, that it has two boards of government, whose only business is to quarrel with each other. The method of government of Yale College, of which he was president, was quite different: it was governed wholly by Dr. Dwight, and any boards that there were stood out of his way. There are who say that this system has been continued at Yale in later times. Anybody who cares for the history of such things might make an amusing study of the parallels and contrasts to be run between Yale and Harvard for a hundred years, resulting from this radical diversity. The theory of Harvard College was that “The Corporation,” as it is still called in very old-fashioned circles, was the executive of the college, and the Board of Overseers a sort of advisory or visitatorial body.

From time to time, from very early times, the professors and tutors would protest; sometimes they would come almost into revolt. Edward Everett published a pamphlet to show that the professors were the proper Fellows of the college, and ought to have some voice in the management of it. But here was the Corporation, the “We are seven” of Dr. Weld’s amusing poem, who had the keys and the money and the power. The Board of Overseers, by the original charter, consisted of the “Governor and Deputy Governor of the State, all the magistrates of this jurisdiction, and the teaching elders [that is, the ministers] of Cambridge, Watertown, Charlestown, Boston, Roxbury, and Dorchester, and

the President of the college of the time being." This cumbrous board, after various changes, in 1814 became a board made up mostly from the Senate of the State; that is to say, of forty laymen. There were also fifteen ministers of Congregational churches, and sundry and various people by subsequent election; and this lasted till 1852. Since 1866, thanks to an admirable arrangement driven through, one might say, by Mr. Darwin Erastus Ware, the Overseers have been made up of the president and treasurer, and thirty persons chosen by the alumni at annual meetings. This practice has resulted in giving a Board of Overseers of very great ability. It has the confidence of the community and of the college.

But, oddly enough, the Board of Overseers has not, and never has had, any direct power excepting in one contingency. When there is no president, the Corporation may not choose a president except by the permission of the Overseers. During that interregnum the Overseers may frighten the Corporation as much as they choose or can. Excepting at that time, they can annoy them a good deal, but can do nothing directly. President Eliot put the thing admirably in his inaugural, when he said:—

"The real function of the Board of Overseers is to stimulate and watch the President and Fellows. Without the Overseers, the President and Fellows would be a board of private trustees, self-perpetuated and self-controlled. Provided as it is with two governing boards, the University enjoys that principal safeguard of all American governments,—the natural antagonism between two bodies of different constitution, powers, and privileges. While having with the Corporation a common interest of the deepest kind in the welfare of the University and the advancement of learning, the Overseers should always hold towards the Corporation an attitude of suspicious vigilance. They ought always to be pushing and prying. It would be

hard to overstate the importance of the public supervision exercised by the Board of Overseers. Experience proves that our main hope for the permanence and ever-widening influence of the University must rest upon this double-headed organization."

For this world is not carried on by the forms of written constitutions; it is carried on by good sense. The Board of Overseers makes an admirable medium between the Corporation and the public. If the Overseers give advice, with an intelligent president who knows mankind, that advice is very apt to be followed, and it is just as well that that advice should not be put in the form of an edict. I had the honor of serving on the board for fifteen years, more or less, and it is the only board on which I ever served which was not a nuisance. At this board, on the other hand, the debates are of the greatest interest, and the conclusions are often of very great importance. But sixty years ago all this was different. The college Faculty met once a week, and determined whether Jones should have an oration or Smith should be suspended. The Corporation also met once a fortnight, I think, and determined whether Casaubon should be appointed professor or Scaliger continue another year as tutor. If the truth were to be told, I do not think the president was much more than the clerk of the Corporation. The poor fellow had a deal of office work to do, and unless he were a man fond of detail he must have winced under it. I have told here the story how, a few years afterward, the first official duty of President Everett was to see that the carpet of Madam Pettigrew's pew in the chapel was properly swept. The Corporation had not much money to spend, they spent it as well as they could, they put in the professors and tutors,—so many for the undergraduate department, so many more for the professional schools,—and then they let the thing go.

As to the Corporation, one speaks of it even to-day with bated breath. It chose, as it still chooses, its own members, who hold for life; but the choice is subject to the approval of the Overseers. There was in old times a theory that there should be one representative of each "learned profession" on the Corporation, but in my time there was no physician; Dr. Walker represented divinity. The five other members of the board, beside the president, were Judge Story, Nathaniel Bowditch, Mr. Francis C. Gray (succeeded by Mr. John A. Lowell), and Mr. Charles G. Loring. People who remember the Boston of fifty years ago will agree with me that it would be hard to find a board more distinguished. There was a little cynical criticism that the Salem element was very strong in it, but the Essex County element has always been so good in Massachusetts' life that nobody seriously finds fault with it. These six gentlemen, with Josiah Quincy, the president, did what they chose with the college. Its affairs seldom got into the newspaper, and, generally speaking, I think people were disposed to let it run on its own wheels in its own way.

But in conversation, for five-and-twenty years after this time, there was more or less speculation as to why, if it were called a university, it should not be a university. A visible stimulus in such conversation was the Phi Beta Kappa oration of Dr. Hedge in the year 1850. Most of the Phi Beta orations had had a great deal of the same sort in them, but Hedge spoke with authority, because he had himself been at Göttingen, and so far knew what he was talking about. It is not the place of this paper to review the history of the changes, which seem marvellous, which have made the university of to-day. All that I am asked to do is to compare the methods of to-day with the methods of sixty years ago. A review of the history would have little interest to any one outside the college cir-

cle, and I have said almost all that I can say in the reminiscences which I have already given in this magazine.

After the freshman year, the undergraduate of to-day has very large latitude in his choice of studies. Sixty years ago, he might select the modern language he would study, and when he became a senior he might go on with Latin and Greek or not, as he chose; but practically these were the only matters left open to his choice. It followed that every man, when he graduated, had a certain knowledge of the externals of science and criticism, which I think the graduates of to-day hardly claim. He had an outside knowledge, little more, in the half dozen ranges of inquiry which were then classified as separate sciences. On the other hand, it was simply impossible for a man to go as far as any well-intentioned undergraduate can go now, in any study. No matter how much a man might be interested in philology, what he might do in college was simply to translate such and such books, and that was the end of it; nobody meant to teach him philology, — of which, indeed, nobody excepting Mr. Felton knew much. If a man were interested in English literature, he could work it up, as I said Mr. Lowell did Beaumont and Fletcher; but it was nobody's business to tell him whether Beaumont were a writer under Darius Hystaspes, or Fletcher one of the authors of the Vedas. In this remark I think I have stated what is substantially the contrast between that high school of 1835 and the university of to-day.

It must be remembered that the annual income of the college in 1842 was \$225,561. Its annual income now, as recorded by the treasurer in his last report, is \$1,201,908. In the same year, 1894-95, the treasurer received from what he calls "receipts exclusive of income," meaning new gifts and incidental or occasional receipts, \$1,900,000. The total funds in 1842 were \$680,649; in

1895 they were \$8,381,586. Such figures alone are enough to show the world-wide difference between what was done then and what is attempted with so great success now. Yet if anybody is audacious enough to compare the all-round information, say, of Jared Sparks in matters of history with the accomplishments of gentlemen who have to deal with history to-day, why, let him make the comparison. Only let him remember that the business of the college of that day was to make all-round scholars, while the business of the college to-day is to make men skillful in their respective departments of science or of study.

This is certain, that the university of to-day gains immensely over the college of that time in its nationality. Dr. Beers says, in the book to which I have referred, that the college of that time was equipped mostly by men of eastern Massachusetts, and was for students from eastern Massachusetts. This is as true as most epigrams are. But it is quite sure that, of the professors of that time, almost all had grown up in this region of country. Longfellow came from as far away as Portland; Beck came from Germany; the foreign-language gentlemen were all, I think, natives of European countries. But for the rest, they were Yankees, and had the instincts and prejudices of Yankees. Now it is an advantage which cannot be overestimated, to the undergraduate of to-day, that he falls in with gentlemen from Japan and other parts of Asia, from Europe, from Canada, from South America, from the shores of the Pacific Ocean, and probably from every State of

the forty-five. He has among his professors such men as Shaler, Royce, Bôcher, Sumichrast, Lanman, Francke, — not to go farther than the first page of the catalogue, — men who really know that there is a nation called the United States, west and south of the Hudson River. The provincialism which was almost a necessary element, and an important element, in the Harvard College of 1830 and 1840 exists no longer. There was at that time, undoubtedly, a notion that it would be better if the professors could all be graduates of our own college. Longfellow was from Bowdoin, but as I look over one of the old catalogues I do not observe any other professor who was not a Harvard graduate, excepting the gentlemen from Europe. Now we are glad to welcome, from all climes and all schools of training, whoever can help us. There is no such thing as Prussian algebra or Carolinian optics or Californian divinity; and the undergraduate of to-day may go to Cambridge as narrow and bigoted as most freshmen are, but after four years he will come out with a great deal of such nonsense taken out of him. The most important part of that nonsense will be his impression that he is a person of any great importance himself.

In the same years he will slowly lose the other impression, that the particular place in which he was born had any special importance in the theory of the good God for the constitution of the universe. If one get only this out of four years of college, he has gained what he gains in no other method of training for life with which I am acquainted.

Edward Everett Hale.

GIRLS IN A FACTORY VALLEY.

VI.

IN the factory valley that I am describing rum-shops are plentiful. Commerce exists, as well as manufacture. Boys and girls go out from their homes at an early age upon business errands. The moral problem inevitably takes on a serious aspect in such a region, and any solution of it must include both sexes in its operation.

Some years ago, Eunice and Katy, having lost their mother in early childhood, were left fatherless when they were respectively sixteen and fourteen years old. They had two little brothers. They worked in a mill, and determined to keep up their home, — an unwise determination, for that home was a wretched tenement in an evil neighborhood, where a bad old woman kept house for them.

One day the chief of police had these girls arrested, — on general principles, apparently, for they were committing no offense at the time. The chief was acting from kindly motives, for he knew that they were frequently in the streets at night, and were in bad company. An older girl, who was undeniably a moral offender, was arrested with them. They were all three taken to the station-house, where the younger ones broke down, and cried in childish terror.

Now mark the significance of this fact as to future health and morality: the oldest girl was known to belong to a vicious circle of comradeship, which included in its ranks more than forty men and boys, whose names were in the possession of the chief of police, but no man or boy was arrested, either to save himself or anybody else from further corruption.

The oldest girl was sent to a correctional institution. The chief summoned the agent of the Associated Charities to

help him deal with the pair of younger ones. Undoubtedly, the two men talked with fatherly kindness as well as wisdom to the frightened children. Eunice and Katy promised that they would do anything, live anywhere and in any way that the agent thought best, if only they need not be sent to the state institution for young offenders. The agent gave bail for them, broke up their housekeeping, sent their brothers to a Catholic asylum, obtained board for the girls themselves in a family of which their priest approved, and engaged a "friendly visitor" to look after them awhile, — a motherly woman, who was determined not to think them very bad girls.

It was impossible not to hope that they had thus been withdrawn permanently from that vicious circle into which they had only just entered; but that hope was the less pleasing, because, unless more radical measures were employed, the withdrawal of Eunice and Katy from their companions meant simply a wilder and a wider movement of loose revelry among those who were left, and a more urgent temptation pressed upon some other two girls to join the circle and fill the vacant places.

VII.

Jenny Dolan was a timid, awkward child of twelve or thirteen when I first observed her in the crowd of dirty-fingered little creatures who chattered and wriggled over their calico patchwork in the sewing-school. It was a wet winter night, and she had no overshoes. I promised her that I would give her a pair if she came again to the school and told me that her parents could not afford to get them, but said I trusted that she would be perfectly truthful with me, and would

not ask me for the shoes if her mother could buy them. The next week she came with new overshoes. When I learned more about the family, I often wondered how she had prevailed upon her parents to make the purchase, and I felt that her instinct of honesty must have been stirred by my trial of it.

I never saw Jenny's father, but I inferred that he was possessed of no distinguishing merit as a member of a domestic circle. Mrs. Dolan was a big, blatant, dark-faced vixen, a beer-drinker, a woman who taught her daughters little that they should know, about housework or about cleanliness and decency of personal habits. I do not mean that she was an immoral woman, but she lived as a coarse and violent animal lives. Jenny had an older sister, a girl with a loosely made frame, and of a type morally and mentally inferior to herself. When Mrs. Dolan became angry, she would drag her daughters around the room by their hair, and beat them with a little iron instrument designed to lift the covers off a stove, or with any other convenient weapon. There were two or three boys in the family, one of whom was badly deformed and crippled.

The Dolan children were all sent to school more or less, except Jenny, who was kept at home to help in the housework, until she was put into the mill. She never learned to read, but she used to take books regularly from the sewing-school library and carry them home to her crippled brother. It was rather slowly that I became aware that there was something touching in her personality. A year or two later she attended for a season a sewing-class taught by some friends of mine, and manifested there the same quiet amiability I had noticed in her.

"When we give the girls apples or oranges," said one of her teachers, "Jenny never eats hers; she always carries them home to her lame brother. Her sister Mary just gobbles hers up. There's

something about Jenny that goes to your heart."

She grew to be a tall, slim young woman, and when she was about seventeen she married a boy not yet of age, a lad of an English Protestant family belonging to a somewhat better class than the Dolans. They began housekeeping without money, and there was little or none on hand when the first baby came; and though Jenny finally learned to save—"put nickels by," as she expressed it—when other babies were expected, she never got together enough at once to lift her domestic life above the plane of a hand-to-mouth struggle for existence.

For years she came to see me in all her troubles. Her manner was subdued and serious, but she did not show much ability to think, though once she hazarded the reflection: "We must bear what comes to us. He"—she meant her husband—"says God is good." She always spoke of her husband either with great formality as "Mr. Smith," or simply as "he." I never had any reason, except what might be drawn from the remark just quoted, to suppose that "he" was in any sense a religiously inclined character.

As the years went by, Jenny gradually glided into the position of a person who must be regularly assisted over hard places. In the course of this long and familiar intimacy I learned some startling facts as to the training of a girl in such a home as hers had been,—facts the nature of which will be sufficiently indicated by the fact that I discovered, several years after her marriage, that she had never owned a hair-brush, but that she and her husband had one broken comb in joint possession.

She had been married only a year or two when her husband went out driving one night with a horse which he had no clear moral or legal right to use. It was not at all a case of stealing,—only of boyish borrowing from somebody who had not the authority to lend. He drove

too fast and ran against something, doing a trifling damage. He was thoroughly alarmed, and promptly fled from the town. Jenny waited only a few days before deciding that he had deliberately deserted her. She showed unexpected energy, sold what little furniture they had, and went with her child to her mother's home. Hardly had she installed herself there when she received a letter from her husband, and soon afterwards he came himself and settled up the difficulty about the horse in a manner satisfactory to all persons concerned. He had been away only about a fortnight, and had some grounds for complaint against his wife that she had shown so little faith in him. Conjugal desertions and temporary separations between husband and wife are things of such common occurrence in this class of society that Jenny naturally leaped to the conclusion that she had become the victim of one of these happenings; and when we talked to the husband and wife together, both seemed meekly willing to admit that each had done wrong and must forgive the other. A little money was lent them, and they redeemed their furniture, and for some time afterwards Jenny came honestly at irregular intervals, bringing a dollar to pay towards liquidating her debt, until her creditors could bear no longer to receive her savings, and forgave her the rest.

This transaction and the evident effort which she made then to realize the nature of an obligation did not prevent her, as time wore on, from falling into the habit of coming with requests for "change" when she needed medicine for the children, or for clothing and even food, when "he" had been "sick" or "loafing" more than usual because he was out of work. I was never able to learn certainly whether he had any definite vices or not. She always said, when I asked her if he drank, "I don't know, but I never smell any liquor on him." I grew, however, to suspect that he indulged in

petty gambling. Jenny was certainly a poor housekeeper and manager. She knew very little about cooking or the use of grain foods, and had been married a number of years before she learned that rice was a thing her children would eat and that it was cheap.

After a season of especial distress I inquired closely into the distribution of her income, and she then confessed that "he" kept back a dollar a week for his own use, to buy tobacco and newspapers and to do what he pleased with. This seemed a pretty large sum to be appropriated to such purposes by a man whose wife had sometimes worn a pair of men's shoes, or had even been obliged to borrow a pair to enable her to go out of doors and come to me for assistance. I told her that he kept too much of the money for his own use, and she said in her usual meek way that she would talk to him about it; but she added, "I never jaw him; I just get on." They looked upon their weekly income as something to be spent as it came in for three weeks, and they threw the burden of the whole month's rent on the proceeds of the fourth week. I reasoned with Jenny on this subject. She got hold of the idea at last that the rent should be saved week by week, and on a subsequent visit she naively informed me that she had told "him" what I had said, and he had admitted that my theory of rent must be correct; "but," she said, "he had never before thought of it that way." Jenny also accomplished the intellectual feat of learning that it was as difficult to go without food and fuel in order to pay up a back store bill as it was to stint herself and her family during any season of "sickness" or "loafing" which reduced the amount of money available for food and fuel. After she had learned this, she made some heroic effort to take her hardships in the period of reduced income, and to avoid running up bills. Doctors' bills could not be so avoided, and the family was perennially in debt to a physician.

One phase of her mental experience was curious to me. Having married a Protestant, she grew indifferent to the Catholic faith, and did not have her children baptized in that church.

"Is it because of the expense," I asked her, "or don't you care?"

"It's because I don't care anything about it," she answered.

She seemed to love her babies, but when one little girl was ill it was amazing to see how ignorant the mother was, and how unable to care for the child or make it comfortable. After it died, she came for several years to get flowers to put on its grave on Memorial Day.

When her little boy was about six years old, she sent him two or three times, during one of her more impoverished seasons, to ask for money. Then I wrote her a note. I knew she could not read it herself, and was very willing that her husband should be obliged to read it to her. I had the notion that he was perfectly content that begging should be the part of the family labor which belonged to his wife, but I did not wish this task passed on to his child. I wrote to Jenny that either she or her husband must come in person for any aid they needed in money. She came within a few hours to see me, gentle and patient as ever, and I explained to her why it must have a bad effect on the child's character to accustom him to do begging errands. She admitted, with something of that touching element evident in her humility which had kept my interest in her so long alive, that I was right, and she promised never to send the boy again.

Jenny did not improve in her appearance as she grew older. She was never very pretty, but when quite young she had rather sweet, Madonna-like eyes. She became coarser in color and outline. I did not like her looks. Rumors began to reach me that she was drinking, and at last I asked her if these stories were true. She gently but decidedly denied them. Two years have passed since

she last came to me for aid or sympathy. I cannot but believe that she has really taken to drinking, and that since she is not willing to confess her fault, she has refrained from making any moral or material demands upon me, because she could not quite bring herself to repeat her denials.

VIII.

There was one young girl whose story is of value in the study I am trying to make, chiefly because of the light it throws on the careless tenure of the family obligation in the class which drifts easily into the ranks of vice and crime. The girl had apparently a nature poised between good and evil. Mr. B. found her, at five or six o'clock one morning, standing on the platform of a railroad station, where she had just alighted from a train that had come a long distance. She was a little creature, wore a childish frock, carried for baggage a small parcel, and seemed to be about thirteen years old.

She was asking the freight agent how she could get a carriage to take her to a certain house in the town, naming the street and the number. Startled and horrified, the impulse of the Good Samaritan awoke in Mr. B.'s heart, and he took upon himself the responsibility of answering.

"You don't want to go there," he said.

"Yes, I do," she persisted. "My sister lives there."

She went on to tell him that her sister was a member of a theatrical company in the town, and had sent for her to come and make a visit, and she had just arrived, having come from some town in Pennsylvania.

"Well," said Mr. B. at last, "I am going by that house, and can show you the way, so you don't need a carriage; but you'd better not go. That house was raided by the police a night or two ago. Do you know what that means?"

She appeared to understand that it implied something rather bad, but still declared that she must go and see if her sister was there. She was a delicate child, not pretty, not intelligent looking, yet with something wistful about her face, and something in her undeveloped expression that appealed to one's sympathy, as a little stray animal might appeal to it.

Her new-found friend conducted her to the house, but resolved not to leave her till some clear indication appeared as to what he ought to do for her. He went in, and waited in a downstairs room, while somebody received the girl in a manner which showed that she was expected, told her that her sister had gone away, and took her upstairs.

Concerning the events of the next few minutes nothing need be said, except that the child rushed down to her protector, eagerly imploring him to take her away at once. No one dared to interfere as he led her forth, and he took her straight home to his wife.

That good woman received her as if she had been the daughter of a near friend. The girl seemed perfectly satisfied to make no further effort to find her sister. She described her home life in Pennsylvania as not very happy. The sister had lived away from her family a long time. Did not her father and mother know about her character? To such a question she had little to answer. "We knew she had been bad," she admitted, "but she had been home on a visit, an' we thought she was all right now, an' we forgive her."

She did not satisfactorily explain how she came to be allowed to take such a journey and run so great a risk to visit such a sister. One parent had wanted her to accept the invitation; the other had not, but had finally consented. The sister had promised "to do" for her when she came, had told stories of money and luxury as a result of her theatrical business. The child accounted for her

lack of baggage by the fact that her sister had promised to give her clothes.

A letter was sent to the address she gave, and a reply manifesting no interest in her was received. She undoubtedly had a father and probably a mother in the place whence she said she came, but they were evidently not inclined to do anything about getting her back, and she herself had no money with which to return.

She was a capable and industrious little body. She helped the woman who had sheltered her, and was even anxious to do more and harder work about the house than her new friends would permit. Notwithstanding her energy she was very childish in her looks and ways, and sobbed and cried in her sleep as if some terror were upon her.

"Don't be frightened; you are safe with us," the woman assured her in motherly fashion, when she awoke from her troubled dreams.

At last a situation as child's nurse was found for her in a neighboring city. She took in a docile spirit the good advice given her, and was sure the glimpse of evil which she had had in that awful house where she had sought her sister would make her turn away from many temptations. Her new friends let her go with feelings of real interest and affection. After she had gone, they came sadly to the conclusion that she had carried with her the contents of a ten-cent savings-bank, which she had stolen from them.

IX.

"I never knew a happy hour till I left home. Of course I would n't have gone if my father had n't given his consent, but he did say I might. He works in the same mill I do. Oh yes, he and I are good friends. My mother, she was pretty well educated, but my father is a man who can't read or write."

I looked at the girl as she sat sewing

and talking, and saw a young creature with delicately cut though slightly irregular features, and large expressive eyes that had big black circles under them. She had a colorless skin, pale brown hair, and a singularly bright and charming smile. Her personality was of the kind that proclaims itself at once as interesting. She was twenty years old, and looked about seventeen.

Her name was Jessie March. Her mother died when she was a baby. A stepmother, burdened as the years went on with the care of many children, and not dowered with any especial graces of nature, made of the poor little stepchild a household drudge, to whom no kindly caress was ever vouchsafed, for whom no gentle or helpful deed was ever done.

Jessie was put to work in a mill when she was eleven years old, after which she came out four times for a three months' term of school attendance. She never went to an evening school. Her only holidays were when she was sick, and nobody took care of her. She was obliged to do a great deal of housework out of mill hours. The poor little girl dragged on this unchildlike life till childhood was gone. When she was seventeen, she felt that she could bear it no longer, and agreed with her father that she should control her own wages and take charge of herself.

"I don't see how you dared attempt it," I said, "when you were ill so much."

"I don't think I should have lived much longer if I had n't," she answered. "I'm ever so much better now. Oh, I've got on splendid the last year. I make a dollar a day, an' I pay three dollars a week for my board. The lady I live with does my washing with hers in the winter. I don't have much. In the summer I do my own washing. I don't like to iron very well. The sleeves and the basque of a dress bother me," with a little laugh, as if she remembered some particular struggles over the ironing-board. "But you just set me down

before a tubful of suds and clothes, and I'm happy. I *love* to wash. The people I board with are real good to me. They're what you call Irish Protestants. I go to St. Mary's Church, — Catholic."

Jessie joined a working-girls' club after she had been away from home about a year, and she enjoyed very much the social life it gave her. "I feel," she said eagerly, "as if I had so many more friends than I ever had before."

One summer she went to the seashore through some club arrangement, and for a week was as happy as possible. "I came home so well!" she said. "I gained six pounds in that week."

She loved amusements, and went to parties and even to balls occasionally, — "nice balls," given by a certain "literary society." She did not know much about the literary character of this society, but she knew it was a "select crowd" that attended their dances. She spent three hours one evening — after her day's work, of course — ironing the clothes she was to wear at a ball the next night. Once she wore white muslin over pink, and once she went to a dance all in white to her shoes, and carried a red-and-white bouquet. Her dress, when I saw her, showed that she liked ornaments. Her movements had a sort of dainty freedom when she walked. As for dancing, she had danced till three o'clock on a certain Friday night, taken her breakfast at four, sat laughing and enjoying herself with her friends until it was necessary to leave the house in order to reach the mill at half past six, and then, not having been in bed at all, she had worked through the Saturday half-day, and would have been glad to go to a dance again Saturday night. But she confessed, with a laugh, that she felt tired on Sunday. A doctor, she said, had told her once that her health would be better if she had more "good times." The amount of her dancing dissipation must not be overestimated. She had been to only two balls and four home

parties in a whole winter. Hers was evidently a rich, feminine nature that had been undernourished, but she was very willing to be happy. I have asked her how she was getting on, when she was looking particularly ill, and she has smiled flashingly and answered enthusiastically, "Oh, fine!"

Jessie had a generous pleasure in the beauty of other women, and I have heard her describe very eagerly how pretty a certain younger girl had been a year or two before, when she came first to work in the mill, and had golden curls falling down on her shoulders. She had an intimate friend whom she also thought "very pretty." "She's three years older'n me," she said. "We work on the same bench, an' I've been to her for advice about almost everything since I left home, and what she tells me to do always turns out the right thing. She's been a real guardian angel to me."

X.

James O'Halloran had served in India under the British flag. He was a tall, dark man, with large, soft, melancholy eyes. Some strange fate had married him to a common-looking, pale-faced little woman, and brought him to end his days in a New England factory village. During the last years of his life he was too ill of consumption to work in the mill, so he swept and cooked at home, and his wife and older children worked in the factory. There was a certain element of beauty in the man's personality, and a pathetic quality either in himself or in his situation which strongly appealed to the sympathetic imagination.

There was a lady who used to visit the family occasionally in a friendly manner, which moved greatly the hearts of the husband and wife. Probably no woman of her class ever treated them just as she did, though what she did was without much thought on her part, and

she was stirred with some remorse later to think how little she deserved their gratitude. Indeed, she confessed to me that her memory retained only three or four distinct and vivid impressions of her intercourse with them.

She remembered that once O'Halloran came in the springtime and stood near a great hawthorn-tree at her gate, and she went forward to speak with him. He looked very thin and haggard and feeble, — his life so wasted and worn, and the earth so fresh and sweet, that the contrast printed his image upon her brain. Another day she passed his house, and seeing him at the open window with the look of illness on his face, she gave him two or three flowers which she chanced to be carrying. Finally, she was going away from the village, and she went to bid him good-by. He lay on his bed, too weak to rise any more.

"Good-by," he whispered, as she and his wife stood beside him. "I'll never see you again."

All difference in rank seemed to the lady of no consequence at that moment. She and the husband and the wife were three human souls together, and one of them was about to learn the mystery of things which she did not know. She took his hand, and his dying eyes gazed into hers through the mist that death was already drawing over them. "Good-by," she said gently.

Some time afterward she returned to the village, and Mrs. O'Halloran sought her, and told her, with tears in her eyes, of her husband's last days.

"He was losing his senses, and his mind was full of you. He'd forget, an' each day he would say, 'Was the lady here to-day?' An' I'd say, 'The other day, James.' An' he'd say, 'Tell her I blessed her on my dyin' bed, an' that I said I'd never forget her, an' I'd pray for her when I'd left this life forever.' He could n't forget you, never. He even went so far as to say he'd give up his place in heaven to you, but he knew

that was n't needed ; heaven was for all. He gave the prettiest smile when he was dyin' you ever see. He turned his head, — I was a-settin' by the side of the bed, — turned his head *so*, an' smiled. You never could forget it, it was so pretty. I fretted a deal for him. I couldn't help it. I cried the day I heard you'd come back, it brought him so to my mind. Ellen says : ' Mother, what do you cry for ? Father's better off where he is. He had to suffer so much here.' She'd say that, she's so *wise*, but she'd cry herself an' not let me see it. He said he'd 'a' been glad to die long ago, he'd suffered so much in the beginnin' of his sickness, but he kept it to himself. He was n't a man to give in easy. He buried it in. He was a smart man, but he got disheartened, he'd had such a hard time."

So the widow rambled on innocently, telling how the life-insurance money had paid up the expenses of her husband's death and funeral, and had enabled her to start with her children on their new mode of life, now that the invalid father was gone.

The "lady" left Ann O'Halloran and her brood as a sort of legacy to me, and an occasional visit to them kept me for several years informed as to their general welfare.

The oldest child was the "wise" daughter Ellen, who was about seventeen when her father died. She was a slender girl, with a face a little longer and thinner than the perfect oval, brown hair, quiet eyes, and a delicately cut aquiline nose. Although a demure and serious expression was that most characteristic of her, she had a very winning and happy smile.

Ellen was a skillful seamstress ; that is, skillful for one of her class, factory girls not being generally very clever in their use of the needle. She could run a sewing-machine, cut out garments after a fashion, and sewed by hand moderately well. She did a kind of work in the

factory which sometimes permitted her to leave the mill quite early in the afternoon. The mother and the other children who were old enough also worked in the mill, and the housework was done at odd hours.

Ellen was not robust, but she grew stronger as time went on, and when she reached her twentieth year the family struck a period of comparative prosperity, such as frugal factory families are apt to enjoy for a few years, after a number of the children are pretty well grown, but before these same children are old enough to claim the use of their own wages. It is a short, happy season for parents, who are at last able to draw breath with a leisurely mind, and to feel that life is not a burden beyond their strength. It ends speedily as a period of family life, for the children marry, and the parents are thus gradually deprived of their wages, and the brief season of parental prosperity and authority dwindles to a close.

Before we consider how Ann O'Halloran and her sweet-faced daughter bore themselves during this harvest-time of the family existence, it is just not only to remember the strong and healthy impulses of youth and the holy sanction that nature sets upon a young girl's desires, but to reflect a moment on the mother's past life. For years she had borne children, thirteen in all, and had not been able to cease her labors during a large proportion of those hours which are sacred to repose in the lives of more fortunate women. Eight of her children had died. Sickness and sorrow had added themselves to poverty in her lot. Her husband's long illness had obliged her to supplement her maternal and housewifely cares with mill work. He had done all he could in the house, but as he grew sicker she had had to do more, and during the last months of his life she had been obliged to leave the mill to take care of him and the home, so that the family income had been re-

duced to the lowest point when she most needed money. Poor Ann must often have seen those whom she most loved needing medicines which she could not get, and dying without comforts which she had no money to procure for them. After his death came indeed an easier time, but life still meant for her hours of toil before and after each day of ten to eleven hours in the factory. It meant washing, sweeping, baking, and scrubbing, and the daily tramp back and forth beside the cotton-machines sandwiched in between, as if it were a relish to a woman's household occupations.

When Ellen was twenty, there were two boys beside herself and her mother at work, and only a couple of younger children to be supported. Mrs. O'Halloran realized that now had come the time when she might hope to buy rocking-chairs, bits of carpet, or other things dear to the matronly heart, and still make provision for her old age.

One summer the united earnings of the family amounted to seventy dollars a month, and Ann would have been happy but that her confidence in the future was shaken by the fact that Matt Hughes kept coming to see Ellen. He did not act like an ordinary lover, sat quietly in the kitchen with the family during his evening visits, and showed no signs to the chance visitor which would give the impression that he was "keeping company" with Ellen, unless it were indeed the cheerful alacrity with which he would go down into the cellar to get a hod of coal for the tired mother. Notwithstanding his attentions to her, Ann complained bitterly to Ellen about his visits.

"If you don't want him to come here, mother," the girl would answer calmly, "you tell him so yourself. He won't come if you ask him not to."

Ann was too wise or too polite to act on her daughter's suggestion and turn Matt out of her house. She undoubtedly liked the young fellow, and possibly felt in his presence that subjection to

masculine energy which had marked her relations to her husband, whom she had always treated as a superior being. Poor soul, she was not accustomed to order men here and there, and in and out. It had been her rôle to be ordered. But however much she liked Matt or deferred to him personally, she had no mind that he should marry her Ellen and possess himself of twenty dollars a month of her rightful income. In a sense, Ellen might be said to be earning that twenty dollars now; but had not the mother preëmpted it and really earned it in her long sleepless nights beside the couch of dying children, in the fearful days when she had dragged herself about her tasks with new-born babies at her breast, in the months when she had worked with the buzzing cotton-machinery foretelling her approaching widowhood?

She probably did not reason out the grounds of her claim to dispose of her sweet young daughter's life as she wished, but she held to her claim obstinately, and showed such an ugly temper about it that Ellen came to the conclusion that if she attempted to marry Matt in the usual fashion, her mother would pursue her to the altar and make her wrathful outcry in the very church.

Ellen had no fancy for being "shamed" before her little world. If there must be "scenes" about her marriage, she had a healthy, undramatic preference for private ones. What conferences she had with Matt upon the subject I know not, but it is not likely that those peaceful hours spent in the society of the family, around the kitchen stove, represented all the intercourse between these two honest young lovers, and at last Ellen came to a wise and virtuous resolution as to what she would do.

She went, with her brave, steady, maidenly eyes, straight to the parish priest, and told him just how she was situated. The priest apparently held that Ann could manage very well on fifty dollars instead of seventy a month, and

doubtless he also reflected upon the fact that Ellen was a full-grown woman and a sensible one by this time; for he gave his sanction to the plan she had formed and upon the execution of which her heart was intent.

When a girl has "the magic circle of the Church" thus drawn around her young purposes, what need has she to torment her conscience with further scruples? Ellen, indeed, does not appear to have troubled herself or her lover with any more questioning or hesitation. She appealed to a girl friend whose domestic arrangements permitted her the control of her own wages, and she borrowed of her twenty dollars. With this money she purchased materials, and as this was one of the seasons when she could get through her mill work, nearly every afternoon, at about four o'clock, she had plenty of time to work on her stuff, and then hide it away before her mother and the boys came home, soon after six. She had a sewing-machine to use, in making her little trousseau; for Ann, giddy with prosperity, had taken one to be paid for by installments. The payments had not all been made, but Ellen had the machine as she pursued her secret labors, her gray eyes doubtless growing tender, and her sweet, prim mouth curving into a smile that was half shrewd, half simple, as she fed the needle with the long seams.

Christmas was near at hand, when one morning Ellen started for the mill as usual, carrying her early lunch in her little tin pail. The mother and daughter worked in different buildings, so that their paths diverged, and as soon as Ellen was sure Ann could not see what she did she turned and fled back to the house. There she made some change in her dress, left the deceitful little pail, and then, with such a beating of her heart as may be guessed, she left once more the home of her girlhood. She shut behind her the door that had closed after the dead body of her soldier father, and,

with a spirit as high as his had ever been in India, she stepped forth alone into the world.

Matt met her a short distance down the street. All that she had to do alone was now done. He had a carriage waiting. They jumped into it and drove to the church. Whether they went that short half-mile in a carriage so as to make it certain that no one who might see them would have time to get report to the mother before they should reach their destination, or whether they took that bridal drive for the mere splendor of it, I do not know, but in this fine though hurried fashion they proceeded on their way to the nuptial altar. The priest married them immediately, and they came back to a house opposite Ellen's own home. Some friends received them, and here the bride remained hidden all day.

Soon after the ceremony somebody went into the mill and told Ann what had happened. She rushed like a crazy woman into the street. On the way she met one of the mill overseers, who vainly attempted to quiet her with sensible masculine advice not to take the matter too much to heart. She flew on to her home, and was speedily convinced that Ellen, married or not, had really gone somewhere. Ann had a brother who lived in a town some six or seven miles distant, and she seized the idea that perhaps her daughter had gone thither; so she started for his house, walking or riding in public conveyance, always hurrying, and her heart growing hotter all the way, till she nearly fainted when at last she reached his doorstep.

Her excitement and rage were not allayed by learning that she had had her journey for nothing, since nobody at her brother's knew anything about Ellen. She went wearily back to her own habitation, and was maddened afresh to learn towards night that the runaway had been in a house so near her as probably to have seen her start forth and return from her frantic search. She scurried across the

street, forced her way into the house and the room where the bride was, leaped upon her like a wild animal, beat and tore her with her hands and berated her with her tongue.

Village opinion did not wholly justify Ann for making this assault. "I should n't have thought she was a woman to do as she did," said one of her neighbors, telling me the story rather obscurely, as if she were a little ashamed to put in words how outrageous had been Ann's conduct.

Ann herself seemed to feel no shame, when relating the occurrences of that strange wedding-day. "I bate her," she said frankly, — "I bate her till I felt satisfied."

Ellen never alluded to the attack in talking to me, but dwelt rather on the speedy overtures her mother made towards reconciliation. "I knew she could n't keep away from me long," she said, with her delicate smile, "an' it was n't a week before I looked out one mornin' an' saw her comin' in to see me."

At that time the factory help were paid only once a month, and so it happened that it was not until days after her marriage that Ellen received the envelope containing the wages due for the work done in the last part of her maidenhood. The sum amounted to twenty-three dollars. Matt put two dollars more with it and paid it over to Ann, and then he and Ellen felt their consciences very clear of offense.

They went after a little while to board with the mother, so that she, rather than a stranger, might profit by what they could pay. Filial-minded as she was, Ellen, however, was as clear-headed and resolute as ever, and she soon saw that, notwithstanding its apparent advantages, this was not an arrangement likely to conduce to the final happiness of any of the persons concerned, and she and Matt, after a short trial of it, decided to leave and go to housekeeping. When the bor-

rowed twenty dollars which had furnished her trousseau were paid back, Matt's wages easily supported the little establishment, while hers — for she continued during some time to work in the mill — could be saved or used to pay for furniture.

I was very much amused, at this period in her life, to see that, notwithstanding all she had dared to "marry her own love," she still manifested the true Irish reserve as to confessing that she really loved Matt. "Oh yes, she liked him," spoken in an indifferent tone, or, "Yes, he's pleasant," — such admissions as these were all I could draw from her, till at last I boldly asked her if it would have made any difference to her relation with her lover if her mother had forbidden him to come to the house, as she so nonchalantly told the widow she might do before their marriage. A gleam came into Ellen's gray eyes, and she smiled demurely. "I'll tell you the truth," she said. "It would n't have made any difference; I'd ha' seen him somewheres else."

Her womanly reticence did not prevent her from waxing enthusiastic over her enjoyment in her housekeeping. She was delighted over a present of a toilet set given them by one of Matt's relatives, and she described the life that she and her young husband led in a way that betrayed the happiness they felt in their companionship. "He never goes out without me," she said, "not of an evening or a Sunday. He stays in the house all day," — she repeated the joyous fact, — "unless we go for a little walk together. We take books from the library, — books of travel an' the like. He reads aloud to me, while I'm workin' round the room. It gives us something to talk about; an' sometimes he reads something funny, an' the other day we got to laughing so hard!" Life was eminently satisfying to her, and her instincts prompted her to make generous use of it. "I do all mother's sewing for

her," she said, "just the same as I did before I was married."

She left off working in the mill after a while, and devoted herself entirely to home duties. When I went to see her, more than a year after her marriage, she had a baby in her arms. She stood with the child's head close to her own. Her gentle eyes were full of love and happiness.

The O'Halloran family, however, still nursed their grudge against her. Things had not gone as well with them as Ellen had expected, and owing to various causes the widow's income had not maintained itself at the figure upon which the daughter had calculated when she seceded from that little household union.

"Ellen has got a good man," said her nineteen-year-old brother, "there's no mistake about that, but she did wrong to get married. I shall never marry. I'm going to take care of my mother. A man might as well take care of his mother, I say, as of some other woman."

"An' do you think," argued Ann, "I'd ever have undertaken to pay forty dollars for that sewing-machine if I'd known I was goin' to lose her wages?" She went on for some time urging her grievances against Ellen, then gave a smile, half ashamed, half proud, and admitted that it was better, now the matter could not be helped, to be on friendly terms with her daughter, adding simply,

"An' they named the baby for me, after all."

It seems to me that there are many suggestions conveyed by the different characters and experiences which I have tried to depict faithfully in these sketches. I cannot but wish that all these suggestions could be studied out to some beneficial end, but if there be one hint which is common to them all, I think it is a hint which points to the need of all those influences in society which tend to the development of a proper family life.

To make a home happy and moral, a good man and a good and capable woman are necessary in its constitution. To make it also a comfortable home and secure a permanent basis for its happiness and morality, the man as well as the woman should be not only good, but capable. Goodness is indispensable in both, but in the home the heavier burden, physical, mental, and moral, is thrown by natural forces upon the woman. It were a grace added to chivalry, if man were to feel it a worthy enterprise voluntarily to assume a responsibility towards the family which nature apparently permits him to evade, — an evasion which, notwithstanding that apparent permission, still reacts upon him and makes him an equal victim with woman in the misfortunes that ensue from any flaw in the family life.

Lillie B. Chace Wyman.

THE OLD THINGS.

XX.

THERE came to Fleda at her sister's no telegram in answer to her own; the rest of that day and the whole of the next elapsed without a word either from Owen or from his mother. She was free, however, to her infinite relief, from any direct dealing with suspense, and conscious, to her surprise, of nothing that could show her, or could show Maggie and her brother-in-law, that she was excited. Her excitement was composed of pulses as swift and fine as the revolutions of a spinning top: she supposed she was going round, but she went round so fast that she could n't even feel herself move. Her emotion occupied some quarter of her soul that had closed its doors for the day and shut out even her own sense of it; she might perhaps have heard something if she had pressed her ear to a partition. Instead of that she sat with her patience in a cold, still chamber from which she could look out in quite another direction. This was to have achieved an equilibrium to which she could n't have given a name: indifference, resignation, despair were the terms of a forgotten tongue. The time even seemed not long, for the stages of the journey were the items of Mrs. Gereth's surrender. The detail of that performance, which filled the scene, was what Fleda had now before her eyes. The part of her loss that she could think of was the reconstituted splendor of Poynton. It was the beauty she was most touched by that, in tons, she had lost, — the beauty that, charged upon big wagons, had safely crept back to its home. But the loss was a gain to memory and love; it was to her too, at last, that, in condonation of her treachery, the old things had crept back. She greeted them with open arms; she thought of

them hour after hour; they made a company with which solitude was warm, and a picture that, at this crisis, overlaid poor Maggie's scant mahogany. It was really her obliterated passion that had revived, and with it an immense assent to Mrs. Gereth's early judgment of her. She too, she felt, was of the religion, and like any other of the passionately pious she could worship now even in the desert. Yes, it was all for her; far round as she had gone she had been strong enough: her love had gathered in the spoils. She wanted, indeed, no catalogue to count them over; the array of them, miles away, was complete; each piece, in its turn, was perfect to her; she could have drawn up a catalogue from memory. Thus again she lived with them, and she thought of them without a question of any personal right. That they might have been, that they might still be hers, that they were perhaps already another's, were ideas that had too little to say to her. They were nobody's at all, — too proud, unlike base animals and humans, to be reducible to anything so narrow. It was Poynton that was theirs; they had simply recovered their own. The joy of that for them was the source of the strange peace in which the girl found herself floating.

It was broken on the third day by a telegram from Mrs. Gereth. "Shall be with you at 11.30 — don't meet me at station." Fleda turned this over, but was sufficiently expert not to disobey the injunction. She had only an hour to take in its meaning, but that hour was longer than all the previous time. If Maggie had studied her convenience the day Owen came, Maggie was also at the present juncture a miracle of refinement. Increasingly and resentfully mystified, in spite of all reassurance, by the impression that Fleda suffered more than

she gained from the grandeur of the Gereths, she had it at heart to exemplify the perhaps truer distinction of nature that characterized the house of Vetch. She was not, like poor Fleda, at every one's beck, and the visitor was to see no more of her than what the arrangement of luncheon might tantalizingly show. Maggie described herself to her sister as intending for a just provocation even the understanding she had had with her husband that he also should remain invisible. Fleda accordingly awaited alone the subject of so many manœuvres, — a period that was slightly prolonged even after the drawing-room door, at 11.30, was thrown open. Mrs. Gereth stood there with a face that spoke plain, but no sound fell from her till the withdrawal of the maid, whose attention had immediately attached itself to the rearrangement of a window-blind, and who seemed, while she bustled at it, to contribute to the pregnant silence; before the duration of which, however, she retreated with a sudden stare.

"He has done it," said Mrs. Gereth, turning her eyes avoidingly but not unperceivingly about her, and in spite of herself dropping an opinion upon the few objects in the room. Fleda, on her side, in her silence, observed how characteristically she looked at Maggie's possessions before looking at Maggie's sister. The girl understood, and at first had nothing to say; she was still dumb while Mrs. Gereth selected, with hesitation, a seat less distasteful than the one that happened to be nearest. On the sofa, near the window, the poor woman finally showed what the two past days had done for the age of her face. Her eyes at last met Fleda's. "It's the end."

"They're married?"

"They're married."

Fleda came to the sofa in obedience to the impulse to sit down by her; then paused before her while Mrs. Gereth turned up a dead gray mask. A tired old woman sat there with empty hands

in her lap. "I've heard nothing," said Fleda. "No answer came."

"That's the only answer. It's the answer to everything." So Fleda saw; for a minute she looked over her companion's head and far away. "He was n't at Waterbath; Mrs. Brigstock must have read your telegram and kept it. But mine, the one to Poynton, brought something. 'We are here — what do you want?'" Mrs. Gereth stopped as if with a failure of voice; on which Fleda sank upon the sofa and made a movement to take her hand. It met no response; there could be no attenuation. Fleda waited; they sat facing each other like strangers. "I wanted to go down," Mrs. Gereth presently continued. "Well, I went."

All the girl's effort tended for the time to a single aim, — that of taking the thing with outward detachment, speaking of it as having happened to Owen and to his mother and not in any degree to herself. Something, at least, of this was in the encouraging way she said, "Yesterday morning?"

"Yesterday morning. I saw him."

Fleda hesitated. "Did you see *her*?"

"Thank God, no!"

Fleda laid on her arm a hand of vague comfort, of which Mrs. Gereth took no notice. "You've been capable, just to tell me, of this wretched journey, of this consideration that I don't deserve?"

"We're together, we're together," said Mrs. Gereth. She looked helpless as she sat there, her eyes, unseeing enough, on a tall Dutch clock, old but rather poor, that Maggie had had as a wedding-gift and that eked out the bareness of the room.

To Fleda, in the face of the event, it appeared that this was exactly what they were not; the last inch of common ground, the ground of their past intercourse, had fallen from under them. Yet what was still there was the grand style of her companion's treatment of her.

Mrs. Gereth could n't stand upon small questions, could n't, in conduct, make small differences. "You're magnificent!" her young friend exclaimed. "There's a rare greatness in your generosity."

"We're together, we're together," Mrs. Gereth lifelessly repeated. "That's all we *are* now; it's all we have." The words brought to Fleda a sudden vision of the empty little house at Ricks; such a vision might also have been what her companion found in the face of the stopped Dutch clock. Yet with this it was clear that she would now show no bitterness: she had done with that, had given the last drop to those horrible hours in London. No passion even was left to her, and her forbearance only added to the force with which she represented the final vanity of everything.

Fleda was so far from a wish to triumph that she was absolutely ashamed of having anything to say for herself; but there was one thing, all the same, that not to say was impossible. "That he has done it, that he could n't *not* do it, shows how right I was." It settled forever her attitude, and she spoke as if for her own mind; then after a little she added very gently, for Mrs. Gereth's: "That's to say, it shows that he was bound to her by an obligation that, however much he may have wanted to, he could n't in any sort of honor break."

Blanched and bleak, Mrs. Gereth looked at her. "What sort of an obligation do you call that? No such obligation exists for an hour between any man and any woman who have hatred on one side. He had ended by hating her, and now he hates her more than ever."

"Did he tell you so?" Fleda asked.

"No. He told me nothing but the great gawk of a fact. I saw him but for three minutes." She was silent again, and Fleda, as before some lurid image of this interview, sat without speaking. "Do you wish to appear as if you don't care?" Mrs. Gereth presently demanded.

"I'm trying not to think of myself."

"Then if you're thinking of Owen, how can you *bear* to think?"

Sadly and submissively Fleda shook her head; the slow tears had come into her eyes. "I can't. I don't understand. I don't understand!" she broke out.

"I do, then." Mrs. Gereth looked hard at the floor. "There was no obligation at the time you saw him last — when you sent him, hating her as he did, back to her."

"If he went," Fleda asked, "does n't that exactly prove that he recognized one?"

"He recognized rot! You know what I think of him." Fleda knew; she had no wish to challenge a fresh statement. Mrs. Gereth made one — it was her sole, faint flicker of passion — to the extent of declaring that he was too abjectly weak to deserve the name of a man. For all Fleda cared! — it was his weakness she loved in him. "He took strange ways of pleasing you!" her friend went on. "There was no obligation till suddenly, the other day, the situation changed."

Fleda wondered. "The other day?"

"It came to Mona's knowledge — I can't tell you how, but it came — that the things I was sending back had begun to arrive at Poynton. I had sent them for you, but it was *her* I touched." Mrs. Gereth paused; Fleda was too absorbed in her explanation to do anything but take blankly the full, cold breath of this. "They were there, and that determined her."

"Determined her to what?"

"To act, to take means."

"To take means?" Fleda repeated.

"I can't tell you what they were, but they were powerful. She knew how," said Mrs. Gereth.

Fleda received with the same stoicism the quiet immensity of this allusion to the person who had not known how. But it made her think a little, and the thought found utterance, with unconscious irony, in the simple interrogation, "Mona?"

"Why not? She's a brute."

"But if he knew that so well, what chance was there in it for her?"

"How can I tell you? How can I talk of such horrors? I can only give you, of the situation, what I see. He knew it, yes. But as she could n't make him forget it, she tried to make him like it. She tried and she succeeded: that's what she did. She's after all so much less of a fool than he. And what *else* had he originally liked?" Mrs. Gereth shrugged her shoulders. "She did what you would n't!" Fleda's face had grown dark with her wonder, but her friend's empty hands offered no balm to the pain in it. "It was that if it was anything. Nothing else meets the misery of it. Then there was quick work. Before he could turn round he was married."

Fleda, as if she had been holding her breath, gave the sigh of a listening child. "At that place you spoke of in town?"

"At the Registrar's, like a pair of low atheists."

The girl hesitated. "What do people say of that? I mean the 'world.'"

"Nothing, because nobody knows. They're to be married on the 17th, at Waterbath church. If anything else comes out, everybody is a little prepared. It will pass for some stroke of diplomacy, some move in the game, some outwitting of *me*. It's known there has been a row with *me*."

Fleda was mystified. "People surely knew at Poynton," she objected, "if, as you say, she's there."

"She was there, day before yesterday, only for a few hours. She met him in London, and went down to see the things."

Fleda remembered that she had seen them only once. "Did *you* see them?" she then ventured to ask.

"Everything."

"Are they right?"

"Quite right. There's nothing like them," said Mrs. Gereth. At this her companion took up one of her hands again

and kissed it as she had done in London. "Mona went back that night; she was not there yesterday. Owen stayed on," she added.

Fleda stared. "Then she's not to live there?"

"Rather! But not till after the public marriage." Mrs. Gereth seemed to muse; then she brought out: "She'll live there alone."

"Alone?"

"She'll have it to herself."

"He won't live with her?"

"Never! But she's none the less his wife, and you're not," said Mrs. Gereth, getting up. "Our only chance is the chance she may die."

Fleda appeared to consider: she appreciated her visitor's magnanimous use of the plural. "Mona won't die," she replied.

"Well, *I* shall, thank God! Till then" — and with this, for the first time, Mrs. Gereth put out her hand — "don't desert me."

Fleda took her hand, and her clasp of it was a reiteration of a promise already given. She said nothing, but her silence was an acceptance as responsible as the vow of a nun. The next moment something occurred to her. "I must n't put myself in your son's way."

Mrs. Gereth gave a dry, flat laugh. "You're prodigious! But how shall you possibly be more out of it? Owen and I" — She did n't finish her sentence.

"That's your great feeling about *him*," Fleda said; "but how, after what has happened, can it be his about you?"

Mrs. Gereth hesitated. "How do you know what has happened? You don't know what I said to him."

"Yesterday?"

"Yesterday."

They looked at each other with a long, deep gaze. Then, as Mrs. Gereth seemed again about to speak, the girl, closing her eyes, made a gesture of strong prohibition. "Don't tell me!"

"Merciful powers, how you worship

him!" Mrs. Gereth wonderingly moaned. It was, for Fleda, the shake that made the cup overflow. She had a pause, that of the child who takes time to know that he responds to an accident with pain; then, dropping again on the sofa, she broke into tears. They were beyond control, they came in long sobs, which for a moment Mrs. Gereth, almost with an air of indifference, stood hearing and watching. At last Mrs. Gereth too sank down again. Mrs. Gereth soundlessly, wearily wept.

XXI.

"It looks just like Waterbath; but, after all, we bore *that* together:" these words formed part of a letter in which, before the 17th, Mrs. Gereth, writing from disfigured Ricks, named to Fleda the day on which she would be expected to arrive there on a second visit. "I shan't, for a long time to come," the missive continued, "be able to receive any one who may *like* it, who would try to smooth it down, and me with it; but there are always things you and I can comfortably hate together, for you're the only person who comfortably understands. You don't understand quite everything, but of all my acquaintance you're far away the least stupid. For action you're no good at all; but action is over, for me, forever, and you will have the great merit of knowing, when I'm brutally silent, what I shall be thinking about. Without setting myself up for your equal, I dare say I shall also know what are your own thoughts. Moreover, with nothing else but my four walls, you'll at any rate be a bit of furniture. For that, you know, a little, I've always taken you,—quite one of my best finds. So come, if possible, on the 15th."

The position of a bit of furniture was one that Fleda could conscientiously accept, and she by no means insisted on so high a place in the list. This communication made her easier, if only by

its acknowledgment that her friend had something left; it still implied recognition of the principle of property. Something to hate, and to hate "comfortably," was at least not the utter destitution to which, after their last interview, she had helplessly seemed to see Mrs. Gereth go forth. She remembered indeed that, in the state in which they first saw it, she herself had "liked" the blessed refuge of Ricks; and she now wondered if the tact for which she was commended had then operated to make her keep her kindness out of sight. She was at present ashamed of such obliquity, and made up her mind that if this happy impression, quenched in the spoils of Poynton, should revive on the spot, she would utter it to her companion without reserve. Yes, she was capable of as much "action" as that: all the more that the spirit of her hostess seemed, for the time at least, wholly to have failed. Mrs. Gereth's three minutes with Owen had been a blow to all talk of travel, and after her woeful hour at Maggie's she had, like some great, moaning, wounded bird, made her way, with wings of anguish, back to the nest she knew she should find empty. Fleda, on that dire day, could neither keep her nor give her up; she had pressingly offered to return with her, but Mrs. Gereth, in spite of the theory that their common grief was a bond, had even declined all escort to the station, conscious, apparently, of something abject in her collapse, and almost fiercely eager, as with a personal shame, to be unwatched. All she had said to Fleda was that she would go back to Ricks that night, and the girl had lived for days after with a dreadful image of her position and her misery there. She had had a vision of her now lying prone on some unmade bed, now pacing a bare floor like a lioness deprived of her cubs. There had been moments when her mind's ear was strained to listen for some sound of grief wild enough to be wafted from afar. But the first sound, at the end of a week,

had been a note announcing, without reflections, that the plan of going abroad had been abandoned. "It has come to me indirectly, but with much appearance of truth, that *they* are going,— for an indefinite time. That quite settles it; I shall stay where I am, and as soon as I've turned round again I shall look for you." The second letter had come a week later, and on the 15th Fleda was on her way to Ricks.

Her arrival took the form of a surprise very nearly as violent as that of the other time. The elements were different, but the effect, like the other, arrested her on the threshold: she stood there stupefied and delighted at the magic of a passion of which such a picture represented the low-water mark. Wound up but sincere, and passing quickly from room to room, Fleda broke out before she even sat down. "If you turn me out of the house for it, my dear, there is n't a woman in England for whom it would n't be a privilege to live here." Mrs. Gereth was as honestly bewildered as she had of old been falsely calm. She looked about at the few sticks that, as she afterwards phrased it, she had gathered in, and then hard at her guest, as if to protect herself against a joke sufficiently cruel. The girl's heart gave a leap, for this stare was the sign of an opportunity. Mrs. Gereth was all unwitting; she did n't in the least know what she had done, and as Fleda could tell her Fleda suddenly became the one who knew most. That counted for the moment as a magnificent position; it almost made all the difference. Yet what contradicted it was the vivid presence of the artist's idea. "Where on earth did you put your hand on such beautiful things?"

"Beautiful things?" Mrs. Gereth turned again to the little, worn, bleached stuffs and the sweet spindle-legs. "They're the wretched things that were here—that stupid, starved old woman's."

"The maiden aunt's, the nicest, the

dearest old woman that ever lived? I thought you had got rid of the maiden aunt."

"She was stored in an empty barn,— stuck away for a sale; a matter that, fortunately, I've had neither time nor freedom of mind to arrange. I've simply, in my extremity, fished her out again."

"You've simply, in your extremity, made a delight of her." Fleda took the highest line and the upper hand, and as Mrs. Gereth, challenging her cheerfulness, turned again a lustreless eye over the contents of the place, the girl broke into a rapture that was unforced, but that she was conscious of an advantage in being able to feel. She moved, as she had done on the previous occasion, from one piece to another, with looks of recognition and hands that lightly lingered, but she was as feverishly jubilant now as she had formerly been anxious and mute. "Ah, the little melancholy, tender, tell-tale things: how can they *not* speak to you and find a way to your heart? It's not the great chorus of Poynton; but you're not, I'm sure, either so proud or so broken as to be reached by nothing but that. This is a voice so gentle, so human, so feminine,— a faint, far-away voice with the little quaver of a heart-break. You've listened to it unawares; for the arrangement and effect of everything—when I compare them with what we found the first day we came down—shows, even if mechanically and disdainfully exercised, your admirable, infallible hand. It's your extraordinary genius; you make things 'compose' in spite of yourself. You've only to be a day or two in a place with four sticks for something to come of it!"

"Then if anything has come of it here, it has come precisely of just four. That's literally, by the inventory, all there are!" said Mrs. Gereth.

"If there were more, there would be too many to convey the impression in which half the beauty resides,— the impression, somehow, of something dreamed

and missed, something reduced, relinquished, resigned: the poetry, as it were, of something sensibly *gone*." Fleda ingeniously and triumphantly worked it out. "Ah, there's something here that will never be in the inventory!"

"Does it happen to be in your power to give it a name?" Mrs. Gereth's face showed the dim dawn of an amusement at finding herself seated at the feet of her pupil.

"I can give it a dozen. It's a kind of fourth dimension. It's a presence, a perfume, a touch. It's a soul, a story, a life. There's ever so much more here than you and I. We're in fact just three!"

"Oh, if you count the ghosts!"

"Of course I count the ghosts. It seems to me ghosts count double,—for what they were and for what they are. Somehow there were no ghosts at Poynton," Fleda went on. "That was the only fault."

Mrs. Gereth, considering, appeared to fall in with the girl's fine humor. "Poynton was too splendidly happy."

"Poynton was too splendidly happy," Fleda promptly echoed.

"But it's cured of that now," her companion added.

"Yes, henceforth there'll be a ghost or two."

Mrs. Gereth thought again: she found her young friend suggestive. "Only *she* won't see them."

"No, 'she' won't see them." Then Fleda said, "What I mean is, for this dear one of ours, that if she had (as I *know* she had; it's in the very taste of the air!) a great accepted pain"—

She had paused an instant, and Mrs. Gereth took her up. "Well, if she had?"

Fleda still hesitated. "Why, it was worse than yours."

Mrs. Gereth reflected. "Very likely." Then she too hesitated. "The question is if it was worse than yours."

"Mine?" Fleda looked vague.

"Precisely. Yours."

At this our young lady smiled. "Yes, because it was a disappointment. She had been so sure."

"I see. And you were never sure."

"Never. Besides, I'm happy," said Fleda.

Mrs. Gereth met her eyes awhile. "Goose!" she quietly remarked as she turned away. There was a curtness in it; nevertheless it represented a considerable part of the basis of their new life. On the 18th The Morning Post had at last its clear message, a brief account of the marriage, from the residence of the bride's mother, of Mr. Owen Gereth of Poynton Park to Miss Mona Brigstock of Waterbath. There were two ecclesiastics and six bridesmaids and, as Mrs. Gereth subsequently said, a hundred frumps, as well as a special train from town: the scale of the affair sufficiently showed that the preparations had been complete for weeks. The happy pair were described as having taken their departure for Mr. Gereth's own seat, famous for its unique collection of artistic curiosities. The newspapers and letters, the fruits of the first London post, had been brought to the mistress of Ricks in the garden; and she lingered there alone a long time after receiving them. Fleda kept at a distance; she knew what must have happened, for from one of the windows she saw Mrs. Gereth rigid in a chair, her eyes strange and fixed, the newspaper open on the ground and the letters untouched in her lap. Before the morning's end she had disappeared, and the rest of that day she remained in her room: it recalled to Fleda, who had picked up the newspaper, the day, months before, on which Owen had come down to Poynton to make his engagement known. The hush of the house was at least the same, and the girl's own waiting, her soft wandering, through the hours; there was a difference indeed sufficiently great, of which her companion's absence might in some degree have represented a considerate recognition.

That was at any rate the meaning Fleda, devoutly glad to be alone, attached to her opportunity. Mrs. Gereth's sole allusion, the next day, to the subject of their thoughts, has already been mentioned: it was a dazzled glance at the fact that Mona's quiet pace had really never slackened.

Fleda fully assented. "I said of our disembodied friend here that she had suffered in proportion as she had been sure. But that's not always a source of suffering. It's Mona who must have been sure!"

"She was sure of *you*!" Mrs. Gereth returned. But this did not diminish the satisfaction taken by Fleda in showing how serenely and lucidly she could talk.

XXII.

Her relation with her wonderful friend had, however, in becoming a new one, begun to shape itself almost wholly on breaches and omissions. Something had dropped out altogether, and the question between them, which time would answer, was whether the change had made them strangers or yokefellows. It was as if at last, for better or worse, they were, in a clearer, cruder air, really to know each other. Fleda wondered how Mrs. Gereth had escaped hating her: there were hours when it seemed that such a feat might leave after all a scant margin for future accidents. The thing indeed that now came out in its simplicity was that even in her shrunken state the lady of Ricks was larger than her wrongs. As for the girl herself, she had made up her mind that her feelings had no connection with the case. It was her pretension that they had never yet emerged from the seclusion into which, after her friend's visit to her at her sister's, we saw them precipitately retire: if she should suddenly meet them, in straggling procession, on the road, it would be time enough to deal with them. They

were all bundled there together, likes with dislikes and memories with fears; and she had for not thinking of them the excellent reason that she was too occupied with the actual. The actual was not that Owen Gereth had seen his necessity where she had pointed it out; it was that his mother's bare spaces demanded all the tapestry that the recipient of her bounty could furnish. There were moments during the month that followed when Mrs. Gereth struck her as still older and feebler, and as likely to become quite easily amused.

At the end of it, one day, the London paper had another piece of news: "Mr. and Mrs. Owen Gereth, who arrived in town last week, proceed this morning to Paris." The ladies exchanged no word about it till the evening, and none indeed would then have been uttered had not Mrs. Gereth irrelevantly broken out: "I dare say you wonder why I declared the other day with such assurance that he would not live with her. He apparently *is* living with her."

"Surely it's the only proper thing for him to do."

"They're beyond me, — I give it up," said Mrs. Gereth.

"I don't give it up, — I never did," Fleda returned.

"Then what do you make of his aversion to her?"

"Oh, she has dispelled it."

Mrs. Gereth said nothing for a minute. "You're prodigious in your choice of terms!" she then simply ejaculated.

But Fleda went luminously on; she once more enjoyed her great command of her subject: "I think that when you came to see me at Maggie's you saw too many things, you had too many ideas."

"You had none," said Mrs. Gereth: "you were completely bewildered."

"Yes, I did not quite understand — but I think I understand now. The case is simple and logical enough. She's a person who's upset by failure, and who blooms and expands with success. There

was something she had set her heart upon, set her teeth about, — the house exactly as she had seen it."

"She never saw it at all, she never looked at it!" cried Mrs. Gereth.

"She does n't look with her eyes; she looks with her ears. In her own way she had taken it in; she knew, she felt when it had been touched. That probably made her take an attitude that was extremely disagreeable. But the attitude lasted only while the reason for it lasted."

"Go on, — I can bear it now," said Mrs. Gereth. Her companion had just perceptibly paused.

"I know you can, or I should n't dream of speaking. When the pressure was removed she came up again. From the moment the house was once more what it had to be, her natural charm reasserted itself."

"Her natural charm!" Mrs. Gereth could barely articulate.

"It's very great; everybody thinks so; there must be something in it. It operated as it had operated before. There's no need of imagining anything very monstrous. Her restored good humor, her splendid beauty, and Mr. Owen's impressibility and generosity sufficiently cover the ground. His great bright sun came out!"

"And his great bright passion for another person went in. Your explanation would doubtless be perfection if he did n't love you."

Fleda was silent a little. "What do you know about his loving me?"

"I know what Mrs. Brigstock herself told me."

"You never in your life took her word for any other matter."

"Then won't yours do?" Mrs. Gereth demanded. "Have n't I had it from your own mouth that he cares for you?"

Fleda turned pale, but she faced her companion and smiled. "You confound, Mrs. Gereth, you mix things up. You've only had it from my own mouth that I care for *him*!"

It was doubtless in contradictory allusion to this (which at the time had made her simply drop her head as in a strange, vain reverie) that Mrs. Gereth, a day or two later, said to Fleda, "Don't think I shall be a bit affected if I'm here to see it when he comes again to make up to you."

"He won't do that," the girl replied. Then she added, smiling, "But if he should be guilty of such bad taste, it would n't be nice of you not to be disgusted."

"I'm not talking of disgust; I'm talking of its opposite," said Mrs. Gereth.

"Of its opposite?"

"Why, of any reviving pleasure that one might feel in such an exhibition. I shall feel none at all. You may personally take it as you like; but what conceivable good will it do?"

Fleda wondered. "To me, do you mean?"

"Deuce take you, no! To what we don't, you know, by your wish, ever talk about."

"The old things?" Fleda considered again. "It will do no good of any sort to anything or any one. That's another question I would rather we should n't discuss, please," she gently added.

Mrs. Gereth shrugged her shoulders. "It certainly is n't worth it!"

Something in her manner prompted her companion, with a certain inconsequence, to speak again. "That was partly why I came back to you, you know, — that there should be the less possibility of anything painful."

"Painful?" Mrs. Gereth stared. "What pain can I ever feel again?"

"I meant painful to myself," Fleda explained with a slight impatience.

"Oh, I see." Her friend was silent a minute. "You use sometimes such odd expressions. Well, I shall last a little, but I shan't last forever."

"You'll last quite as long" — Here Fleda suddenly hesitated.

Mrs. Gereth took her up with a cold

smile that seemed the warning of experience against hyperbole. "As long as what, please?"

The girl thought an instant; then met the difficulty by adopting, as an amendment, the same tone. "As any danger of the ridiculous."

That did for the time, and she had, moreover, as the months went on, the protection of suspended allusions. This protection was marked when, in the following November, she received a letter directed in a hand at which a quick glance sufficed to make her hesitate to open it. She said nothing, then or afterwards; but she opened it, for reasons that had come to her, on the morrow. It consisted of a page and a half from Owen Gereth, dated from Florence, but with no other preliminary. She knew that during the summer he had returned to England with his wife, and that after a couple of months they had again gone abroad. She also knew, without communication, that Mrs. Gereth, round whom Ricks had grown submissively and indescribably sweet, had her own interpretation of her daughter-in-law's share in this second migration. It was a piece of calculated insolence, — a stroke odiously directed at showing whom it might concern that now she had Poynton fast she was perfectly indifferent to living there. The *Morning Post*, at Ricks, had again been a resource: it was stated in that journal that Mr. and Mrs. Owen Gereth proposed to spend the winter in India. There was a person to whom it was clear that she led her wretched husband by the nose. Such was the light in which contemporary history was offered to Fleda until, in her own room, late at night, she broke the seal of her letter.

"I want you, inexpressibly, to have, as a remembrance, something of mine, — something of real value. Something from Poynton is what I mean and what I should prefer. You know everything there, and far better than I what's best and what is n't. There are a lot of dif-

ferences, but are n't some of the smaller things the most remarkable? I mean for judges, and for what they'd bring. What I want you to take from me, and to choose for yourself, is the thing in the whole house that's most beautiful and precious. I mean the 'gem of the collection,' don't you know? If it happens to be of such a sort that you can take immediate possession of it, — carry it right away with you, — so much the better. You're to have it on the spot, whatever it is. I humbly beg of you to go down there and see. The people have complete instructions: they'll act for you in every possible way and put the whole place at your service. There's a thing mamma used to call the Maltese cross, and that I think I've heard her say is very wonderful. Is *that* the gem of the collection? Perhaps you would take it, or anything equally convenient. Only I do want you awfully to let it be the very pick of the place. Let me feel that I can trust you for this. You won't refuse if you will think a little what it must be that makes me ask."

Fleda read that last sentence over more times even than the rest; she was baffled, — she could n't think at all of what it might be. This was indeed because it might be one of so many things. She made for the present no answer; she merely, little by little, fashioned for herself the form that her answer should eventually wear. There was only one form that was possible, — the form of doing, at her time, what he wished. She would go down to Poynton as a pilgrim might go to a shrine, and as to this she must look out for her chance. She lived with her letter, before any chance came, a month, and even after a month it had mysteries for her that she could n't meet. What did it mean, what did it represent, to what did it correspond in his imagination or his soul? What was behind it, what was beyond it, what was, in the deepest depth, within it? She said to herself that with these questions

she was under no obligation to deal. There was an explanation of them that, for practical purposes, would do as well as another: he had found in his marriage a happiness so much greater than, in the distress of his dilemma, he had been able to take heart to believe, that he now felt he owed her a token of gratitude for having kept him in the straight path. That explanation, I say, she could throw off; but no explanation in the least mattered: what determined her was the simple strength of her impulse to respond. The passion for which what had happened had made no difference, the passion that had taken this into account before as well as after, found here an issue that there was nothing whatever to choke. It found even a relief to which her imagination immensely contributed. Would she act upon his offer? She would act with secret rapture. To have as her own something splendid that he had given her, of which the gift had been his signed desire, would be a greater joy than the greatest she had supposed to be left to her, and she felt that till the sense of this came home she had even herself not known what burned in her successful stillness. It was an hour to dream of and watch for; to be patient was to draw out the sweetness. She was capable of feeling it as an hour of triumph, the triumph of everything in her recent life that had not held up its head. She moved there in thought, — in the great rooms she knew; she should be able to say to herself that, for once at least, her possession was as complete as that of either of the others whom it had filled only with bitterness. And a thousand times yes, — her choice should know no scruple; the thing she should go down to take would be up to the height of her privilege. The whole place was in her eyes, and she spent for weeks her private hours in a luxury of comparison and debate. It should be one of the smallest things, because it should be one she could

have close to her; and it should be one of the finest, because it was in the finest he saw his symbol. She said to herself that of what it would symbolize she was content to know nothing more than just what her having it would tell her. At bottom she inclined to the Maltese cross — with the added reason that he had named it. But she would look again and judge afresh; she would on the spot so handle and ponder that there should n't be the shade of a mistake.

Before Christmas she had a natural opportunity to go to London; there was her periodical call upon her father to pay, as well as a promise to Maggie to redeem. She spent her first night in West Kensington, with the idea of carrying out on the morrow the purpose that had most of a motive. Her father's affection was not inquisitive, but when she mentioned to him that she had business in the country that would oblige her to catch an early train, he deprecated her excursion in view of the menace of the weather. It was spoiling for a storm; all the signs of a winter gale were in the air. She replied that she would see what the morning might bring; and it brought, in fact, what seemed in London an amendment. She was to go to Maggie the next day, and now that she had started her eagerness had become suddenly a pain. She pictured her return that evening with her trophy under her cloak; so that after looking, from the doorstep, up and down the dark street, she decided, with a new nervousness, and sallied forth to the nearest place of access to the "Underground." The December dawn was dolorous, but there was neither rain nor snow; it was not even cold, and the atmosphere of West Kensington, purified by the wind, was like a dirty old coat that had been bettered by a dirty brush. At the end of almost an hour, in the larger station, she had taken her place in a third-class compartment; the prospect before her was the run of eighty minutes to Poynton. The train

was a fast one, and she was familiar with the moderate measure of the walk to the park from the spot at which it would drop her.

Once in the country, indeed, she saw that her father was right: the breath of December was abroad with a force from which the London labyrinth had protected her. The green fields were black, the sky was all alive with the wind; she had, in her anxious sense of the elements, her wonder at what might happen, a reminder of the surmises, in the old days of going to the Continent, that used to worry her on the way, at night, to the horrid cheap crossings by long sea. Something, in a dire degree, at this last hour, had begun to press on her heart: it was the sudden imagination of a disaster, or at least of a check, before her errand should be achieved. When she said to herself that something might happen, she wanted to go faster than the train. But nothing could happen save a dismayed discovery that, by some altogether unlikely chance, the master and mistress of the house had already come back. In that case she must have had a warning, and the fear was but the excess of her hope. It was every one's being exactly where every one was that lent the quality to her visit. Beyond lands and seas and alienated forever, they in their different ways gave her the impression to take as she had never taken it. At last it was already there, though the darkness of the day had deepened; they had whizzed past Chater, — Chater which was the station before the right one. Off in that quarter was an air of wild rain, but there shimmered straight across it a brightness that was the color of the great interior she had been haunting. That vision settled before her, — in the house the house was all; and as the train drew up she rose, in her mean compartment, quite proudly erect with the thought that all for Fleda Vetch, then, the house was standing there.

But with the opening of the door she

encountered a shock, though for an instant she couldn't have named it; the next moment she saw that it was given her by the face of the man advancing to let her out, an old lame porter of the station, who had been there in Mrs. Gereth's time and who now recognized her. He looked up at her so hard that she took an alarm, and before alighting broke out to him, "They've come back?" She had a confused, absurd sense that even he would know that in this case she must n't be there. He hesitated, and in the few seconds her alarm had completely changed its ground: it seemed to leap, with her quick jump from the carriage, to the ground that was that of his stare at her. "Smoke?" She was on the platform with her frightened sniff: it had taken her a minute to become aware of an extraordinary smell. The air was full of it, and there were already heads at the window of the train, looking out at something that she could n't see. Some one, the only other passenger, had got out of another carriage, and the old porter hobbled off to close his door. The smoke was in her eyes, but she saw the station-master, from the end of the platform, recognize her, too, and come straight to her. He brought her a finer shade of surprise than the porter, and while he was coming she heard a voice at a window of the train say that something was "a good bit off, — a mile from the town." That was just what Poynton was. Then her heart stood still at the white wonder in the station-master's face.

"You've come down to it, miss, already?"

At this she knew. "Poynton's on fire?"

"Gone, miss, — with this awful gale. You were n't wired? Look out!" he cried in the next breath, seizing her; the train was going on, and she had given a lurch that almost made it catch her as it passed. When it had drawn away she became more conscious of the pervading

smoke, which the wind seemed to hurl in her face.

"Gone?" She was in the man's hands; she clung to him.

"Burning still, miss. Ain't it quite too dreadful? Took early this morning, — the whole place is up there."

In her bewildered horror she tried to think. "Have they come back?"

"Back? They 'll be there all day!"

"Not Mr. Gereth, I mean — nor his wife?"

"Nor his mother, miss, — not a soul of *them* back. A pack o' servants in charge, — not the old lady's lot, eh? A nice job for care-takers! Some rotten chimney or one of them portable lamps set down in the wrong place. What has done it is this cruel, cruel night." Then as a great wave of smoke half choked them, he drew her with force to the little waiting-room. "Awkward for you, miss, — I see!"

She felt sick; she sank upon a seat, staring up at him. "Do you mean that great house is *lost*?"

"It was near it, I was told, an hour ago, — the fury of the flames had got such a start. I was there myself at six, the very first I heard of it. They were fighting it then, but you could n't quite say they had got it down."

Fleda jerked herself up. "Were they saving the things?"

"That's just where it was, miss, — to get *at* the blessed things. And the want of right help — it maddened me to stand and see 'em muff it. This ain't a place like, for anything organized. They don't come up to a *real* emergency."

She passed out of the door that opened

toward the village and met a great acrid gust. She heard a far-off windy roar, which, in her dismay, she took for that of flames a mile away, and which, the first instant, acted upon her as a wild solicitation. "I must go there." She had scarcely spoken before the same omen had changed into an appalling check.

Her vivid friend, moreover, had got before her; he clearly suffered from the nature of the control he had to exercise. "Don't do that, miss — you won't care for it at all." Then as she waveringly stood her ground, "It's not a place for a young lady, nor, if you 'll believe me, a sight for them as are in any way affected."

Fleda by this time knew in what way she was affected: she became limp and weak again; she felt herself give everything up. Mixed with the horror, with the kindness of the station-master, with the smell of cinders and the riot of sound, was the raw bitterness of a hope that she might never again in life have to give up so much at such short notice. She heard herself repeat mechanically, yet as if asking it for the first time, "Poynton's *gone*?"

The man hesitated. "What can you call it, miss, if it ain't really saved?"

A minute later she had returned with him to the waiting-room, where, in the thick swim of things, she saw something like the disk of a clock. "Is there an up-train?" she asked.

"In seven minutes."

She came out on the platform: everywhere she met the smoke. She covered her face with her hands. "I'll go back."

Henry James.

THE FATE OF THE COLISEUM.

ONE of the most popular sayings about the destruction of the Coliseum implies that the Barberini were nothing more or less than barbarians. But the proverb is not true. The Barberini and their Pope, Urban VIII., were guilty, without question, of many spoliations. They stripped the portico of the Pantheon of its beautiful roof of gilt bronze; they ruined with their "restorations" the temple of Romulus and many other noble buildings; but they did not lay their hands upon the Coliseum. At least no evidence has been found of their guilt. Why, by whom, under what circumstances, and when the great Flavian amphitheatre was reduced to its present state are queries to which the proper answer has not yet been given. Some documents which I have found lately in our archives throw considerable light on the subject, and prove, much to our comfort, that the Romans of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance took advantage of the downfall of the giant, but that they are not responsible for it.

The first destructive occurrences to be recorded are the earthquakes of 429 and 443 A. D. Their violence is attested by Paul the Deacon and by the Chronicle of Horosius, who describe them as "terrible" events, having caused the collapse of many temples, public edifices, porticos, and statues. The walls supporting the arena of the amphitheatre gave way, and brought down in their collapse some of the steps of the spectators' seats. The damages were negligently repaired soon afterward by Rufius Cæcina Felix Lampadius, prefect of the city. The inscription which mentions these repairs was discovered by Fea in 1813 in the vestibule facing the temple of Venus and Rome, and tells in itself a long tale of disasters, having been employed three times for three various uses: first, as the

jamb of a triumphal arch; secondly, as a pedestal to a group or to an equestrian statue, with an inscription in letters of gilded metal; and lastly, to commemorate the work of Lampadius. The first earthquake caused the choking up of the drains, and as the Coliseum stands at the bottom of a basin particularly rich in springs, the substructures were flooded to the height of six feet. Flavius Paulus, prefect of the city in 438, gave an outlet to the flood and repaired the sewers.

We have no detailed account of the injuries caused by the earthquakes of May 26, 492, October 9, 501, and Easter Day, April 14, 502. The damages of the last were repaired by Decius Marius Venantius Basilus on the occasion of the great games celebrated by Eutarichus Cillica, son-in-law of King Theodoric, and consul in 519. The walls of the arena, laid bare in the excavations of 1874-75, are the work of Basilus. The games of Cillica, for which wild beasts unknown to the living generation of Romans had been imported from Africa, and those of Amicius Maximus, 523 A. D., were the last exhibited in the amphitheatre. The bones of the animals killed at these games were discovered by us in clearing the substructure in 1875.

The Coliseum was made to stand forever. If we gaze at it from the east side, where it appears still intact, we are forced to exclude the possibility of a spontaneous collapse of such a substantial structure. Yet the repeated concussions of the earth in the fifth century may have caused a crack or rent like the one which cuts the Pantheon on the side of the Via della Palombella. If such an accident occurred in the Pantheon in a solid wall fifteen feet thick, built by so experienced an architect as Hadrian, it is even more likely to have happened in the Coliseum, the outer belt of which

is of stones without cement, and pierced by three rows of arcades and one row of windows. The equilibrium once destroyed, the results are obvious, especially if we remember how quickly arborescent plants and trees take root and prosper in the dry soil of an abandoned building. The stones on the edges of the crack must have been lifted or wrenched from their sockets by the roots wedging themselves into the joints and acting as levers. Readers familiar with the vignettes of the Coliseum of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries will remember how exactly they represent this process of disintegration of the edges, stone by stone. When Pius VII. determined to build the great buttress to support the edge of the outer belt on the side of the Via di S. Giovanni in Laterano, he was obliged to employ convicts serving for life, promising them a reduction in the term of imprisonment if they succeeded in propping it up. The danger was such that the forest of timber used in the scaffolding could not be removed while the masons were progressing with their work, but had to be left imbedded in the thickness of the supporting walls.

The disappearance of the western half of the Coliseum, on the side of the Cælian, cannot, however, be attributed to such a slow process of disintegration and to the action of roots alone. The collapse was a sudden and unexpected event, the date of which has yet to be determined. It produced a great hill of loose material, the *coxa* (or *coscia*) *Colixei*, which fed Roman lime-kilns, and has supplied travertine for Roman palaces and churches from the fourteenth century to the present age. When did the event happen?

There is no doubt that the structure was nearly intact in the eighth century, when Bede wrote his well-known proverb: "Quamdiu stabit Coliseus stabit et Roma; quando cadet Coliseus cadet et Roma." (As long as the Coliseum stands, so long will Rome stand; when the Coliseum falls, Rome also will fall.) But we

can bring the date of the catastrophe much nearer to our own times. In a fragment of a mediæval diary, the authorship of which is generally attributed to Ludovico Bonconte Monaldeschi da Orvieto, there is a description of a great bull-fight given in the Coliseum on the third day of September, 1332. It appears that the arena was still free from any accumulation of soil, although the marble seats and the marble decorations had already been taken away. The seats were replaced, therefore, by wooden balconies and steps covered with red cloth. Monaldeschi's account of this last exhibition of athletic sports, of this ephemeral revival of classic games the last of which had taken place eight hundred and nine years before, is so graphic and so full of details characteristic of the age that it may please the reader to know somewhat of them.

The seats had been divided into four sections. The first section was occupied by the noble ladies of the Pontę and Parione, led by the beautiful Savella Orsina; by those of Trastevere, led by Tacopella de Vico; and by those of the Monti and Campitelli, led by two of the Colonnas. The noblemen sat in the next compartment. Women and men of the middle and lower classes occupied the third and fourth sections. The brave young men, the pick of Roman and Italian aristocracy, who were to confront the wild bulls were remarkable for the variety of the colors they wore and for the mottoes engraved on their helmets. The gallant band of youths was not very successful on that day. When the fight came to an end for want of more champions, eighteen of them were lying dead in the arena and eleven were dangerously wounded, while only eleven bulls had been killed. The dead heroes were carried off in a triumphal procession to St. John the Lateran, followed by the whole crowd of spectators. The bloody annals of the amphitheatre could not have had a more appropriate end.

While in 1332 the Coliseum lent itself in its entirety to the celebration of games, in 1361 we already find the citizens, the Pope's legate, and the Frangipani quarreling among themselves about the spoils of the ruined building, namely, a regular *mise en exploitation* of the quarry of stones which had fallen by thousands on the side of the Cælian Hill. Now, is there any event recorded in the history of Rome between 1332 and 1361 to which the downfall of the western belt of arcades may be attributed? It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that between those dates the city was shaken to its very foundations by the earthquake of September 9, 1349, which we call *terremoto del Petrarca*, because it has been particularly described by Petrarch.

I do not think it possible to find in the chronicles of other nations such scenes of horror as Rome and Italy witnessed in 1348 and 1349. The peaceful rule of Cola di Rienzo had been succeeded by the bloody reaction of Annibaldo dei Conti di Ceccano, when the "black pestilence," imported by Genoese ships, broke out in the autumn of 1347. Boccaccio in the preface to the Decameron, and the Chronist of Siena in the annals of Muratori, have left accounts of its ravages. More than eighty thousand people died in Siena and its suburbs; five hundred deaths a day were registered at Pisa; three fifths of the population were carried off in Florence, two fifths at Bologna; at Nettuno, a village on the Roman coast, the survivors would meet and banquet together every day at noon in the public piazza, and wait for their turn, until one family alone was left to tell the tale. The Chronist of Siena buried five of his children with his own hands. In Rome we have two monuments, or records, of the black pestilence: the steps of the Araceli, built October, 1348, to make easier to the crowds of penitents the ascent to the church; and the image of the Blessed Virgin in the

same place, to whom the cessation of the plague was devoutly attributed. The pestilence was closely followed by the earthquake which ruined Naples, Aversa, Monte Cassino, Aquila, Sora, and caused, in Rome, the downfall of all pagan and Christian edifices already undermined by age and neglect. Petrarch calls it the worst experienced in Italy for the space of two thousand years, and describes the ruins of the great antique monuments of the upper half of the Torre de' Conti, erected by Innocent III. in 1203, of the belfry and porticos of S. Paolo fuori le Mura, of the roof of St. John the Lateran, and of parts of St. Peter's.

No special mention is made by Petrarch of the Coliseum nor of the basilica of Constantine, although we are sure of the collapse of the latter building on the day of the earthquake. We can trace, however, exactly the extent of the damages caused to the amphitheatre by a set of coats of arms of the S. P. Q. R. and of the Company of the Saviour ad Sancta Sanctorum, which were painted in 1386 on the edge of the ruins left standing by the earthquake. The belt of arcades overthrown began approximately at No. XIX., near the south vestibule, and ended with No. LVIII., in the opposite direction. Altogether three tiers of arches of thirty-nine each and one tier of windows fell to the ground, and formed an irregular chain of stony hills on half the circuit of the Coliseum. This is the coxa, so often mentioned in contemporary documents as the main quarry of travertine in mediæval and Renaissance Rome. The fate of the standing portion is not less remarkable; it has been used wholly or partially, or destined so to be used, for a hospital, for a manufactory of woollen goods, for periodical religious shows, for a glue-factory, for a hay-farm, for the preparation of saltpetre, and for the abode of hermits, outlaws, and witches.

The coats of arms painted by the Company of the Saviour ad Sancta Sane-

torum in 1386 have disappeared, but on the piers Nos. XXV. and XXXIV. of the first corridor are still engraved the names of Paolo de Vecchi and Paolo Palonio, the guardians of the Company for 1540. The corridors being unfit for use as a hospital even in those barbarous days, a new ward was built near and outside the amphitheatre, as an annex to the church of S. Giacomo del Colosseo. The foundations of the church, demolished in 1815, were laid bare in the spring of last year, together with hundreds of graves, forming the cemetery of the hospital. While these things were passing in one part of the ruins, the coxa was attacked by lime-burners and stone-cutters, urged by the Pope's legate, and by the Camerlengo, who had a share of thirty-three per cent in the profits. The legate of Urban V. complains to his master of having found no purchasers of stones in 1362 except the Frangipani, then engaged in repairing their stronghold on the Palatine. Poggio Fiorentino says that the mounds of stones had nearly disappeared at the time of Nicholas V., 1449-55; yet a document published by Eugène Müntz in the *Revue Archéologique*, September, 1876, proves that in 1452 one contractor alone was able to remove from the Coliseum twenty-five hundred and twenty-two carloads of travertine. Pope Eugene IV., 1431-47, had endeavored to stop the evil practice. In a brief dated Florence, 1438, which I have lately found in the Vatican archives, he says to his representatives in Rome: "We have heard with deep regret that some one amongst you has given permission to a contractor to pull down part of the Coliseum for the restoration of some private houses. We need not remind you that such destructions of antique remains lessen the estimation of Rome in the opinion of the world. We order you, therefore, if you wish to escape our wrath, to revoke at once the license, if already granted, and to see that no stone of the Coliseum,

however insignificant, or of any other ancient monument, shall be touched. Excavations in quest of building materials should be allowed only where there are no ruins above ground, at a considerable distance from the Coliseum and other such edifices." To join action to words, the good Pope inclosed the Coliseum with a wall, and gave the custody of it to the monks of Sta. Maria Nuova; but the Romans claimed their rights of possession, and after the death of Eugene they destroyed the inclosing walls.

The unfortunate ruins were thus left to the mercy of three masters whose respective rights were rather undefined, — the S. P. Q. R., the Company of the Saviour ad Sancta Sanctorum, and the Popes. Sometimes they followed an independent line of conduct; sometimes they acted together in favor of or against the interest of the place.

Early in the sixteenth century the celebration of the Passion Play was transferred from the so-called houses of Caiaphas and Pilate, and from the Monte Testaccio, to the Coliseum, and a remarkable map of Jerusalem was painted over the arch of the northern vestibule, where it is still to be seen in good condition. The surroundings of the play were certainly more picturesque than are those at Oberammergau, but the fact that the ruins had been consecrated did not prevent the lowest classes of city vagabonds and outlaws from considering them always as their headquarters, and as the safest and best place of concealment. Witches and sorcerers met under its arcades for their night revelings, as described by Benvenuto Cellini in his *Autobiography* (1532).

In 1574, the year before the jubilee of Gregory XIII., the Coliseum ran a great danger. The Pope was bringing a strong pressure to bear on the representatives of the city for the restoration of the Pons Æmilius, which had been overthrown by the inundation of 1557. There being no money in the pontifical

1496
1349
547

or municipal chest for the purchase of the travertines required, the eyes of the city magistrates fell on the Coliseum, the nearest and cheapest quarry of all. The proposal was made in the sitting of the town council of October 15, 1574; but the order of the day accepted by the council was couched in such terms as to save the amphitheatre from further destruction: "Agreed by unanimous vote that the marbles and travertines required for the restoration of the Ponte di S. Maria shall be taken from the ruins of Domitian's amphitheatre, provided they lie loose on the ground, and are not attached to any standing part of the edifice; the search for materials, in this or in any other ancient ruin, to be carried on under the supervision and responsibility of Matteo da Castello, the architect of the bridge; the statues and objects of value which may eventually be discovered in the course of the excavations to be the property of the S. P. Q. R."

Not less was the risk incurred by the Coliseum in the last year of the iron rule of Sixtus V. (1589). Domenico Fontana had planned the transformation of the edifice into a factory for woolen goods. His project included the reconstruction, more or less complete, of the fallen parts, leaving four entrances only, which would give access to the upper corridors by means of four great flights of steps. The centre of the arena was to be transformed into a tank for the supply of the works; the looms were to occupy the first corridor, while the upper ones would contain the bedrooms of the workmen. This monstrous conception was actually approved by the old Pontiff, and the work was begun. His death came in time, however, to stop the enterprise before any very great damage was done.

The Company of Sancta Sanctorum, in the mean time, was endeavoring to reap some benefit from the portion of the ruins upon which it had a claim; and if the Pope himself had thought it expedient to lend the Coliseum to the

production of woolen goods, why should not the Company try its luck at some kindred enterprise? Its section was accordingly let, in 1594, to a company for the manufacture of a kind of glue obtained from the skins and tendons of animals, — an industry which at the present day is prohibited within a certain distance of the city walls, on account of the unbearable emanations. The S. P. Q. R. was informed of the transaction on March 21. The makers of glue were put under arrest, and the Company was deprived of its rights. The terms of the lease were found to be one pound of wax a year!

The offense, however, was apparently soon forgotten; I have found the text of a contract signed on June 28, 1604, between the Company of Sancta Sanctorum and the S. P. Q. R., to the following effect: The S. P. Q. R. gives its consent to the destruction of the *Arco di Basile*, a stone viaduct in front of the hospital of the Company of St. John the Lateran, and the Company offers in exchange to the S. P. Q. R. a certain quantity of the travertines of the Coliseum, to be employed in the building of the Museo Capitolino.

The scruples about using the spoils of the amphitheatre once thrown away, the municipality of Rome laid hands on the quarry repeatedly in the course of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In March, 1697, on the occasion of a contract for the reconstruction of the road which descended from the Campo Vaccino to the Palazzo del Senatore on the Capitol, the condition was imposed upon the contractor "that the roadway should be paved with chips from the travertines of the Coliseum, which lay scattered on the floor." Perhaps they were the stones the fall of which is described in the diary of Giacinto Gigli in the following words: "In the night between May 21 and 22, 1644, three arches and portions of a fourth fell in the Coliseum."

At the end of the seventeenth cen-

tury the supply appears to have been exhausted, but another of those earthquakes so often mentioned in the history of the place caused the quarry to be filled up with fresh materials. On Friday, February 2, 1703, while Pope Clement XI. was celebrating the Vespers of the Purification, and just pronouncing the words *ut nullis nos permittas perturbationibus concuti*, the earth shook violently three times, putting the congregation to flight. Francesco Valesio relates in his diary that he happened to be crossing the Piazza Navona when the first shock was felt; he saw the water rush out of the basin of the Fontana del Nettuno, and the belfry of S. Agostino and Bernini's obelisk vibrate in the air, and he heard soon after that "three arches of the second belt of the Coliseum on the side of the Cælian had collapsed, burying under the ruins a poor man from Cascia who happened to be passing there."

The diary of Valesio gives this curious piece of information about the earthquake. On the Saturday that followed it, about eight o'clock at night, the news spread like wildfire that the Virgin Mary had appeared to the Pope, warning him that another and more terrible shock would take place that very night at eleven o'clock, that no house or palace or church would be left standing, and that the whole population would perish unless warned in time. Bands of men and women, hardly covered by bed-sheets, though the season was very cold, and carrying their naked children in their arms, were hurrying towards the nearest square, crying, "Leave your houses, brethren! Lord save us, Lord save us!" The panic seized all classes of citizens. Cardinals Bichi and Costaguti sought refuge in the Campo Vaccino, the Austrian ambassador in the Piazza del Popolo. The inmates of hospitals were carried with their beds to places of safety; three women were confined in the Campo Vaccino, and Valesio himself met a

young woman with nothing on but her nightgown, and three ladies covered only by a table-cloth. Twelve Moorish corsairs, who had just been made prisoners at Norma, asked to be baptized. The whole garrison of Rome was called out to patrol the streets and protect private property, for the door of nearly every house had been left wide open in the hurry of the flight.

The author or authors of this gigantic joke were never found out. On Monday, the governor issued a proclamation offering a reward to any one willing to turn informer; another proclamation followed on Friday, increasing the reward. This remarkable document, showing the credulous simplicity of the time, ends with these words: "Whereas all efforts of the police to trace the culprit have proved unsuccessful, it is supposed, even by wise and prudent men, that the affair was the work of the devil, because the first warning was given at the same time all over the city by beings dressed in the Pope's livery or in the garb of a prelate; and not only in Rome, but also in the suburbs (although the gates of the city were closed), in the Castelli Romani, and in the province as far as Ronciglione."

To come back to the Coliseum. The stones that fell on February 2 were distributed immediately among the works then progressing in Rome. The greater part were used in the steps of the Porto di Ripetta, one of the most graceful structures of Pope Albani, now concealed by the embankment of the river. The last of the stones were used in the buttresses and restorations of Pius VII., Gregory XVI., and Pius IX.

Pope Albani and his architect, Carlo Fontana, inclosed the entrances to the Coliseum with wooden railings, and the glorious ruins were destined to become the deposit of the refuse of the city, a dung-hole for the production of saltpetre necessary for the powder-mill which they themselves had established among the ruins of Trajan's Baths. Carlo Fontana

went even a step further: he drew the plans, and presented to the Pope the project for the erection of a church of the wildest rococo style in the middle of the arena. Benedict XIV. adopted a much milder form of conservation of the arena: he raised a cross in the middle of it, and shrines around, with pictures illustrating the passion of our Lord. Shrines and cross were taken away in 1874. The gates of Clement XI. did not give sufficient protection to the building; for it became soon after the hiding-place of malefactors of every description, and the scene of many crimes. If we remember that the staircases leading to the upper corridors were in a state of ruin, and that the whole building was covered by a forest of trees and shrubs, the Coliseum will appear to us, as it did to the outlaws of the eighteenth century, a much safer place of refuge than the woods of the Maremma. Antonio Uggeri, a daring explorer of Roman ruins of the time of Pius VI., declares that in the course of the excavations of the lower *ambulacra* many skeletons were found of men and women, murdered, and buried in haste in those recesses. Pieces of silver plate, also, and concealed valuables were found there. Uggeri goes on to say: "The following personal experience, which nearly cost me my life, leaves no doubt that the Coliseum had become an asylum of malefactors. I was engaged in 1790 in verifying some measures taken on previous occasions. I arrived on the spot one afternoon, an hour before sun-

set, and began climbing the ruins on my way to the upper galleries. I had proceeded hardly a hundred paces when a tall man, entirely naked, bearded and repulsive looking, sprang at me from behind a corner and shook me violently, asking what business I had there. I answered, in fear and trembling, that I was an architect by profession, and showed him my rod and my compass. In the mean while I heard a more gentle voice, close by, begging him to leave me in peace; and proceeding a step further, I discovered the rest of the company under the vault of one of the staircases. It was composed of two more men and one woman, all three naked, as the season was very warm. One of the men was standing, and the other was cooking something at the further end of the passage. The poor woman crouched down to conceal her nudity as well as she could." The most curious thing is that these outlaws lived on good terms with the hermit in charge of the Coliseum, and I suppose it was through him that they secured provisions. The hermits of the Coliseum were mostly foreigners, who had some sort of crime to expiate, I suppose. They lived rather comfortably in a little house, traces of which can still be seen near the south vestibule; and they drew a modest income from the hay-crop, and from the vegetables which they raised among the historical ruins. I have discovered several contracts between the hermits and the S. P. Q. R. by which the former are authorized to gather in the hay-harvest in exchange for the celebration of a mass.

Rodolfo Lanciani.

ABANDONED: A TALE OF THE PLAINS.

THE level rays of the morning sun shone in the faces of a man and a woman sitting side by side on the ground. Before them the hillside sloped down to a great sheet of brilliantly blue water, from the midst of which rose two remarkable black pyramids of volcanic rock, to whose prominence in the landscape Pyramid Lake owed its name. From its shores, crowding it closely, rose a succession of verdureless hills, augmented to mountains on the horizon. In the foreground they were dun-colored; as they receded, they became brown and crimson, blue and purple, under a marvelous play of light and shadow. Not a tree was in sight in all the wide expanse which vision commanded. Nature had drawn this landscape in pastel, laying the crude colors on in patches, without blending, every outline hard and bright. The man was very old, and decrepit with rheumatism; the woman was much younger and more robust, but stone-blind. She was weeping bitterly, the tears running over her cheeks from her sightless eyes. The man was silent, following with his gaze a ragged troop of men, women, and children who were fast disappearing from his view on the road which wound around the margin of the lake. The men slouched along at their ease, accompanied by their evil-looking dogs. The women were mostly bowed under heavy burdens, and led children by the hand or carried them upon their backs. A spavined old horse limped painfully along, bearing tent-poles and miscellaneous dunnage. Nature had colored her humanity vividly with red to match the landscape, for they were Indians.

When the Ishmaelitish group had passed out of sight in the convolutions of the hills, the old man turned to the woman and spoke to her gently. He seemed to be a good deal of a philosopher, and

suggested delicately that their fate might have been worse. He recalled to her memory the time, many years before, when they had assisted at the interment of old Kawich: how a white man's chair had been procured, on which she was seated and bound securely, and borne aloft in procession up the mountain side, ululating her own death-wail as she went; how, still chanting, she had been placed in a cleft of the rocks and walled up carefully, — where doubtless her skeleton sits upright and undisturbed to this day. He reminded her that such a consummation had then seemed quite fitting and proper to them both, and that it was a grace to be thankful for that they at least had air and space in which to make an ending.

But Sinkavata was inconsolable. Circumstances differ so with cases! Kawich had been old, very old, unreasonably old, and quite helpless; she had neither children nor grandchildren living, and in their pilgrimages who was to carry her about? But had not she, Sinkavata, a daughter of her flesh, able-bodied and capable, and mother of lusty offspring? Sharper than a serpent's tooth is the ingratitude of a child, even in savagedom. So the woman wept, not noisily, but with patient, heartbroken sobs, watering with her tears the grave of filial affection.

Some hours passed in this manner, and then old Kobeh rose to his feet with difficulty. "Come," he said; "the road is before us." Sinkavata arose also, and her husband assisted her to lift on her shoulders the pack of their small belongings, and adjusted the head-strap around her forehead. Then he handed her her stick, and giving into her hand one end of a rag, of which the other was tied around his wrist, he picked up his own stick, and painfully hobbled down the hillside towards the wagon-road, Sinkavata following. The sun beat down piti-

lessly, and was reflected with yet more fervent heat from the alkali-seared earth and transparent water; but these were things to be borne from day to day, and neither of them thought of murmuring. An empty stomach, — that also was a thing to be borne. It was long since either of them had known the fullness of repletion; and of late their portions had been constantly becoming smaller and smaller. And still, with humanity's strange persistence, they clung to the Here and Now.

After an hour's toilsome progress, they reached a place where the road wound around the base of a fantastic mass of black lava which had boiled up in the edge of the water at some period not so long since, geologically considered. Although the sun was now nearly in the meridian, on the north side of this solidified bubble of nature's blowing lay a strip of cool dimness. It was indeed the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, and the wayfarers clambered down to it, the old man heedfully guiding the blind woman's feet into the clefts which afforded safe foothold.

Here they rested, not speaking themselves, but listening to the water lapping against the face of the rock, and gossiping affably, with a continuous sociable murmur, of cosmic affairs well known to those two old cronies of the ages. Occasionally, an errant waft of air, going by, struck into the conversation and rendered it more animated for a moment; but it immediately lapsed again into its monotonous yet infinitely varied gurgle. However agreeable the shade and coolness and surcease of toil, they were not to be indulged in for any great length of time. The sun, climbing ever higher, momentarily narrowed the strip of shadow; and a great thirst took possession of the wayfarers, aggravated in intensity by the lapping and rippling of the water. For notwithstanding the lovely expanse of crystal purity of coloring which spread before them, the thirst must remain un-

appeased. That inland sea is goodly to look upon, delightful to bathe in, useful to catch fish out of, but not intended for drinking, even by plant life. Around its margin grows no blade of grass or shoot of willow. Like a lidless eye, it lies there in a desert of its own making, radiating hourly into the heated atmosphere the whole volume of a beautiful snow-fed river which pours its priceless limpid treasure into it, and remaining itself always the same, sparkling, alkaline, vividly blue.

"Come," said Sinkavata at last; "let us go. I must drink."

Toilsomely they plodded on another half-hour, when they turned a bend of the shore and came upon a house. In winter-time a stream came down here, through a hollow in the hills, and along its now dry bed grew a few sickly cottonwoods and willows. In front of the house were a well and a watering-trough. Kobeh led his companion to the well, and placed her hands upon the handle of the windlass. She turned with a will, and when the dripping bucket rose to the surface Kobeh steadied it upon the curb, and dipping into it with the tin cup chained to the trough, drank long and deep. Not until his thirst was satisfied did he fill the cup for his mahala, who had waited without a sign of longing or impatience. Then Kobeh led Sinkavata among the willows, where she remained while he went to the woodpile, and with pathetic bent back and weak old arms, barely able to raise the axe to the level of his head, split up an armful of wood. With this as an offering, he hobbled up to the kitchen door, where a sharp-faced but not unkindly-looking little woman was clearing up after the noonday meal. He put the wood in the box and stood in the doorway silently.

The woman looked at him curiously. "So your folks left you behind?" was all she said; but she put some broken crusts and fragments of fish and potato on a tin plate and handed it to him.

Kobeh was very hungry; he might have sat down on the door-stone and eaten it all himself, but he did not; he limped back into the willows, and shared the feast with Sinkavata with scrupulous fairness.

The two old people remained near the house; they built themselves a wind-break of willow branches, Sinkavata doing the labor under Kobeh's direction. Three times a day he carried his offering to the kitchen door, and received the fragments, given more or less grudgingly. The rancher's wife wanted them for her chickens, — voracious things that came inside the door and snatched the food from the table, if left unguarded; not so much because they were ill fed as because their gizzards resented the lack of green pasturage and succulent larvæ to which a chicken's gizzard feels itself entitled. When some of these fishy fowl were killed for the table, Kobeh plucked them for the rancher's wife; wash-days he led Sinkavata to the door and planted her against a tub, where she rubbed and wrung with right good will. These days they were rewarded with sweetened coffee, delicious beyond all things to the Indian palate. Often the rancher's wife asked Kobeh why they did not go on to the Reservation. Kobeh's command of language was insufficient to explain so complicated a matter. Perhaps he did not know himself. But in fact neither he nor Sinkavata had a thought of appealing from Indian custom to Caucasian arbitration. The head man of their clan drew their rations, and if the clan rejected them, what other home or hope had they? None. On the Reservation they would be outcasts still, and more ignominiously aware of it. So they dwelt among the willows, awaiting fate stolidly.

Sometimes Kobeh looked across wistfully at the Pyramids, miles away in the midst of the lake. He knew that there were goats on the larger of them, and a great spring of pure water, bubbling up from some source below the lake-bottom,

— a thing surprising to contemplate, for at the base of the Pyramids the plumb-line drops sheer into six hundred feet of water. He thought he could trap the goats in pitfalls, and perhaps sometimes catch fish. Once or twice he had a fleeting notion of making an appeal to the rancher to row them across in his boat, and give them some fishing-tackle, and leave them to their own devices. But the Indian abhors solitude, and worse even than solitude were the snakes; for the Pyramid with the spring is alive with rattlesnakes, writhing, crawling, sunning themselves, rattling defiance to the goats, who fear them not a whit. There is a tradition to account for the goats being on that lone islet, but there is none to account for the snakes, and the Indians believe that the Spirit of the Underworld has put them there to guard a main doorway of his dominions: they think that through this Pyramid is a passage to the home of the unhappy dead, and from thence wells up the spring, whose waters are enchanted. No, the islets were impracticable; the idea of their occupation was but a momentary fancy, offspring of desperation.

In the last days of October the rancher gathered up his cattle, — running at large through the dun, sage-covered hills, and putting themselves in prime condition for the market on the nutritious bunch-grass, — and prepared to drive them to his home ranch, within the confines of railroads and civilization.

"We are going away at sunrise tomorrow," the rancher's wife said to old Kobeh. "Here is bread and meat to do you for two or three days, and I will give you some bottles to carry water." She was sorry for the old creatures, but they did not weigh upon her conscience. Their plane of being and feeling was too far apart from hers for any magnetic chords of sympathy to thrill from heart to heart.

When the rancher's wagon, with his family and their movable belongings, dis-

appeared from his sight in a cloud of dust, the man again said, "Come. The road is before us." The woman was weeping once more, silently this time. Kobeh had failed greatly within the past few weeks, and could lead his blind mahala but at a snail's pace, as he supported himself heavily upon his stick. The Reservation was thirty miles away, and when night fell the forlorn pair had covered but a third of the distance. They huddled and shivered the night through over their little fire of sage-brush, chilled to the marrow by the keen night-wind of those elevated regions. With the dawn they were on their feet and walking to restore warmth to their numbed frames; but the old man's breath came in painful gasps, spasms of pain contracted his features, and now and again a groan burst from him, in spite of a self-control attained by a long lifetime of practice. At each such betrayal Sinkavata uttered a sympathetic moan, and the tears coursed down her furrowed cheeks.

Two or three times during the day vehicles met or passed them, but their occupants seldom gave them a second glance, and never a second thought. To them they were but two old Indians on the tramp. And the Indians never dreamed of making any appeal to these strangers of an alien race and tongue. When night fell again, the wayfarers had won but a few miles further on their journey. Kobeh threw himself down upon the ground, too exhausted to gather fuel, and the blind woman sat down by his side, and passed her hands over him with pitiful interrogation.

The long night through she sat there and listened to the old man's raucous breathing and delirious mutterings. He seemed unconscious of her presence. When he moaned "Water," she put the bottle to his lips and held it until he pushed it away. Had a physician been there to diagnose the case, he would probably have said, "Pneumonia in its most acute phase."

But it matters little by what name we call our suffering. Towards morning Kobeh grew quiet, and Sinkavata thought him sleeping. Fainter and fainter came his breath, till the mahala, listening with her ear to his lips, could hear it fluttering no longer. "Heart failure," the physician would have said, again. But again it matters little by what name we call our peace. Sinkavata knew that her companion of forty years was gone from her, and she composed his limbs and covered his face.

Perhaps one of the white gulls, swooping and soaring over the lake, as she remembered them in the days of her vision, was already on the way with his spirit to the Happy Hunting Grounds. Evil spirits in the guise of pursuing birds must be frightened away, and she raised the death-wail loud and clear. All day she sat by the stiffening corpse, ululating at regular intervals. Several times people went by on the road; but a squaw howling somewhere in the sage-brush meant nothing to them, any more than the hum of the insect world conveys to man the tragedies of their lives. Sinkavata knew by her bodily sensations when the sun rose, and climbed the meridian, and passed into the western porches of the day. She knew by the sudden chill in the air when it dropped behind the mountains. She knew when it rose again and dispelled the numbing cold of the night. Then she ceased the death-wail: she had performed her last duty to her lord, and insured his spirit a safe passage to its eternal home.

She bent her head and listened intently, until there was borne in upon her ears the soft lisp and prattle of the lake as its mimic wavelets babbled confidentially with the pebbles on the beach. She rose, and, guided by the sound, groped her way towards the shore. She left her pack lying on the ground beside the body. She was done with burdens. When she came to the water's edge she sat down, and, reaching about her in all

directions, gathered up the largest pebbles and put them in her garments wherever she could find lodgment for them; she ripped the hem of her skirt in places and put them in by handfuls, until she thought herself sufficiently weighted. Then rising, she waded out into the water, slowly but unhesitatingly. Its peculiar softness and buoyancy felt grateful as bed of down to her wearied and chilled frame. A gull called and swooped around her head so closely that she felt the fanning of its wings. That, she knew, was the messenger waiting for her spirit; but who would ululate her death-wail, and keep the foul fiends at bay? The water was now up to her armpits, and she paused at the thought. Death was nothing, but afterwards? As she stood sombrely reflecting, there came to her ears across the shimmering, shifting surface, soft and clear, rising, falling, on the wave, with periodic iteration, a weird, low coronach.

To what acoustic mirage, to what play of wind and wave in the caverns of the Pyramids fronting her in the midst of the lake, to what illusion of her own strained senses, the requiem was due, is not to be known. But a radiant smile illumined the bronze mask of her face, and she stepped boldly forward, — into some abyss of the lake-bottom, for she went down instantly, the smile fixed on her countenance; and the water closed over her head with scarce a ripple to mark the spot of her disappearance.

Placidly as before, the great lake dimpled, and sparkled, and lapped, and murmured. Overhead the sea-gulls wheeled and screamed, visitants from an ocean more than three hundred miles away as the gull flies.

Amid the sage-brush the dead man smiled up at the sky, his aquiline features composed in an expression of great peace.

Batterman Lindsay.

WINTER.

EARTH bears her sorrow gladly, like a nun,
 Her young face glowing through the icy veil.
 The storms that threaten her, the winds that rail,
 Kindle a deeper color. She has won
 Graces that please the high-enthronèd sun;
 Across her soft white robes that drift and trail
 He casts his lordly purples, lest she quail
 With the dead year, and deem that all is done.
 She leadeth on through desolate sad days,
 A smile upon her lips, a triumph-song
 Shut in her heart. Be glad! so singeth she;
 Glad of the solitude, the silent ways, —
 Yea, of the pain: so shall thy soul grow strong
 For the brave spring that comes to set us free.

Harriet Monroe.

SUNDAY IN NEW NETHERLAND AND OLD NEW YORK.

SUNDAY was not observed in New Netherland with any such rigidity as in New England. The followers of Coecius would not willingly include Saturday night, and not even all of the Sabbath Day, in their holy time. Madam Knights, writing in 1704 of a visit to New York, noted, "The Dutch are n't strict in keeping the Sabbath, as in Boston and other places where I have been." This was, of course, in times of English rule in New York. Nevertheless, much respect to the day was required, especially under the firm hand of the rigid Calvinist, Governor Stuyvesant. He constantly enjoined and enforced strict regard for seemly quiet during service time. The records of Stuyvesant's government are full of injunctions and laws prohibiting "tavern-tapping" during the hours of church service. He would not tolerate fishing, gathering of berries or nuts, playing in the street, or gaming at ball or bowls during church time. At a little later date the time of prohibition of noise and tapping and gaming was extended to include the entire Sabbath Day, and the *schout*, or constable, was ordered to be active in searching out and punishing such offenses.

Occasionally his vigilance did discover some Sabbath disorders. He found the first Jew trader who came to the island of Manhattan serenely keeping open shop on Sunday and selling during sermon time, knowing naught of any Sunday laws of New Amsterdam. And Albert the Trumpeter was seen on the Sabbath in suspicious guise with an axe on his shoulder, but he was only going to cut a bat for his little son; and as for his neighbor who did cut wood, it was only kindling, since his children were cold. One Sunday evening in 1660, the *schout* triumphantly found three sailors round a tap-house table, with a lighted

candle and a backgammon board thereon; and surely any one would have a right to draw an inference of gaming therefrom. And in another public-house ninepins were plainly visible, and a can and glass, during preaching time. The landlady had her excuse: some came to her house and said church was out, and one chanced to have a bowl in his hand and another a pin, but there was no playing at bowls.

Still, though the *schout* snooped and fined, in 1673 the burgomasters "experienced to our great grief" that rolling ninepins was more in vogue on Sunday than on any other day. And we learn that there were social clubs that "set on the Sabbath," which must speedily be put an end to. Thirty men were found by the *schout* in one *tap-huys*, but as they were playing ninepins and backgammon two hours after the church doors had closed, prosecution was most reluctantly abandoned.

Of course scores of "tappers" were prosecuted, in taverns and in private houses. Piety and regard for an orderly Sabbath were not the only guiding thoughts in the burgomasters' minds in framing their Sunday liquor laws and enforcing them; for some tapsters had "tapped beer during divine service and used a small kind of measure, which is in contempt of our religion and must ruin our state," — and the state was sacred.

Before the arrival of a Dutch preacher in the new settlement in the New World, the spiritual care of the little company was provided for by *krankebesoeckers*, or *zeikentrosters*, "comforters of the sick," who "read to the Commonalty on Sundays from texts of Scripture with the Comments." These pious men were assigned to this godly work in Fort Orange and in New Amsterdam and Breuckelen, and took the place of ministers. At

Fort Orange they had a domine before they had a church. The patroon instructed his agent, Van Curler, to build a church in 1642; but it was not until 1646 that the little wooden edifice was really put up. It was furnished at a cost of about thirty-two dollars by carpenter Fredricksen, with a *predickstoel*, or pulpit, a seat for the magistrates, *de heerebanke*, one for the deacons, nine benches, and several corner-seats.

The first church at Albany, built in 1657, was simply a block-house with loop-holes for the convenient use of guns in defense against the Indians, if defense were needed. On the roof were placed three small cannon, commanding the three roads which led to the church. This edifice was called "a handsome preaching-house," and it was boasted that it was almost as large as the fine one in New Amsterdam. Its corner-stone was laid with much ceremony. Over all hung in a belfry a bell presented to the little congregation by the directors of the Amsterdam chamber of the West India Company. The pulpit was the gift of the same board of West India directors, since the twenty-five beavers' skins sent for its purchase proved greatly damaged, and hence inadequate as payment. This pulpit still exists, — a pedestal with a flight of narrow steps and a curved balustrade. It is about four feet in height, and only three in diameter. It is octagonal; one of the sides, being hinged, forms the entrance door, or gate. All the small panels and mouldings are of oak. It stood in a space at the end of the centre aisle.

"I see the pulpit high — an octagon,
Its pedestal, *doophuysje*, winding stair,
And room within for one, and one alone,
A canopy above, suspended there."

From the ceiling hung a chandelier, and candle-sconces projected from the walls. There were originally two low galleries; a third was added in 1682. The men sat in the galleries, and, as they carried their arms to meeting, were thus conveniently placed to fire through the

loop-holes if necessity arose. The bell-rope from the belfry hung down in the middle of the church. This church was plain enough, but it was certainly kept in true Dutch cleanliness; for house-cleaners frequently invaded it with pails and scrubbing-brushes, brooms, lime, and sand; even a *ragebol*, or cobweb-brush, was purchased by the deacon for the use of the scrubbers. The floor was sanded, as were the floors of dwelling-houses.

In 1715 the second Albany church was built on the site of the old one. Tradition says it was built around it; that the congregation were deprived of the use of the church only three weeks, and the old one was carried out "by piecemeal." At any rate, the new one was precisely similar in shape, but was a substantial edifice of stone. This building was not demolished until 1806.

The sittings in this church sold for thirty shillings each. When the first owner of a seat died (were he a man), it descended to his eldest son or the eldest grandson; if there were no son or grandson, to his son-in-law; this heir being in default, the sitting fell to a brother, and so on. When the transfer was made, the successor paid fifteen shillings to the church. A woman's seat descended to her daughter, daughter-in-law, or sister. Sittings were sold only to persons residing in Albany County. When a seat was not claimed by any heir of a former owner, it reverted to the church.

This building had some pretense to ornamentation: the windows were stained glass decorated with the coats of arms of various Albany families. The Van Rensselaer and Dudley arms still exist; and wooden coats of arms were hung on the walls, as in the New York church. This was a custom of the Fatherland. A writer of that day said of the churches in Rotterdam and Harlem, "They are battered as full of escutcheons as the walls can hold."

The meeting-house sometimes bore other decorations, often "billets of sales"

and notices of vendues or "outerys." In the Albany church, when there was rumor of an approaching war with France, "guns, powder, and bales," to the number of fifty, were ordered to be "hung up in y^e church," — a stern reminder of possible sudden bloodshed. "Y^e fyre-masters" were also ordered to see that "y^e fyre-ladders and fyre-hookes were hung at y^e church." In many churches the bier stood in the porch, with the *dood-kleed*, or burial pall, when not in use.

In 1698 a stone church was built in Flatbush. It cost nearly sixteen thousand guilders. It had a steep four-sided roof ending in the centre in a small steeple. This roof was badly constructed, for it pressed out the upper part of one wall more than a foot over the foundation, and sorely bent the braces. The pulpit faced the door, and was flanked by the deacons' bench on one side and the elders' bench on the other.

Of the seating arrangement of this Flatbush church Dr. Strong says: —

"The male part of the congregation were seated in a continuous pew all along the wall, divided into twenty apartments, with a sufficient number of doors for entrance, each person having one or more seats. The residue of the interior of the building was for the accommodation of the female part of the congregation, who were seated on chairs. These were arranged into seven rows, or blocks, and every family had one or more chairs in some one of these blocks. This arrangement of seats was called '*De Gestoeltens*.' Each chair was marked on the back by a number or by the name of the person to whom it belonged."

When the church was remodeled in 1774, there were two galleries, one for white folk, one for black; the benches directly under the galleries were free. In the centre of the main floor were two benches with backs, one called the Yefrows Bench, the other the Blue Bench. The former was for the minister's wife and family; the other was let out to in-

dividuals, and was a seat of considerable dignity.

Many of the old Dutch churches, especially those on Long Island, were six-sided or eight-sided; these had always a high steep pyramidal roof terminating in a belfry, which was often topped with a gilded *haen*, or weather-cock. The churches at Jamaica and New Utrecht were octagonal. The Bushwick church was hexagonal. It stood till 1827, a little dingy rustic edifice. This form of architecture was not peculiar to the Dutch nor to the Dutch Reformed Church. Episcopal churches and the Quaker meeting-house at Flushing were similar in shape.

When the bold Dutch sea-captain De Vries, that interesting figure in the early history of New Netherland, arrived in churchless New Amsterdam, he promptly rallied Director Kieft on his dilatoriness and ungodliness, saying it was a shame to let Englishmen see the mean barn which served Manhattan as a church, — that "the first thing they build in New England after their dwelling-houses is a fine church." He pointed out the abundant materials for building creditably and cheaply, — fine oak wood, good mountain stone, excellent lime; and he did more, — he supported his advice by a subscription of a hundred guilders. Director Kieft promised a thousand guilders from the Company, and fortune favored the scheme; for the daughter of Domine Bogardus was married opportunely just at that time, and, as was the wise custom of the day, a collection was taken up at the wedding. Kieft asked that it be employed for the building of the church; and when the wedding guests were mellow with wedding cheer, "after the fourth or fifth round of drinking," says the chronicle, each vied with the others in pious liberality. A few days later some regretted their expansiveness at the wedding feast; but Kieft held them stiffly to their contracts, and "nothing availed to excuse." As a result of all this, a stone church, seventy-two

feet long and fifty-five feet wide, was built within the fort. It was the finest building in New Netherland, and bore on its face a stone inscribed with these words: "Anno Domini 1641, William Kieft, Director General, hath the Commonalty built this Temple." It was used by the congregation as a church for fifty years, and for half a century longer by the military, when it was burned.

There was no church in Breuckelen in 1660. Domine Selyns wrote, "We preach in a barn." The church was built six years later, and is described as square, with thick stone walls and steep peaked roof surmounted by a small open belfry, in which hung the small sharp-toned bell which had been sent over by the West India Company. The walls were so paneled with dark wood, the windows were so high and narrow, that it was always dark and gloomy inside the church; even in summer-time it was impossible to see to read in it after four o'clock in the afternoon. Services were held in summer at nine A. M. and two P. M., but in winter in the morning only. The windows were eight feet from the floor, and were darkened with stained glass sent from Holland, representing flower-pots with vines covered with varicolored flowers. This church stood on what is now Fulton Street, a mile from the ferry, and was used until 1810.

These early churches were unheated, and it is said that sometimes the domines preached in heavy knit or fur caps and mittens, and that both goodman and goodwife carried muffs. I can fancy a love-locked cavalier or mincing Horace Walpole carrying a great muff, but such feminine gear seems to consort in ill fashion with a sturdy Dutch mynheer. That he should smoke in meeting was natural enough, to try to keep warm; though folk do tell that he smoked in meeting in summer too, to keep cool. By the middle of the eighteenth century the Albany and Schenectady churches had stoves, perched up on pillars on a

level with the gallery, in high disregard or ignorance of the laws of caloric: hence, of course, the galleries, in which sat the men, were fairly heated, while the ground floor and the *vrouws* remained in icy frigidity. It is told of more than one old-time sexton that he loudly asserted the importance of his office by noisy rattling-down of the gallery stoves and slamming of the iron doors at the most critical point in the domine's sermon. The women of the congregation carried foot-stoves of perforated metal or wood, which contained boxes of coals, to afford a little warmth to the feet. *Kerck-stoofs* appear on the earliest inventories. They still are used in churches in Holland. In an anteroom of a church in Leyden are several hundred *stoven* for use in winter.

The services in these churches were long. They were opened by reading and singing conducted by the *voorleezer*, or *voorzanger*, — that general utility man who was usually precentor, schoolmaster, bell-ringer, sexton, grave-digger, and clerk. During the singing the domine entered, and pausing for a few minutes at the foot of the pulpit in silent prayer, he soon ascended to his seat of state. The psalms were given out to the congregation through a large hanging-board with movable printed slips. Of course the powers and duties of this church functionary, the *voorleezer*, varied in different towns. In all he seems to have had charge of the turning of the hour-glass, which stood near the pulpit in sight of the domine. In Kingston, where the pulpit was high, he thrust up to the preacher the notices stuck in the end of a cleft stick. In this town, about Revolutionary times, he was also paid two shillings per annum by each family to go around and knock loudly on the door every Sunday morning to warn that it was service time. In some towns he was permitted to give three sharp raps of warning with his staff on the pulpit when the hour-glass had run out a second time, thus shutting off the sermon.

In New Amsterdam the *koeck*, or clerk, was a marked personage on Sunday. After he had summoned the congregation by the sound of drum or bell, he ceremoniously formed a pompous little procession of his assistants, and, heading the line, with their aid he carried the cushions from the City Hall to the church to furnish comfortably the "magistrate's pew," in which the burgomasters and *schepens* sat.

The deacons had full control of all the funds of the church; they collected the contributions of the congregation by walking up and down the aisles, or "alleys," and thrusting in front of each "range" of seats, in the face of the seated people, a small cloth contribution-bag, or *sacje*, hung on a hoop at the end of a slender pole six or eight feet in length, — fashioned, in fact, somewhat after the model of crab-nets. This custom — the use of so unfamiliar a medium for church collecting — gave rise to the amusing notion of one observant English traveler that Dutch deacons passed round their old hats on the end of walking-sticks to gather church contributions.

Often a little bell hung at the bottom of the contribution-bag, or was concealed in an ornamenting tassel, and by its suggestive tinkle-tinkle warned all church attendants of the approach of the deacon, and perhaps aroused the peaceful church sleepers from too selfish dreams of profitable barter in lumber and peltries. In New Utrecht, the *karek-sacje* had an alarm bell which sounded only when a contribution was made. A loud-speaking silence betrayed the stingy church-goer. The collection was usually taken up in the middle of a sermon. The *sacje* stood or hung conveniently in the deacon's seat. In Flatbush and other towns, the deacons paused for a time in front of the pulpit, *sacje* in hand, while the domine enjoined generosity to the church and kindly Christian thought of the poor. The collection-bags in Flatbush were of velvet.

It is said that stray Indians who

chanced to wander, or were piously persuaded to enter, into the Fort Orange or Albany church during service time, and who did not well understand the pulpit eloquence of the Dutch tongue, regarded with suspicious and disapproving eyes the unfailing and unreasonable appearance of the *karek-sacje*; for they plainly perceived that there was some occult law of cause and effect which could be traced from these two relative facts: the traders who gave freely into the church-bags on Sunday always beat down the price of beaver on Monday.

The bill for one of these *karek-sacjes* was paid by the deacons of the Albany church in 1682. Seven guilders were paid for the black stuff and two skeins of silk, and two guilders for the making. When a ring was bought for the sack (I suppose to hold it open at the top), it cost four guilders. This instrument of church collection lingered long in isolated localities. It is vaguely related that some are still in existence, and still used. The church at New Utrecht possessed and exhibited one at its bicentennial celebration, a few years ago. Their fate was settled when the honest deacons were forced to conclude that the *sacje* could, if artfully manipulated by designing moderns, conceal far too well the amount given by each contributor, and hide equally well the many and heavy stones deposited therein by vain youth of Dutch descent but American ungodliness. So an open-faced full-in-view pewter or silver plate was substituted and passed in its place. In 1813, the church at Success, Long Island, bought contribution-plates, and abandoned *sacjes*. Some lovers of the good old times resented this inevitable exposure of the amount of each gift, and turned away from the deacon and his new fashion, refusing to give at all.

I ought to add, in defense of the *karek-sacje* and in praise of the early congregations, that the amount gathered each week was most generous, — in

proportion far in advance of our modern church contributions. The poor were at that time not taken in charge by the state or town, but were liberally cared for by the church. Often during the year much more money would be collected than was needful for the current expenses of the church. In Albany the extra collections were lent out at eight per cent interest ; at one time four thousand guilders were lent to one man. The deacons who took charge of the treasury-chest in Albany rendered each year an account of its contents. In 1665 there were in this chest *seelver-gelt*, *sea-want*, and *obligasse*, or obligations, to the amount of 2829 guilders. There were also good Friesland stockings and many ells of linen to be given to the poor.

The "church poor," as they were called, fared well in New Netherland. Of beggars and degraded poor of Dutch birth or descent there were none. Some poor folk having a little property transferred it to the Consistory, who paid it out for their support as long as it lasted, and cheerfully added to the amount by gifts from the church treasury while it was necessary for the care of these "of the poorer sorte." To show that these church poor were neither neglected nor despised, let me give an example of one case, — an ordinary entry from the deacons' records of the Albany church in 1695. Claes Janse was assigned at that time to live with Hans Kros and his wife Antje. They were to provide him with *logement*, *kost*, *drank*, *wassen* (lodging, food, drink, and washing), and for this were paid forty guilders a month by the church. When Claes died the church paid for his funeral, which apparently left nothing undone in the way of respectability. The bill reads thus : —

Guilders. Stuyvers.

Dead shirt and cap . . .	16	
Winding sheet	14	
Making coffin	24	
1 lb. nails, cartage coffin .	3	10
2 half vats good beer . .	30	
6 bottles rum	22	

5 gallons Madeira wine .	42	
Tobacco, pipes, and sugar	4	10
3 cartloads sand for grave	1	10
Grave-digging	3	
Deacons give three dry boards for coffin, and use of pall.		

With a good dry coffin, a good dry grave, and a far from dry funeral, Hans Claes' days, though he were of the church poor, ended in honor.

The earlier Dutch ministers were occasionally rather rough characters. Domine Bogardus in New Amsterdam and Domine Schaets in Fort Orange were most unclerical in demeanor, both in and out of the pulpit. Both were engaged in slander suits, the former as libeler and defendant. Both were abusive and personal in the pulpit, "dishonouring the church by passion." The former was alleged by his enemies to be frequently drunk, in church and abroad, and he seized the pulpit as a convenient and prominent platform from which he could denounce his opposers ; from his high post he scolded the magistrates, and called opprobrious names (a hateful offense in New Amsterdam) ; he threatened Wouter Van Twiller that he would give "from the pulpit such a shake as would make him shudder." He even arbitrarily refused the communion, thereby causing constant scandal and dissension. The magistrates doubtless deserved all his rebukes, but in their written admonition to him they appear with some dignity, expressing themselves forcibly and concisely thus : "Your bad tongue is the cause of these divisions, and your obstinacy the cause of their continuance ;" and it is difficult now to assign the blame and odium of this quarrel very decidedly to either party.

The Labadist travelers thus described the Albany domine : —

"We went to church in the morning [April 28, 1680], and heard Domine Schaets preach, who, although he is a poor old ignorant person, and besides is not of good life, yet had to give utter-

ance to his passion, having for his text, 'Whatever is taken upon us,' etc., at which many of his auditors, who knew us better, were not well pleased, and in order to show their condemnation of it laughed and derided him, which we corrected."

As time passed on, firewood became one of the minister's perquisites in addition to his salary, — sixty or seventy loads a season. We find the Schenectady congregation having a "bee" to gather in the domine's wood, and the Consistory supplied plentiful wine, rum, and beer as a treat for the "bee."

The employment of the Dutch language in the pulpit of the Dutch Reformed Church in New Netherland lasted until into this century. Naturally, Dutch was used as long as the Classis at Amsterdam supplied the churches in America with preachers. In 1744 Domine Rubel and Domine Van Sinderin were sent to Flatbush, the last ministers from the Classis of Amsterdam to any American church; but at their death the Dutch tongue was not silent in the Flatbush church, for their successor, Domine Schoonmaker, lived to be ninety years old, and never preached but one sermon in English. With his death, in 1824, ceased the public use of the Dutch language in the Flatbush pulpit. Until the year 1792 the entire service in this church was "the gospel undefiled in Holland Dutch."

In New York city, the large English immigration, the constant requirements and influences of commerce, and the frequent intermarriages of the English and Dutch robbed the Dutch language of its predominance by the middle of the eighteenth century. Rev. Dr. Laidlie preached in 1764 the first English sermon to a Dutch Reformed congregation. By 1773 English was used in the Dutch school, and young people began to shun the Dutch services on Sunday.

The growth of the Dutch Reformed

Church in New York was slow. This was owing to three marked and direct causes: First, from 1693 until Revolutionary times Episcopacy was virtually established by law in a large part of the province, — in the city and county of New York, and in the counties of Westchester, Richmond, and Queens; and people of all denominations were obliged to contribute to the support of the Church of England. Second, the English language had become the current language of the province; in the schools, the courts, in all public business, it was the prevailing tongue, while the services of the Dutch Reformed Church were all held in Dutch. Third, all candidates for ministry in the Dutch Reformed Church were obliged to go to Holland for ordination: this involved great expense, and often kept congregations without a minister for a long time. The entire discipline of the church, all the courts of appeal, were also in the Fatherland.

In order to obtain relief from the last-named hampering condition, a few ministers in America devised a plan in 1737 to secure church organization in New York. It took the slow-moving Classis of Amsterdam ten years to signify approval of this plan, and a body was formed named the Coetus. But this had merely advisory powers, and in less than ten years it asked to be constituted a Classis with full ecclesiastical powers. From this step arose a violent and bitter quarrel between the Coetus party, the reformers, and the Conferentie party, the conservatives. The permission of the Classis of Amsterdam for American church independence was finally given on condition of establishing a college for the proper training of the ministry of the Dutch Reformed Church. The Coetus party obtained a college charter from George III. Blighted in its birth by the Revolution, the college lived with varying prosperity until its revival as Rutgers College in 1825.

Alice Morse Earle.

MARGARET FULLER IN A NEW ASPECT.

AN interesting little book — interesting for what it suggests rather than for what it is — has been published under the title *Margaret and her Friends*.¹ Fifty years ago no explanation as to just which Margaret was meant would have been required, but to-day it is only the special student of American letters who will at once make out that it refers to the Margaret of the Transcendental circle, Margaret Fuller, the friend and inspiration of those who made the period between 1830 and 1860 famous.

The book is a report from stenographic notes of a series of Conversations inaugurated by Margaret Fuller in 1839. The original plan was to confine the membership to ladies, but the fame of the undertaking became so great that a mixed class was organized, and met at the house of the Reverend George Ripley in Boston. The subject chosen was mythology in its symbolical aspect. There seems to have been no attempt at serious study, probably because it would have been opposed to the purely conversational spirit of the meetings. The names of nearly all those who took part in the discussions are familiar to us as shining lights in the literature of the period; Emerson, Alcott, James Freeman Clarke, Jones Very, and William W. Story were among the number.

Accepting as verbatim the notes of Mrs. Dall, who was one of the original members, it must be confessed they offer no solution in themselves to the mystery of Margaret Fuller's charm, nor do they show any ground for her reputation for wit and learning. Indeed, if these notes were the only evidence of her intellectual ability, the conclusion would be forced upon us that the influence of this remarkable woman was purely phy-

sical; that her personality was of a nature so potent that she obliged people to regard her exactly as she wished them to regard her. But fortunately other evidence is in existence, and from her letters, journals, and reviews it is apparent that while her ability as a writer has been overrated, she possessed exceptional attainments, the most varied sympathies, and the deepest culture. Yet her power over those with whom she came in contact is a most important factor in any estimate of her genius, for the reason that in it is to be found an explanation of the many inconsistencies in her nature which so puzzled her friends and rejoiced her enemies.

Taken in connection with the various memoirs and letters of Margaret Fuller which have been given to the public, Mrs. Dall's report becomes of value because of the data it unconsciously affords for a new interpretation of her character, and for the insight it gives into the life of that unique period in the history of this country — into that well-marked case of sociological atavism — when the reflective spirit was for the time being so completely in the ascendant that "a woman whose powers and accomplishments found their best and most adequate channel in her conversation" could achieve almost a national reputation. In order to appreciate the fact that in these arranged conversations is to be observed the clearest manifestation of Margaret Fuller's power over the minds of those with whom she was associated, — of, in short, her possession of a wonderful dramatic gift, — it is first essential to have fresh in mind the peculiar psychologic history of this gifted and impassioned woman, an exotic sprung from Puritan soil.

It will be remembered that she was W. HEALY (Mrs. Dall). Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1895.

¹ *Margaret and her Friends, or Conversations with Margaret Fuller.* Reported by CAROLINE

an exceptionally precocious child, early skilled in Latin and abstruse subjects; a creature of whimsies, of nightmares and terrors untold, and to the end of her life a believer in signs, omens, dæmonology, and the fateful power of gems, — all the result of a vicious system of education, the lack of playmates and a natural child's life.

Dowered with an exuberant emotional nature and a lively imagination, she found in her own mind the companionship she craved, and made herself the centre of her little world. As the fancies of more fortunate children, bred on fairy lore, are cast in the fairy mould, so Margaret Fuller, whose acquaintance with works of the imagination was confined to the early dramatists, patterned hers after the heroic world of Shakespeare and Molière. In time she evidently came to regard herself as a combination of many such individualities, to whom in turn she referred the opinions of her other selves.

Toward the few children of her own age who came under her notice her precocity created in her a feeling of intellectual superiority, to which was joined an inordinate curiosity as to the workings of other minds. This trait in after-life, under the guise of sympathy, came to be one of her greatest charms.

At the school where, at the age of fifteen, she was finally sent, an unfortunate experience with the merciless quality of youthful criticism still further increased the tendency of her mind to introspection and self-consciousness. In her story Mariane, which is a thinly veiled autobiography, she tells us that one of her favorite diversions at this time was to spin like a dancing dervish until the onlookers were giddy, then overwhelm them with improvisations, declamations, and whole plays, in which she sustained each character in turn. When her inspiration flagged she would spin again, and wind up, as it were, her imagination for fresh flights.

During her stay at this school some

theatricals were arranged, in which Margaret took part. She found herself at once in her native element, and for days she continued to personate, as far as she was able, the character which she had taken in the play.

Years afterward, Horace Greeley, writing of her, said: "She possessed marvelous powers of observation and imitation or mimicry, and had she been attracted to the stage would have been the first actress America has produced, whether in tragedy or comedy." Channing, in his *Memoir*, also speaks of her great ability in this direction, and her assured success had her lot been cast in a time and country congenial to the tragic muse. But the traditions of the society in which she lived were in every way antipathetic to such a development. Consequently Margaret Fuller's dramatic genius spent itself in a vain and wasted effort to find in real life the ideal characters which it required for its satisfaction. In her women friends she sought the passion or the tenderness of a Lady Macbeth or a Juliet; in her men friends, the emotional force, the power, or the will of a Hamlet, a Cæsar, or a Coriolanus.

It was, however, in Goethe that she came nearest to finding satisfaction for her longings for the ideal character. "The effect on Margaret was complete," writes Emerson. . . . "She found in him the same climate of mind; . . . the religion, the science, the catholicism, the worship of art, the mysticism and dæmonology, and withal the recognition of moral distinctions as final and eternal. . . . It was very obvious at the first intercourse with her . . . that this mind had been her teacher, and of course the place was filled, nor was there room for any other."

As she had from time to time taken on in like manner the nature of all those beings, whether real or imaginary, who appealed to her understanding or her fancy, so she became by natural affinity Goethe and his creations.

By this long road do we arrive at the origin of the series of Conversations which Margaret Fuller inaugurated and led in 1839. In the same year she translated and published *The Conversations of Goethe*. As the one legitimate expression of her great dramatic gift lay in conversation, and as it was an instinct of her mind to absorb the personality of those who interested her, therefore it was but the natural working of a lifelong habitude that she also should hold Conversations, — that, in fact, she should play at being Goethe, showering down upon less favored mortals the wonderful God-given gifts of eloquence and wisdom. The testimony of all those who assisted at these circles bears out this conclusion. Many referred to her sumptuous appearance, — when in fact she wore her usual gown, — to her inspired looks, her power over the mind and imagination of those who listened to her. “Her mood applied itself to the mood of her companions in the most vital, sinuous way, and drew out the most extraordinary narratives. . . . Ah! she applied herself to the mood of her companions like a sponge to water.”

This is not the record of sober participants in an “improving” conversation, but the testimony of men and women forced under the spell of a great histrionic genius to take part, willy-nilly, in the curious subjective drama improvised for the occasion.

It is not for us to pity a nature so brilliant, so gifted, and so strong; yet that, from the first, it was hampered and perverted from its true development may command a sentiment which has in it no such humiliating element. She had indeed reason to write to a friend in 1838, — a significant date in this regard, as showing how deeply rooted had become her habit of assuming a personality not her own, before the Conversations were projected: “I take my natural position always; and the more I see, the more I feel that it is regal. Without throne, sceptre, or guards, still a queen!”

The vague and unsatisfactory title of Mrs. Dall’s book turns out also to be a bit of driftwood from that far-off Utopia. Emerson tells us that it was the title originally intended for *The Memoirs of Margaret Fuller d’Ossoli*, edited by him in conjunction with William Henry Channing and James Freeman Clarke. The title was rejected for reasons which Mrs. Dall, at least, does not find sufficiently obvious. Bald as it is, this report of the Conversations remains a document which must increase in interest as time goes on, when posterity has relieved Puritan Margaret Fuller from her false position as a Transcendental “bluestocking,” and ranked her among the list of brilliant women who have swayed their little world by the power of their individuality.

THE FRENCH AND THE ENGLISH VIEW OF INDIA.

Writing from Darjeeling, at the foot of the Himalayas, M. André Chevrillon¹ thus speaks of the English colony there, and what he says applies equally

to every place where two or three English are gathered together in a foreign land: “These people are in England here; they have brought with them not only their institutions and their customs and their prejudices, but all their native surroundings and their own country’s atmos-

¹ *In India*. By ANDRÉ CHEVRILLON. Translated by W. MARCHANT. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1896.

phere. Contact with a wholly different world has no effect upon them. At bottom, no race is less capable of adaptation, less flexible; none persists so continuously in its type and in its personality. Hence its moral energy, its will power, set upon a few immutable ideas; hence also the limits of its sympathy and of its intelligence. The English ignore the native, make no attempt to understand him. From the height of their civilization they look down upon him as a half-savage and a heathen. . . . This evening, at table d'hôte, a young officer, spending a few days here, summed up his impressions of a visit to a Llama temple as follows: 'A dirty, stinking hole, which I was only too glad to get out of.'

A little before, enlarging upon life in an English boarding-house in India, a boarding-house "genteel and respectable," faithfully copied after those of Eastbourne and Scarborough, whose mistress presides over roast beef and substantial pieces of the national pudding, and where the young people sing ballads in the drawing-room after dinner, and flirt a little, and make plans for excursions, and for meetings at lawn-tennis courts and on football grounds, M. Chevrillon had exclaimed: "Consider the French colonist, generally unmarried, in Tunis and Tonquin! What ennui is his! How he feels his exile!" This is because the Frenchman has a thin skin; alien influences, ideas and habits different from those to which he is used, penetrate his pores. He finds it difficult to be himself in unsympathetic surroundings. Thereby arise a discomfort and an irritation, the acuteness of which races less dependent on open channels of communication with the outside cannot readily conceive or make fair allowance for. Here M. Chevrillon has put his finger upon one of the great reasons—it is possibly the great reason, from which spring all the others—why the French have been ineffectual colonizers, while the English are preëminent in that capacity; for it is the man

who supplies from his inner consciousness all that he needs, and never even suspects that others not like unto him may have secrets of life worth knowing, who impresses himself strongly on fluid and unorganized masses. And here likewise, one cannot but believe, M. Chevrillon has put his finger incidentally on the reason why a Frenchman of the best sort, who has had a sound training of a serious kind, stands a good chance, in a relation of travels among strange peoples, in a strange land, of being more receptive, more sensitive, and more enlightened than one of Anglo-Saxon blood making a similar record.

Dans l'Inde, we think, well illustrates this point. The most dramatic spectacle of modern times is the disintegration of the ideals of outworn races before the aggression of our Western civilization; and, curiously enough, it is the one to whose profound and thrilling interest the thinkers of the day are generally most indifferent. The invasion goes on steadily in Japan, in Egypt, in India; the conquest of that ideal of human life which makes the greatest well-being in this mortal passage depend upon the greatest variety of artificial needs, supplied as perfectly as possible by mechanical and material appliances without number, increases daily in magnitude and thoroughness; but the peoples whose work all this is rarely give any truly intelligent reflection to its bearings, and to the questions which it suggests. They move onward blindly, as if pushed by some fatalistic force. Occasionally a voice is raised, like that of Lafcadio Hearn, warning us that humanity cannot have struggled, and dreamed, and lived, and loved, all these centuries, under other suns and other conditions, without having evolved certain different ideals of existence, some of which must have their value; and that we may lose much that is precious, and that may be of incalculable benefit to the final ends of man, by the self-satisfied denseness with which we pursue our own

way in ignorance of any such possible guidings toward truth. But, after all, no one listens. The case of India is especially remarkable. The conflict between modern and ancient civilizations there should possess a significance for us that it nowhere else possesses; for of the two hundred and fifty millions of people in that vast country many are our Aryan kin, and, as Robert Louis Stevenson said of the Chinese, watched the stars before our more immediate forefathers kept pigs. Yet the Anglo-Saxons who are to-day fashioning these older brothers into the new forms developed by Occidental wisdom give us no light on a hundred points that we should like to know about. Nothing is, in general, more exasperating than the English book about India, with so naive a self-complacency does it pass over the enigmas which we divine, confusedly, in that silent mass of humanity moving darkly just below the thin surface of the British domination. Occasionally a work like the recently published correspondence of that classical missionary, Bishop French of Lahore, gives us a hint of what a contribution to the thought of the end of the century a man might make who possessed enough specific knowledge of the Hindus and their literature, and enough modern culture and critical faculty of the highest type, to treat, synthetically, the religious and social problems called up by the contact of the new civilization with the old. Certainly, in his picturesquely written volume of travel, M. André Chevrillon has not attacked such large matters; but his book constantly reminds the reader of their presence, and turns him to speculating upon them. For, as a nephew of Taine, M. Chevrillon has been brought up in a school alive to the more significant manifestations of the human mind, and intent upon apprehending as far as may be the secret of them.

The multitudes, of both sexes, pressed in a devout frenzy along the banks of the Ganges, in the holy city of Benares,

muttering, with eyes fixed by the tension of memory, innumerable mantras, as they stand in the water, throwing it heavenward three times when the sun rises, figuring with their fingers the manifold incarnations of Vishnu, are not merely so many fanatics, so many maniacs, to M. Chevrillon. That these and a thousand other external observances, repeated feverishly, mechanically, generation after generation for thirty centuries, drawing a whole race into the circle of their tyranny, must have produced at last a brain, a soul, in these people, as radically different from our own as if they belonged, not to another species, but to another humanity, is clear to him. And he would like to penetrate the psychological processes of the Hindu. He would like to understand what adjustments go on in the head of a rajah of Jeypore, who is a civilized man and a man of cultivation, who has given to Jeypore a university, a museum, and an industrial school, and who yet builds, out of his own exchequer, a temple to Krishna, in the last decade of the nineteenth century (a temple which employs over four thousand workmen for five years), and who sacrifices goats daily to Kali. Is this because the rajah detects a sense beneath the symbol, and an idea hidden in the religious forms whose appeal is to the multitude? Or is he conscious of religious needs that are in discord with his newly received culture? A riddle which teases M. Chevrillon, also, is that young Brahman, educated in an English school at Benares, preparing to follow the Allahabad University course in order to enter the British civil service; yet while he discusses Indian autonomy, and reads Addison and Pope, Macaulay and Herbert Spencer, belonging to a caste from which he cannot issue, and worshipping Vishnu and Shiva, holding in his breath, pronouncing the mystical syllable Om, offering flowers to the sacred cows. How far beneath the skin does it go, that conversion to the religion and civilization

of the West, even in those cases where England seems most visibly to be accomplishing the "mission" to which she refers continually and with such calm assurance? Might not too complete an infusion of new blood here result, "like a cross between animal species too distant, in abortions, monstrosities that are not viable"? Will the way be found to adapt historic Christianity to the mental conditions of the Hindus, — to make it, among them, the Asiatic faith which it was at its birth? Will this Orientalized Christianity, not only in India, but in China and Japan, if ecclesiastical statesmen should arise great enough to consummate it, preserve for us, as in a durable vessel, some of the vanishing perfume of the deep philosophical intuitions of the Eastern sages, and, what is more essential, cause their highest ideals of asceticism and mansuetude to flow back, in a beneficent reaction, upon our more and more materialized Occidental life? Or will the religion of the conquering Western races be accepted, by one uncivilized people after another, as a means of secular convenience, as synonymous with a place among the paramount nations, and quite without care for the spirituality of the message, thus merely spreading modern materialism farther and farther over the earth?

M. Chevrillon stops before he reaches the last of these various and complicated conjectures. What he sees plainly — even while he can perceive that, next to the Hindu, "grave, and silent, and delicately featured," the ruling race, with its noisy laugh, and its athletic sports, and its hundred and one physical requirements, seems rude and coarse — is that the Anglo-Saxon really has a mission; that he is the dominating factor of the hour because he possesses the moral attributes, the self-restraint, the perseverance, the love of truth, and the cleanliness of imagination that deserve dominion. With an excellent knowledge of the English people and the English language M.

Chevrillon has a great admiration of the English character. It is a trait very significant in a Frenchman of his stamp. To those who read between the lines it is a trait which has its pathos; for those qualities on which he dwells, to which he reverts again and again, are the ones in which his own race is most deficient, and for lack of which it seems to be losing its political place among the leading peoples of the world. Two "Scotch Greys," getting into a railway compartment with him, — muscular, well-disciplined bodies, clear-cut, energetic features, healthy complexions, frank and honest eyes, — help him to comprehend the ascendancy of the Anglo-Saxon in India. It may argue narrow-mindedness in the English, and a want of the power of entering into opposite states of mind, that they should try to graft their active, practical notions of existence on the vague, abstracted, philosophizing Hindu soul, whose supreme teaching has ever been that reality is but an illusion and the shifting phantasmagoria of a dream; but the endeavor is that of a people born to conquest, and splendidly fitted for it, all the same. A Wesleyan missionary, a flat-chested single lady, whom M. Chevrillon meets on the return journey to England, who paces the deck with the stride of a grenadier, and whose puritanical education has provided her with no trace either of the higher instruction or of culture, yet compels his appreciation and respect: "Alone, without family ties, she is sufficient unto herself. Her existence is healthy, occupied, dignified; it rests on a large, serious idea. She is helping to spread civilization, English civilization. She works for the ideal which her race has conceived. Life for her has a meaning. It is a battle against wrong." Yes, these phrases are significant. One feels how keenly the writer wishes that they were also the keynote of French life and character to-day.

This preoccupation with the moral state of France and its political impor-

tance is present as an abiding undertone in all those charming and vivid books of travel which so many French literary men excel in writing. It is, at least, present in the *impressions de voyage* of the more serious and representative of them. We see it again in M. Gaston Deschamps's *Sur les Routes d'Asie*.¹

M. Deschamps is a critic whose literary articles in *Le Temps* have given proof many times of his scant sympathy with decadent poets, and all those who hold the doctrine of art for art's sake, regardless of moral effects, and a novelist who believes that there is no reason why a French novel should not be as clean as an English one. His travels in Greece and in Asia Minor have been connected with the epigraphical missions of the French School at Athens, and are rich, therefore, in interesting and delightful associations. For what more could a man of soul desire than to sail away, with one or two congenial companions, from that school by way of the purple isles of the Archipelago to the Levant? What more could he wish than to go from Smyrna with its dazzling light, the streets of its ancient quarters crowded with Armenians, Turks, Greeks, its caravans in a long line by the sea, to the sites of so many vanished cities of the pleasure-loving Ionians; and, in search of buried inscriptions on broken fragments of forgotten marble, to penetrate to the heart of those lands along the Tigris and Euphrates where arose and fell so many prehistoric Asiatic kingdoms?

Two facts especially attract M. Deschamps's attention, in his Levantine travels: one is the persistent vitality of the Greek spirit, wherever it is encountered, in resistant strains, under the loose, somnolent Turkish domination; the other is — and we might have expected it — the exact condition of the Catholic missions maintained by France in these countries, and the amount of influence which they

exert. That the republic, which savagely enough pursues the French priest and the French sister on their native soil, in foreign lands encourages their efforts is well known; nor is it ever claimed that the purpose in this is other than to increase French political prestige in the world at large. M. Deschamps can be very contemptuously bitter against those short-sighted radicals who would like to secularize the French schools and hospitals established in the island of Chios, at Cæsarea, Bagdad, Athens, all over the East. "These missions work in the interests of the Catholic religion, but they work also in the interests of France," he says frankly. . . . "Whatever may be one's religious convictions, one cannot but admire these modest workmen, who labor so silently and without salary toward the diffusion of our language and our civilization, toward the maintenance of our good repute among nations." We fancy that M. Deschamps belongs to the "autochthonous" school of French authors of which M. Jules Lemaitre avows himself so stanchly to be a member. He would not, like the author of *Dans l'Inde*, hold up the Anglo-Saxon ideal of conduct to his countrymen for imitation, in these days when they are threatened, as he has somewhere observed, with "tragic destinies." He would bid them, rather, nourish their imaginations with the finest, the best traditional attributes of their own race, and cultivate those. The good Lazarist Fathers at Smyrna, who took him over their busy school, where little Turks, little Armenians, were bending over French books, seem to him admirable enough in their jovial courage, their tact and subtlety, their debonair perseverance under difficulties, to serve as models and ensamples. These Fathers are showing forth the "proudest and most amiable traits of the French nation to the mixed races that fall under the healthy spell of their virtue," he remarks; and he is sure that as much can be said for the faithful French Sisters of St.

¹ *Sur les Routes d'Asie*. By GASTON DESCHAMPS. Paris: Armand Colin & Cie. 1894.

Joseph, and for the Sisters of Charity in charge of French military hospitals, whom he meets, cheerfully leading their life of sacrifice and exile, here and there on his journey.

Oh, the Sisters of St. Joseph! Who, indeed, that has ever known their thrifty *écoles enfantines* can forget them? What images of old-time decorum, what reminiscences of placid, sound, and temperate influence, and motherly, comfortable care-taking, do the words evoke! Is their system of education very progressive, very ambitious? No one inquires. And in fact it matters little. There are centres in French life so humanizing, that make so powerfully for the most sane and reasonable and *livable* social aptitudes, that all mere instruction appears but as a secondary affair in comparison. The point is to lay stress on these centres; and the pity is that they are overlooked in favor of so much else that is more brilliant and less worthy.

M. Deschamps is right. The value of the best distinctively French civilization should be brought into relief; it should be insisted on for the French themselves and for other people. It is impossible not to be aware that its elements are not quite those of the Anglo-Saxon civilization. It would take pages to define the difference, but every thoughtful person feels it. Every student of the history of man's development must also desire that this *humanizing* force of the services of France may not be lost to the world, but may rather grow and increase. For one must return upon that word. The Anglo-Saxon organizes, the Latin humanizes. In that respect we feel, as we read M. Deschamps, that those small French religious communities scattered through the East are akin, in their action, to that same Greek spirit which, long after it could coerce, still could tame and refine the barbarians into subjection.

THE COLUMBIAN FRUITION.

AFTER a four-years' progress through the press, we have fifteen large quarto volumes,¹ which constitute the most comprehensive outcome of that wide research incited all over the world by the occurrence of the four hundredth anniversary of the gazing of exultant eyes upon a stretch of glimmering sand, one moonlit night in October, 1492. It was one of the marked characteristics of that time that Italian influence dominated so largely the spirit of discovery which was then rife. This same national exclusiveness has a larger share than we could wish, in this resultant monumental record.

Regarding Columbus himself, however,

there is little more to be desired than is here gathered. The future historian of his life can now with ease examine the original sources which illustrate the career of the great admiral, and appreciate the difficulties of his predecessors in the wide wanderings which were necessary to secure material. By the instigation of Henry Harrisse, the Italian government was induced to take this commensurate part in the great commemoration of 1892. It has sought in this publication to emulate the devotion of Spain, Portugal, and America, as well as the civic ambition of such cities as Berlin and Hamburg, and to do honor

¹ *Raccolta di Documenti e Studi Pubblicati dalla R. Commissione Colombiana per Quarto Centenario dalla Scoperta dell' America.* Roma:

Forzani, Tipografi del Senato. 1893-1896. 14 vols. + 1 supplement, quarto.

to the memory of the great deed in some more lasting memorial than pageant and exposition. This Italian production far exceeds the others in value and extent, and it has been produced under the care of distinguished scholars, associated in a Royal Commission. During its preparation six of the collaborators have died. It is owing to a misunderstanding of Harris's with its responsible promoters that we miss that scholar's hand in the editorial direction.

We do not recall that the memorials of any other man have ever been so exhaustively gathered. The two characters most conspicuously associated with the history of the American continent are doubtless its discoverer and its greatest regenerator. Of Columbus we now have every scrap that he wrote which has been preserved, whether treatise, letter, or marginal comment, both in modern type and in photo-facsimile; while of Washington, not a quarter of his literary compositions has ever yet been collected in any edition of his works. It is questionable if his fame had not been better cherished by an official edition of his works, leaving nothing out, and showing perhaps a range of fifty portly volumes, than by the passing ceremony and rhetorical effusions which gave an ephemeral recognition of the centenary of the first President's inauguration.

Cesare de Lollis, in the editing of that portion of this collection which is given to the *scritti* of Columbus, has taken great pains with his collations. In this way, we have every variation of text of the famous first letter; the sea journal as preserved by Las Casas; the accounts in Peter Martyr and Bernaldez as emanations from the discoverer himself; his instructions to subordinates; his contracts and reports to the Spanish monarchs; his familiar letters, and other illustrative documents, as well as his grandiose will and his unbalanced *Libro de las Profecias*, written when his miseries had bewildered his brain. To the two large

volumes which contain this material in type is added a third under the same editing, giving in photo-facsimile every scrap of Columbus's writings which could be drawn from the Seville and Genoa archives, from the Royal Academy at Madrid, from the private collections of the Duke of Veragua and the Duchess of Alba, and from the Biblioteca Colombina at Seville, where sundry books like the *Imago Mundi* and Seneca's *Medea*, which belonged to Ferdinand Columbus, are preserved, and show the marginal comments of his father. Modern scholars rejoice in similar records of a few other great characters, as in the studies of the autographs of Milton and Da Vinci, for instance, but in no other case have the reproductions been so exhaustively made. Columbus had a habit, when reading a book, of drawing in the margin an index-hand, to call attention to a particular passage. Even these are all individually portrayed through the camera.

A fourth volume is the most complete gathering yet made of the documents concerning the family relations of Columbus, his ancestors and descendants, in which the editors of this section, Staglieno and Belgrano, whom Columbian students have long known for their successes in these fields, have profited by their earlier periodical contributions. We know that Columbus caused several books to be made, embracing manuscript engrossed copies, of his patents and privileges. These he deposited in different places to insure their preservation. One of them, which cannot now be found, was picked up in Florence early in this century by Edward Everett, then on his travels, as appears by a note to the original edition of that orator's Plymouth address in 1825. The most famous, however, of the existing copies of this personal record of Columbus are those preserved at Paris and Genoa. It may be remarked that the student will find interest in the striking facsimile of the Paris manuscript, which was not long

ago issued by Mr. B. F. Stevens, of London, as well as in the printed copy which the present work has preserved. The Italian editors have minutely collated all the existing texts, and have added the petition to the Spanish king for the restoration of his rights, which was dictated by Columbus when at Española in 1494. This print follows a copy formerly owned by the late Samuel L. M. Barlow, of New York, and now in the Carter-Brown collection at Providence.

Another volume, the sixth of the series, is devoted to a consideration of mooted questions connected with the life of Columbus. The leading place is given to a general survey of the controversies by Desimoni, the venerable archivist of Genoa, with whom the present writer spent several hours in discussing some of them, a few years ago. This gentle cavalier had been so long connected with the study of early American discovery that, many years ago, he was made a corresponding member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, — the only collaborator of this great work, we believe, who has had any such American connections. Those who have followed the Columbian controversies know that they are not few nor of easy solution; and the questions begin with the admiral's ancestry and his birth, and end with the identification of his bones. A few of these inquiries are treated in the same volume by other hands. One of them concerns the connection of the navigator with the old family of his name which afforded so powerful an addition to the freebooters of the Mediterranean, and another discusses the uncertainties respecting the almost innumerable and well-diversified representations of the human figure which pass for likenesses of Columbus. Arising out of the show of them at the Chicago Exhibition there has been on this point a useless profusion of counter-beliefs, as illustrated in the more than fifty monographs which are cited in the discussion before us. The reproductions which are

here given sufficiently represent the subject. It is well known that an Italian savant, Paolo Giovio, or Paulus Jovius, as he is usually called, had a portrait of Columbus in his villa at Lake Como, as one of a gallery of distinguished men whose likenesses he had collected. Our records of its existence are dated many years after the death of the admiral, and there is no evidence that Columbus ever sat for his picture; nor indeed was there any time, except during the few months intervening between his first and second voyages, when his position was likely to induce any one to paint or to desire to possess his likeness. The only representation of this Giovio picture which can be unmistakably connected with its owner is the woodcut which Giovio himself used in one of his own publications. There is, however, a picture, much too opportunely brought forward for a perfect assurance, as found in an existing house on Lake Como, for which the claim is made that it is the canvas of which Vasari speaks as belonging to Giovio. Though the chain of evidence has missing links, Neri, the author of the present essay, accepts this new picture as the only authentic likeness, and as creating the type which is preserved in other claimants. It is also unquestioned by Sir Clements Markham, who uses it in his life of Columbus. Among the pictures which it is held received their characteristics from this Giovio representation is the one preserved in the gallery at Florence; Jefferson caused a copy to be made of this, and the copy is now in the gallery of the Massachusetts Historical Society. It is significant of the fidelity which photography gives to reproduction, to observe that the expression of this Florence picture shown by the camera, as here presented, is far from the same as that in Jefferson's copy. Neri gives us some forty reproductions, which only serve to convince us, in their diversity, how misguided are the eager beliefs of credulous collectors.

We come now to the seventh and eighth volumes, which are given to the Italian official documentary sources and contemporary narratives of the early discoveries. The principal depositories upon which Signor Berchet, the editor of this section, has drawn are those of Rome, Venice, Ferrara, Mantua, Milan, Genoa, and Florence. The Vatican archives yielded, of course, the bulls of Alexander VI., but not much else of great value. This is rather surprising, whether it be owing to the difficulty of discovering what those archives contain, or to the fact that the relations of the Italian and papal thrones are strained. It is certain that there is a liberal spirit in the present librarian of the Pope, Father Ehrle, who is just now, with the Pope's permission, inaugurating a photographic series of reproductions of Vatican manuscripts.

The active commercial and political spirit of Venice in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries led us to expect a good deal of serviceable material in her well-guarded archives, from which Rawdon Brown and his present successor have drawn so much for the English Master of the Rolls. The ambassadors of Venice to other countries were men alert to discover what was going on, and the reports which her policy expected them to make to the Council of Ten, and which they did make, are the chief sources now presented. They are the letters of Trevisan, Pasqualigo, Contarini, and others. The resources of Rome and Venice fill the greater part of one volume. Those of Ferrara, Genoa, Florence, and Milan are of much less importance. From Mantua we get the recital by Pigafetta of Magellan's voyage.

The related section of contemporary narratives is rich in assistance to the student. They include such well-known matter as the accounts of Peter Martyr, Fregoso, Bergamo, Scillacio, Pasqualigo, Sabellico, Verrazano, and Vespuccius, — not to name others, — and from the li-

brary of the University of Bologna we get a letter of one Cuneo, which is the most marked contribution of late years to indicate the true character of Columbus. This witness was a companion of the admiral on his second voyage, when his crew, under their leader's violent compulsion, swore to a statement that Cuba was the Asiatic main, when more than half the number, as Cuneo testifies, knew they were perjuring themselves under the tyranny of their master.

To these documentary sources are added full extracts from contemporary printed books, all before 1550, which supplement the other narratives. This combined presentation forms the best collection of such material that has been got together.

The editors turn again to disquisitions, and in the ninth volume Signor d'Albertis surveys what we know of ships and navigation in the time of Columbus, — a subject which has engaged much attention of late years.

The succeeding volume is given to two special topics. The first concerns the rise of the knowledge of magnetic declination, which is not without a spice of controversy between Bertelli and Gelcich as to the agency of Columbus in elucidating this question during his first voyage. It will be remembered that the claim of Sebastian Cabot to have solved the application of this natural law to the determining of longitude has been sharply controverted of late.

The next essayist, in discussing the early maps of America which are preserved in Italy, leads us again to regret that this work is compiled from a too strictly national point of view. Bellio, the present commentator, finds the earliest of these Italian maps to be that which has within a few years been made known in a large colored facsimile as the Cantino chart. This is kept at Modena, and the present enumeration covers also those which are found at Pesaro, Parma, Turin, Venice, Mantua,

Florence, Rome, and Milan. The descriptions are accompanied by various facsimiles, and a table giving in parallel columns the geographical names found on the maps. A chart gives the contour of the American continent with superposed coasts in different colors to correspond with the outlines as presented on the different maps, — a graphic way of representing conflicting geographical views never so well employed before.

One of the most interesting volumes of the whole series is the eleventh in order, containing Uzielli's treatise on the great Florentine physicist whose influence upon Columbus was so effective. It is evident from this dissertation that the surprising scientific perception of Toscanelli found but a weak and erratic reflection in the great navigator, but the beliefs of his mentor were made in the admiral far more conspicuous by a stirring courage. In some respects this volume surveys anew the field which we have seen Desimoni compassing in an earlier section, but Uzielli's treatment is much more comprehensive. It covers lucidly the complicated cartographical problems in their relation to the past of geographical science, and to the earlier explorations towards Asia, Africa, the north of Europe, and out upon the sea of darkness. Toscanelli's studies of all these placed him in the forefront as a commanding spirit, under whose influence Columbus fell. With it all there is opened a curious question as to the date when the man of science and the practical seaman were brought into communion. It is hardly to be expected that there can be any positive and concurrent belief on this point, though the two were known to have been in correspondence from a period later than 1474 to the year following upon Columbus's first voyage.

Much that was practical in the adventurous undertaking of 1492 depended upon the accuracy of the views which Columbus held regarding the size of the earth. As to the diverse opinions then

entertained on this point, Uzielli gives a striking picture. Columbus found *Española* where he supposed the *Cipango*, or Japan, of Marco Polo to be. Uzielli plots the world according to the descriptions of Toscanelli in 1474 and the globe of Behaim in 1492. In the former case he puts the coveted island directly across the modern Gulf of Mexico, while in the Behaim model it is made to lie athwart the gulf and coast of California. This indicates that the views of Toscanelli had aroused the conception of Columbus. Since Ruge first plotted the outline of the actual America on a delineation of Behaim's globe, this method has been a favorite way of indicating how the Great Discoverer stumbled on the New World.

The next two volumes of the series show how other Italians of this era were associated with the records or acts of discovery. Such were Peter Martyr, Benzoni, Vesputius, Cabot, Verrazano, and Pigafetta. The great work ends with a very full bibliography of the life of Columbus, and allied subjects, recounted from the Italian side, but revealing also versions from other tongues into the vernacular of Columbus. It is made by Fumagalli and Amat di San Filippo, both scholars well known in this kind of erudition, and the last named has been particularly conspicuous in the study of the early American cartography.

It is doubtful if any historic event of the Old World, unless possibly the French Revolution and the Reformation, has ever been so voluminously represented in literary memorials as that which is the centre of interest in this series of volumes. Any one who has endeavored to keep abreast of this literary production is appalled at the vastness of it. The results have not been great in conspicuous additions to the knowledge of a decade ago. What is absolutely new could be readily included in a small volume, but all of the material upon which that genuine growth is based can be found in this marvelous collection.

MEN AND LETTERS.

ON COMING BACK.

I.

ONE of the least flattering experiences of my childhood, which had its share of incidents well fitted to keep me diffident of my importance to the world I was beginning to grope my way in, was my return to the town where I used to live, after I had been away from it a year. At that time a year was very much longer than it is now; it was more like one of our modern centuries; and in my absence I had grown a good deal older, if not wiser. I had always been homesick for the place, but with my tenderest longing for it there had mixed a certain complacent feeling that the town was even more eagerly and fondly expecting me back. I felt that it had been thinking of me and valuing me at my true worth, and was, perhaps, impatient to make up to me some former slights which too great familiarity had tempted it to put upon me. In this view I easily forgave it, and if I patronized it a little in my thoughts, and forecast something rather too like a popular ovation from it in my reveries of our meeting, still I was resolved not to be outdone in a show of affection with everybody and everything in it. In fine, I prepared myself for anything but the blank and vague event, which I will not dwell upon. Time had not been standing still with the inhabitants of that town, either; they had not been lost in a rapture of desire for my visit, but in the year that had elapsed they too had grown older, if not wiser. I can impart some sense of the event only by saying that if I had been a ghost coming back to its old circumstance and proposing to take up its old relations to this life, I could hardly have been more embarrassingly met.

Once more, after the passage of some

thirty years, or thirty centuries, I had a renewal of the same experience in an ampler and prouder scene, where the bitter but very tonic cup, whose taste I had never forgotten, was again pressed to my lips. It was at Venice, where I had lived from 1861 till 1865, and then had not been again until 1883. In the mean time I had thought a good deal about Venice, and even written somewhat, and the old illusion of a mutual concern, a reciprocal fondness, had grown up in me. I will not say that I expected Venice to know me as I should know her, — for one thing, I had not been so much photographed, — and I will not pretend that I hoped in any sort to find her waiting to welcome me. I was no longer a child, and I could not quite be guilty of that folly. But I will own that my nerves were in a tremor for acceptance upon something like the old terms. I was to be a citizen as before; I was to be at home; I was to be recognizably different from the strangers arriving by the same train; and I was to enjoy all the freedoms of the place which only long residence can win. The gondoliers would know me, and would not try to cheat me or pester me with invitations to take turns upon the Grand Canal. The beggars would perceive that I was an old inhabitant, and would not pursue me after a first note of my intelligent and wary expression. The guides who haunt the Piazza San Marco, ready to pounce upon the tourist with an offer of their services, would discern at a glance that I knew a good deal more about Venice than they did. The sacristans, when I entered the churches, would see that I was familiar with the pictures, and would not offer to show them. The men who sold small puppies and turtles in front of Florian's would recognize that I was too wise for their wares. In the shops, the salesmen

would ask me their last prices first, and spare themselves the pain of trying to overreach me. None of these various agencies of curiosity and commerce would attempt to use their peculiar French with a person so obviously versed in Venetian as I.

On the contrary, as soon as I stepped out of the railway station I was hailed with loud cries in that well-known extraordinary mixture of languages spoken only at Venice to new arrivals, of "*Commandez-vous la gondole, m'sciù?*" and from the first moment to the last I was pursued as an utter stranger during my stay in Venice. This would not have been so bad, so painful and shameful for me, if there had been any spiritual response of the city to my sense of our former life in common. But there was none. I had died out of that as effectively as if I had passed away from earth, and again I found myself among familiar scenes, as alien, as denaturalized, as disfranchised as a spectre.

One need not be very proud, very vain, to dislike this sort of thing; and though I hope it was not without edification, I confess that the one-sided encounter in which I seemed nothing at all, or something altogether and irrevocably estranged, was not to my taste.

II.

I have since thought of these unpleasant episodes with the will to philosophize upon them, and it appears to me that in both cases the painful effect was more from the cold and reluctant behavior of my former self, which I had left in each of those places, than from the attitude of their actual inhabitants. I was not on terms with that self; we did not wish to see each other, though we had long pretended the contrary. If I could have gone back the same person I went away, it would have been all very well, and I should much more imaginably have met the warm welcome I missed; but this feat, which seems so simple, would per-

haps have been difficult. In spite of our saying it so much, we do really change a great deal. We change in spite of being immutably fixed in perfection, as I hope we all are, and as I know all persons of my way of thinking are; and I had changed so much that my old self and I felt it keenly. I could only wonder, "Was that what I really used to be?" and what I used to be could only ask, "Is that all I have come to?" This involved a mutual displeasure of such an obscure sort that I should despair of appealing from the reader's instinct to his reason with it.

But I am almost ready to say, in view of it, that one had better never go back anywhere. This seems to be the rule of those who leave the world altogether, and the several exceptions collected by the Society for Psychical Research do not invalidate it. If we come back, it is as ghosts, and that was the trouble with my own returns, as I have said already; for a ghost, though endowed by the popular imagination with a certain mystical power upon the still embodied spirit, is after all, I fancy, a very miserable thing, with little or no influence in its former sphere of being. The ghosts of the dead appear to understand this, but the ghosts of the living are not so wise, and from time to time they commit the imprudence I had been guilty of. They are, perhaps, the less welcome because there are so many of them; for though it is generally supposed there is but one ghost, actual or potential, to each personality, my experience is that there are at least a dozen to each of us, formed of our cast qualities and forces. I have known quite that number of my own, but I will merely instance my Boston ghost, which was evolved mainly during my relation to this magazine, and which I abandoned to it fifteen years ago, without an attempt to resume it since. Now that I come to the old place where I was once at home, and very substantial, I feel myself strangely thin, and, as I may say, flittering, with a

lax hold upon my own thoughts, and a tendency to sway and waver in the reader's breath, as if there were nothing of me but that ghost.

III.

I wonder who the reader is, and if he is any of those I used to know here ; but I do not deny that he has quite as much right to wonder who I am. I do not insist that he shall believe — for I have a sort of misgiving of it myself — that I formerly held all Atlantic readers at my mercy, more or less, and gave them to read this or that as I chose. When I first came to the place, to be Mr. Fields's understudy in this autocracy, we sometimes took counsel together and wished that this or that contributor would die, but we always wished that our readers might live and increase and multiply ; and if our prayers were heard, they are still reading *The Atlantic*, in thrice the number of that far-off time between 1866 and 1881. I will suppose, therefore, that it is some old reader, or some new reader of the old tradition, that I am now appearing to ; and I confidently trust the realization of my emotions to him. He will know how I must feel, and what I should like to say.

He will easily conceive that though that long-outlawed malevolence may have been fatal to some contributors, yet it could not be a real malevolence ; and I will explain that it was a wish born of our despair of ever getting their contributions into the magazine, after we had accepted them. In those days everybody wanted to write for *The Atlantic*, and did, so that Mr. Lowell left Mr. Fields several bushels of unprinted manuscripts. As fast as the authors of these passed to their reward we piously rejoiced, and destroyed their contributions, with such effect that when Mr. Fields retired only a barrel of them remained to me. I do not believe I transferred more than a half-barrel to Mr. Aldrich, death had so wasted their authors' ranks.

I suppose that he may not have laid upon Mr. Scudder's conscience more than a peck, but I have no means of knowing, and I have no wish to verify the fact by even an incorporeal encounter with the writers. They must be haunting these pages, too, poor ambitious fellows, poor eager, sprightly maids once young, and with each issue of the magazine still expecting a posthumous publication. The reader will allow that it must be uncomfortable for me, even in my own apparitional quality, to meet them here ; and to tell the truth, I would rather avoid them, for though I never meant them harm, and did not by any means suppress them all, I am apprehensive that they might collectively wreak their disappointment upon me. At sight of this wandering essay, they might accuse the present powers and ask, "Ah, you here ? Why are not you at the bottom of the barrel, the bushel or the peck measure, too ?" They do not know that they are no longer even there.

IV.

But if we leave this fancy of apparitionality, and recur to the other, I have a misgiving of the kind of welcome I should have from my old self whom I should find in possession here, if I came back. As I remember that self, it was much severer than my present self, quite Rhadamanthine, inexorably editorial, and at sight of the present paper it would recognize the work of an ancient contributor with grave doubts whether it was the sort of thing that was wanted now, and the disappointed expectation of something better.

In that double character which I have labored so hard to suppose, I stand before myself to be judged, to be accepted or rejected. I know very well that *The Atlantic* readers are not all what they were, — that they are often the sons and daughters, the nephews and nieces, of what they were ; and in the second person of that duplex personality, I question

if they will like this poor old fellow's style, his careful whimsicality, his anxious humor. Is not it all rather out of date? People tolerated it through the sixties and seventies of the century; but these later nineties are another thing. What shall be done about it? He will feel that his old-contributorship gives him a sort of freedom of the magazine, and he will be hurt if I return his paper. There is nothing else for it, and I appeal to myself. "Now," I say, "if you were still what you were, if you were what you left me to be in your place when you went away, would you expect to be welcomed with this sort of thing? Upon the whole, would not it have been better for you to stay away altogether?"

It is a question that one must always ask one's self on coming back.

W. D. Howells.

THE POET AND THE MODERN.

It has been assumed that our modern industrial age — machinery, commerce, railroading, engineering, etc. — affords as ample opportunities for the poet as did the past ages of war and adventure. In any case, I suppose the poetry has to be supplied by the poet; it resides in his handling and interpretation of the fact. But the poet who deals with the modern world has a harder task than the poet of eld, undoubtedly. There is no machine as interesting as a man. The steam whistle does not appeal to the imagination like the huntsman's horn or the soldier's bugle. The indoor pursuits are not as pleasing to contemplate as voyaging, or farming, or exploring. A sordid motive like money-getting does not awaken poetic enthusiasm. A manufacturing town is ugly. The roundhouse or machine-shop of a railroad is not a place where one would care to linger. Primitive natural things and conditions seem more akin to the spirit of poetry than artificial things and conditions. What shall we say, then? The modern age in its material and industrial aspects is un-

poetic, or *anti-poetic*, and it is so because there is less free play of man in it, of human qualities and emotions, than in the world of the past. To use it as material in poetry requires a man to match, — a man who can supply what the theme lacks. But modern life and passion, — love, death, anger, hope, aspiration, the soul, the unknown, — these themes are always the same, like the phases of nature, the seasons, or day and night. The movements of our population, the setting up of new states, the tides in politics, the fall of political leaders, strikes and lockouts, etc., all these are themes as fruitful in poetic motifs as the wars and social upheavals of the past. Why should not a poet make something of such an event as the rise of California? Would not a modern Homer find material there? Would not a Shakespeare find all the elements of fate and tragedy in the fall of such a political leader as Conkling, or the death of Garfield, or the rise of Cleveland, or the overthrow of Tammany? The great social cankers and ulcers of our day, the greed of capital, the grip of the millionaire, the fury of faction, the vulgarity of wealth, the hollowness of society, the heroism of labor, etc., all afford artistic motifs to the man who is capable of seizing and using them. He will need a powerful human equipment; no dainty, fine-drawn, attenuated poetling will do here.

Whitman had the breadth, the copiousness, the stomach and port, but he had not, and did not claim to have, the shaping, manipulating gift. He can give us the whole thing as Walt Whitman, but not as separate, independent entities and individualities. What Whitman did that is unprecedented was to take up the whole country into himself, fuse it, imbue it with soul and poetic emotion, and recast it as a sort of colossal Walt Whitman. He has not so much treated American themes as he has identified himself with everything American, and made the whole land redolent of his

own quality. He has descended upon the gross materialism of our day and land and upon the turbulent democratic masses with such loving impact, such fervid enthusiasm, as to lift and fill them with the deepest meaning of the spirit, and disclose in them the order of universal nature. His special gift is his magnetic and unconquerable personality, his towering egoism united with such a fund of human sympathy. His power is centripetal, so to speak, — he draws everything into himself like a maelstrom; the centrifugal power of the great dramatic artists, the power to get out of and away from himself, he has not. It was not for Whitman to write the dramas and tragedies of democracy as Shakespeare wrote those of feudalism, or as Tennyson sang in delectable verse the swansong of an overripe civilization. It was for him to voice the democratic spirit, to show it full grown, athletic, haughtily taking possession of the world and redistributing the prizes according to its own standards. It was for him to sow broadcast over the land the germs of larger, more sane, more robust types of men and women, indicating them in himself.

John Burroughs.

ON READING THE FIFTIETH VOLUME OF
BALZAC.

WE can all, I suppose, look back to the perusal of some book that has marked an epoch in our lives. We delight to recall as far as possible the joy and enthusiasm we then felt, regretting the while that it is impossible for us ever again to experience in their primitive freshness the emotions that once mastered us. For these epoch-making books (from the individual's point of view) generally encounter us in our youth, and does not the poet tell us that when youth is past,

"nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the
flower" ?

Yes, when middle or old age is nearly upon us, and when our critical faculties have become sharpened, there is little chance that we shall ever be able to lay down a book with the feeling that it will mark an epoch in our intellectual lives.

But the unexpected sometimes happens, as I discovered recently when I finished the fiftieth volume of M. Calmann Lévy's popular edition of the works of Balzac. I had thought that the completion of Horace's Odes, of Shakespeare's plays, and of the Odyssey marked the three chief epochs in my own intellectual life, and that I was not likely to be so stirred, so swept away again, by any book or by any author. But I had erred. Balzac, whose novels taken singly had moved me powerfully, but had not often swept me away, whom I had made a companion of for years without fully comprehending, — this Balzac, when viewed in the light of his total and stupendous achievement, suddenly stood out before me in his full stature and might, as one of the few genuine world geniuses that our race can point to with legitimate and unshakable pride. I had emerged from the *Comédie Humaine* just as I had emerged from the Homeric poems and from the plays of Shakespeare, feeling that I had traversed a world and been in the presence of a veritable creator.

Filled with this idea, I began to recall what the chief critics have said of the great French novelist, and I could not resist the conclusion that he has had scant justice done him. It is true that he is steadily gaining popular favor in this country and in England, and that he has never wanted doughty adherents in France, but, with a few exceptions, notably M. Taine and Mr. George Moore, the critics, it seems to me, fail to appreciate the full scope and grandeur of his genius. Many of them, like our own Mr. Henry James, say admirable things about him, but too frequently even their highest praise has a note of reserve, of hesitation. Now the note of reserve

and hesitation is out of place when we are praising Homer and Shakespeare, and if I am right in feeling that Balzac's proper station is with these, it is out of place when we are praising the creator of the *Comédie Humaine*. It is lawful, of course, to fault particular passages in Homer and Shakespeare, just as it is lawful for M. Taine to point out certain obvious defects in Balzac's style; but it is not lawful to praise in a guarded manner the great passages in Homer and Shakespeare, or to feel anything but reverent admiration for the work of each in its totality. Just so, it is not lawful, *me judice*, for any critic to "hint a fault and hesitate dislike" with regard to the marvelous total achievement of Balzac.

It would be folly for me to venture to be dogmatic about this matter, or to try to justify in any formal way an expression of opinion which many will feel to be extravagant. I will say merely that I think most critics have failed to see that while the Balzac of each of the novels taken separately may not rise to the level of a world genius, the Balzac of all the novels taken together does rise to this level. For Balzac is not, like Scott, the author of a great number of separate noble works, but is the author of one noble work, the *Comédie Humaine*, which, though unfinished, has a unity and a coherence and a verisimilitude with life that at once warrant its comparison with the Homeric poems and the Shakespearean plays. Balzac's almost prescient conception of society as an organic whole led him to take a great step forward in the art of fiction. It led him to interweave through the entire series of his

works the fortunes of his various characters, and to bring into relief the effects of their environments upon them, with the result that he gave his reader, for the first time in the annals of prose fiction, the vivid and inevitable sense of traversing a real and tangible and unlimited world. This sense of traversing a real and unlimited world is what makes the reader of Homer and Shakespeare set them apart from all other poets; but if Balzac also gives us this sense, should he not be admitted to the fellowship of these great Realists? He is not as great as they are, of course, for they are noble poets, while he is a prose writer whose style is seldom entirely satisfactory. He has given us no such characters as Achilles or Hamlet; indeed, he has not, perhaps, equaled such creations of his fellow novelists as Joseph Andrews or Don Quixote. He is not always wise in the judgments he passes on church and state and society. He is even guilty at times of prosing, and, as some say, of posing. But he knew the human mind and heart as only Shakespeare knew them, and if the purpose of creative art be to reproduce through various media life in its totality, then I do not see how we can deny to Balzac supreme success in that category of art which is lower only than the epic and the poetic drama, the category of prose fiction. For my own part, I cannot but rank him with Homer and Sophocles and Virgil and Dante and Chaucer and Shakespeare and Molière and Milton and Goethe, and I am constrained to believe that the completion of the reading of the *Comédie Humaine* should be a momentous epoch in any man's intellectual life.

W. P. Trent.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

FICTION.

His Honour, and a Lady, by Mrs. Everett Cotes [Sara Jeannette Duncan]. (Appletons.) Mrs. Cotes's later books amply prove her right to be counted among the successful delineators of Anglo-Indian life. In this, in some ways, her most ambitious tale, the local color is reproduced with admirable vividness; the story is well told, and, we need hardly say, is eminently readable from beginning to end. It lacks, however, the agreeable spontaneity of some of the writer's earlier and even inferior work; the too persistent cleverness occasionally degenerates into mere smartness, and there is an evident striving after subtlety of expression and characterization, which naturally results in giving a flavor of artificiality to certain well-conceived situations, while it blurs the presentments of more than one of the persons of the drama. The brightness and sanity of the book make these shortcomings the more regrettable. — *Summer in Arcady*, a Tale of Nature, by James Lane Allen. (Macmillan.) Mr. Allen has written a story which stands to him as a serious study of a young man and a young woman who are the subjects and almost the victims of nature in the most critical period of their lives. He shows them under the power of a restraint which saves them from making shipwreck, and brings them to the form of a runaway marriage. The tale, after all is said, impresses us as a sort of *tour de force*. The thing can be done. Now let Mr. Allen cease thinking about it. All sorts of morals can be drawn from it, as he points out in his somewhat belligerent preface; but a work of art commands the artist, and we fear Mr. Allen has been too little under the imperious control of his story. — *A Hypocritical Romance, and Other Stories*, by Caroline Ticknor. (Joseph Knight Co., Boston.) A dozen stories marked by an agreeable gayety which is a somewhat uncommon element in such volumes. One has usually to choose between the dismal and the hilarious. Miss Ticknor always has a story to tell; it turns upon some slight incident, and has two or three windings; there is little excitement, but there is cheerfulness, a natural manner, and an unforced pleasantry. — *The Babe*, B. A.,

by Edward F. Benson. (Putnams.) The writing of tales of undergraduate life is like the acting of Juliet, — so long as one is young enough to look the part, one is not old enough to feel it; and the young graduate telling of his college days is generally not young enough for his juniors nor old enough for his seniors. Mr. Benson's book has a very light blue cover, and is adorned with pictures which bring Cambridge vividly back to one's mind; but his story is slenderness itself, and the young men, as perhaps indeed they should, would pass for collegians of our land. One notes with satisfaction the reverent and sincere little chapter on a service at King's College Chapel, written in a manner not unfitting for an archbishop's son. — *Jersey Street and Jersey Lane, Urban and Suburban Sketches*, by H. C. Bunner. (Scribners.) Mr. Bunner has seldom been more engaging than in these little sketches. The unity of the book must be granted by courtesy, since one or two of the sketches, such as *The Story of a Path*, are purely pastoral, and others, notably *The Lost Child*, are rather conspicuously lacking in local color. The best are those which deal with the old New York of the author's boyhood. The volume is generously illustrated. — *Doctor Congalton's Legacy, a Chronicle of North Country By-Ways*, by Henry Johnston. (Scribners.) This book has the effect of being in its original intention a series of papers on the humors of a Scottish village. Whether the connecting story was an afterthought or no, artistically the volume would have been better without it; for the tale, notwithstanding the absurdity of the doctor's will, is conventional to the last degree. But there are insight and humor in the character-studies, and our presumption is rather strengthened by the fact that the central figure of the most noticeable chapter in the volume has nothing whatever to do with the story. Indeed, to our sorrow, Saunders M'Phee, the schoolmaster of Kilbaan, practically makes but a single appearance, though the brief record of his secret generosity is, in its humor and underlying pathos, the best sketch that we have happened to come across in very recent Scottish fiction.

LITERATURE.

The Book-Hunter in London, Historical and Other Studies of Collectors and Collecting, by W. Roberts. (McClurg.) Some records of the history of the London bibliophile and his haunts, and of those who minister to his passion; a work suggested, we suppose, by M. Octave Uzanne's entertaining volume devoted to the *quais* and their *habitués*. Mr. Roberts walks rather heavily after the light-footed Parisian, but the Londoner's book is much more voluminous than his fellow worker's, is conscientiously painstaking, and, in the main, accurate. (We are sure that it is by a slip of the pen that Pepys's library is placed in an Oxford college.) The volume, indeed, contains an immense deal of interesting information, as well as a liberal supply of anecdotes and gossip anent its subject, all set forth in a rambling fashion, which after all has a method in it, while there is a sufficiently full index to guide readers; for it is a book to dip into rather than to read continuously. The work is brought out in an attractive style, and is very fully illustrated; the illustrations sharing the discursiveness of the text, but being often well selected and apposite. — Prose Fancies, Second Series, by Richard Le Gallienne. (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.) This is a pretty book, inside and out. The fancies are slight, indeed, mere gossamer drift, but there is infinite grace in the way they lend themselves to the capricious breeze. Mr. Le Gallienne is a rare man, for he can talk of himself acceptably. There is nothing but gossip and gay chatter in the book, personalities so intimate as to give less sophisticated men pause, but the author carries them off with a winning youthfulness that conquers us like laughter. Behind the exuberant nonsense and the airy sentimentalizing we feel real penetration and real tenderness. — The Greater Victorian Poets, by Hugh Walker, A. M., of St. David's College, Lampeter. (Macmillan.) This book has little pretension to brilliancy, but it can be relied on as a conscientious and scholarly account of the poetic development and inter-influence of the three writers with whom it deals, Browning, Tennyson, and Arnold. It is fortunately free from vitiation by a desire on the part of the essayist to support a preconceived thesis. — The Epic of the Fall of Man, a Comparative Study of Cædmon, Dante, and Milton, by

S. Humphreys Gurteen, M. A., LL. D. (Putnam's.) Mr. Gurteen's previous study of the Arthurian epic will procure him a hearing for his new volume. It would seem that a comparative study of three poems so utterly different in aim and achievement could result in no very fruitful conclusions, but by confining himself to Cædmon and Milton, using Dante only by way of illustration, the author has succeeded in making an interesting book. Its value is much enhanced by excellent facsimiles of illustrations from early manuscripts.

POETRY.

The Tale of Balen, by Algernon Charles Swinburne. (Scribners.) Mr. Swinburne's new poem, the only considerable work in verse which he has published for a number of years, brings with it the old breath of brave words, the old sonorous fall of musical period, and, alas, the old indirectness of motive and dilution of thought. The form of the poem, a heavily rhymed, nine-line stanza, is singularly ill fitted for the loose, rapid narrative of the Morte d'Arthur legend which Swinburne follows, and the four consecutive rhymes with which each stanza opens are, in the mass, unbearably cloying. Then, too, the magical incantation of phrase, the lovely circumlocution which held us spellbound in the early work of the poet, seem a little withered and reminiscient now. But when all is said, there is so much beauty in the slow pulsing of the rhythm, in the rich flowering diction, and in the quiet drifting of the old chivalric story that one cannot put down the book without being thankful that the poet has kept so well the gifts of his youth. — England's Darling, by Alfred Austin. (Macmillan.) The poet laureate takes upon himself the celebration of an English hero, Alfred the Great, whom, in a careful prose preface, he shows to have been neglected by English singers. One might wish that he had refrained from comparing him, to Arthur's disadvantage, with the hero of the Idylls of the King, of whom he says, "The tactful genius of an exquisite poet has abstained from enduing him with more than a limited number of somewhat negative virtues;" for truly this Alfred to whom we are introduced is colorless to a degree of which even Swinburne would not have accused King Arthur. He speaks by the page, and in a manner

often worthy of Calverley's Schoolmaster Abroad with his Son. And as a play the poem strikes one as so far from dramatic as to turn the reader back with sad seriousness to a quotation from King Alfred himself which the laureate makes in his preface: "Do not blame me; for every man must say what he says, and do what he does, according to his ability." One is the more thankful, therefore, for the last pages of the volume, devoted to The Passing of Merlin, Mr. Austin's true-hearted and frequently felicitous lament for the death of Tennyson.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

William Henry Seward, by T. K. Lothrop. (Houghton.) A new volume of the American Statesmen Series. Like other numbers of the series it is almost as much an historical as a biographical study, and as such covers the rise of the anti-slavery movement in politics, the war for the Union, and the reconstruction period. Mr. Lothrop is severely impartial and dispassionate in his treatment of Seward; indeed, the personal element in the book is subordinated to the official in a manner which tends still further to make the study one of the times in which the figure of Seward is a conspicuous but not a commanding one. The judicial tone increases one's confidence in the fairness of the narrative, which is well proportioned, and flows on with a steady regard for what is really significant. — *Memoirs of an Artist, an Autobiography*, by Charles François Gounod. Rendered into English by Annette E. Crocker. (Rand, McNally & Co.) Whether, as there is some reason to think, Gounod brought down his memoirs to a much more recent period, and then destroyed a portion of them, not caring to keep a record of certain unpleasant episodes in his later life, or whether, like many another autobiographer, he stopped with his work half done, all readers will regret the premature ending of a history which does not lose its charm even in translation. But in one respect, at least, the *Memoirs* have a certain completeness, for they are above everything a tribute to a mother who deserved all the devotion her son lavished upon her memory, and the whole inspiring story of her self-sacrificing life is told here. The recollections end with the first production of Faust, in 1859, and the

abruptness of the close shows the writer's intention to continue them further. It is to be hoped that at no distant day the composer's letters may extend and supplement the autobiographical fragment. — *Frances Mary Buss, and her Work for Education*, by Annie E. Ridley. (Longmans.) A life written by a friend for friends, is the author's description of this memoir, but we think that many who have known little or nothing of its subject or her work will be glad to learn of both from this book. It is an excellent record of the rise, progress, and triumph — for Miss Buss, happier than many reformers, lived to see her dreams come true — of the revolution which has taken place in the whole system of education of middle-class girls in England during the last generation. This revolution, Miss Buss, who turned her own very popular and profitable private school into a public one (public in the English, and not American sense of the term), was very largely instrumental in bringing about. Fortunate were the parents who could place their daughters in the charge of the head of the North London Collegiate School for Girls, for her influence over her pupils can be compared only to Dr. Arnold's; indeed, such a comparison constantly suggests itself to the reader. But though this wise teacher was the bravest of pioneers, she had the good Englishwoman's innate conservatism, and if one quality distinguished her more than another, it was her womanliness. Of few women of our time can it be said with more fullness of meaning, "Her works do follow her."

NATURE AND TRAVEL.

A Cathedral Pilgrimage, by Julia C. R. Dorr. (Macmillan.) A companion volume in matter and make-up to the author's charming little collection of English travel-sketches published last year. To that rather large company of American tourists who bring with them some capacity for appreciation, but only slight knowledge, as they wander from one cathedral town to another, this book should prove a veritable boon; for it is readable enough to interest the careless, touches salient historical points, and may arouse a desire to know something of history in stone. All through it the reader has the agreeable personal companionship of a true cathedral-lover, and one of the most enthu-

siastic and good tempered of travelers. Mrs. Dorr often speaks, and speaks justly, of the kindness and courtesy which met her in these storied places ; but it is not alone the hosts who are to be praised, when the guest is always well pleased. — The Evolution of Bird-Song, with Observations on the Influence of Heredity and Imitation, by Charles A. Witchell. (Macmillan.) Mr. Witchell proves himself a careful and accurate observer, and he gives us a most painstaking analysis of his notes on the bird-songs of Great Britain. He adopts Darwin's theory as to the origin of voice among animals in involuntary contraction of the muscles, and he traces its growth through the cries of combat and alarm, the call-notes, and the simple songs, up to the complex efforts of the more ambitious songsters. His work is evidently entirely original, and his quotations from other authors are only to support his theories. It is, perhaps, a little unfortunate that he had not availed himself of all the literature of his subject. Mr. E. P. Bicknell's valuable papers in *The Auk*, for instance, seem to have escaped his attention. Mr. Bicknell there discussed the cause of second song periods, a branch of the subject to which Mr. Witch-

ell makes only a passing allusion. Some of Mr. Witchell's minor deductions seem to be based on imperfect evidence, as when he explains the nocturnal singing of the nightingale by its habit of migrating at night, ignoring the fact that a large proportion of day-singing birds have the same custom of nocturnal migration ; but the argument as a whole seems to be unassailable, and the evidence of voluntary imitation is as convincing as it is surprising. As to American birds the author's experience is very limited, and the authorities from whom he quotes in regard to them are the older ornithologists exclusively, so that a few errors are, perforce, to be found in these passages. There is so much really interesting matter in the book that the critic is the more sorry to have to admit that in spite of all it is undeniably dull. — Parts XIV. and XV. of Nehrling's *North American Birds* (George Brumder, Milwaukee) give excellent biographies of divers blackbirds, meadowlarks, orioles, crows, jays, and larks. It is a pity that the plates are not quite on a par with the text ; but we must not expect too much for our money, and at least Professor Ridgway's picture of the Dickcissel is as spirited as one could wish.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Desirable Occupations for Ancestors.

IN a nice little New England town, the other day, I met a man who had got rich out West, and had come back to visit the home of his fathers. He was a fine, frank, sturdy man, and educated, too, with that admirable full-breathing spontaneity which characterizes many of the people who are brought up on the prairies. He tipped his head upward a trifle, I fancied, as he said to me, "My grandfather was a shoemaker in this town for fifty years." But though the man may have held his head a little high, he had not at all the air of bragging because his grandfather was a shoemaker. Something in his tone caused my mind to take in the picture of a solid old Yankee pegging away honorably at a shoemaker's bench through half a century, serving the Lord and his townspeople well, raising up a great family of children,

saving money in order that he might send his boys and girls to school, and adding strength, purpose, patience, tenacity, to his race. I thought that the grandson might well have been proud of this ancestor, and that such a shoemaker might make a dignified figure in the Western man's line of descent. And I went on to meditate a little on the difference in the dignity of various occupations, first as considered in connection with one's family tree, and then with regard to the immediate purposes of life.

I dropped the shoemaker for the moment, and took into my mind a fashionable dentist who is my friend, and a certain farmer who sells me milk. Now, the occupation of the dentist, as my friend's case proves, is consistent with great gentleness and fineness of character and with educa-

tion in letters and science. Dentists are admitted, with perfect reason, to excellent society. My farmer's state, on the contrary, seems to exclude him from the daily company of the great and the elegant. As to farmers in general, we commonly think of them as engaged in the less dignified departments of their daily toil; unpleasant things rise to our mind's eye. Yet most of us, I fancy, would rather be descended from a line of farmers than from a line of dentists; and we are more likely to point to a single farmer up in our family tree than to a dentist there.

I went on to make this comparison, in the retrospect, to the disadvantage of other pursuits which living men are elbowing one another to get into, such as stock-broking, manufacturing glue or trousers-buttons, soliciting life insurance, making shoddy, boiling soap, or packing pork; though I was compelled to admit that there was much to say on the side of soap-boiling and pork-packing, even in this perspective. All these trades, it seemed to me, are very good for immediate and material purposes; but in this country, at least, independent agriculture undoubtedly ranks higher than any of them for genealogical uses.

It struck me that if this difference in the retrospective dignity of callings were admitted, it might be possible to set up a scale of the dignity of occupations, somewhat resembling, in the regularity of its gradation, the arrangement of ranks in the British peerage. And immediately (with that levity of mind which causes my friends such deep concern) I fell to wondering whether I should make a viscount or a baron of my ancestral farmer.

Of course, in setting up such a scale of Yankee genealogical dignities, I should have to make some concessions to merely snobbish preferences; for instance, I must put the colonial governor at the top, and next him, perhaps, the colonial colonel (we seem never to hear of colonial generals), and then the judge, and then the divine who wrote a book. These might be the dukes and marquises; but the man who was at once farmer, pioneer, and common soldier, might he not come in for an earldom in the scale? I am not sure but a descent from an unbroken line of colonial Indian-fighting farmers, who pulled up their stakes from generation to generation

to move along and found new towns, is prized more highly at the genealogical rooms in Somerset Street than descent even from a line composed largely of ministers. When men get together to study their genealogies in any country, there is always an atmosphere of fighting: in England, spears ring upon breastplates; in this country, the perfume of gunpowder is in the air, shot-pouches rattle against powder-horns, and she who cannot endure a faint far-away flavor of old and very dry scalps should keep away from Somerset Street. I have seen a fine gleam light up the eyes of meek old clergymen, at the genealogical rooms, which seemed as if it were reminiscent through generations, when the exploits of some scalping hero of the French and Indian war were recounted. Alas for our philosophies! We are Saxon or British or Norse war-dogs at heart, after all; give us but a hundred years, and we put the man of rude action, the puller of triggers, the leveler of forests, the patriarch, above the man who practiced the gentler arts. My colonial farmer or village artisan, who was also a soldier and a founder of a community, must crowd the colonial judge and divine closely in the scale of dignities.

As to agriculture without scalping, that must no doubt drop down a little below some more gentle occupations; but a certain amount of perspective brings out its dignity wonderfully. In this perspective the more sordid and less poetic features of the farmer's life pass out of sight, and the nobler and more ornamental actions come into the foreground. In the abstract, after the fashion in which we view a farmer ancestor, we see the man as the trusted minister of the creative forces of nature, calling into being all beneficent fruits; we lose sight of him as the body-servant of beasts. The poetry of him lives; the prose of him dies.

Now, precisely the reverse of this takes place with the soap-boiler, the dentist, the stock-broker. Perspective reduces their occupations to the one bald and naked physical performance which gives its name to each of their callings. There is no element of the ideal in the making of trousers-buttons, either, or the mechanical like of that manufacture; it serves very well for present purposes, and men make money out of it sometimes; and the making of

money, provided it is not visibly dishonest, has a passing dignity of its own. Present success, at any rate, supplies the usual American with all the sense of dignity that he feels the need of. But often the dignity of present success does not carry over into the second generation; the man becomes desirable as an ancestor, not because of his soap or his trousers-buttons, but in spite of them, rather, and wholly for the sake of his money and the leisure it gives. Then the soap and the trousers-buttons are covered up as completely as possible, and never mentioned in Somerset Street.

So it seems to me that the fashion of studying colonial genealogies may turn out to be the reverse of a snobbish thing, if it brings this success-worshipping generation face to face with the fact that an honest whole occupation, like that of my friend's shoemaker grandfather, has value in a line of descent above our modern tinkering fragments of trades, in which a man devotes his days before God to the manufacture of the third inner welt of a shoe or the galvanized bung of a beer-barrel. Fortunes fade, as a rule, unless the moral quality is bequeathed with them which commonly one can develop and transmit only through being poor: this is one of the numerous Hibernicisms of fate. But the memory of something concrete and useful in life, related visibly and personally with an interesting community, as of a sober and constructive manual calling, persistently followed, so that old people treasure up picturesque facts about it, and tell them to keenly listening grandchildren, — this is dignity and poetry. I have never heard that my grandfather, who was a farmer (you have guessed it long ago, gentle reader), served cattle in a stable, though I have not the smallest doubt he did; but I have been taught to honor him for the home he carved out of the wilderness, and the virtues in which he trained his children, and I have eaten with delight of the fruit of the orchard he planted on the hillside; and I would rather have him for an ancestor than any banker, railroad wrecker, politician, or pettifogger whom I have ever heard of.

The Orbit of Good Stories. — I used to know in Boston a remarkably clever barber, of some queer nation of eastern Europe, — evidently a Jew by race, but not by faith; a wanderer from that indeterminate part of

Europe where the people themselves scarcely know to what nation they belong; a Galician, a Volhynian, a Podolian, or something of that sort, and less a stranger in a strange land than in his own; a man-up-a-tree as regards all of us who swear by country and creed. He was a little man, about forty years old when I first knew him; very black-eyed, swarthy-pallid, with a prominent and thin curving nose, a curiously protruding upper jaw, and a pointed retreating chin, which made him look oddly like the creatures that burrow with their noses, — the pocket-gophers and the marmots. He had a short, sparse, bristling mustache, which increased his resemblance to the marmot kind. Notwithstanding his outsidership to us, and a kind of mocking look and way, the man had a genial air, and plainly liked the world and its people, — if for nothing else, for the amusement they gave him.

I fancied he followed the barber's craft because it gave him an opportunity to study mankind at close range, and without its crust of pretense and pulchritude; for a man flat on his back, with a lathered face and aprons and towels enveloping him, is in more than one sense at the mercy of him who stands above him with a blade. My barber, moreover, had a talent for conversation which his trade afforded an admirable chance to exercise. Nor was he altogether a "monologist," either; he always gave his client (you know the etymology: *cliens*, *cluens*, a hearer) a fair chance for himself. There are moments when it is inconvenient for a man who is under a barber's razor to talk. For myself, I am far from condemning the race of talking barbers; whether or not one wants a barber to talk depends on the barber. This man generally had something to say which was worth listening to; and his English was marvelous, with a touch of something odd and foreign in it, but grammatical and a little bookish, — Talmudic, I fancied, though my acquaintance with the Talmud is inferior to my acquaintance with the Book of Mormon.

The barber had what my Yankee fellow-countrymen pleasantly call a faculty for telling stories; and I may mention here that what I set out to tell about was the specialty which this man had of putting the most ancient stories, especially Bible ones, into such a guise that they passed for new stories with his patrons. We all know the

trade. The period of the return of the story of the Prodigal Son or of King Lear is calculable, like that of a comet which has been around the sun several times; if we know the number of stories of all descriptions, long and short, that will be published in a year, I fancy we may compute to a nicety how many times the Prodigal will appear in the lot. It has one of the shortest orbits among familiar stories, and consequently a frequent return. The story of King Lear comes around almost as often; but David and Jonathan, Jacob and Esau, Haman and Mordecai, have somewhat longer and more eccentric orbits. Sometimes I think it would be an advantage, not to say a relief, if one of the people who retell these stories should, instead of somewhat superfluously relating them, devote the time to determining their periods. A table showing their comparative frequency of return would be of use to authors, who might be expected, with its evidence at hand, to choose the longer-orbited stories for treatment oftener than they do, to the greater credit of their reputation for inventiveness, and possibly to the measurable relief of the public, to whom even Lear and the Prodigal Son may grow tiresome at last. Or would such a calculation be likely to derange the fictional cosmogony, so to speak? Would it be better to leave the familiar tales to their normal period, assuming that their orbits are providentially adjusted to the demands of human nature; that, as it were, the appearance of a new adaptation of Cinderella and the Wonderful Slipper, from the house of Chatto & Windus, on the tenth day of last February, or a more recent modern variorum of the story of David and Bathsheba in ninety thousand words, from the Bibliothèque Charpentier, was as inevitable as the appearance of Encke's comet once in three and three hundred and three ten-thousandths years, and that we should submit to them as unquestioningly as we do to a star-shower or a new outbreak of sun-spots?

However that may be, my Podolian friend was clever in establishing the normal balance between the demands of his hearers and the supply of his adaptations from ancient literature. He had also a neat gift of "localization." The incidents which he related always took place in Cracow, Lemberg, or Kieff, or some such town, and the

local color was always introduced, though I had no means of judging of the accuracy of it. I once talked with him about the tendency of certain events to happen in a great many places. I had myself, as a result of going about in the country a good deal, heard a particular anecdote told as of actual occurrence in Boxford, Massachusetts; Colchester, Connecticut; Topsham, Vermont; Limerick, Maine; and Cleveland, Ohio. In each telling the names of the people who figured in the story were given, and I was told exactly where and when they lived. Those who told me the story believed in every case that it was true, and that the participants really lived where they said they did. I am myself, in a small way, a dealer in anecdotes, and it has been occasionally a part of my business to separate genuine local happenings from these universal adaptations; and this I have found extremely difficult. As for the particular story to which I have referred, my friend the barber said he knew it perfectly well, and that the circumstance really occurred in a small but very old village in Poland, the name of which he told me, and which I pronounced after him several times with great care, in order that I might hope to retain it, but I have now totally forgotten it.

With all his success at adaptation and modernization, my barber was once found wanting in nice discrimination as to what he could safely give his audience, of this sort. One Saturday evening I looked into the shop, and finding that the place was full and the barber discoursing, I went in and sat down. There came in just after me a certain smooth-faced young Irish lawyer with political ambitions and popular sympathies. The barber ended the matter he had under consideration, and asked the lawyer what was the news; whereupon the young man launched into a voluble criticism of a decision which had that day been handed down in the Superior Court. He questioned the wisdom of judges generally. This stirred up a sharp-nosed man whom I knew to be a shoe dealer of Tremont Row; he defended the tribunals warmly. The barber listened for a time, and then, when the conversation bade fair to become wearisome to the other customers, he told a story about a lawsuit that took place in Podolia when he was a boy. A Russian woman had come into court and sworn that, four years be-

fore, she had given another Russian woman, a peasant, her baby to nurse and take care of until it was three years old. She had no documentary evidence of the arrangement, and all the witnesses to the circumstance were dead. The child was now a fine, healthy fellow, and the woman had demanded his return; but the foster-mother, taking advantage of the death of the witnesses, had made the astonishing assertion that the child was her own, and had refused to give him up. The judge, who was really anxious to find out whose child it was, exhausted the ordinary means of ascertaining without satisfying his own mind. Then all at once he asked, "Has this child been vaccinated?" The official physician was called in, and declared that it had never been vaccinated. Now, all Russian Podolians of the lower class, the barber asserted, are so violently opposed to vaccination that they will fight the soldiers to resist it, and the authorities frequently have to yield to their prejudice against it in order to prevent bloodshed and save scandal abroad. But in this case the judge affected great indignation. "You have dared to bring here an unvaccinated child!" he exclaimed. "Let it be vaccinated at once!" Both women showed signs of the greatest terror; they believed that the operation meant death for the child, or worse. "Ah, well," said the judge, observing their woe, and appearing to relent, "I will order that the child shall not only escape vaccination now, but shall never be vaccinated, if you women will compose your difference. If, however, you persist in this suit, it shall be vaccinated instantly here in the court." Then the woman who had brought the suit, turning very pale, said, "Maria Ivanovna shall keep the child!" This convinced the judge that the child was hers, and he ordered that it be delivered to her.

The company in the barber-shop were much interested in this story, and did not appear to recognize it at all as the story of the judgment of Solomon. It stirred up a discussion, which threatened to be endless, between the young lawyer and the boot-and-shoe man on the subject of vaccination. The boot-and-shoe man turned out to be an anti-vaccinationist. He expressed admiration not only for the spirit of the Russians in this matter, but for their bravery and skill in warfare.

Upon this the barber declared that the Russians had been greatly overestimated as fighters. They had often been beaten in most ridiculous ways. For instance, when the Cossacks of the Don were once making war against the Kalmuck Tartars, they had in their ranks a famous Cossack of immense size, said to be the biggest man in all Russia. He made his boast that he could whip a hundred ordinary men. One day the Cossacks met a large war party of Tartars, and this big Russian stepped out and proposed that the war should be settled by single combat, he to fight any Tartar who should be sent against him. The Kalmucks, having no such giant on their side, were demurring against this method of warfare, when a young fellow, scarcely more than sixteen years old and small of his age, stepped out from their ranks. He had in his hand an implement that looked very much like the pea-shooters that the boys at the North End use with which to "fire" beans at strangers in Salem Street. He had no other arms, but —

The Irish lawyer here extended his right arm in a gesture of extreme displeasure. "Get out!" he exclaimed. "That's too much. You're giving us the story of David and Goliath!"

There was a groan from the chairs and the waiting-bench, and then a loud laugh at the barber's expense. He was silent, and wore a somewhat sneering expression, but his face was scarlet. He had been found out. His case seems to prove that there may be such a thing as introducing too often the ancient stories into current fiction.

— The English settlers, when they emigrated to Ulster, carried with them the language of the seventeenth century. If we reflect for a moment, we shall see that it was the pronunciation of the time of Milton and Dryden which was transplanted into Ireland. The fact must be borne in mind that the English of that century was transferred into a country where the native speech and method of utterance were entirely different. This would of course cause some modification in the transplanted language, for English now came into contact with the Old Irish, and that upon Irish soil. English was, then, imposed upon the Irish, whose native tongue differed from that of their conquerors not only in its sounds, but also

The English
Speech on
Irish Lips.

in its mode of utterance, and it was, therefore, naturally modified to a greater or less extent. In such circumstances a language changes in construction and idiom as well as in form.

When the Irish began to pronounce English they encountered difficulties, as, for instance, in the dental combinations exemplified in such a word as *thrash* (Irish for trash), or in *sthratch* (stretch), or in *Sat-thirday* (Saturday), or in *scoundthrel* (scoundrel). In his native speech the Celt trilled his *r*'s, and when he had to pronounce *r* in an English word he would trill it. But the practice of trilling the *r* (occasionally heard in American pronunciation) is decidedly un-English. There are still other differences than those of utterance. We must not lose sight of the fact that English transplanted upon Irish soil always remained an exotic, and never flourished there as it did in its own habitat in England.

Now, one can readily see, if one is at all conversant with linguistic principles, that the transplanted English would not develop and keep pace in its growth with the language on English soil. If Ireland had first been depopulated and then colonized by the English, the differences would have been very much less marked, even if they had existed at all. But that was not the case. Such conditions were much nearer being fulfilled here in America, when the Puritans came over to New England and settled, bringing with them practically the same English as that taken to Ireland (for the first Puritan settlement on Massachusetts Bay was made in 1628, which was about the time that the English colonists settled in Ulster). But the English language in America was not contaminated by contact with the Indian language, and so is to-day much nearer the mother tongue, as spoken in England, than the Irish dialect is; and this is simply because the conditions here were entirely different. The language in America has had another development from that in Ireland, though they were both transplanted languages. But their environments were unlike, and hence the disparity they exhibit at present. The language of our rustics, however, betrays the affinity of the speech of the early settlers of America with that of the early settlers of Ireland. Witness here the coincidence of our vulgar *chist* (chest),

ingine (engine), *quair* (queer), *hade* (head), *afear'd* (afraid), *wee-pin* (weapon), *kag* (keg), *rassel* (wrestle), *arrant* (errand), *deef* (deaf), with the Irish pronunciation of these words.

There is one marked Hibernicism which has now passed far beyond the Irish dialect. Probably many of those from whose delicate mouths we hear it so frequently are not aware of its Irish origin. This is not intended by the writer as an impeachment of that charming pronunciation, nor is it made in a spirit of stoical indifference like that of Balthazar, the infatuated chemist in Balzac's *Search for the Absolute*. When the beautiful eyes of his wife filled with tears as she pleaded with him not to sacrifice all his fortune and even herself in his search for diamonds, he ruthlessly exclaimed: "Tears! I have decomposed them; they contain a little phosphate of lime, chloride of sodium, mucin, and water." The Hibernicism in question is the pronunciation of *gyrl*, so widespread and carefully cultivated by delicate mouths in Virginia as to be considered the shibboleth of those "to the manner born." (It is of course the prerogative of woman to change her mind, and her name too, if she so elects.) Other examples of this Hibernicism are *cyart*, *cyarve*, *scyar*, *gyarden*, *gyarlic*, *gyuide*, *cyow*, and *nyow*, which last approximates a feline note if uttered in a falsetto. The Irish pronunciation of *sure* extends far beyond that jargon now. Perhaps the reader recalls the story of the good parson's wife who twitted her husband about saying *shore* for *sure*, and who, when reminded that she pronounced the word the same way, indignantly replied, "Why, to be *shore* I do not!"

It must not be inferred from what has been said that the English spoken in all parts of Ireland is uniform. On the contrary, it differs vastly, and varies with the locality. In some parts, indeed, English is not spoken at all. But where it is spoken it bears a marked resemblance, as we have seen, to the English of the times of Dryden and Pope, which has been fossilized by emigration. The "brogue" is due to the Celtic habit of utterance, and consists mostly in the intonation, "which appears," according to Murray, "full of violent ups and downs, or rather precipices and chasms of force and pitch, almost disguising the sound to English ears."

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CAUSES OF AGRICULTURAL UNREST.

A TRAVELER following the path of La Salle across the plains of the Illinois to-day would be struck, even on the most superficial survey, by the signs of agricultural prosperity. Broad farms, substantial buildings, bursting cribs, fields drained with tile, and every evidence of good farming are visible. The original settlers, moreover, have won their fortunes, and retired to the neighboring towns to spend their years of rest. It is common to find men who have amassed, from farming, fortunes counted by hundreds of thousands of dollars. Iowa, also, is certainly to-day a successful farming community. And wherever a man of executive ability and training in farming has taken up agriculture upon a good soil, there comfort and prosperity are pretty sure to be found. But there is another side to the picture. A fire lies somewhere below all this Populistic smoke which has risen from the granger agitation and rolled ominously over the skies from Chicago and St. Louis during the past summer.

Behind the political evolutions of the parties which have marshaled themselves under the leadership of Mr. Bryan there have been some forces at work which it may be interesting to record. The fact that so many delusions could result in a kind of political unity, and could produce common political action, itself demands explanation. In truth, the earnestness of great groups of fanatical men in the Chicago convention has even a touch of pathos about it, the more that

they are evidently sincere and honest. They represent, however, certain strata in our economic and social organization. Throughout the newer States we find a widely spread class of undereducated, brawny, earnest, but narrow minds. There is little pliability in their mental processes. Once the single-ideaed brain has been occupied by a theory, or craze, the gate to all other ideas is thereby closed. In a brain incapable of economic and judicial reasoning, the one idea now in possession engenders prejudice, and even, in an emotional nature, frenzy. This class of minds may not always have the same craze, but, in its undereducated way, it is sure to have one of some sort. The subject of the fanaticism may change in time, but with the fanaticism we must always reckon so long as the undereducated class exists and wields a large political power.

The honest but narrow mind is ever the prey of knaves. The cheat plies his trade among the untrained so long as the eternal-gullible maintains its seat in the human heart. The thriftless incapable purposely frames a scheme to make something out of nothing, which often appeals to the naive honest as the cloud of fire by night guiding them out of the desert. Thus two general classes, both hoping to acquire riches by legerdemain, by tricks of legislation, come to work together for a common aim. The honesty of the one is the mask for the dishonesty of the other; and they are stimulated,

in the attempt to rub the lamp of fortune for the sake of obtaining sudden riches without the sweat of the brow, by the picture, familiar to us in the rapid development of a young country rich in varied resources, of men of their own undereducated kind who have stumbled upon great wealth. The man who for years has been eating his bacon over a deposit of petroleum, coal, copper, or gold, awakes some day to great wealth, puts on the fine linen of civilization, and stands as the possibility of what may at any moment come to every other one of his kind. Cupidity nudges the elbow of fanaticism. While this human quality is not confined to any particular part of our country, yet in the newer States there is an energetic restlessness in urging a peculiar nostrum to which the older part of the country is a stranger.

The narrow mind — like a popgun in which the last wad shoots out the first — honestly holds to its one idea, but this idea is driven out by any new agitation strong enough to force in another idea which may displace the old. The basis of the old greenback delusion, following the commercial crisis of 1873, was this same mental quality. The optimism of the Western spirit has created cities like Chicago, and it even built the palaces of the White City, but in feeble intellects this optimism is the spring to many harmful kinds of activity. In its expansive way it sees results before they have gone through the formality of taking place. The mere possibility of borrowing is itself almost the realization of brilliant dreams. The possession of a loan is a ladder to the pinnacle of life. The return of the loan to the lender and the way down the ladder again find no place in the imagination of the borrower.

Such is the background of my picture. We can see the characteristics out of which a certain kind of results will surely come. The greenback craze was the outcome of a depression following a long period of extraordinary inflation and

speculation after the Civil War.' When the bubble burst in 1873, business disasters were not confined to the farming class. Expansion of trade, inflated prices, airy ventures of all kinds collapsed, and brought down men of affairs in every occupation with pitiless impartiality. The farmer, having entered into engagements for large sums when all the world was booming with speculative schemes of development, suddenly found himself prone on the ground, with his flying-machine lying splintered and ruined beside him. But in this fate he found himself in company with men engaged in all branches of manufacture and trade. It is in such a soil, composed of the *débris* of speculation and overtrading, that a crop of weedy delusions grows. It is commonly known that the years succeeding a panic are the ones in which quack remedies for industrial distress find many gullible victims. Untrained in economic reasoning, inexperienced in industrial history, untaught in penetrating into the causes of commercial phenomena, the undereducated man is the prey to the first nostrum that happens to be offered him. His distress pinches. How easy to believe the dogmatic assertion that the cause of his distress is the "scarcity of money"! Why not? He knows precious little about the principles of money. Why should it not be that, as well as something else of which he knows equally little? It is all mysterious, anyway. He must believe the statements of the man who first gets his confidence. Therefore, in times of industrial depression we have always had an epidemic of crazes. We know that in many former depressions the remedies proposed have had nothing whatever to do with silver, which to-day appears as the sovereign cure. In 1874 it was a greenback wad in the popgun; since then the silver wad has driven out the greenback wad. In both cases it was clear that industrial disaster was due to trading beyond all reason and judgment,

and that the quantity of money did not determine the quantity of goods and property in existence.

Of course, the farmer who has over-traded, or expanded his operations beyond his means, in a time of commercial depression is affected just as any one else is in like conditions. After 1873 he probably found himself in goodly company, but the present difficulties seem to be limited to farming. It is quite certain that in the last few years special conditions have surrounded the farmer and placed him in a peculiar position, — conditions which have not been common to men in other industries. If a period of over-development, confined almost entirely to agricultural interests, has been followed by the inevitable reaction, we may expect to see all the evidences of distress in rural communities which follow in the wake of a general commercial crisis; and we may expect to find also that nostrum-mongers have come to the fore, charming and deluding the honestly distressed farmer with the magic of their patent remedies. It boots nothing that the diagnosis is wrong or that the medicine is unfit; the mind of one idea, by its nature, is hospitable to the first-comer, and prejudice closes the door to the advice of the trained physician who arrives later.

In the genuine Populistic programme silver plays but an unimportant rôle. For political purposes, it is skillfully made the common basis of action, in this campaign, by different groups of persons. Yet it is less hungrily demanded than inconvertible paper, or the sub-treasury scheme, or the income tax, or greater freedom from the militia, by the mind of the true Populist. In short, the conditions of agriculture have permitted the growth of numerous crazes, of which silver is not even the tallest weed in the soil. Behind silver lies a whole thistle crop of ideas, with which we must eventually deal. We shall have to face various schemes of redistribution of property,

even after the silver question has gone to its long home with the greenback. A craze is the inevitable manifestation of an idea strongly held by undereducated men. If it is not the greenback craze or the silver craze, it will be some other.

While understanding that vagaries are prolific in a season of financial distress, the essence of our inquiry is to discover the causes which have brought about this situation of hardship. To one who has watched the larger industrial movements of recent decades it is clear that very powerful currents have been set in motion, the force and direction of which may be unknown to the very persons who are unconsciously carried along on their surface. In this study, it may be possible, so to speak, to cast some sealed bottles into the currents, and thereby record their trend and force.

We are now witnessing in practical operation in the United States a difficult adjustment of the farming industry under an economic principle as old as Ricardo. If only for geographical reasons, the new-comers to an unsettled country originally plant themselves upon the soil most conveniently situated to harbors and rivers, irrespective of the fact that soil much richer and more fertile lies in the interior. The poorer soil accessible to transportation is, in fact, the richer soil to the settler, who is saved the sacrifices of location distant from the market. So long as water furnished the arteries of transportation and trade, settlements were placed upon seacoasts and rivers. Rich farming communities spread over the outlying districts adjacent to these settlements. The thin soil of New England once masqueraded in the guise of a prosperous farming district, but that is now a thing of the past. And when Mr. Whittier, in the pages of this magazine, mourned the decay of the farm and of rural life, and the departure of the ambitious boy to the town or city, he

touched with song the hard facts of an economic revolution.

The same pitiless wave which has swept over Great Britain in recent decades, spreading confusion and disaster in English farming, reducing prices of farm products, shriveling English rent-rolls, changing the character of agriculture in many districts, has spread its influence also over New England and the rest of the Eastern States, — a wave set in motion by the progress of the age, by the railway and the improved steamship. Its immediate effect was to bring the products of new, distant, and vastly richer farming-land into the same markets where the products of the old and poorer soil had been sold. In economic phrase, it was the insertion, into existing grades of cultivated land, of new grades of higher fertility. Consequently, if the required supply of food can now be produced more cheaply by the new and better soils, the old grades must go out of cultivation. It mattered not, in the inevitable onward sweep of this evolution of the fittest instrument of production, — bringing cheaper food to hungry legions, — that the owner of the old farm had attachments of heart and association to the old lanes, the old blue hills, and the old trees. The progress of the age was under it all, like a ploughshare upturning the nest of his youth.

The railway and the steamship have not yet ceased their iconoclastic operations. A few years ago, the varied expanses of middle New York and the broad valleys of the Susquehanna made up the flower of our farms and gave solid incomes to their owners. This state of things is now of the past. Farming is no longer profitable in these districts, because more fertile though distant lands have been brought within reach of markets. The richer wheat-land in the middle West, and of the prairies of Minnesota and Dakota, lay untouched until the railway opened up a cheaper transportation to the lakes and seaboard.

The cause of the enforced agricultural readjustment in the United States was the progress of the age, represented mainly by the modern railway. The fall of railway rates to less than one cent per ton per mile, and the generally dubious condition of railway securities as investments, are glaring evidences of the pressure to secure cheap transportation in the exploitation of the West.

It is a strange development — indeed, a curious travesty on justice — that the railway, which by reason of its low cost of transportation has practically destroyed the farming interests of the East, should be regarded by the farmer of the West as the vampire sucking out the blood of his agricultural profits; and yet the Western lands could have been opened to seaboard markets only by means of it and its low rates. The Eastern farmer must justly regard the railway, and the resultant competition of the richer farm-land in the West, as the cause of his ruin and the force which has driven him to new employments; the Western farmer would not now be in existence if it were not for the railway. The proof that it has served the Western farmer well is to be found in the sad ruins of Eastern agriculture. But by such revolutions is the progress of invention marked. Every great improvement which has cheapened the cost of reproducing existing forms of capital has necessarily lowered the value of that previously made, to the level at which it can be reproduced. Ocean steamships which cost \$500,000 each five years ago — and which could now be built for \$400,000 — must have fallen in their capitalized value by one fifth, or twenty per cent, irrespective of depreciation by wear and tear. In a similar way, the general introduction of steamships has lowered the selling price of sailing vessels. Every owner of capital in its various forms must always take the risk that invention may devise something cheaper in operation than his existing machinery.

By the nature of his occupation, a farmer is subject to this principle quite as much as any owner of capital. His land may for the moment be the best in cultivation for wheat; but any conceivable discovery, or any improvement of existing devices, by which, directly or indirectly, new soils in any part of the world may be brought into competition with his own, must lower the price of his farm products. The wheat-growing farmer is, therefore, at the mercy of world-causes, and not merely of the domestic events within the boundaries of his own country. The reason is that wheat is a commodity whose price is not determined by home, but by foreign markets. We ourselves do not consume nearly the whole product of our wheat or cotton land. We export largely beyond our own consumption. We exported in 1892 — a good year — 157,280,351 bushels of wheat, and 15,196,769 barrels of wheat flour, when our total yield of wheat was 515,949,000 bushels. It will at once appear to the reader how surely the price of wheat must respond to influences quite out of the ken of the ordinary farmer, and yet that the continuance of farming depends upon his keeping careful watch of all the forces affecting his business, wherever and however they may be acting throughout the world.

The simple facts that we produce more wheat than we consume, and that, consequently, the price of the whole crop is determined, not by the markets within this country, but by the world-markets, are sufficient to put wheat, as regards its price, in a different class from those articles whose markets are local. It differs very radically, for example, from corn: while we export 36.88 per cent of our wheat crop, we export only 3.72 per cent of our corn crop (which in 1892 was 1,628,464,000 bushels). Whether he knows it or not, whether he likes it or not, every man who chooses as his occupation in life the growing of wheat must be affected by everything which influences

the production and price of that article throughout the entire world. And it need not be said that many wheat-growing farmers make little or no allowance for events beyond their limited range of local information. A good crop in Europe means a lessened demand for American wheat; a large European crop, accompanied by a very large harvest at home, is sure to depress the price abnormally; and if, in addition to these two uniting causes, competing countries in Asia, South America, Africa, and Australia send large quantities of the same grain to Europe, the price may fall still further. A given demand may be more than met by an exceptional supply. It must then be remembered, too, that as regards an article of food like wheat, after a person has taken his usual quantity, his demand does not rise with a falling price, but, after a saturation point of desire is reached, it practically ceases altogether. This accounts for the extreme fall in price produced by a supply only slightly in excess of the ordinary demand. Does the farmer of our Western States study to adapt his supply to the known demand, as the manufacturer does? Probably not: he plants because he has wheat-land, and leaves the rest to the mysterious play of forces outside his ken. Yet it is certain, nevertheless, that the price of his grain is determined by events in Australia, Argentina, Egypt, India, Hungary, and Russia, or by excessive rains in England, France, or Germany. To know the economic nature of the farmer's occupation is necessary to an understanding of his existing situation, and one can clearly see how varied are the world-influences which may affect his efforts in growing wheat.

The revolution by which invention and progress have forced a readjustment of industries, with a better relation to our natural resources, has wrenched the country and twisted it into new shapes. It has taken away the farming industry from the older States, and given it to the

newer territory where soils are richer. The problem left to the farmers of the Middle States is the difficult problem correctly to learn the causes of the agricultural readjustment; to master the qualities of the old soil for other crops; scientifically to adapt the land to the new conditions brought by the opening up of new areas of superior soil. It is a problem requiring a high order of intelligence and scientific training in farming.

But a problem which under the most favorable conditions would be a complex and difficult one, is made far more serious by a movement which has taken away from farming the most enterprising spirits and the most vigorous brains. The movement of the better minds away from the farms to the towns, where a wider career is opened, is so well known to Americans that I do not need to describe it. Enterprising spirits have left New England mainly to the small farming of the Irish; and the Middle States have likewise enlarged their quotas in the towns. It is one of the most marked events in our economic history. The brightest youths speed to the cities as a matter of course.

But even if, with Mr. Whittier, we sing dolorously of the abandoned farm, we cannot fail to see above the horizon the expanding roofs of the manufacturing town and the glittering attractions of the greater cities. We must see also a larger power to purchase food and other necessities in the wages of the daily laborer, graded schools instead of the "district" schools, better drainage, better lighting, a larger nervous excitement, more stimulus to the plodding mind, a response to the offer of more intellectual tonics, a wider reading, and a more intelligent acquaintance with the lives and manners of cultivated persons. If the moral tone of the city and town be low, in all probability children there are safer than on the farm, from vulgar vice, and from that inward moral starvation which follows upon a lack of

mental nourishment. In short, when in some farming districts one notes the bad roads, the social privation, the lonely isolation of farm life, one wonders that there are any farmers. The movement to the towns is really in answer to a craving for something besides mere material existence: it arises from a delight in the society of others and in access to books and information; from æsthetic satisfaction and a general striving for the better thing.

The effect of these revolutions upon farming was that in those years when a great industrial readjustment was taking place which required the best efforts of the best intelligences, at the very time when the hardest problem was presented for solution, social forces were at work to take away the men best capable of solving the problem. Just as the situation became more serious, the least efficient were left to meet it. It is not necessary for me to say, by way of qualification, that there are efficient farmers; of course there are. Wherever one finds executive ability and training in farming, there one is likely to see success, as in any other occupation of life. But I wish to emphasize my general point, that from the nature of his occupation the farmer is subjected to world-wide operations requiring careful foresight; that the age is bringing him new adjustments and new problems; and yet that the concomitant part of the situation has been a marked reduction, due to the attractions of our cities, in the quality of farming skill and capacity.

But the farmers on the richer soils of the trans-Mississippi States, although holding the coigne of vantage relatively to other farmers in this country, especially as regards wheat-growing, have been themselves affected by special influences of an unfavorable kind. In the years of prosperity after recovery from the panic of 1873, the Western farming districts witnessed a curious epidemic of loans, an unexampled prevalence of bor-

rowing-made-easy. Eastern money-lenders sent unlimited sums, with reckless confidence, to be loaned on Western farm mortgages. So little discrimination was exercised in this expansive era that the droughty lands of Kansas and Nebraska were estimated to be as good security as the more trustworthy soil of Iowa and Minnesota. Methods of lending were careless; and the unwary met sad treatment at the hands of rogues, or fell victims to poor land-titles. The abundance of loanable capital was a premium on borrowing, and few farmers in need of improving their farms escaped the temptation. They were led into plans for expenditure without fully realizing the risks of farming, the operation of world-causes upon agricultural prices, or the difficulties of repaying loans after they were spent.

Following the recovery from the panic of 1873, the development of western Minnesota and Dakota reached a stage of speculative expansion quite as dashing and bold as any ventures of Wall Street brokers. Over-confidence was sublime. No other part of the country was comparable for sound investment to this wheat Eldorado; the East was a doubtful place for solid prosperity in comparison with this brilliant addition to our resources. Fortunes were to be made only in farming. Fathers bought shares in the ventures undertaken by their sons who had moved to the new West. Old residents of Ohio, Illinois, or Wisconsin sold their lands to join the great hegira. In its way it was as picturesque and exciting as any like event in our history; and it would not be easy to exaggerate the intensity of this period of the early eighties, soon after the resumption of specie payments.

This over-development was to the farmers what overtrading is to the commercial world. The expansion having gone beyond legitimate bounds, the reaction was certain to come. The drought, hot winds, and consequent failure of crops,

in Kansas and Nebraska, startled Eastern lenders into the discovery that the lands were in many cases valueless as security. The time for repayment of loans came around, and brought with it a test of the good judgment of the borrowers in the use of their loans. Bad judgment and lack of skill meant inability to repay. "Settling day" is in any market a solemn occasion, but in the case of farm loans it is sure to reveal all the weak spots. A vast deal of capital, of course, was properly lent, and wisely expended in improvements; but this was far from being commonly true. In justification of this statement I need do no more than refer to the recent failures of Western mortgage companies, and to the present generally suspicious attitude in regard to their investments. I do not imply, by any means, that there are not good Western farm mortgages, but only that the era of speculation has been followed by the inevitable reaction.

Under the influences of this period farmers had borrowed, and pledged themselves to the payment of fixed units of money. While agriculture was booming, the ability to change wheat into these units for repayment seemed easy; and if this situation had remained unchanged all might have gone well. But there soon came a heaving of the calm sea, showing that storms were going on in other parts of the wide waters. As I have pointed out, world-causes must be taken into account. Just when the reaction in American farming began to set in, the distant countries of the world, which had begun to send wheat to the same competitive markets, rapidly increased their exports. The sudden enlargement of the supply without any corresponding increase of demand produced that alarming fall in the price of wheat which has been made the farmer's excuse for thinking that silver is the magic panacea for all his ills. At the very time when the American farmer was under pressure to increase his production

in every possible way, he was disastrously affected by a similar increase in other countries. In short, the agencies which opened up the superior wheat-fields of the Dakotas have not been confined to the United States. The progress of the age in the form of cheapened railway transportation revolutionized the agriculture of our country; but likewise the progress of the age in the form of cheapened steamship transportation opened up to European consumers the superior wheat-fields of Argentina, Australia, Egypt, and India. Yet the Western farmer ploughed and sowed blindly, as if his were the only sources of wheat supply in the world.

Here is the pith of the whole trouble of the farmer of the farther West. A boom and wild expansion consequent upon the settlement of the Dakotas brought about the inevitable reaction. The one serious difficulty to the sufferer was that there were special conditions, in a great measure influencing agriculture alone, which produced the same results that a violent commercial crisis produces in a wide range of industries. To be sure, a disaster in farming conveys the impact of damage to other allied interests; but here were conditions, the results of seismic convulsions throughout the world, practically uncomprehended by those most deeply affected, and yet not directly touching other great industries. Developments special to agriculture, although radiating all over the world, narrowed in upon our Western farmers, quite unconscious of the currents that were bearing them up and dashing them on the rocks. If we understand, then, that the agriculture of the middle West has been suffering bitterly from readjustment; and more than this, that even the favored farmers of the richest land in the remoter West (whose success had ruined the Eastern farmers) have been suffering from a disaster not entirely of their own making, we may be better able to judge of their present un-

rest. They are in a measure responsible for the wild expansion of the early eighties, but they are to be judged leniently for their ignorance of those waves of damage which came from abroad,

Feeling the coils of some mysterious power about them, the farmers, in all honesty, have attributed their misfortunes to the "constriction" in prices, caused, as they think, not by an increased production of wheat throughout the world, but by the "scarcity of gold." This seems hardly an adequate explanation, just at the time when the gold product is doubling itself. If scarcity of gold has been pushing prices down, why does not an abundance of gold push prices up? This explanation of low prices as caused by insufficient gold is so far-fetched that its general use seems inexplicable. The existence of such a theory in explanation of the low price of wheat is so unnatural that it leads one to suspect the presence of a guiding power. Therein is to be found one of the most interesting parts of the present situation. The undereducated man, capable of holding but one idea at a time, and holding that idea fanatically, crushed by the coils of an industrial readjustment, with a system depressed by a speculative debauch, finds supposed helpers in the wildest managers who have ever entered American politics. This is, in a nutshell, the true philosophy of the movement in favor of free coinage of silver.

Given a large community with innate prejudices against the East, intensified by the dislike born of the relation of debtor to creditor, prostrated by the collapse of the greatest agricultural speculation of modern times, suffering from foreign competition in the world-markets, the opportunity of the tempter is nearly perfect. And the skill of the tempter is satanic. I doubt if ever in our political history we have had more adroit manipulation and strategy than have been displayed by the managers of the silver party. In Congress they have

been more than a match in plans and ingenuity for the leaders of the two great parties. Supplied with abundant means by the silver-mining interests, they have "buncoed" one party or coquetted with another, as suited their interests. While extending their propaganda for years in the ranks of the Democratic party throughout the West and South, they have bargained with the leaders of the Republican party in Congress for legislation favorable to silver in return for votes for special and private interests. It was in this way that the so-called Sherman Act of 1890 was passed. When they were given an inch they took an ell, until the country stood aghast at finding these silver managers holding the national legislature by the throat, and demanding silver legislation or a stoppage of all old "deals." It was a political brigandage that put the little by-play of Greek bandits to shame. A game of burglary like this in the Capitol at Washington is as audacious as is the seizure of money-tills at high noon on a crowded street.

This, however, was but one part of the great silver conspiracy, the equal of which has never been recorded, and which is too considerable for me to do more than refer to it here. It embraced in its plans years of systematic agitation of the silver doctrines, both by speaking and by writing, among those dissatisfied classes which I have described. The situation of farmers in the West, depressed after a collapse of a speculation in wheatlands, and of cotton-growers in the South, the price of whose product also had been disturbed by world-causes, was a rich soil for the silver propaganda. It was begun stealthily and secretly, and carried on later with noise and open activity. Newspapers were hired to exploit and advertise silver literature in a way to enlarge their list of subscribers. A literary bureau controlled a systematic distribution of "catchy" and "taking" illustrat-

ed reading-matter. The prejudices and antagonisms of classes were appealed to most skillfully. The wheat-farmer and the cotton-grower were for years practically permitted to hear nothing else but the wrongs of silver, the evil effects of gold, and the grinding oppression of the money-lender. As a piece of successful political intrigue and agitation, this propaganda was probably the most effective since the repeal of the Corn Laws. One can have nothing but admiration for the consummate political skill displayed by the managers of the silver party.

How adroitly a situation of agricultural depression, due to an industrial revolution, has been made to serve the dealers in silver, the present presidential campaign gives convincing evidence. At this time, silver is jangling in the ears of those who, a few years hence, will permit only the music of a new craze to be heard. If the conditions which allow of delusions among the farmers were of passing duration, if in a few years we might see Western farming recover from its depression as easily as we see manufacturing and trade readjust themselves after a commercial crisis, the remedy would not be far to seek. But the opening up of new wheat areas to European markets is not a thing that, rising like a wave, like a wave disappears; it is a permanent uplift of the sea-level. It has come to stay, and probably to rise still higher. Farming will go on, and go on profitably; but it will never realize all the bright dreams of the ballooning years in the early eighties. How natural that the seeds of dissatisfaction should grow up in the various forms of protest against existing legislative and social arrangements! It is precisely the expansive, optimistic, speculating American-born in whose minds these erratic developments have taken deepest root. Our less mercurial Germans and shrewder Scandinavians are safer than our Americans, in this day of crazes.

J. Laurence Laughlin.

CHEERFUL YESTERDAYS.

"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows."

WORDSWORTH, *Excursion*, Book VII.

I.

A CAMBRIDGE BOYHOOD.

IN introducing the imaginary Chronicles of P. P. Clerk of this Parish the poet Pope remarks that any such book might well be inscribed, "On the Importance of a Man to Himself." Yet perhaps the first obstacle to be encountered by any autobiographer is the sudden sense of his own extreme unimportance. Does each ant in an ant-hill yearn to bequeath to the universe his personal reminiscences? When, at the dead of night, I hear my neighbors at the Harvard Observatory roll away their lofty shutters, in preparation for their accustomed tryst with the stars, it seems as if one might well be content to keep silence in the presence of the Pleiades. Yet, after all, the telescope need only be reversed to make the universe appear little, and the observer large; so that we may as well begin at the one end as at the other.

"Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him."

Probably, if the truth were known, nothing in the universe is really insignificant, not even ourselves.

When I think of the vast changes which every man of my time has seen, of the men and women whom I have known, — those who have created American literature and have freed millions of slaves, — men and women whom, as the worldly-wise Lord Houghton once wrote me, "Europe has learned to honor, and would do well to imitate," then I feel that, whether I will or no, something worth chronicling may be included in the proposed paper. For the rest, the autobiographer has the least reason of

all writers to concern himself about the portrayal of his own personality. He is sure to reveal it, particularly if he tries to hide it. Confucius asked, "How can a man be concealed?" Of all methods, certainly not by writing his reminiscences. He can escape unobserved, or else mislead observers, only by holding his tongue; let him open his lips, and we have him as he is.

All the scenes and atmosphere of one's native village — if one is fortunate enough to have been born in such a locality — lie around the memory like the horizon line, unreachable, impassable. Even a so-called cosmopolitan man has never seemed to me a very happy being, and a cosmopolitan child is above all things to be pitied. To be identified in early memories with some limited and therefore characteristic region, — that is happiness. No child is old enough to be a citizen of the world. What denationalized Americans hasten to stamp as provincial is for children, at least, a saving grace. You do not call a nest provincial. All this is particularly true of those marked out by temperament for a literary career. The predestined painter or musician needs an early contact with the treasures and traditions of an older world, but literature needs for its material only men, nature, and books; and of these, the first two are everywhere, and the last are easily transportable, since you can pile the few supreme authors of the world in a little corner of the smallest log cabin. The Cambridge of my boyhood — two or three thousand people — afforded me, it now seems, all that human heart could ask for its elementary training. Those who doubt it might, perchance, have been the gainers if they had shared it. "He despises me," said Ben Jonson, "because I live in an alley. Tell him his soul lives in an alley."

I was born in Cambridge on December 22, 1823, in a house built by my father at the head of what was then called Professors' Row, and is now Kirkland Street, — the street down which the provincial troops marched to the battle of Bunker Hill, having first halted for prayer at the house once standing next to ours, — the "gambrel-roofed house" where Dr. O. W. Holmes was born. My father's house — now occupied by Mrs. J. M. Batchelder — was begun in 1818, when the land was bought from Harvard College, whose official he had just become. Already the Scientific School and the Hemenway Gymnasium crowd upon it, and the university will doubtless, one of these days, engulf it once more. My father came of a line of Puritan clergymen, officials, militia officers, and latterly East India merchants, all dating back to the Rev. Francis Higginson, who landed at Salem in 1629, in charge of the first large party for the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and who made that historic farewell recorded by Cotton Mather, as his native shores faded away: "We will not say, as the Separatists said, Farewell, Rome! Farewell, Babylon! But we will say, Farewell, dear England! Farewell the Christian church in England, and all the Christian friends there!"

My father had been, like his father before him, — also named Stephen Higginson, and a member of the Continental Congress in 1783, — among the leading merchants of Boston, until Jefferson's embargo ruined him, with many others. He had always been princely in his benefactions, and retained warm friends in his adversity, who bought for him the land where the house stood, and secured for him the position of steward of the college, the post now rechristened "bursar," and one in which he did, as Dr. A. P. Peabody tells us, most of the duties of treasurer. In that capacity, he planted, as I have always been told, a large part of the trees in the college yard, — nobody in Cambridge ever

says "campus," — and had also the wisdom to hang a lamp over each entrance to the yard, although these lamps were soon extinguished by the economical college. He was ardently interested in the early Unitarian division, then pending, in the Congregational body; organized the Harvard Divinity School, — not then, as now, undenominational; and seems to have been for some years a sort of lay bishop among the Unitarian parishes, distributing young ministers to vacant churches without fear or favor. He liked to read theology, but was in no respect a scholar; indeed, Dr. Peabody said that, on receiving for the institution its first supply of Hebrew Bibles, my father went to the president, Dr. Kirkland, with some indignation, saying that the books must all be returned, since the careless printer had put all the title-pages at the wrong end. In his adversity as in his wealth, he was a man of boundless and somewhat impetuous kindness, and espoused with such ardor the cause of Miss Hannah Adams, the historian, against her rival in history, the Rev. Dr. Morse, that he was betrayed into a share in one or two vehement pamphlets, and very nearly into a lawsuit.

He died when I was but nine years old, and my main rearing came from my mother, a person of exquisite qualities and great personal attractions, whom I have recently described elsewhere. She was the daughter of Captain Thomas Storrow, a young officer of the British army, who had been a prisoner at Portsmouth, N. H., at the close of the American Revolution, and had there wooed and won a young American maiden, a scion of the prominent Wentworth and Appleton families, and a resident in the household of the royal governor. The marriage was disapproved by both families, but was a happy one, except for Captain Storrow's early death; and all the American family of Storrow sprung from it. My mother was adopted, when almost a child, into my father's fam-

ily, and ultimately became his second wife. He had five children by the first marriage and ten by the second, so that I had the great happiness, joined with some disadvantages, of being the youngest of a large family, and receiving the proportion of petting and teasing which that implies. There were numerous cousins in Boston and Brookline, and we had large family parties on every Thanksgiving evening; practicing for the rest of the year a good deal of wholesome economy, which was and is the fortunate privilege of a college town.

My father's connection with the college, and the popular qualities of my mother and her maiden sister, Miss Anne G. Storrow, brought many guests to our house, including the most cultivated men in Boston and Cambridge. My earliest documentary evidence of existence on this planet is a note to my father, in Edward Everett's exquisite handwriting, inquiring after the health of the babe, and saying that Mrs. Everett was putting up some tamarinds to accompany the note. The precise object of the tamarinds I have never clearly understood, but it is pleasant to think that I was, at the age of seven months, assisted toward maturity by this benefaction from a man so eminent. Professor Andrew Norton and George Ticknor gave their own books to my mother and aunt; and I remember Dr. J. G. Palfrey's bringing to the house a new book, Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales*, and reading aloud *A Rill from the Town Pump*.

Once, and once only, Washington Irving came there, while visiting a nephew who had married my cousin. Margaret Fuller, a plain, precocious, overgrown girl, but already credited with unusual talents, used to visit my elder sister, and would sometimes sit on a footstool at my mother's feet, gazing up at her in admiration. A younger sister of Professor Longfellow was a frequent guest, and the young poet himself came, in the

dawning of his yet undeveloped fame. My nurse was a certain Rowena Pratt, wife of Dexter Pratt, the "Village Blacksmith" of Longfellow; and it is my impression that she was married from our house. It is amusing to remember that Professor Longfellow once asked me, many years after, what his hero's name was. My special playmate, Charles Parsons, was a nephew of Dr. O. W. Holmes, who was in those years studying in Europe; and in the elder Dr. Holmes's house Charles Parsons and I often "tumbled about in a library,"—indeed, in the very same library where the Autocrat had himself performed the process he recommended. Under these circumstances it seems very natural that a child thus moulded should have drifted into a literary career.

The period here described was one when children were taught to read very early, and this in all parts of our country. The celebrated General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, in South Carolina, was reported by his mother in 1745 as "beginning to spell before he is two years old;" but he himself said, later, of this precocious teaching that it was "sad stuff," and that "by haste to make him a clever fellow he had very nearly become a stupid one." My mother made a memorandum in regard to my elder sister, "She knows all her letters at three," and of me that at four I had already "read a good many books." I still preserve a penciled note from a little playmate, the daughter of a professor, saying, "I am glad you are six years old. I shall be four in March." My own daughter could not have written that note when she was seven, and yet learned to read and write at that age almost without conscious effort. I cannot see that my contemporaries either gained or lost anything by this precocious instruction; and perhaps, in the total development of a child's mind, the actual reading of books plays a much smaller part than we imagine. Probably the thing

of most importance, even with books, as an experienced Boston teacher once said, is to have been "exposed to them," to have unconsciously received their flavor, as a pan of milk takes the flavor of surrounding viands. To have lain on the hearth-rug and heard one's mother read aloud is a liberal education. When I remember that my mother actually read to us in the evenings every one of the Waverley Novels, even down to *Castle Dangerous*, I cannot but regard with pity the imperfect education of that child of the Tweed, Andrew Lang, who, on being lately called upon to edit an *édition de luxe* of these novels, bethought himself of perusing some of them with which he had been previously unacquainted. It irresistibly suggested that man who, being put in charge of the French Bibliothèque Nationale during a political upheaval, was congratulated by his uncle on having now such an excellent opportunity to learn to read and write.

My father, in his days of affluence, had bought a great many books in London, and had them bound under his own eye in the solid fashion of that day. Most of them were sold in his adversity, yet nearly a thousand volumes remained, chiefly of English literature and history of the eighteenth century, and many of these I read. There was a fine set of Dr. Johnson's works in a dozen volumes, with an early edition of Boswell; all of Hoole's *Tasso* and *Ariosto*; a charming little edition of the British essayists, with pretty woodcuts; Bewick's *Birds* and *Quadrupeds*; Raynal's *Indies*; the *Anti-Jacobin*; Plutarch's *Lives*; Dobson's *Life of Petrarch*; Marshall's and Bancroft's *Lives of Washington*; Miss Burney's and Miss Edgeworth's works; and Sir Charles Grandison. There were many volumes of sermons, which my mother was fond of reading, — she was, I think, the last person who read them, — but which I naturally avoided. There were a good many pretty little Italian books, belonging to one of my elder sis-

ters, and a stray volume of Goethe which had been used by another. In out-of-the-way closets I collected the disused classical textbooks of my elder brothers, and made a little library to be preserved against that magic period when I too should be a "collegian." To these were to be added many delightful volumes of the later English poets, Collins, Goldsmith, Byron, Campbell, and others, given at different times to my aunt by George Ticknor. In some of them — as in Byron's *Giaour* — he had copied additional stanzas, more lately published; this was very fascinating, for it seemed like poetry in the making. Later, the successive volumes of Jared Sparks's historical biographies, Washington, Franklin, Morris, Ledyard, and the *Library of American Biography*, were all the gift of their kindly author, who had often brought whole parcels of Washington's and Franklin's letters for my mother and aunt to look over. A set of Scott's novels was given to my elder brother by his lifelong crony, John Holmes. Besides all this, the family belonged to a book club, — the first, I believe, of the now innumerable book clubs: of this my eldest brother was secretary, and I was permitted to keep, with pride and delight, the account of the books as they came and went. Add to this my mother's love of reading aloud in the evening, and it will be seen that there was more danger, for a child thus reared, of excess than of scarcity. Yet as a matter of fact I never had books enough, nor have I ever had to this day.

More important, however, than all this, to my enjoyment, at least, was the musical atmosphere that pervaded the house. One of my elder sisters was an excellent pianist, — one of the first in this region to play Beethoven. Among the many students who came to the house were three who played the flute well, and they practiced trios with her accompaniment. One of them was John Dwight, afterwards editor of the *Jour-*

nal of Music, and long the leading musical critic of Boston; another was Christopher Pearse Cranch, poet and artist; and the third was William Habersham from Savannah, who had a silver flute, of which I remember John Dwight's saying, when it first made its appearance, "It has a silver sound." Not until I read in later years the experiences of the music-loving boy in Charles Auchester did I appreciate retrospectively the happiness with which I used to leave the door of my little bedroom ajar, when sent to bed at eight o'clock, in order that I might go to sleep to music.

Greater still were the joy and triumph when Miss Helen Davis, who was the musical queen of our little Cambridge world, came and filled the house with her magnificent voice, singing in the dramatic style then in vogue the highly sentimental songs that rent my childish heart with a touch of romance that happily has never faded away: *The Breaking Waves Dashed High, The Outward Bound, Love Not, Fairy Bells, The Evening Gun*, and dozens of others, the slightest strain of which brings back to me, after sixty years, every thrill of her voice, every movement of her fine head. Strange power of music, strange gift to be bestowed on one who, when once away from the piano, was simply a hearty, good-natured woman, without a trace of inspiration! She was the sister of Lieutenant (afterwards Admiral) Davis, and his fine naval achievements at Port Royal and Port Hudson seemed only to put into "squadron-strophes" the magnificent triumphs of her song. I still recall the enchantment with which I heard, one moonlit summer night, the fine old glee *To Greece we Give our Shining Blades*, sung as a serenade under my sister's window, by a quartette consisting of Miss Davis and her brother, of Miss Harriet Mills, who afterwards became his wife, and of William Story. I had never before heard the song, and it made

me feel, in Keats's phrase, as if I were going to a tournament.

I went to a woman's school till I was eight; then walked daily, for five years, from the age of eight to that of thirteen, to the school of William Wells, an institution then regarded as — with the possible exception of the Boston Latin School — the best place in which to fit for Harvard College, and therefore much sought by the best Boston families. Mr. Wells was an Englishman of the old stamp, erect, vigorous, manly, who abhorred a mean or cowardly boy as he did a false quantity. The school was a survival of a type which still lingers, I fancy, in the British provinces, — honest and genuine, mainly physical in its discipline, and quite brutal as to its boyish life and ways. Being a day-scholar only, I escaped something of the coarseness and actual demoralization which existed there; and thanks to an elder brother, the strongest boy in the school, I went free of the frequent pommeling visited on the smaller boys. I will not go so far as my schoolmate, the late Charles C. Perkins, who used simply to say of it, when questioned by his young sons, "My dears, it was hell;" but even as a day-scholar I recall some aspects of it with hearty loathing, and am glad that it was my happy lot to have come no nearer. The evil was, however, tempered by a great deal of wholesome athletic activity, which Mr. Wells encouraged: there was perpetual playing of ball and of fascinating running games; and we were very likely to have an extra half-holiday when skating or coasting was good. There was no real cruelty in the discipline of the school, — though I have sometimes seen this attributed to it, as in Adams's *Life of Richard Dana*, — but Mr. Wells carried always a rattan in his hand, and it descended frequently on back and arm. Being very fond of study and learning easily, I usually escaped the rod; but I can see now that its very presence was somewhat degrad-

ing to boyish nature. Mr. Wells taught us absolutely nothing but Latin and Greek, yet these he inculcated most faithfully, and I have heretofore described, in an essay *On an Old Latin Text Book*, the joy I took in them. I well remember that on first being promoted to translating English into Greek, I wrote on and on, purely for pleasure, doing the exercises for days in advance. I should add that he taught us to write from copies set by himself in a clear and beautiful handwriting, and that we were supposed to learn something of history by simply reading aloud in class from Russell's *Modern Europe*; this being, after all, not so bad a way. It must not be forgotten that he bestowed a positive boon upon us by producing a Latin grammar of his own, very brief and simple, and so easily learned that when I was afterwards called upon to administer to pupils the terrible Andrews and Stoddard, it seemed to me, as indeed it has always seemed, a burden too intolerable to be borne. French was taught by his eldest daughter, an excellent woman, though she sometimes had a way of tapping little boys on the head with her thimble; and mathematics we received from a succession of Harvard students, thimbleless. For a time, one fair girl, Mary Story, — William Story's sister, and afterwards Mrs. George Ticknor Curtis, — glided in to her desk in the corner, that she might recite Virgil with the older class.

But in general the ill effect of a purely masculine world was very manifest in the school, and my lifelong preference for co-education was largely based upon what I saw there. I could not help noticing — and indeed observed the same thing in another boarding-school, where I taught at a later day — the greater refinement, and I may say civilization, of the day-scholars, who played with their sisters at home, as compared with those little exiles who had no such natural companionship. I must not forget one

almost romantic aspect of the school in the occasional advent of Spanish boys, usually from Porto Rico, who were as good as dime novels to us, with their dark skins and sonorous names, — Victoriano Rosello, Magin Rigual, Pedro Mangual. They swore superb Spanish oaths, which we naturally borrowed; and they once or twice drew knives upon one another, with an air which the *Pirates' Own Book* offered nothing to surpass. Nor must I forget that there were also in the school certain traditions, superstitions, even mechanical contrivances, which were not known in the world outside. There were mechanisms of pulleys for keeping the desk-lid raised; the boys made for themselves little trucks to ride upon, each with two wheels; and every seat in the school was perforated with two small holes for needles, to be worked by a pulley, for the sudden impaling of a fellow student, or even the mathematical usher. Enormous myths existed as to what had been done, in the way of rebellion, by the pupils of a previous generation; and the initials of older students still remained carved in vast confusion on the end of the woodshed, like the wall which commemorates Canning and Byron at Harrow. Above all, a literature circulated under the desks, to be read surreptitiously, — such books as those to which Emerson records his gratitude at the Latin School; fortunately nothing pernicious, yet much that was exciting, — little dingy volumes of Baron Trenck, and Rinaldo Rinaldini, and *The Three Spaniards*, and *The Devil on Two Sticks*. Can these be now found at any bookstore, I wonder, or have the boys of the present generation ever heard of them?

But the most important portion of a boy's life is perhaps his outdoor training, since to live outdoors is to be forever in some respects a boy. "Who could be before me, though the palace of the Cæsars crackt and split with emperors, while I, sitting in silence on a

cliff of Rhodes, watcht the sun as he swang his golden censer athwart the heavens?" Landor's hero was not happier than my playmate, Charles Parsons, and myself, as we lay under Lowell's willows "at the causey's end," after a day at Mount Auburn, — then Sweet Auburn still, — to sort out butterflies in summer or divide our walnuts in autumn, and chanted uproariously the Hunter's Chorus: —

"We roam through the forest and over the mountain;

No joy of the court or banquet like this."

We always made a pause after the word "court," and supposed ourselves to be hurling defiance at monarchies.

Every boy of active tastes — and mine were eminently such — must become the one thing or the other, either a sportsman or a naturalist; and I have never regretted that it was my lot to become the latter. My fellow townsman, Dr. O. W. Holmes, describes himself as wandering along our native stream "with reeking sandal and superfluous gun." My sandals suffered, also, but I went with butterfly-net and tin botanical box. Perhaps these preoccupied me before I yearned after field-sports, or perhaps there was no real yearning. I can remember that as a child I sometimes accompanied an elder brother or cousin to pick up the birds he shot, though he rarely seemed to shoot any; but there occurred an event which, slight as it was, damped my longing to emulate him. Coming down what is now Divinity Avenue with an older boy, George Ware, who rejoiced in a bow and arrow, we stopped under the mulberry-tree which still stands at the entrance of the street, and he aimed at a beautiful crested cedar-bird which was feeding on the mulberries. By some extraordinary chance he hit it, and down came the pretty creature, fluttering and struggling in the air, with the cruel arrow through its body. I do not know whether the actual sportsman suffered pangs of re-

morse, but I know that I did, and feel them yet. Afterwards I read with full sympathy Bettine's thoughts about the dead bird: "God gives him wings, and I shoot him down: that chimes not in tune." And I later learned from Thoreau to study birds through an opera-glass.

It may appear strange that with this feeling about birds I seemed to have no such vivid feeling about fishes or insects. Perhaps because they are so much farther from the human, and touch the imagination less. I could then fish all day by the seashore and collect insects without hesitation, — always being self-limited in the latter case to two specimens of each species. Since the Civil War, however, I find that I can do neither of these things without compunction, and was pleased to hear from that eminent officer and thoroughly manly man, General F. A. Walker, that the war had a similar effect on him. "Dulce bellum inexpertis." It has been a source of happiness for life to have acquired such early personal acquaintance with the numberless little people of the woods and mountains. Every spring they come out to meet me, each a familiar friend, unchanged in a world where all else changes; and several times in a year I dream by night of some realm gorgeous with gayly tinted beetles and lustrous butterflies. Wild flowers, also, have been a lasting delight, though these are a little less fascinating than insects, as belonging to a duller life. Yet I associate with each ravaged tract in my native town the place where vanished flowers once grew, — the cardinal flowers and gentians in the meadows, the gay rhexia by the woodside, and the tall hibiscus by the river.

Being large and tolerably strong, I loved all kinds of athletic exercises, and learned to swim in the river near where Professor Horsford's active imagination has established the "Lief's booths" of the Norse legends. There have been

few moments in life which ever gave a sense of conquest and achievement so delicious as when I first clearly made my way through water beyond my depth, from one sedge bank to another. Skating was learned on Craigie's Pond, now drained, and afterwards practiced on the beautiful black ice of Fresh Pond. We played baseball and football and a modified cricket, and on Saturdays made our way to the tenpin alleys at Fresh Pond or Porter's Tavern. My father had an old white pony which patiently ambled under me, and I was occasionally allowed to borrow Dr. Webster's donkey, the only donkey I had ever seen. Sometimes we were taken to Nahant for a day by the seaside, and watched there the swallows actually building their nests in swallows' caves, whence they have long since vanished. Perhaps we drove down over the interminable beach, but we oftener went in the steamboat; and my very earliest definite recollection is that of being afraid to go down into the cabin for dinner because a black waiter — the first I ever saw — had just gone down, and I was afraid. Considering how deeply I was to cast in my life with the black race in later years, it seems curious that the acquaintance should have begun with this unsubstantial and misplaced alarm. It was, perhaps, the subsequent hunger of that day which fixed the fact in my mind.

It was a great advantage for outdoor training that my school was a mile off, and I paced the distance to and fro, twice a day, through what was then a rural region interspersed with a few large houses of historical associations. The great wooden residences on Tory Row, of which Craigie House was only one, always impressed the imagination. Sometimes I had companions, — my elder brother for a time, and his classmates, Lowell and Story. I remember treading along behind them once as they discussed Spenser's Faerie Queene, which they had been reading, and which led us

younger boys to christen a favorite play-place "the Bower of Bliss." Story was then a conspicuously handsome boy, with a rather high-bred look, and overflowing with fun and frolic, as indeed he was during his whole life. Lowell was at that time of much more ordinary appearance, short and freckled, and a secondary figure beside Story; yet in later life, with his fine eyes and Apollo-like brow, he became much the more noticeable of the two, as he was certainly far superior in genius.

Oftener I went alone. Sometimes I made up stories as I went, usually magnifying little incidents or observations of my own into some prolonged tale with a fine name, having an imaginary hero. For a long time his name was D'Arlon, from the person of that name in Taylor's Philip van Artevelde, which my mother was reading to us. In these imaginings all the small wrongs and failures of my life were retrieved. D'Arlon went through the same incidents with myself, but uniformly succeeded where I had failed, and came out of the crisis with the unerring certainty of one of Stanley Weyman's heroes. One of my chief playmates, Thornton Ware, a handsome boy with curly black hair, the admiration of all little girls, might easily distance me in their regard, but had no chance whatever against the imaginary D'Arlon. At other times I had no material for a story, but watched the robins, the blue-birds, and above all the insects, acquiring an eagle eye for a far-off moth or beetle on fence or wall. At the corner of Fresh Pond Lane, where Craigie Street now turns off from Brattle Street, there was a clump of milkweed, where every day there was some new variety of spotted ladybird (*coccinella* or *chrysomela*); and I remember pondering, as I compared them, with pre-Darwinian wonder, whether they were all created from the beginning as separate species, or were somehow developed from one another. On other days I played a game of foot-

ball a mile long, seeing whether I could kick before me some particular stone or horse-chestnut for the whole distance from the school door to my own gate; sometimes betting heavily with myself, and perhaps losing manfully, like Dick Swiveller at his solitary cribbage. Then in winter there was always the hope of "punging," getting a ride on the runners of a sleigh, or hitching my sled behind some vehicle; and in spring that of riding with the driver of an empty ice-cart or walking beside a full one, and watching the fine horses that then, in endless procession, drew heavy wagons bearing the winter harvest of Fresh Pond to be shipped to distant lands.

My most immediate playmate was the next-door neighbor, already mentioned, who in later life was a medical professor in Brown University. He was a prim, grave little boy, and was called "old-fashioned;" he was very precocious, and though only three months older than myself was a year before me in college, graduating at just seventeen, — each of us being the youngest in our respective classes. There was between our houses only the field now occupied by the Hemenway Gymnasium and the Scientific School; and while we were not schoolmates, we were almost constantly together out of school hours. Many an hour we spent poring over the pictures in the large old Rees' Cyclopædia; afterwards, when weary, piling up the big volumes for fortifications, to be mutually assailed by cannonading apples from a perpetual barrel in the closet. Meanwhile, the kindly old grandfather, working 'away at his sermons or his American Annals, never seemed disturbed by our romping; and I remember vividly one winter evening, when he went to the window, and, scratching with his knife-blade through the thick frost, shaped the outlines of rough brambles below, and made a constellation of stars above, with the added motto, "*Per aspera ad astra*;" then explaining to us its mean-

ing, that through difficulties we must seek the stars.

It is a mistake to suppose that we did not have, sixty years ago, in New England, associations already historic. At home we had various family portraits of ancestors in tie-wigs or powdered hair. We knew the very treasures which Dr. Holmes describes as gathered in his attic, and never were tired of exploring old cupboards and hunting up traditions. We delighted to pore over the old flat tombstones in the Old Cambridge cemetery, stones with long Latin inscriptions, on which even the language is dead, celebrating virtues ending in *issimus* and *erimus*. The most impressive of all was the Vassall monument, raised on pillars above the rest, and bearing no words, only the carved goblet and sun (Vassol), — the monument beneath which lie, according to tradition, the bodies of two slaves: —

"At her feet and at her head
Lies a slave to attend the dead,
But their dust is white as hers."

This poem was not yet written, but Holmes's verses on this churchyard were familiar on our lips, and we sighed with him over his sister's grave, and over the stone where the French exile from Honfleur was buried and his epitaph was carved in French. Moreover, the "ever-roaming girls" whom Holmes exhorted to bend over the wall and "sweep the simple lines" with the floating curls then fashionable, — these were our own neighbors and sweethearts, and it all seemed in the last degree poetic and charming. More suggestive than all these were the eloquent fissures in the flat stones where the leaden coats of arms had been pried out to be melted into bullets for the Continental army. And it all so linked us with the past that when, years after, I stood outside the Temple Church in London, and, looking casually down, saw beneath my feet the name of Oliver Goldsmith, it really gave no more sense of a dignified his-

toric past than those stones at my birth-place. Nor did it actually carry me back so far in time.

In the same way, our walks, when not directed toward certain localities for rare flowers or birds or insects, — as to Mount Auburn sands, now included in the cemetery of that name, or the extensive jungle north of Fresh Pond, where the herons of Longfellow's poem had their nests, — were more or less guided by historic objects. There was the picturesque old Revolutionary Powder Mill in what is now Somerville, or the remains of redoubts on Winter Hill, where we used to lie along the grassy slopes and repel many British onslaughts. Often we went to the fascinating wharves of Boston, then twice as long as now, and full of sea-smells and crossed yards and earringed sailors. A neighbor's boy had the distinction of being bad enough to be actually sent to sea for a dubious reformation; and though, when he came back, I was forbidden to play with him, on the ground that he not only swore, but carried an alleged pistol, yet it was something to live on the same street with one so marked out from the list of common boys, and to watch him from afar exhibiting to youths of laxer training what seemed to be the weapon. (I may here add that the only other child with whom I was forbidden to play became in later life an eminent clergyman.) Once we undertook to go as far as Bunker Hill, and were ignominiously turned back by a party of Charlestown boys, — "Charlestown pigs," as they were then usually and affectionately called, — who charged us with being "Port chucks" (that is, from Cambridgeport) or "Pointers" (that is, from Lechmere Point, or East Cambridge), and ended with the mild torture of taking away our canes. Or we would visit the ruins of the Ursuline Convent, whose flames I had seen from our front door in Cambridge, standing by my mother's side; all that I had read of persecutions not implanting

so lasting a love of liberty as that one spectacle. I stood by her also the day after, when she went out to take the gauge of public opinion in consultation with the family butcher, Mr. Houghton; and I saw her checkmated by his leisurely retort, "Wal, I dunno, Mis' Higginson; I guess them bishps are pretty dissipated characters." The interest was enhanced by the fact that a youthful Cambridge neighbor, Maria Fay, was a pupil in the school at the time, and was held up by the terrified preceptress to say to the rioters, "My father is a judge, and if you don't go away he will put you all in jail." The effect of the threat may have been somewhat impaired by the fact that her parent was but a peaceful judge of probate, and could only have wreaked his vengeance on their last wills and testaments. At any rate, there stood the blackened walls for many years, until the State was forced to pay for them; and there was no other trace of the affray, except the inscription "Hell to the Pope" scrawled in charcoal on a bit of lingering plaster. We gazed at it with awe, as if it were a memorial of Bloody Mary — with a difference.

Greatly to my bliss, I escaped almost absolutely all those rigors of the old New England theology which have darkened the lives of so many. I never heard of the Five Points of Calvinism until maturity; never was converted, never experienced religion. We were expected to read the New Testament, but there was nothing enforced about the Old, and we were as fortunate as a little girl I have since known, who was sure that there could be no such place as hell because their minister had never mentioned it. Even Sunday brought no actual terrors. I have the sweetest image of my mother sitting ready dressed for church, before my sisters had descended, and usually bearing a flower in her hand. And in winter we commonly drove to the parish church in an open sleigh, and once had an epoch-making

capsize into a snowdrift. As I was seized by the legs and drawn forth, I felt like the hero of one of the Waverley novels, and as if I had been in Rob Roy's cave. No doubt we observed the Sabbath after a mild fashion, for I once played a surreptitious game of ball with my brother behind the barn on that day, and it could not have made me so very happy had it not been, as Emerson says, "drugged with the relish of fear and pain." Yet I now recall with pleasure that while my mother disapproved of all but sacred music on Sunday, she ruled that all good music was sacred; and that she let us play on Sunday evening a refreshing game of cards, — geographical cards, — from which we learned that the capital of Dahomey was Abomey. Compared with the fate of many contemporaries, what soothing and harmless chains were these!

In all these early recollections there has been small mention of the other sex, and yet that sweet entity was to me, and in fact to all of us boys, a matter of most momentous importance. We were all, it now seems to me, a set of desperate little lovers, with formidable rivalries, suspicions, and jealousies; and we had names of our own devising for each juvenile maiden, by which she could be men-

tioned without peril of discovery. One of the older boys, being of a peculiarly inventive turn, got up a long and imaginary wooing of a black-eyed damsel who went to school in Cambridge. He showed us letters and poems, and communicated all the ups and downs of varying emotion. They were finally separated, amid mutual despair, and I do not suppose that she had ever known him by sight. We had our share of dancing-schools, always in private houses, taught sometimes by the elder Papanti, and sometimes by a most graceful woman, Miss Margaret Davis, sister of the songstress I have described. We had May-day parties, usually at Mount Auburn, and showed in the chilly May mornings that heroic courage which Lowell plausibly attributes to children on these occasions. But all this sporting with Amaryllis soon became secondary for us, being Cambridge boys, to the great realm of academical life, to which no girls might then aspire. That vast mysterious region lies always before the boy who is bred in a college town, alluring, exciting, threatening, as the sea lies before the sailor's son. One by one he sees his elder playmates glide away upon it, until at last his turn comes; and before I was fourteen I myself was launched.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE JUGGLER.

I.

MYSTERY was not far to seek, surely. The great gneissoid crags were moulded by the subterranean fires of remote, unimagined æons. From the deep, heavily wooded coves the lakes once held within their cuplike contours had long ago ebbed, following undreamed-of lures, drawn seaward or skyward, or engulfed in still deeper depths, — who can say? — leaving only the ripple-marks on their rocky confines to tell of their being. In the middle of the bridle-path, touched by every careless passing foot, lay a splintered scaling sandstone slab, where the frost as it melted, or the dew as it fell, trickled in shallow lines along the fibrous intricacies of the vertebrate impression, cut in the solid rock, of the great skeleton of a reptile that in the multitudinous expression of the living genus has not its like upon earth to-day. All the visible world gave token of the inexplicable past of creation, of the unrevealed future, — those thoughts of God which are very deep thoughts. And yet, in the bluntings of daily use, the limitations of dull observation, the unquestioning acceptance of the accustomed routine of nature, there might seem naught before the eye which was not plainly manifest, — mountain, rock, forest, — the mere furniture of existence. One hardly analyzes the breath of life as it is breathed; even when considered as about twenty parts of oxygen and eighty parts of nitrogen, are we aught the wiser, for whence comes it, and alas, why does it go? For those creatures of a day, busy with the day, it seemed that mystery and doubt and troublous questioning had first come to Etowah Cove in the guise of a vagrant juggler, their earliest experience of a modern exponent of his most ancient craft.

The light that timidly flickered out of the schoolhouse windows into the bosky depths of the encompassing wilderness, one night, marked a new era in the history of the Cove. It was the first "show" that had ever been given nearer than Colbury, some forty miles distant, unless one might make so bold as to include in the term camp-meetings and revivals, weddings and funerals. The walls of the little log house had hitherto echoed naught more joyous than sermons and "experience meetings," or sounds of scholastic discipline, or the drone of the juvenile martyr reluctantly undergoing education. The place had long been closed to secular uses, for only at infrequent intervals was the school opened, and a drought of instruction still held sway. To the audience who had been roused from the dull routine of the fireside by the startling and unprecedented announcement that a stranger-man, staying at old Tubal Cain Sims's cabin, was going to give a "show" in the schoolhouse, the flutter of excitement, the unwonted nocturnal jaunt hither, the joyous anticipation, were almost tantamount to the delighted realization. The benches were arranged as for worship or learning, and were crowded with old and young, male and female, the reckless and barefoot, the neuralgic and shod. The men, unkempt and unshaven, steadily chewed their quids of tobacco, and now and then spat upon the floor and grinned at one another. The women conserved a certain graver go-to-meeting air, doubtless the influence of the locality, but were visibly fluttered. Occasionally a big sunbonnet turned toward another, and whispered gossip ensued, as before the first hymn is given out. The lighted tallow candles in small tin sconces against the walls, and a kerosene lamp on the table on the platform, cast a subdued and mel-

low light over the assemblage. It flickered up to the brown rafters, where the cobwebs were many; it converted the tiny dirt-encrusted panes of the windows to mirror-like use, and was reflected from the dense darkness outside with duplications of sections of the audience; it shone full and bright on the tall, athletic figure of the juggler, appearing suddenly and swiftly from a side door, and bowing low in the centre of the platform with an air of great deference and courtesy to his silent and spellbound audience.

He might have astonished more sophisticated spectators. Instead of wearing the costume of the Japanese or Hindoo, according to the usual wont of conjurers, he was clad in a blue flannel shirt and a black-and-red blazer, and his blue knickerbockers and long blue hose on his muscular legs impressed the mountaineers as a ballet costume might have done, could they have conceived of such attenuations of attire. He wore a russet leather belt drawn tight around a slender waist, and they gazed at him from the tip of his dark sleek red-brown hair, carefully parted in the middle, to the toes of his pointed russet shoes with an amazement which his best feat might fail to elicit. His air of deep respect reassured them in a measure, for they could not gauge the covert banter in his tone and the mockery in his eyes as his sonorous "Ladies and gentlemen" rang forth in the little building. And true, there was something more in his eyes — of reddish-brown tint like his hair — that the mockery and banter could not hide; for these were transient emotions, and the other — a thought with a fang. It might have been anxiety, remorse, turmoil of mind, fear, — one might hardly say, — plainly to be seen, yet not discerned. Below his eyes, above his cheek-bones, that showed their contour, for his face was thin, were deep blue circles, and that unmistakable look of one who has received some serious sudden shock. But the spirit of the occasion was paramount now, and he was

as unconscious of the lack in his accoutrements in the estimation of the mountaineers as they were of how the bare feet of sundry of his spectators offended his prejudices in favor of *chaussure*.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are gathered here to witness some of those feats which are variously ascribed to charlatanry, to skill or sleight of hand, or to certain traffic with supernatural agencies. Those which I shall have the honor to exhibit to this select audience I shall not explain; in fact," with a twinkle of the eye, "some of them are inexplicable, and so may they long continue! I have not thought best to avail myself of the services of an assistant, who is generally, I grieve to say, among most of those of my profession, a mere trickster and confederate, and therefore you will have the evidence of your eyes to the fact that every feat which I perform this evening is absolutely genuine."

His spirit of rodomontade had reached its limit. Perhaps some finer-strung sensibilities in the audience appraised the ridicule of his words, despite the masquerade of his manner, for a glance of resentment kindled here and there; but before the awed and open-mouthed majority had drawn a breath or relaxed a muscle he changed his tone.

"I have selected a young man from amongst you," he said, quite naturally and pleasantly, "to aid me in finding properties, as it were, for my entertainment; for in apology be it spoken, I am not prepared in any respect for an exhibition of this sort. He has, at my request, borrowed for me this bayonet." He took from the table drawer the weapon, newly cleaned and glistening, and looked at it narrowly as he stood before them on the platform. "I should say it has seen service. Can this gentleman tell me whether it is from a Federal or a Confederate gun?"

He stepped down suddenly from the platform and handed it to a strong-featured, stern-looking old mountaineer who

had earlier regarded him with dawning disfavor.

"It's a Rebel weepo," the veteran said succinctly.

"It's off a Yankee Springfiel'," a voice came from the other side of the room.

"Enfiel'," said the first speaker doggedly.

"Springfiel'," contradicted his invisible antagonist tersely.

Once more, "Enfiel'."

And again out of the shadow, "Springfiel'."

And the juggler became aware that he had waked up the political dog of the region.

"They are equally digestible," he declared, resuming his place on the platform. "I believe I'll swallow it." And so he did.

For one moment there was an intense silence, while the petrified audience gazed in motionless astonishment at the juggler. Then arose a great tumult of voices; there was a violent movement at the rear of the room; a bench broke down, and in the midst of the commotion, with a gay cry of "Hey! Presto!" the juggler apparently drew the bayonet from out his throat and triumphantly held it up before the people.

A confusion of sounds greeted the sight. Screams of delighted mirth came from the younger portion of the audience, and exclamations hardly less flattering from the laughing elders. But ever above the Babel terrified shrieks, shrill and clamorous, rose higher and higher, and the juggler frowned with sudden sharp annoyance when he distinguished the fact that an elderly woman was crying out that these were the works of the devil, — that here was Satan, and that she would not bide easy till he was bound, neck and heels together, and cast forth into the river. He was not usually devoid of humane sentiments, but he felt vastly relieved when she fell into strong hysterics, and was carried, still shrieking,

out to the ox-cart, whence, despite the closed doors and windows, over and over again those weird, unearthly cries were borne in to the audience, as the yoking of the steers for the homeward journey was in progress.

The juggler was out of countenance. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, with indignation coloring his face to the roots of his hair, "these things are done for amusement. If they fail to amuse, they fail altogether. I will go on, or, if you desire, your money will be refunded at the door."

"Lawd, naw, bub!" exclaimed a toothless old fellow, with a gray shock of hair, bent double as he sat on a front bench, his clasped hands between his knees. "We-uns want ter view all ye know how ter do, — all ye know how ter do, son."

Here and there reassuring voices confirmed the spokesman, and as the discomfited juggler turned to the drawer, resolving on something less bloody-minded, he heard a vague titter from that portion of the building in which, being young, he had already observed that the greater number of personable maidens were seated.

None so dread ridicule as the satirist. He whirled around, his heart swelling indignantly, his eyes flashing fire, to perceive, advancing down the aisle, a fat woman in a gigantic sunbonnet, which, however, hardly obscured her broad, creased, dimpled face, a brown calico dress wherein the waist-line must ever be a matter of conjecture, and a little shoulder-shawl of bright red-and-yellow plaid. She slowly approached him with something of steel glittering in her hands, and at his amazed and dumfounded expression of countenance the girlish cachinnation which he so resented broke forth afresh.

"Beg pardon?" he said more than once, as from his elevation he sought to catch her request. A single tooth of the upper register, so to speak, however

ornamental, did not serve to render more distinct the fat woman's wheeze, in which she sought to articulate her desire that he should forthwith swallow her big shears, so fascinated was she by the evidence of his proficiency in the arts of the impossible.

"Certainly, with pleasure, — always anxious to oblige the ladies," he protested, with a return of his covert mockery, as he bowed after a dancing-class fashion, and received from her fat creased hands the great domestic implement with its dangling steel chain. "Ladies and gentlemen," he declared, with his hand upon his heart, as she subsided, shaking with laughter, on the front bench, "I cannot refrain from expressing my flattered sense of this mark of the confidence reposed in me by this distinguished audience, as well as by the estimable lady who is so willing to offer her shears on the altar of science. She is not satisfied with the warlike bayonet. She desires to see the same experiment, *mutatis mutandis*, on a pair of shears, which are devoted to the tender-hearted and affable uses of the work-basket, filled with the love of home and gentle fireside associations, and — and — and other domestic scraps. The rivet is a trifle loose, and I hope I may not be forced to disgorge the blades separately."

He was holding up the scissors as he spoke these words, so that all could see them; the next moment they had disappeared down his throat, as it were, and the astounded audience sat as if resolved into eyes, staring spellbound.

When, a few minutes later, with his cabalistic phrase, "Hey! Presto!" he drew from his open red mouth the shears dangling at the end of the rattling steel chain, which they had just seen him swallow, the clamor of exclamations again arose, for the accepted methods of applause had not yet penetrated to the seclusions of the Cove; but there was in this manifestation of surprise so definite a quaver of fear

that certain lines of irritation and anxiety corrugated the smooth brow of the young prestidigitator. Their tumultuous amazement seemed as if it were too great to be realized all at once, and with the sight of the performance anew of the impossible feat, which should have served as reassurance, it degenerated into downright terror which held the possibilities of panic. The idea of panic suggested other possibilities. Albeit their unsophisticated state was highly favorable to the development of emotions of boundless astonishment and absolute credulity, he realized that it was not unattended by some personal danger. After the suggestion of being bound hand and foot and thrown into the river, more than once the juggler was unpleasantly reminded — for he was a man of some reading — of certain fellow craftsmen in the mists of centuries ago, whose wondrous skill in the powers of air, earth, and fire, though great enough to be deemed unlawful traffic with the devil, could not avail to prevent their own earthly elements from going up in smoke and flame, and thus contributing ethereally to the great reserves of material nature. He was here alone, far from help, among the most ignorant and lawless people he had ever seen; and if their dislocated ideas of necromancy and unlawful dealing with the devil should take a definite hold upon them, he might be summarily dealt with as an act of religion, and the world none the wiser. Such disaster had befallen better jugglers, sooth to say, in more civilized communities than Etowah Cove. He sought to put this thought from him, for his heart was sufficiently stout of fibre, but determined that he would not again be diverted from his intention of substituting less blood-curdling feats for the usual experiments with knives and swords. He preserved, however, a calm face and debonaire manner, as he carefully wiped the shears free from supposititious moisture on a folded cotton sheet

that lay on the platform, and stepped down, and with an elaborate bow presented them to their chuckling and gratified owner.

"Jane Ann Sims would n't keer if the Old Nick hisself war ter set up his staff in the Cove, ef he hed some news ter tell or a joke ter crack, or some sorter gamesome new goin's-on that she hed never hearn tell on afore," whispered a lean, towering, limp sunbonnet to its starch and squatty neighbor.

"An' *she* hard on ter fifty odd!" said the squatty sunbonnet, malignantly accurate.

As the juggler stepped back to the platform he took up the sheet and unfolded it and shook it out, that they might all be assured that there was nothing concealed in its folds.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," he said, taking heart of grace and his former manner of covert half-banter and mock politeness together, "we all know that it is by the action of the sun on the soil, and the dew and the rain, that the seeds of plants germinate and the green herb grows for the service of men. I propose to show you now a small agricultural feat which I venture to hope will be of special interest to this assembly, as most of you are engaged in the noble pursuit of tilling the soil, when other diversions cannot by any means be had."

As he clattered off his sentences, garnished now and then with trite bits of Latin, the solemn, stolid, uncomprehending faces ministered to a certain mocking humor which he had, and which was now becoming a trifle bitter with the reluctant realization of a lurking danger.

"Will any of you gentlemen come forward and tell me what kind of a seed this is?"

He held it up between his finger and thumb for a moment, but no one approached. He perceived in a sort of helpless dismay that the dread of him was growing. He was fain to step down from the platform and hand the seed to

the old man on the front bench, whose bleared old eyes were glittering with delight in the greatest sensation that had ever fallen to his lot; for the juggler judged that of all the audience he was nearest the masculine counterpart of the progressive Jane Ann Sims. The old man, in his circle, was not a person of consideration nor accustomed to deference. He was all the more easily flattered to be thus singled out by the juggler, the conspicuous cynosure of all eyes, to give his judgment and pronounce upon the identity of the seed. The love of notoriety is a blasting passion, deadening all considerations of the conformable. Even in these secluded wilds, even in the presence of but a handful of his familiars, even in the lowly estate of a cumberer of the ground, lagging superfluous, it smote Josiah Cobbs. He rose to his feet, whirled briskly around, and, with a manner founded on the sprightly style of the juggler, yet compounded with the diction of the circuit rider, exclaimed, "Yea, my brethren, this hyar be a seed, — yea, it be actially a persimmon seed, though so dry I ain't so sure whether or not it'll ever sot off ter grow like a fraish one might. Yea, my brethren, I ain't sure how long — ah — this hyar persimmon seed hev — ah — been kem out o' the persimmon. Yea" —

He progressed not beyond this point, for the audience had no mind to be entertained with the rhetoric of old Josiah Cobbs. More than one resented his usurpation of so prominent a position, and his presumption in undertaking to address the meeting. Certain people in this world are given to understand that although their estate in life be not inferior to that of their neighbors, humility becomes them, and a low seat is their appropriate station. More than one sunbonnet had rustlingly communed with another as to the fact that Josiah Cobbs would hardly be heard at an experience meeting, the state of his humble soul not interesting the community. So simulta-

neous a storm of giggles swept the cluster of girls as to demonstrate that their gravity was of the same tenuous quality as that of their age and sex elsewhere. It was wonderful that they did not sustain some collapse, and this furnishes a pleasing commentary upon the strength of the youthful diaphragm. The men exchanged glances of grim derision, and finally one, with the air of a person not to be trifled with, rose up and stretched out his hand for the bewitched seed, forgetting for the moment all his quondam qualms of distrust.

Josiah Cobbs rendered it up without an instant's hesitation. Precious as was the opportunity in his eyes, preempted by his own courage, his was not the type which makes resistance. The hand to despoil him had hardly need to be strong. The will to have what he possessed was sufficient for his pillage. He hardly claimed the merits appertaining to the pioneer. He stood meekly by as the seed was passed from one set of horny finger-tips to another, and the dictum, "It's a persimmon seed, stranger," was repeated with a decision which implied no previous examination.

"A persimmon seed, is it?" said the juggler airily, receiving it back. "Now, gentlemen, you see that there is nothing in this pail of earth but good pulverized soil." He passed his fingers through the surface, shaking them daintily free from the particles afterward, while the hands of the practical farmers went boldly grappling down to the bottom with no thought of dirt. "You see me plant this persimmon seed. There! Now I throw over the pail this empty sheet,—let it stand up in a peak so as to give the seed air; now I place the whole on the table, where you can all see it and assure yourselves that no one goes near it. While awaiting developments I will try to entertain you by singing a song. It may be unknown to you—yet why this suggestion in the presence of so much culture?—that in the days of old

the wandering troubadours were in some sort men of my profession. In the intervals of minstrelsy they entertained and astonished their audiences with feats of the miraculous,—strange exploits of legerdemain and such light pastimes,—and were therefore termed *jongleurs*, from which high source we draw the modern name of *juggler*. I shall seek to follow my distinguished Provençal predecessors in the gay science *haud passibus æquis*, and pipe up as best I may."

There was a pause while the juggler, standing at one end of the platform, seemed to run over in his mind the treasures of his *répertoire*. The mellow light shone in his reflective brown eyes, cast down as he twisted one end of the long red-brown mustache, and again thrown up as if he sought some recollection among the old rafters. These had those rich reserves of color characteristic of old wood, and the heavy beams of oak showed all their veinous possibilities in yellow and brown fibrous comminglements against the deep umber shadows of the high peak of the roof. The cobwebs here and there had almost the consistency of a fabric, so densely woven they were. One pendulous gauze fragment moved suddenly without a breath of air, for a light living creature had run along the beam beneath it, and now stood looking down at the audience with a glittering eye and a half-spread bat-like wing,—a flying squirrel, whose nest was secreted in the king-post and entered from the outside. So still was the audience,—the grizzled, unkempt men, the sunbonneted women, even the giggling girls in the corner,—he might have been meditating a downward plunge into the room.

Then slightly frowning, but smiling too, the jongleur, to use the archaic phrase he would fain retain, began to sing.

It was a cultivated voice that rang out in the measures of My Pretty Jane,—a

tenor of good range, true, clear, sweet, with a certain romantic quality that was in some sort compelling and effective. He sang well. Not that the performance would have been acceptable considered as that of a high-grade professional, yet it was far too good for a mere parlor amateur. The rich, vibrant voice, without accompaniment, — grotesque inadequacy to his mind, — filled the little building with a pathetic, penetrating sweetness, and the whole method of rendering the ballad was of that elaborate simplicity and restrained precision so marked in professional circles, so different from the enthusiastic *abandon* of the reckless home talent.

It fell flat in Etowah Cove. There were people in the audience who, if they could not sing, were intimately persuaded that they could; and after all, that is the essential element of satisfaction. The modulation, the delicate shades of expression, the refinement of style, were all lost on the majority; only here and there a discerning ear was pricked up, appreciating in the concord of sweet sounds something out of the common. But there was no sign of approval, and in the dead silence which succeeded the final rousade, coming so trippingly off, the juggler showed certain symptoms of embarrassment and discomfiture. One might easily perceive from the deft assurance of his exploits of sleight of hand that the value he set upon them was far cheaper than his estimate of his singing. It was a nettling sort of vanity that could be hurt by the withheld plaudits of Etowah Cove; but vanity is a sensitive plant, and requires tender nurture. He stood silent and flushing for a moment, while still a gentle fibrous resonance seemed to pervade the room, — the memory of the song rather than its echo; then, with a sudden flouting airy whirl, he turned on his heel, and caught off the sheet that had enveloped the pail of earth containing the persimmon seed he had just planted. And lo! glossy

and green and lustrous in the light, there stood a fair young shoot, some two feet in height, and with all its leaves a-rustle. It was a good trick and very cleverly done.

The little building was a Babel of sounds. The flying squirrel scrambled back to the king-post, pausing once to look down in half-frightened amazement. The window-panes reflected a kaleidoscope of bright bits of color swiftly swaying, for the audience was in a turmoil. It was not, however, the artistic excellence of the feat which swayed the spectators, but its agricultural significance. This, the old farmers realized, was indeed necromancy. Their struggles with the tough and reluctant earth, which so grudgingly responds to toil, and oft with such hard-exacted usury, taking so much more than it gives, which only the poet or the weed-loving botanist calls generous and fruitful, had served to teach them that this kind of growth must needs come only through the wiles of the deluding devil. Not even an agricultural paper — had they known of such a sophistication — could countenance such deceits. A grim, ashen-tinted face with gray hair appeared near the back of the building; a light gray homespun coat accentuated its pallor. A long finger was warningly shaken at the juggler, as he stood, triumphant, flushed, beside the flourishing shoot he had evoked from the persimmon seed, but only half smiling, for something sinister in the commingled voices had smitten his attention. Then he was arraigned by Parson Greenought with the solemn adjuration in a loud voice, "Pause, Mr. Showman, pause!"

The juggler was already petrified. The audience obeyed the earnest command, albeit not intended for them. They fell once more into their places; the heads of many turned now toward the juggler, and again back to the preacher, who, in his simplicity, had no idea that he had transgressed the canons of

sanctification in visiting a place of worldly amusement, since indeed this was his first opportunity; and greatly had he profited by it, until this last enormity had aroused that clerical conscience, so sensitive to the faults of other people. "Mr. Showman," he demanded, "do you-uns call this religion?"

"Religion!" said Mr. Showman, with a burst of unregenerate laughter, for the limits of his patience had been nearly reached. "I call it fun."

"I call it the devices of the devil!" thundered the preacher. "An' hyar ye be," — he turned on the audience, — "ye perfassin' members, a-aggin' this man on in his conjurin' an' witchments an' Satan tricks, till fust thing ye know the Enemy will appear, horns, hoofs, an' tail, amongst ye, a-spittin' fire an' " — the juggler had a passing recollection that he too could spit fire, and had intended to make his *congé* amongst pyrotechnics of this sort, and he welcomed the thought of caution that was not, like most of its kind, *ex post facto*, — "a-spittin' fire, an' a-takin' yer souls down ter hell with him. Hyar ye be" —

"If you will allow me to interrupt you, sir," the juggler said persuasively, "you are altogether mistaken, and I should like to make a full explanation to a man of your age and experience." His eyes were grave; his face had grown a trifle pale. The danger had come very near. Rough handling might well be encountered amongst these primitive wights, inflamed by pulpit oratory and religious excitement, and abetted by their pastoral guide. "In two minutes," he went on, "I can teach you to do this simple trick which seems to you impossible to human agency. It is nothing but sleight of hand, a sort of knack."

For one moment Parson Greenought hesitated, beguiled. His eye kindled with curiosity and eagerness; he made as though he would leave the bench whereon he was ensconced, to approach

the alluring juggler. Unfortunately, it was at the moment that the young man's hands, grasping the persimmon shoot near the base, drew it forth from the earth with a wrench, so firmly was it planted, and showed to the discerning bucolic gaze the fully developed root with the earth adhering to its fibres; thus proving by the eyesight of the audience, beyond all power of gainsaying, that it had sprouted from the seed and grown two feet high while this juggler — this limb of Satan — had sung his little song about his Pretty Jane.

A man rarely has to contend with an excess of faith in him and his deeds. The juggler was fiercely advised by a dark-browed man leaning forward across one of the benches, with a menacing duplication of his figure and the gesture of his clenched fist reflected in the window, not to try to lie out of it.

And Parson Greenought, with a swelling redundancy of voice and a great access of virtue, gave forth expression of his desire to abide by the will that had ordained the growth of every herb whose seed is in itself upon the yearth; he would not meddle and he would not mar, nor would he learn with unhallowed and wicked curiosity thus to pervert the laws that had been laid down while the earth was yet void and without form.

"Well, it never yet was ordained that this persimmon seed was to grow," said the juggler, still game, though with a fluctuating color. He fished the stone out from the earth, and, dusting it off with his fine white handkerchief, put it between his strong molar teeth and cracked it. He would not again invite attention to the reluctance of the audience to approach him, so he laid it down on the edge of the front bench with the remark, "You can see for yourselves the kernel is withered; that thing has no capacities for growth."

One or two looked cautiously at the withered kernel within the riven pit, and then glanced significantly at each

other. It was shrunken, old, worthless, as he had said, but then his black art was doubtless sufficient to have withered it with the mere wish.

"I don't know a persimmon sprout from a dogwood, or a sumach, or anything else," declared the juggler. His face was hard and dogged; he was compelled in his own behoof to unmask himself and show how very insufficient were his cleverest efforts. He did it as ungraciously as he might. "This young man" — he indicated a bold bluff young mountaineer who was availing himself of the "standing-room only," to which a number of the youths were relegated — "dug up this sprout at my request this afternoon, and hunted out a last year's seed among the dead leaves on the ground."

As his eyes met those of his assistant, the twinkle of mischievous delight in the mountain fellow's big blue orbs gave him a faint zest of returning relish for the situation, albeit the primitive denizens of the Cove had been all too well humbugged even for his own comfort.

"This pocket is torn," — he thrust his hand into it, — "and has no bottom. I therefore slipped this wand into this pocket of these knickerbockers," suiting the action to the word. "You see the leaves all fold together, so that its presence does not even mar the pronounced symmetry of my garments. Then I placed the seed, thus, and threw the sheet over the pail, thus; with my left hand I slipped out the persimmon shoot, and planted it, thus; and it was beneath the sheet that I left in a peak to give it air and to conceal it while I had the honor to entertain you by singing."

He supposed that he would have satisfied even the most timorous and doubtful by this revelation of his methods and the innocuous nature of his craft, but he could not fail to note the significantly shaken heads, the disaffected whispers, the colloquing of the young mountaineers occupying "standing-room only."

"Ef he had done it that-a-way fust, I'd hev viewed it. I viewed it plain this time," said one of these.

"He can't fool me," protested a sour-visaged woman who kept up a keen espionage on all the world within the range of her pink sunbonnet.

"One lie never mended another," said the old preacher to a presiding elder. "Potsherds, lies are, my brother; they hold no water."

The juggler could deceive them easily enough, but alack, he could not deceive them! He debated within himself the possibility which each of his feats possessed of exciting their ire, as he hurriedly rummaged in the drawer of the table. He closed it abruptly.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "behold this paper of needles; and here also I desire to introduce to your notice this small spool of thread — Has any lady here," he continued, with the air of breaking off with a sudden thought, "any breadths of calico or other fabric which she might desire to have run up or galloped up? I am a great seamster."

Of course, although some had brought their babies, and one or two their lunch to stop the mouths of the older children, many their snuff or their tobacco, no one had brought work on this memorable outing to the show in the Cove.

"What a pity!" he cried. "Well, I can only show you how I thread needles. I swallow them all, thus," and down they went. "Then I swallow the thread," and forthwith the spool disappeared down his throat.

The audience, educated by this time to expect marvels, sat staring, stony and still. There was a longer interval than usual as he stood with one hand on the table gazing at them, half smiling, half expectant, as if he too were doubtful of the result. Suddenly he lifted his hand, and began to draw one end of the thread from his lips. On it came, longer and longer; and here and there, threaded

and swaying on the fine filament, were the needles, of assorted sizes, beginning with the delicate and small implement, increasing grade by grade, till the descending scale commenced, and the needles dwindled as they appeared.

Parson Greenought had risen when the thread was swallowed, but he lingered till the last cambric needle was laid on the table, and the prestidigitator had made his low bow of self-flattery and triumph in conclusion. Then having witnessed it all, his forefinger shaking in the air, he cried out: "I leave this place! I pronounce these acts ter be traffickin' with the devil an' sech. Ef I be wrong, the Lord will jedge me 'cordin'; ez he hev gin me gifts I see with my eyes, an' my eyes air true, an' they war in wisdom made, an' war made ter see with. Oh, young man, pause in time! Sin hev marked ye! Temptation beguiles ye! I dunno what ye hev in mind, but beware of it! Beware of the sin that changes its face, an' shifts its name, an' juggles with the thing ez is not what it seems ter be. Beware! beware!"

As he stalked out, the juggler sought to laugh, but he winced visibly. The audience were on their feet now, having risen with the excitement of the moment of the old man's exit. There was, however, a manifest disposition to linger; for having become somewhat acclimated to miracles, their appetite for the wonder-working was whetted. But the juggler, frowning heavily, had turned around, and was shaking the sheet out, and banging about in the drawer, as if making his preparations for departure. The audience began to move slowly to the door. It was not his intention to dismiss them thus summarily and unceremoniously, and as the situation struck his attention he advanced toward the front of the platform.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began; but his voice was lost in the clatter of heavy boots on the floor, the scraping of benches moved from their proper places

to liberate groups in order to precede their turn in the procession, the sudden sleepy protest of a half-awakened infant, rising in a sharp crescendo and climaxing in a hearty bawl of unbridled rage.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" he cried vainly to the dusty atmosphere, and the haggard, disheveled aspect of the half-deserted room. "Oh, go along, then," he added, dropping his voice, "and the devil take ye!"

His chosen assistant had come to the side of the platform, and stood waiting, one hand on the table, while he idly eyed the juggler, who had returned to rummaging the drawer. He was a tall strong young fellow, with straight black hair that grew on his forehead in the manner denominated a "cowlick," and large contemplative blue eyes; his face showed some humor, for the lines broke readily into laughter, but more pride, and an intimation of a quick and hot temper, for his eyes kindled easily and with a sudden flame. His long boots were drawn high over his brown jeans trousers, and his blue-checked homespun shirt was open at the neck, and showed his strong throat that held his head very straight and very high.

He was compassionate at the moment. "Plumb beat out, ain't ye?" he said sympathetically.

"I'm half dead!" cried the juggler furiously, throwing off his blazer, and wiping his hot face with his handkerchief.

The open door admitted the currents of the chill night air and the pungent odors of the dense dark woods without. Calls to the oxen in the process of gearing up sounded now and again droningly. Occasionally quick hoofbeats told of a horse's departure at full gallop. The talk of waiting groups now came mingled to the ear, then ceased and rose anew. More than once a loud yawn told of the physical stress of the late hour and the unwonted ex-

citement. The young mountaineer was going the rounds of the room extinguishing the tallow dips laboriously; taking each down, blowing gustily at it, and replacing it in the sconce. The juggler, as he passed, with his blazer over his arm, assisted him far more expeditiously, but mechanically, as it seemed, by fanning the timorous flames out *seriatim* with his hat in quick, decisive gestures. When he stood in the door, the room dark behind him, there was no life, no motion, in the umbrageous obscurity at hand; naught gave token of the audience so lately assembled save the creak of an unoiled axle far away, and once the raucous cry of a man to his team. Then all was still. In the hush, a vague drowsy note came suddenly from a bird high amongst the budding leaves of a tulip-tree hard by. An interval, and a like dreamy response sounded from far down the slope where pendulous boughs overhung the river. Some sweet chord of sympathy had brought the thought of the one to the other in the deep dark night, — these beings so insignificant in the plan of creation, — and one must needs rouse itself with that veiled reedy query, and the other, downily dreaming, must pipe out a reassuring "All's well."

The suggestiveness of this lyric of two tones was not lost on the juggler. He was pierced by the poignancy of exile. He could hardly realize that he was of the same species as the beings who had formed the "cultivated and intellectual audience" he had had the honor to entertain. Not one process of his mind could be divined by them; not one throb of their superstitious terrors could he share.

"The cursed fatality," he growled between his teeth, "that brought me to this God-forsaken country!"

"Waal," drawled the young mountaineer, whom he had forgotten for the moment, "they won't be so tur'ble easy skeered nex' time."

"They won't have another chance in a hurry," retorted the juggler angrily, as they walked away together in single file.

The night was very dark, although the great whorls of constellations were splendidly abloom in the clear sky. If a raylet of their light fell to earth in the forest, it was not appreciable in the sombre depths, and the juggler, with all his craft, might hardly have made shift to follow his companion but for the spark and the light luminous smoke of the mountaineer's pipe. Suddenly, as they turned a sharp edge of a series of great rocks, that like flying buttresses projected out from the steep perpendicular wall of a crag, all at once growing visible, a white flare shone before their eyes, illumining all the surrounding woods. There in an open space near the edge of the bluff was a great fire of logs burning like a funeral pyre. The juggler had paused as if spellbound. From the opposite side of the glowing mass a face, distorted, tremulous, impossibly hideous, elongated almost out of the proportion of humanity, peered at him.

"For God's sake, what's that?" he cried out to his guide, clutching at his arm.

The slow mountaineer, surprised out of his composure, paused, and took his pipe from his mouth to stare at his companion.

"Jes' burnin' lime," he said, still staring at the terror he could not comprehend.

Their shadows, suddenly evolved, stretched far over the ground in the white flare. The Cove, not far below, for this was on a low spur of the great range, now flickered into full view, now receded into the shadows. Above the vague mountain the stars were all gone, and the sky was elusive and cloaked and dark. For all the art of the juggler, he could show naught of magic more unnatural, more ghastly, than the face of

this man as it appeared through the medium of the heated air arising from the primitive kiln,—protean, anamorphous, distorted by every current of the night's breath,—although it was of much significance to him, and later he came to know it well to his cost. As the man caught the sound of their approach, he walked around to the side of the kiln, and his face and figure, no longer seen through the unequally refracting medium of the heated air, dwindled to normal proportions. It was not a prepossessing face in its best estate,—long, thin-lipped, grim, with small eyes set close together, and surmounted by a wide wool hat, which, being large for its wearer, was so crushed together that its crown rose up in a peak. His clothes were plentifully dusted with powdery flakes, and the scalding breath of the unslaked lime was perceptible to the throats of the new-comers.

"Ye 'pear ter be powerful late," the young mountaineer hazarded.

"Weather signs air p'intin' fur rain," replied the lime-burner. "I ain't wantin' all this lime ter git slacked by accident." He glanced down with a workman's satisfaction at the primitive process. Between the logs of the great pile layers of the broken limestone were interposed, and were gradually calcined as the wood burned. Although some of it was imperfectly consumed, and here and there lay in half-crude lumps, the quantity well burned was sufficient to warrant the laborer's anxiety to get it under shelter before it should sustain the deliquescent effects of moisture.

"Gideon Beck war a-promisin' ter kem back straight arter supper," said Peter Knowles, "an' help me git it inter the rock house thar." He indicated a grotto in the face of the cliff, where, by the light of the fire, one might perceive that lime had already been stored. The shelving rocks above it afforded adequate protection from falling weather,

and the small quantity of the commodity was evidently disproportionate to the ample spaces for its accommodation within. "I felt plumb beset an' oneasy 'bout Gid," added Knowles. "He mought hev hed a fit, or suthin' may have happened down ter his house, ter some o' the chil'n o' suthin'. He merried my sister Judy, ye know. They don't take haffen keer o' them chil'n; some o' them mought hev got sot afire o' suthin', or"—

"They *mought*, but they ain't," exclaimed Jack Ormsby, the young mountaineer, with a laugh. "Gid's been down yander ter the show, an' all the chil'n, an' yer sister Judy too."

"What show?" demanded Knowles shortly, his grim face half angry, half amazed.

"The show in the schoolhouse in the Cove. This hyar stranger-man, he gin a show," Ormsby explained. "I viewed 'em all thar, all the fambly."

There was a momentary pause, and one might hear the wind astir in the darkness of the woods below, and feel the dank breath of the clouds that invisibly were gathering on the brink of the range above. One of the sudden mountain rains was at hand.

"An' I wish I hed every one of 'em hyar now!" exclaimed Peter Knowles in fury. "I'd kiver 'em all up in that thar quicklime,—that's what I'd do! An' thar would n't be hide, hawns, or taller lef' of none of 'em in the mornin'. Leave *me* hyar,—leave *me* hyar with all this medjure o' lime, an' I never see none so stubborn in burnin', the timber bein' so durned green an' sappy, the dad-burned critter promisin' an' promisin' ter kem back arter he got his supper,—an' go ter a show, a damned show! What sort'n show was it?"

The juggler burst out laughing. "Come ahead!" he cried to Ormsby. "Lend a hand here!"

He had a strong sense of commercial values. To let a marketable commodity

lie out and be ruined by the rain was repellent to his convictions of economics. It might have been as much for the sake of the lime itself as from a sort of half-pity for the deserted lime-burner — for Peter Knowles had not the cast of countenance or of soul that preëmpted a fellow feeling — that he caught up a great shovel that lay at hand.

“I’ll undertake to learn the ropes in a trice,” he declared, throwing his coat on the ground.

Knowles only stared at him in surly amazement, but Ormsby, who had often seen the process, threw aside the half-burnt-out logs and followed the lead of the juggler, who, tense, light, active, the white flare, terrible so close at hand, on his face and figure, began to shovel the lumps into the barrow or cart made to receive the lime. Then, with another warning note of the wind, Knowles too fell to work, and added the capacities of his experience to the sheer uninstructed force of the willing volunteers. They made it short work. The two neophytes found it a scorching experiment, and more than once they fell back, flinching from the inherent heat of the flying powder as they shoveled it into the mouth of the grotto.

“I had no idea,” the juggler said, as he stood by the embers when it was all over, looking from one smarting hand to the other, “that quicklime is so very powerful, so corrosive an agent. I can believe you when you say that if you should put a body in that bed there it would be consumed by morning, — bones

and all?” He became suddenly interrogative.

“Nare toe nor toe-nail lef,” returned Peter Knowles succinctly, as if he had often performed this feat as a scientific experiment.

The juggler lifted his eyes to the face of the man opposite. They dilated and lingered fascinated with a sort of horror; for that strange anamorphosis had once more possessed it. All at variance it was with its natural contours, as the heated air streamed up from the bed of half-calced stone, — trembling through this shimmering medium, yet preserving the semblance of humanity, like the face of some mythical being, demon or ghoul, or spirit of the damned. A dawning significance was on his own face, of which he was unconscious, but which the other noted. How might he utilize this property of air and heat and quicklime in some of those wonders of jugglery at which he was so expert? More than once, as he walked away, he turned back to gaze anew at the phenomenon, his trim figure lightly poised, his hand in his belt, his blazer thrown over his arm, that gleam of discovery on his face.

As the encompassing rocks and foliage at last hid him from view, Peter Knowles looked down into the fire.

“That air a true word. The quicklime would eat every bone,” he said slowly. “But what air *he* aimin’ ter know fur?” And once more he looked curiously at the spot where the juggler had vanished, remembering the guise of discovery and elation his face had worn.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

UTAH AS AN INDUSTRIAL OBJECT-LESSON.

THERE are lessons for the American people in the industrial system which evolved Utah from the arid soil of the desert. They speak eloquently of the possibilities of organized and associated man. They show how poor men may achieve prosperity with no tools but labor and land, and no capital save leadership. These are timely lessons for a period when population flows irresistibly to cities already perilously large, when the ranks of industry and professions are overcrowded, and when small tradesmen and small manufacturers are disappearing before the unequal competition of great stores and great factories. The economic institutions of Utah are the product of a new environment; for they have grown up in the heart of arid America, the remaining field for settlement in the United States, and the future home of a large population. The study of the Mormon achievement will reveal the industrial methods and social customs which have been developed in conformity with these conditions. Here we shall find the key to a future civilization whose influence will be reflected in the broader life of the nation.

Brigham Young was born in Vermont, and had lived in Ohio, Missouri, and Illinois. Neither he nor his followers, before they came to Utah, had ever seen a country where the rainfall did not suffice for agriculture, nor ever read of one save in the Bible. But they quickly learned that they had staked their whole future upon a region which could not produce a spear of tame grass, an ear of corn, or a kernel of wheat without skillful irrigation,—an art of which they were utterly ignorant. The need of beginning a planting, however, was urgent and pressing, for their slender stock of provisions would not long protect them from starvation. It was

this emergency which caused them to cut the first irrigation canal built by white men in the United States. Mormons are taught to believe that the suggestion of this work was a revelation to the head of the church. Other traditions ascribe it to the advice of friendly Indians, and to the shrewd intuition with which the leader had met the many strange trials he had encountered in the course of his adventurous pilgrimage. Whatever the source of the inspiration, he quickly set his men at work to divert the waters of City Creek through a rude ditch, and to prepare the ground for Utah's first farm. These crystal waters now furnish the domestic supply for a city of sixty thousand inhabitants. President Wilford Woodruff, the present head of the church, who was one of the party assigned to the work of digging the first canal, relates that when the water was turned out upon the desert, the soil was so hard that the point of a plough would scarcely penetrate it. There was also much white alkali on the surface. It was, therefore, with no absolute conviction of success that the pioneers planted the last of their stock of potatoes, and awaited the result of the experiment. But the crop prospered in spite of all obstacles, and demonstrated that a living could be wrung from the forbidding soil of the desert, when men should learn to adapt their industry to the strange conditions.

Such was the humble beginning of agriculture in arid America. The success of this desperate expedient to preserve the existence of a hunted people in the vast solitude has made Utah our great example of irrigation, and has given the Mormons their just claim as the pioneer irrigators of the United States. It is a distinction which they proudly treasure, and which their fellow citizens of the great West have always

generously acknowledged. It was not, however, until they had survived other hardships, including the devastation of their first crop by swarms of crickets, that the hardy settlers were able to celebrate a genuine harvest-home and to feel sure of the future. Then began that long era of material prosperity which will never cease until the people depart from the industrial system established by Brigham Young.

It is this industrial system which makes the Mormons well worthy of study at this time. Nothing just like it exists elsewhere upon any considerable scale, yet its leading principles are certainly capable of general application. Mormons regard the system, together with all their blessings, as a direct revelation of God. But when it is studied in connection with Mormon colonization, it is plain that the system was born of the necessities of the place and time, — that it is the legitimate result of the peculiar environment of the arid region. The forces that have made the civilization of Utah will make the civilization of western America. It is in this view of the matter that we shall find our justification for a careful study of the Mormon structure of industry and society.

The economic life of Utah is founded on the general ownership of land. Speaking broadly, all are proprietors, none are tenants. Land monopoly was discounted from the beginning. All were encouraged to take so much land as they could apply to a beneficial purpose. None were permitted to secure land merely to hold it out of use for speculation. The corner-stone of the system was industrialism, — the theory that all should work for what they are to have, and that all should have what they have worked for. In order to realize this result, it was necessary that each family should own as much land as it could use to advantage, and no more. The adoption of this principle was plainly due to the peculiar conditions which the leader saw about

him. He instantly realized that value resided in the water rather than in the land; that there was much more land than water; that water could be conserved and distributed only at great expense. If he had settled in the Red River Valley of Dakota, for instance, it is entirely improbable that he would have set such severe limitations upon the amount of land which individuals should take. In that case, he would perhaps have thought it well for his people to take all the land they could possibly obtain under the law, and thus enjoy large speculative possibilities. But if he had pursued this policy in Utah, he could not have accommodated the thousands whom he expected to follow him in the early future. He thus found it necessary to restrict the amount of land which each family should acquire, suiting it to their actual needs. He came from a country which had been settled in farms ranging from two hundred to four hundred acres in size. The reduction in the farm unit which he now proposed must have seemed nothing less than startling to his followers. It is plain that, in proposing such an innovation, he not only comprehended the social necessities of the situation, but anticipated the possibilities of intensive agriculture by means of irrigation.

The first settlement which he planned was, of course, Salt Lake City and its neighborhood. This became the model of all future settlements. It was laid out in such a way as to secure an equitable division of land values among all the inhabitants. The city blocks consist of ten acres each, divided into eight lots of one and a quarter acres: these lots were assigned to professional and business men. Next, there was a tier of five-acre lots: these were assigned to mechanics. Then there were tiers of ten-acre and twenty-acre lots: these went to farmers, according to the size of their families. Under this arrangement every colonist was a small landed pro-

prietor, owning a certain amount of irrigated soil from which he could readily produce the necessities of life. The division of land values was singularly even, for what one man lacked in area of his possessions he gained in location. The small lots were close to the business centre. As the place grew, in course of years, from an emigrant's camp to a populous city, with paved streets, domestic water, electric lights and railways, the inevitable rise in values was distributed very evenly. Not a single family or individual failed to share in the great fund of unearned increment which arose from increasing population and growing public improvements. This principle of general land ownership, of careful division according to location, and of differing needs of various classes has been followed throughout the Mormon settlements of Utah and surrounding States, and is being duplicated to-day in the latest colonies among the Uintah Mountains.

It is important to note that the Mormon land system rested upon individual proprietorship. There never was any attempt at community ownership. The unit of the State was the family and the home. But the moment we pass from the sphere of individual labor we encounter another principle, which has always been applied, though not always by the same methods, to public utilities. This is the principle of public ownership and control. If the Mormon leaders had desired to organize their industrial life in a way to make large private fortunes for themselves, no single item in the long list of Utah's natural resources would have offered a better chance for speculation than the water-supply. It was perfectly feasible, under the law, for private individuals or companies to appropriate the waters, construct canals, sell water-rights, and collect an annual rental. By adopting this method, which prevails widely in other Western States, they could have laid every field, orchard,

and garden, every individual and family, under tribute to them and their descendants forever. Neither in law nor in practice is it any more a moral and economic wrong privately to appropriate and hold against the public the natural wealth of the streams than it is to do the same thing with the natural wealth of the mineral belts on government land. Probably the Mormons owed their escape from the misfortune of private irrigation works mainly to the fact that this feature of their institutions was established at a time when none of their people possessed sufficient private capital to engage in costly enterprises. They started upon a basis of equality, for they were equally poor. They could buy water-rights only with their labor. This labor they applied in coöperation, and canal stock was issued to each man in proportion to the amount of work he had contributed to the construction. This, in turn, was determined by the amount of land he owned, the owner of twenty acres doing just twice as much work as the owner of ten. Here we see the influence of aridity not only favoring, but compelling the adoption of the principle of associative enterprise. As in Holland men found it necessary to combine their labor in order to reclaim the land from the sea, so in Utah they did the same in order to reclaim the land from the desert. In both instances, this fundamental necessity of coöperation and organization at the beginning became the most powerful influence in shaping industrial habits and social customs, and in forming the character of institutions.

Brigham Young had made twenty acres the maximum size of farms in the Salt Lake settlement. He now proceeded to lay down a philosophy very different from that which prevailed on the large farms of the wheat and corn country whence he came. He urged that each family should realize the nearest possible approach to absolute industrial independence within the boundaries of

its own small farm. His sermons in the Tabernacle dealt less in theology than in worldly common sense. The result is an agricultural system peculiar to Utah. Just as we have the cotton belt in Texas, the corn belt in Nebraska, the wheat belt in Dakota, and the orange district in California, so in Utah we have the land of the diversified farm. This is the first and one of the most precious fruits of the industrialism which had been so deeply rooted in the plan of universal land ownership. Much of the misfortune which the settlers of the Mississippi Valley have endured during the last decade is due to the fact that their industrial system was founded on speculation. They acquired large farms because they hoped to get rich out of the rise in land. They engaged in the production of single crops because they were gambling on the hope of great prices for these staples. They mortgaged their homesteads to make costly improvements because they had the utmost faith in future high prices for the land and its product. It is very easy to comprehend the virtues of Utah industrialism when we make use of a Texas cotton plantation or a Dakota wheat farm for comparison. In the one case we see the little unmortgaged farm, its crops insured by irrigation, systematically producing the variety of things required for the family consumption. A generous living is within the control of the proprietor of such a home. In the other case we see the single crop exposed to the mercy of the weather and the markets, its owner employing many hired hands, and going to the town to buy with cash nearly all that is necessary to feed his family and laborers. The Utah system was clearly the outgrowth of the peculiar conditions with which the Mormons dealt. They were so far removed from all centres of production as to make self-sufficiency an imperative condition of existence. Hence they were taught the gospel of industrial independence in its purest and

most primitive terms. And self-sufficiency is the most striking characteristic of Mormon civilization to-day. Wars and panics have swept the country since the Mormon pioneers built their homes in Salt Lake Valley, but they and theirs have not gone hungry for a day. Nor need they do so while water runs downhill and the earth yields its increase.

The conquest of Utah began with the establishment of agriculture, which is everywhere the foundation of civilization. Brigham Young realized, as the American people may well do to-day, that there can be no prosperity when agriculture languishes. He realized that whatever the Mormon people might have in the future — whatever of factories, stores, and banks, whatever of churches, temples, and tabernacles — must come primarily from the surplus profits of the farmer. As soon as his people had been supplied with food and shelter, he turned his attention to the development of a broader industrial life. Workshops, stores, and banks were necessary to furnish facilities for manufacture, distribution, and exchange. All these enterprises were undertaken in a coöperative way, under the familiar form of the joint stock company. Those who were unwilling to engage in them upon these terms generally left the church and set up for themselves. At the beginning there was no capital for such undertakings except the capital which resided in every man's land and labor, — no wealth but the common wealth. As all had started on a basis of equality, so all were given an equal chance to participate in the new industrial, mercantile, and banking enterprises of the Territory. When a factory or a store was to be started, subscription papers were circulated, and everybody was urged to take some of the stock. Payments were made sometimes in cash, more often in products, not infrequently in labor. Of one thing there has never been a scarcity in Utah: this is the chance to work. Labor has al-

ways been exchangeable there for other commodities, including bank and mercantile stock; otherwise it would not have been possible to secure the wide distribution of these stocks which now exists.

In the early years the industries were of a crude sort. Everything had to be hauled in ox-teams over a thousand miles of deserts, plains, and mountains. The people used almost no money in their daily transactions. As a medium of exchange they had printed slips of paper known as "tithing-house scrip." This answered the purpose of exchange money, while the prices of commodities were regulated by the standard of values which prevailed elsewhere. While the local scrip did very well for all home purposes, it did not enable the people to purchase the supplies of machinery which they needed from abroad. The process of equipping their factories was therefore necessarily slow, but they rapidly developed an army of skilled artisans, which was constantly augmented by immigration. But even without assistance from the great world which lay so far beyond the borders of their own valleys, marvelous progress was achieved in the arts and industries. Brigham Young was strenuously opposed to the development of the mines by his people, believing that what they might gain in wealth from that source would be much more than offset by the demoralization which would come to his industrial forces with the rise of the speculative spirit. Above all other virtues he placed that of sober industry, earning its bread in the sweat of men's faces. That the mines would some day be worked by Gentiles he had no doubt, and he rightly calculated that his own people would enjoy more prosperity by feeding the miners than by working the mines. Nevertheless, a few of the many millions afterwards taken from the mountains around Salt Lake would have facilitated the growth and equipment of the Mor-

mon industries immensely during the early years. Time and patience accomplished in the end all that an abundance of original capital might have done, — perhaps more. Nearly all the industries essential to a complex and symmetrical business economy have been established for many years. Every important settlement has its coöperative store and bank. From the great beet-sugar factory at Lehi down to the smallest mercantile enterprise in the smallest hamlet, the business is owned by a multitude of stockholders. The capital represents the surplus profits of the many. The system bears no likeness to Socialism. Nothing is owned by virtue of citizenship or of membership in the church. No one owns a dollar's worth of stock who has not earned and paid for it. The system is nothing but the joint stock company with what may be called a generous and friendly interpretation. That is to say, it is really desired that everybody shall have an interest, and that all shall share the benefits. To endeavor to "corner" the stock for the benefit of a favored few would be considered unpopular, if not immoral. It should not be understood, by any means, that all have an equal ownership in these various enterprises, for the Mormon system has not resulted in making men equally successful. All have had an equal chance, however, and the weak have been watched over and assisted by the strong. Indeed, this is one of the few good things to be credited to the exercise of church authority in secular affairs.

It would be quite impracticable to attempt to follow the history of any considerable number of the many coöperative enterprises of Utah. Nor are figures available for a satisfactory generalization of results. But the whole system is typified in the experience of one monumental enterprise, — Zion's Coöperative Mercantile Institution. This great house is, in a sense, the mother and the model of all the Mormon stores in Utah

and surrounding States. I quote from a letter of Mr. Thomas G. Webber, the successful superintendent of "Z. C. M. I.," as it is familiarly called:—

"The institution was organized October 16, 1868; commenced business March 1, 1869; and was incorporated for twenty-five years from October 5, 1870, and the capital then was \$220,000. It was reincorporated for fifty years September 30, 1895, with a capital stock of \$1,077,000. During the life of our first incorporation period we have sold \$76,352,686 worth of merchandise, and paid to the railroad and express companies for freight \$6,908,630. We have paid out in cash dividends \$1,990,943.55, and in stock dividends \$414,944.77. During the panic in 1873, for prudential reasons, we passed our dividends, and continued to do so until 1877, but during the whole of the period we have been in business, some twenty-seven years, we have paid to our stockholders an average dividend of nine and one third per cent for each and every year, or two hundred and forty-three per cent in all: \$1000 invested in our capital stock on the first of March, 1869, at the end of September, 1895, when our incorporation ran out, had accumulated to \$2014.30; and in addition to this we have paid upon this \$1000 in cash dividends the sum of \$4218.05. We have turned out in our manufacturing departments boots and shoes to the value of \$2,053,294.43, and in our duck clothing and shirt factory upwards of \$80,000 worth. Last year (1895) it was an off year with our manufacturing departments, but we turned out 75,400 pairs of boots and shoes, and 15,648 dozen overalls, shirts, etc."

This is the history of Utah's largest coöperative undertaking. It is a history which no friend of coöperative effort will blush to read, for it proves that a great business can be as successfully administered in the interest of the many as in the interest of a few. The latest

and the largest Mormon industrial enterprise is the beet-sugar factory, owned by seven hundred stockholders, which in 1895 produced considerably more than seven hundred million pounds of sugar, and paid a cash dividend of ten per cent. It also furnished a profitable market for the products of many irrigated fields. While the most satisfactory results of coöperative enterprise have been obtained in the last two decades, much was achieved in the early days. Even in 1850, when Salt Lake Valley had been settled less than three years, the industrial products amounted to only a little less than three hundred thousand dollars. Ten years later they had mounted nearly to the million mark, and in 1870 they considerably exceeded two and a quarter millions. In 1895 the total was close to six millions. The growth of these hard-won industries has naturally fostered a feeling of intense loyalty to home products.

Let us look now at the broader results of the Mormon labor in the wilderness. I have asked the church historian, Mr. A. Milton Musser, to make a careful estimate of the financial results which may fairly be credited to the irrigation industry in Utah. It must be remembered that the Mormons began in poverty, having almost nothing to invest except the labor of their hands and brains. Hence, all they have expended in a period of nearly fifty years came primarily from the soil. In responding to my request, Mr. Musser communicated with church leaders throughout the State, and compiled the results of his correspondence with the utmost care. As during most of the period covered the church was practically the state, he has included the cost of schools, roads, bridges, Indian wars, and the sustenance of the poor, as well as the cost of the purely religious and commercial enterprises. He has made a careful computation of the expense involved in establishing ten thousand farms and the cost of living

for the entire people. He has very properly included large sums wasted by early experiments in making iron, sugar, paper, nails, leather, and cotton. An interesting item is that which records the expenditure of three million dollars for "defense against anti-polygamy legislation believed to be unconstitutional." The expenditure of eight million dollars in assisting poor immigrants throws a strong light on the wonderfully successful methods of colonization. The historian's statement is very comprehensive, and comes with the indorsement of the highest church authorities. It accounts for a total expenditure of nearly five hundred and sixty-three millions, all of which, excepting twenty millions credited to "personal property brought into Utah by immigrants," was wrung from arid soil by the patient labor of an industrious people.

In a private letter accompanying these statistics, Mr. Musser directed attention to the fact that upon this showing each Mormon farmer enjoyed an average income of four hundred and eighty-two dollars *above* the cost of living for each of the more than forty years which the statement covers. This is a considerably higher return than the *gross* amount averaged by wage-earners in the United States. To my mind, the statement seems to confirm the impression of a vast material achievement which comes to any person upon visiting Utah and looking about him. For the present purpose, the precise statistical facts are of less consequence than the economic principles which have produced what everybody acknowledges to be a very wonderful result. These principles are as follows:—

General land ownership, limited to the amount which families and individuals could apply to a useful purpose.

Self-sufficiency in agriculture, aiming at the complete economic independence of the people, individually and collectively.

The public ownership of public utilities, such as water for irrigation and domestic uses.

The coöperative, or associative, ownership and administration of stores, factories, and banks through the medium of the joint stock company.

These are the underlying principles of the Mormon commonwealth. They are vindicated by the successful experience of the last half-century. Nowhere else do so large a percentage of the people own their homes free from incumbrance. Nowhere else has labor received so fair a share of what it has created. Nowhere else has the common prosperity been reared upon firmer foundations. Nowhere else are institutions more firmly buttressed, or more capable of resisting violent economic revolutions. The thunder-cloud which passed over the land in 1893, leaving a path of commercial ruin from the Atlantic to the Pacific, was powerless to close the door of a single Mormon store, factory, or bank. Strong in prosperity, the coöperative industrial and commercial system stood immovable in the hour of widespread disaster. The solvency of these industries is scarcely more striking than the solvency of the farmers from whom they draw their strength. No other governor, whether in the West or in the East, is able to say what the Honorable Heber M. Wells said, in assuming the chief magistracy of the new State in January, 1896: "We have in Utah 19,916 farms, and 17,684 of them are absolutely free of incumbrance." A higher percentage in school attendance and a lower percentage of illiterates, even, than in the State of Massachusetts, is another of Utah's proud records.

It would be unfair to leave the Mormon industrial system without considering the strong and often bitter criticisms which have been passed upon it. Many visitors and many resident Gentiles either have seen no virtues in the system, or have believed that the evils

outweigh the virtues. The Reverend Joseph Cook summed up the whole case against the Mormon leaders and the system of industry they established in a brilliant phrase of seven words. Standing on Brigham Street in Salt Lake City, and gazing at the famous Eagle Gate, with its figure of an eagle perched upon a beehive, he exclaimed, "A fit emblem, — rapacity preying upon industry." It has been charged that the Mormon workers were the slaves of a tyrannical hierarchy, which ruthlessly absorbed the profits of their patient industry, and applied them, in a proportion which no man could fathom, to church purposes and private bank accounts. The single item of solid evidence which can be quoted to sustain the charge of plunder is the tithing system, under which all members of the church pay one tenth of their income into the revenues of the organization. There never has been any secret about this. Tithing houses and tithing officers exist throughout the Mormon dominions, and all church members in good standing pay the assessment of ten per cent regularly. Many of them pay in cash, and many in products of farms or shops. When they can pay in neither cash nor products, they contribute one tenth of their labor, and it is largely in this manner that the beautiful temples have been built. If Mormons are willing to pay tithings, either as a tribute to their religion, or as a return for the material benefit they have received through their association with the church, it is difficult to understand why they have not a perfect right to do so. Ten per cent is, indeed, a severe tax. But until recent times this amount practically included all assessments for public purposes of a local character, as these were administered through the church.

It is common for those who belittle the value of the Mormon experience to declare that its success was wholly due to the element of religious fanaticism, and that such results would have been

impossible without the wonderful church organization. From this widely accepted conclusion I emphatically dissent. To my mind it seems perfectly plain that it was not the church which sustained the industrial system, but the industrial system which sustained the church. Brigham Young won the undying affection and obedience of his followers, not because he taught them how to pray, but because he taught them how to work and to live. He survives in their memories to-day, not as the prophet of religion, but as the wonderful organizer of prosperity. To the outside world, also, his true interest consists, not in his character as ecclesiastical leader and seer, but in that of captain of industry and architect of the commonwealth.

In studying Brigham Young, I have not sought to know the man as he lives in Mormon literature, with a glowing religious halo about his eminently businesslike brow. I have sought rather to find him through conversations with some of his favorite captains, and through the letters he wrote them when they were engaged in perilous missions to wild districts in the West. None of these men has told me of any striking religious thought which he uttered from the pulpit, but all have said that he insisted that it always paid to plough deep and plant alfalfa. They have related with especial pride their talks with "the president" at evening camp-fires, when he would plan, with wonderful accuracy, irrigation canals and village sites to be made in connection with the conquest of some new valley they had explored. The plans which he traced on the ground with his cane by the firelight generally anticipated very closely the later results of surveys. His letters to these captains were full of instructions about provisions, coming emigrant parties, and the treatment of the Indians. They always closed with a devout reference to divine Providence, but the underlying spirit was that of the sturdy in-

dustrial chieftain aiming at the conquest of the waste places.

This man's dream was of empire. In every fibre of his body, in every beat of his brain and heart, he was a materialist. All his buildings, like all his philosophies, were fashioned on strong and simple lines. They were made, not to look beautiful, but to serve useful purposes and to last long. That he used the power of the church relentlessly to accomplish his ends cannot be denied. But the church, however much it may have meant to others, was with him only one of the means, and not the great object of his ambition. His first act in Utah was to raise the American flag and proclaim himself governor of "the State of Deseret," — land of the working bee. To have made of the whole intermountain West one mighty nation, himself at the head of it, would have filled the real measure of his ambition.

It should not be inferred from what has been said of the industrial virtues of the Mormon people that there is no ground for criticism. On the contrary, the people have by no means realized their best possibilities. It is not in Utah that we find the best examples of intensive cultivation, the most advanced irrigation methods, or the highest social standards. We find the crudeness that might be expected in a country developed without much cash capital, at the hands of a rather simple and unimaginative people. In the larger cities, such as Salt Lake and Ogden, the best Eastern standards are fully realized, but in scores of small settlements, which constitute the real Utah of which I have been speaking, the case is different. Farms are frequently ill kept and untidy; orchards are not generally guarded against common pests; fruit is not nicely sorted, graded, and packed for market. These towns and homes might be beautiful, monuments to thrift and good taste. When they are not so, it is

because the people lack taste rather than opportunity. They enjoy simple prosperity and take solid comfort in their village life, but do not crave finer things.

No study of the Utah of to-day would be worthy of the name which failed to take into account the influence exerted in recent years by the large infusion of Gentile population. The fact that Utah stands erect — a State among States — is very largely due to those who went there to make their homes and fight the church. Through many stormy years they waged a tireless war upon polygamy and church control of state affairs. Democrats and Republicans forgot their partisanship while they united in opposing forces which they deemed inimical to American institutions. When in 1890 Salt Lake City was finally won by the Liberals, the morning of a great day had dawned in Utah. This event portended the dissolution of the old church party; the division of the Mormons on national lines, the early realization of statehood, and, finally, the merging of Mormon and Gentile until they shall become indistinguishable parts of one great people. The rise of the Liberal power brought with it a wonderful era of modern improvement, accompanied by a magnificent municipal debt; for the Mormons had applied to the affairs of their capital city the simple philosophy in vogue on their small irrigated farms. Neither in the city nor on the farms would they have anything that involved going into debt. The new school-houses, the city and county buildings, the sewerage system, the domestic water-plant, the modern street pavements of Utah asphalt, the electric lights and railways, — these are the landmarks of Gentile public spirit in the Salt Lake City of to-day. If the Mormon industrial system has suffered somewhat by the shock, the effect is as nothing when compared with the vast moral and civic gain conferred by the new conditions.

William E. Smythe.

MARM LISA.¹

XI.

RHODA FREES HER MIND.

MORNING dawned, and Mistress Mary and Rhoda went up the flight of broad steps rather earlier than usual, — so early that the janitress, who had been awake half the night with an ailing baby, was just going in to dust the rooms.

It was she who first caught sight of the old sofa and its occupant, and her exclamation drew Mary and Rhoda to the spot. There lay poor Marm Lisa in the dead sleep of exhaustion, her dress torn and wrinkled, her shoes travel-stained, her hair tangled and matted. Their first idea was that the dreaded foe might have descended upon her, and that she had had some terrible seizure with no one near to aid and relieve her. But the longer they looked, the less they feared this: her face, though white and tear-stained, was tranquil, her lips only slightly pale, and her breathing calm and steady. Mary finally noted the pathetic grouping of little objects in the red chair, and, touched by this, began to apprehend the significance of her own white apron close clasped in the child's loyal arms, and fell a-weeping softly on Rhoda's shoulder. "She needed me, Rhoda," she said. "I do not know for what, but I am sure she needed me."

"I see it all," said Rhoda, administering soft strokes of consolation: "it is something to do with those little beasts; yes, I will call them beasts, and if you don't let me, I'll call them brutes. They lost themselves yesterday, of course, and dear old Lisa searched for them all the afternoon and half the night, for aught we know, and then came here to be comforted, I suppose, — the blessed thing!"

"Hush! don't touch her," Mary whis-

pered as Rhoda went impetuously down on her knees by the sofa; "and we must not talk in this room, for fear of waking her. Suppose you go at once to Mrs. Grubb's, dear, and whatever you learn about the twins there, I shall meanwhile call a carriage and take Lisa home to my own bed. The janitress can send Edith to me as soon as she comes, and I will leave her with Lisa while I run back here to consult with you and Helen. I shall telegraph for Dr. Thorne, too, to be sure that this sleep is as natural and healing a thing as it appears to be."

Mrs. Grubb was surprised, even amused, at Rhoda's exciting piece of news, but she was perfectly tranquil.

"Well, don't they beat all!" she exclaimed, leaning against the door-frame and taking her side hair out of waving-pins as she talked. "No, I have n't seen them since noon yesterday. I was out to a picnic supper at the Army Headquarters at night, and did n't get home till later than usual, so I did n't go up to their room. I thought they were in bed; they always have been in bed when it was bedtime, ever since they were born." Here she removed the last pin, and put it with the others in the bosom of her dress for safe-keeping. "This morning, when they did n't turn up, I thought some of you girls had taken a fancy to keep them over night; I did n't worry, supposing that Lisa was with them."

"Nobody on earth could take a fancy to the twins or keep them an hour longer than necessary, and you know it, Mrs. Grubb," said Rhoda, who seldom minced matters; "and in case no one should ever have the bad manners to tell you the whole truth, I want to say here and now that you neglect everything good and sensible and practical, — all the plain simple duties that stare you

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directly in the face,—and waste yourself on matters that are of no earthly use to anybody. Those children would have been missed last night if you had one drop of mother's blood in your veins! You have three helpless children under what you are pleased to call your care" (and here Rhoda's lip curled so scornfully that Mrs. Grubb was tempted to stab her with a curling-pin), "and you went to sleep without knowing to a certainty whether they had had supper or bed! I don't believe you are a woman at all,—you are just a vague abstraction; and the only things you've ever borne or nursed or brooded in your life have been your miserable bloodless little clubs and hands and unions!"

Rhoda's eyes flashed summer lightning, her nostrils quivered, her cheeks flamed scarlet, and Mrs. Grubb sat down suddenly and heavily on the front stairs and gasped for breath. According to her own belief, her whole life had been passed in a search for truth, but it is safe to say she had never before met it in so uncompromising and disagreeable a shape.

"Perhaps when you are quite through with your billingsgate," she finally said, "you will take yourself off my steps before you are ejected. You! to presume to criticise me! You, that are so low in the scale of being you can no more understand my feelings and motives than a jellyfish can comprehend a star! Go back and tell Miss Mary," she went on majestically, as she gained confidence and breath, "that it is her duty and business to find the children, since they were last seen with her, and unless she proves more trustworthy they will not be allowed to return to her. Tell her, too, that when she wishes to communicate with me, she must choose some other messenger besides you, you impudent, groveling little earthworm! Get out of my sight, or you will unfit me for my classes!"

Mrs. Grubb was fairly superb as she launched these thunderbolts of invective;

the staircase her rostrum, her left hand poised impressively on the baluster, and the three snaky strands of brown hair that had writhed out of the waving-pins hissing Medusa-wise on each side of her head.

Rhoda was considerably taken aback by the sudden and violent slamming of the door of number one Eden Place, and she felt an unwelcome misgiving as to her wisdom in bringing Mrs. Grubb face to face with truth. Her rage had somewhat subsided by the time she reached Mistress Mary's side, for she had stopped on the way to ask a policeman to telephone to the various stations for news of the two lost children, and report at once to her. "There is one good thing," she thought: "wherever they may be, their light cannot be hid any more than that of a city that is set on a hill. There will be plenty of traces of their journey, for once seen they are never forgotten. Nobody but a hero would think of kidnapping them, and nobody but an idiot would expect a ransom for them!"

"I hope you did n't upbraid Mrs. Grubb," said Mary, divining from Rhoda's clouded brow that her interview had not been a pleasant one. "You know our only peaceful way of rescuing Lisa from her hold is to make a friend of her and convert her to our way of thinking. Was she much disturbed about the children?"

"Disturbed!" sniffed Rhoda disdainfully. "Imagine Mrs. Grubb disturbed about anything so trivial as a lost child! If it had been a lost amendment, she might have been ruffled!"

"What is she doing about it, and in what direction is she searching?"

"She is doing nothing, and she will do nothing; she has gone to a Theosophy lecture, and we are to find the twins; and she says it's your fault, anyway, and unless you prove more trustworthy the seraphs will be removed from your care; and you are not to send me again as a messenger, if you please, because I

am an impudent, groveling little earth-worm ! ”

“ Rhoda ! ”

“ Yes ’m ! ”

“ Did she call you that ? ”

“ Yes ’m, and a jellyfish besides ; in fact, she dragged me through the entire animal kingdom ; but she is a stellar being, — she said so. ”

“ What did you say to her to provoke that, Rhoda ? She is thoroughly illogical and perverse, but she is very amiable. ”

“ Yes, when you don’t interfere with her. You should catch her with her hair in waving-pins, just after she has imbibed apple sauce ! Oh, I can’t remember exactly what I said, for I confess I was a little heated, and at the moment I thought only of freeing my mind. Let me see : I told her she neglected all the practical duties that stared her directly in the face, and squandered herself on useless fads and vagaries, — that’s about all. No-o, now that I come to think of it, I did say that the children would have been missed and found last night, if she had had a drop of mother’s blood in her veins. ”

“ That’s terse and strong — and tactful, ” said Mary ; “ anything more ? ”

“ No, I don’t think so. Oh yes ! now that I reflect, I said I did n’t believe she was a woman at all. That seemed to enrage her beyond anything, somehow ; and when I explained it, and tried to modify it by saying I meant that she had never borne or loved or brooded anything in her life but her nasty little clubs, she was white with anger, and told me I was too low in the scale of being to understand her. Good gracious ! I wish she understood herself half as well as I understand her ! ”

Mary gave a hysterical laugh. “ I can’t pretend you did n’t speak the truth, Rhoda, but I am sadly afraid it was ill advised to wound Mrs. Grubb’s vanity. Do you feel a good deal better ? ”

“ No, ” confessed Rhoda penitently.

“ I did for fifteen minutes. — yes, nearly half an hour ; but now I feel worse than ever. ”

“ That is one of the commonest symptoms of freeing one’s mind, ” observed Mary quietly.

It was scarcely an hour later when Atlantic and Pacific were brought in by an officer, very dirty and disheveled, but gay and irresponsible as larks, nonchalant, amiable, and unrepentant. As Rhoda had prophesied, there had been no difficulty in finding them ; and as everybody had prophesied, once found there had not been a second’s delay in delivery. Moved by fiery hatred of the police matron, who had illustrated justice more than mercy, and illustrated it with the back of a hair-brush on their reversed persons ; lured also by two popcorn balls, a jumping-jack, and a tin horse, they accepted the municipal escort with alacrity ; and nothing was ever jauntier than the manner in which Pacific, all smiles and molasses, held up her sticky lips for an expected salute, — an unusual offer which was respectfully declined as a matter of discipline.

Mary longed for Rhoda’s young minister in the next half-hour, which she devoted to private spiritual instruction. Psychology proved wholly unequal to the task of fathoming the twins, and she fancied that theology might have been more helpful. Their idea seemed to be — if the rudimentary thing she unearthed from their consciousness could be called an idea — that they would not mind repenting if they could see anything of which to repent. Of sin, as sin, they had no apparent knowledge, either by sight, by hearsay, or by actual acquaintance. They sat stolidly in their little chairs, eyes roving to the windows, the black-board, the pictures ; they clubbed together and fished a pin from a crack in the floor during one of Mary’s most thrilling appeals ; finally, they appeared so bored by the whole proceeding that she felt a certain sense of embarrassment in the

midst of her despair. She took them home herself at noon, apologized to the injured Mrs. Grubb for Rhoda's unfortunate remarks, and told that lady, gently but firmly, that Lisa could not be moved until she was decidedly better.

"She was wandering about the streets searching for the twins from noon till long after dark, Mrs. Grubb, — there can be no doubt of it; and she bears unmistakable signs of having suffered deeply. I have called in a physician, and we must all abide by his advice."

"That's well enough for the present," agreed Mrs. Grubb reluctantly, "but I cannot continue to have my studies broken in upon by these excitements, I really cannot. I thought I had made an arrangement with Madame Goldmarker to relieve me, but she has just served me a most unladylike and deceitful trick, and the outcome of it will be that I shall have to send Lisa to the asylum. I can get her examined by the commissioners some time before Christmas, and if they decide she's imbecile they'll take her off my hands. I did n't want to part with her till the twins got older, but I've just found a possible home for them if I can endure their actions until New Year's. Our Army of Present Perfection is n't progressing as it ought to, and it's going to found a colony down in San Diego County, and advertise for children to bring up in the faith. A certain number of men and women have agreed to go and start the thing, and I'm sure my sister, if she was alive, would be glad to donate her children to such a splendid enterprise. If the commissioners won't take Lisa, she can go to Soul Haven, too, — that's the name of the place; but no, of course they would n't want any but bright children, that would grow up and spread the light." (Mary smiled at the thought of the twins engaged in the occupation of spreading light.) "I shall not join the community myself, though I believe it's a good thing; but a very different future is unveiling

itself before me" (her tone was full of mystery here), "and some time, if I can ever pursue my investigations in peace, you will knock at this door and I shall have vanished! But I shall know of your visit, and the very sound of your footfall will reach my ear, even if I am inhabiting some remote mountain fastness!"

When Lisa awoke that night, she heard the crackling of a wood fire on the hearth; she felt the touch of soft linen under her aching body, and the pressure of something cool and fragrant on her forehead. Her right hand, feebly groping the white counterpane, felt a flower in its grasp. Opening her eyes, she saw the firelight dancing on tinted walls, and an angel of deliverance sitting by her bedside, — a dear familiar woman angel, whose fair crowned head rose from a cloud of white, and whose sweet downward gaze held all of benignant motherhood that God could put into woman's eyes.

Marm Lisa looked up dumbly and wonderingly at first, but the mind stirred, thought flowed in upon it, a wave of pain broke over her heart, and she remembered all; for remembrance, alas, is the price of reason.

"Lost! my twinnies, all lost and gone!" she whispered brokenly, with long, shuddering sobs between the words. "I look — look — look; never, never find!"

"No, no, dear," Mary answered, stroking the lines from her forehead, "not lost any more; found, Lisa, — do you understand? They are found, they are safe and well, and nobody blames you; and you are safe, too, your new self, your best self unharmed, thank God; so go to sleep, little sister, and dream happy dreams!"

Glad tears rushed from the poor child's eyes, tears of conscious happiness, and yesterday's burden rolled away from her heart as the whirring shuttles in her brain had been hushed into silence

by her long sleep. She raised her swimming eyes to Mistress Mary's with a look of unspeakable trust. "I love you!" she whispered, and, holding the flower close to her breast, she breathed a sigh of sweet content, and sank again into quiet slumber.

XII.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

It may be said in justice to Mrs. Grubb that she was more than usually harassed just at this time.

Mrs. Sylvester, her voluble next-door neighbor, who had lifted many sordid cares from her shoulders, had suddenly become tired of the "new method of mental healing," and during a brief absence of Mrs. Grubb from the city had issued a thousand embossed gilt-edged cards, announcing herself as a Hand Reader in the following terms:—

TO THE ELITE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
OF THE CITY!

I take this method of introducing myself to your kind consideration as a Hand Reader of *rare and genuine merit*; catering merely to the *Crème du le Crème* of this city. No others need apply.

Having been educated carefully and refinedly, speaking French fluently, therefore I only wish to deal with the elite of the bon-ton.

I do not advertise in papers nor at residence.
Ladies \$1.50. Gents \$2.

Yours truly,

MRS. PANSY SYLVESTER,
3 Eden Place near 4th,
Lower bell.

P. S. Pupil of S. CORA GRUBB.

Inasmuch as Mrs. Sylvester had imbibed all her knowledge from Mrs. Grubb, that prophet and scholar thought, not unnaturally, that she might have been consulted about the enterprise, particularly as the cards were of a nature to prejudice the better class of patients, and lower the social tone of the temple of healing.

As if this were not vexatious enough,

her plans were disarranged in another and more important particular. Mrs. Sylvester's manicure had set up a small establishment for herself, and admitted as partner a certain chiropodist named Boone. The two artists felt that by sharing expenses they might increase profits, and there was a sleeping thought in both their minds that the partnership might ripen into marriage, if the financial returns of the business were satisfactory. It was destined, however, to be a failure in both respects; for Dr. Boone looked upon Madame Goldmarker, the vocal teacher in number thirteen Eden Place, and to look upon her was to love her madly, since she earned seventy-five dollars a month, while the little manicure could barely eke out a slender and uncertain twenty. In such crises the heart can be trusted to leap in the right direction and beat at the proper rate.

Mrs. Grubb would have had small interest in these sordid romances had it not been that Madame Goldmarker had faithfully promised to look after Lisa and the twins, so that Mrs. Grubb might be free to hold classes in the adjoining towns. The little blind god had now overturned all these well-laid plans, and Mrs. Grubb was for the moment the victim of inexorable circumstances.

Dr. Boone fitted up princely apartments next his office, and Madame Goldmarker - Boone celebrated her nuptials and her desertion of Eden Place by making a formal *début* at a concert in Pocahontas Hall. The next morning, the neighborhood that knew them best, and many other neighborhoods that knew them not at all, received neat printed circulars thrust under the front door. Upon one side of the paper were printed the words and music of Home, Sweet Home "as sung by Madame Goldmarker-Boone at her late concert in Pocahontas Hall." On the reverse side appeared a picture of the doctor, a neat cut of a human foot, a schedule of prices, and the alluring promise that the Madame's vocal pupils

would receive treatment at half the regular rates.

Many small disputes and quarrels were consequent upon these business, emotional and social convulsions, and each of the parties concerned, from Mrs. Grubb to the chiropodist, consulted Mistress Mary and solicited her advice and interference.

This seemed a little strange, but Mistress Mary's garden was the sort of place to act as a magnet to reformers, eccentrics, professional philanthropists, and cranks. She never quite understood the reason, and for that matter nobody else did, unless it were simply that the place was a trifle out of the common, and she herself a person full of ideas, and eminently sympathetic with those of other people. Anybody could "drop in," and as a consequence everybody did,—grandmothers, mothers with babes in arms, teachers, ministers, photographers, travelers, and journalists. A Russian gentleman who had escaped from Siberia was a frequent visitor. He wanted to marry Edith and open a boarding-house for Russian exiles, and was perfectly confident of making her happy, as he spoke seven languages and had been a good husband to two Russian ladies now deceased. An Alaskan missionary, home on a short leave, called periodically and attempted to persuade Mary to return with him to his heathen. These suitors were disposed of summarily when they made their desires known, but there were other visitors, part of the flotsam and jetsam of a great city, who appeared and disappeared mysteriously,—ships passing Mistress Mary in the night of sorrow, and, after some despairing, half-comprehended signal, vanishing into the shadows out of which they had come. Sometimes, indeed, inspired by the good cheer of the place, they departed looking a little less gloomy; sometimes, too, they grew into a kind of active if transitory relation with the busy little world, and became, for the time, a part of it.

Mistress Mary went down to the street corner with the children one noon to see them safely over the crossing. There was generally a genial policeman who made it a part of his duty to stand guard there, and guide the reckless and stupid and bewildered ones among the youngsters over the difficulties that lay in their path. Sometimes he would devote himself to Atlantic and Pacific Simonson, who really desired death, though they were not spiritually fitted for it, and bent all their energies toward getting under trucks rather than away from them. Marm Lisa never approached the spot without a nervous trembling and a look of terror in her eyes, and before the advent of the helpful officer had always taken a twin by each arm, and they had gone over thus as a solid body, no matter how strong the resistance.

On this special morning there was no guardian of the peace in evidence, but standing on the crossing was a bearded man of perhaps forty years. Rather handsome he was, and well though carelessly dressed, but he stood irresolutely, with his hands in his pockets, as if quite undecided what to do next. Mary simply noted him as an altogether strange figure in the neighborhood, but the unexpected appearance of a large dog on the scene scattered the babies, and they fell on her in a weeping phalanx.

"Will you kindly help a little?" she asked after a moment's waiting, in which any chivalrous gentleman, she thought, should have flung himself into the breach.

"I?" he asked vaguely. "How do you mean? What shall I do?"

She longed to say, "Wake up, and perhaps an idea will come to you;" but she did say, with some spirit, "Almost anything, thank you. Drive the dog away, and help some of the smallest children across the street, please. You can have these two" (indicating the twins smilingly), "or the other ninety-eight,—whichever you like."

He obeyed orders, though not in a very

alert fashion, but showed a sense of humor in choosing the ninety-eight rather than the two, and Mary left him on the corner with a pleasant word of thanks and a cheery remark.

The next morning he appeared at the door of the house, and asked if he might sit awhile. He was made welcome; but it was a busy morning, and he was so silent a visitor that everybody forgot his existence.

He made a curious impression, which can hardly be described, save that any student of human nature would say at once, "He is out of relation to the world." He had something of the expression one sees in a recluse or a hermit. If you have ever wandered up a mountain side, you may have come suddenly upon a hut, a rude bed within it, and in the door a man reading, or smoking, or gazing into vacancy. You remember the look you met in that man's eyes. He has tasted life and found it bitter; has sounded the world and found it hollow; has known man or woman and found them false. Friendship to him is without savor, and love without hope.

After watching the children for an hour, the stranger slipped out quietly. Mistress Mary followed him to the door, abashed at her unintentional discourtesy in allowing him to go without a "good-morning." She saw him stand at the foot of the steps, look first up, then down the street, then walk aimlessly to the corner. There, with hands in pockets, he paused again, glancing four ways; then, with a shrug and a gait that seemed to say, "It makes no difference," he slouched away.

"He is simply a stranger in a strange city, pining for his home," thought Mary, "or else he is a stranger in every city, and has nowhere a home."

He came again a few days later, and then again, apologizing for the frequency of his visits, but giving no special reason for them. The neophytes called him "the Solitary," but the children christened him

after a fashion of their own, and began to ask small favors of him. "Thread my needle, please, Mr. Man!" "More beads" or "More paper, Mr. Man, please."

It is impossible to keep out of relation with little children. One of these mites of humanity would make a man out of your mountain hermit, resist as he might. They set up a claim on one whether it exists or not, and one has to allow it, and respond to it at least in some perfunctory fashion. More than once, as Mr. Man sat silently near the circle, the chubby Baker baby would fall over his feet, and he would involuntarily stoop to pick her up, straighten her dress, and soothe her woe. There was no hearty pleasure in his service even now. Nobody was certain that he felt any pleasure at all. His helpfulness was not spontaneous; it seemed a kind of reflex action, a survival of some former state of mind or heart; for he did his favors in a dream, nor heard any thanks; yet the elixir was working in his veins.

"He is dreadfully in the way," grumbled Edith; "he is more ever-present than my ardent Russian."

"So long as he insists on coming, let us make him supply the paternal element," suggested Rhoda. "It may be a degrading confession, but we could afford to part with several women here if we could only secure a really fatherly man. The Solitary cannot indulge in any day-dreams or trances, if we accept him as the Patriarch of the institution."

Whereupon they boldly asked him, on his subsequent visits, to go upon errands, and open barrels of apples, and order intoxicated gentlemen off the steps, and mend locks and window-fastenings, and sharpen lead-pencils, and put on coal, and tell the lady in the rear that her parrot interfered with their morning prayers by shrieking the hymns in impossible keys. He accepted these tasks without protest, and performed them conscientiously, save in the parrot difficulty, in which case he

gave one look at the lady, and fled without opening the subject.

It could not be said that he appeared more cheerful, the sole sign of any increased exhilaration of spirits being the occasional straightening of his cravat and the smoothing of his hair, — refinements of toilet that had heretofore been much neglected, though he always looked unmistakably the gentleman.

He seemed more attracted by Marm Lisa than by any of the smaller children; but that may have been because Mary had told him her story, thinking that other people's stories were a useful sort of thing to tell people who had possible stories of their own.

Lisa was now developing a curious and unexpected facility and talent in the musical games. She played the tambourine, the triangle, the drum, as nobody else could, and in accompanying the marches she invented all sorts of unusual beats and accents. It grew to be the natural thing to give her difficult parts in the little dramas of child life: the cock that crowed in the morn to wake the sleeping birds and babies, the mother bird in the nest, the spreading willow-tree in the pond where the frogs congregated, — these rôles she delighted in and played with all her soul.

It would have been laughable, had it not been pathetic, to watch her drag Mr. Man into the games, and to see him succumb to her persuasions with his face hanging out flaming signals of embarrassment. In the "Carrier Doves" the little pigeons flew with an imaginary letter to him, and this meant that he was to stand and read it aloud, as Mary and Edith had done before him.

"It seems to be a letter from a child," he faltered, and then began stammeringly, "'My dear Mr. Man'" — There was a sudden stop. That there was a letter in his mind nobody could doubt, but he was too greatly moved to read it. Rhoda quickly reached out her hand for the paper, covering his discomfiture by

exclaiming, "The pigeons have brought Mr. Man a letter from some children in his fatherland! Yes" (reading), "they hope that we will be good to him, because he is far away from home, and they send their love to all Mistress Mary's children. Was n't it pretty of the doves to remember that Mr. Man is a stranger here?"

The Solitary appeared for the last time a week before Thanksgiving Day, and he opened the door on a scene of jollity that warmed him to the heart.

In the middle of the floor was a mimic boat, crowded from stem to stern with little Pilgrim fathers and mothers trying to land on Plymouth Rock, in a high state of excitement and an equally high sea. Pat Higgins was a chieftain commanding a large force of tolerably peaceful Indians on the shore, and Massasoit himself never exhibited more dignity; while Marm Lisa was the proud mother of the baby Oceanus born on the eventful voyage of the Mayflower.

Then Mistress Mary told the story of the festival very simply and sweetly, and all the tiny Pilgrims sang a hymn of thanksgiving. The Solitary listened, with his heart in his eyes and a sob in his throat; then, Heaven knows under the inspiration of what memory, he brushed Edith from the piano-stool, and seating himself in her place, played as if he were impelled by some irresistible force. The hand of a master had never swept those keys before, and he held his hearers spell-bound.

There was a silence that could be felt. The major part of the audience were not of an age to appreciate high art, but the youngsters were awed by the strange spectacle of Mr. Man at the piano, and with gaping mouth and strained ear listened to the divine harmonies he evoked. On and on he played, weaving the story of his past into the music, so it seemed to Mistress Mary. The theme came brokenly and uncertainly at first, as his thoughts strove for expression. Then out of the bitterness and gall, the suffer-

ing and the struggle, — and was it remorse? — was born a sweet, resolute, triumphant strain that carried the listeners from height to height of sympathy and emotion. It had not a hint of serenity; it was new-born courage, aspiration, and self-mastery, — the song of “him that overcometh.”

When he paused, there was a deep-drawn breath, a sigh from hearts surcharged with feeling, and Marm Lisa, who had drawn closer and closer to the piano, stood there now, one hand leaning on Mr. Man’s shoulder and the tears chasing one another down her cheeks. “It hurts me here,” she sighed, pressing her hand to her heart.

He rose presently and left the room without a word, while the children prepared for home-going with a subdued air of having assisted at some solemn rite.

When Mistress Mary went out on the steps, a little later, he was still there.

“It is the last time! Auf wiedersehen!” he said.

“Auf wiedersehen,” she answered gently, giving him her hand.

“Have you no Thanksgiving sermon for me?” he asked, holding her fingers lingeringly. “No child in all your flock needs it so much.”

“Yes,” said Mary, “I have a sermon, but it is one with a trumpet-call, and little balm in it. Unto whomsoever anything is given, of him something shall be required.”

When he reached the corner of the street he stopped, but instead of glancing four ways, as usual, he looked back at the porch where Mistress Mary stood. She carried Jenny Baker, a rosy sprig of babyhood, in the lovely curve of her arm, Bobby Baxter clasped her neck from behind in a strangling embrace, Johnny and Meg and Billy were tugging at her apron, and Marm Lisa was standing on tiptoe trying to put a rose in her hair. Then the Solitary passed into the crowd, and they saw him in the old places no more.

XIII.

LEAVES FROM MISTRESS MARY’S GARDEN.

“We have an unknown benefactor. A fortnight ago came three bushels of flowers: two hundred little nosegays marked ‘For the children,’ half a dozen knots of pink roses for the ‘little mothers,’ a dozen scarlet carnations for Lisa, while one great bunch of white lilies bore the inscription ‘For the Mother Superior.’ Last week a barrel of apples and another of oranges appeared mysteriously, and to-day comes a note, written in a hand we do not recognize, saying we are not to buy holly, mistletoe, evergreens, Christmas tree, or baubles of any kind, as they will be sent to us on December 22. We have inquired of our friends, but have no clue as yet, further than it must be somebody who knows our needs and desires very thoroughly. We have certainly entertained an angel unawares, but which among the crowd of visitors is it most likely to be? The Solitary, I wonder? I should never have thought it, were it not for the memory of that last day, the scene at the piano, ‘the song of him that overcometh,’ and the backward glance from the corner as he sprang, absolutely sprang, on the car. There was purpose in it, or I am greatly mistaken. Mr. Man’s eyes would be worth looking into, if one could find purpose in their brown depths! Moreover, though I am too notorious a dreamer of dreams to be trusted, I can’t help fancying he went *back* to something; it was not a mere forward move, not a sudden determination to find some new duty to do that life might grow nobler and sweeter, but a return to an old duty grown hateful. That was what I saw in his face as he stood on the crossing, with the noon sunshine caught in his tawny hair and beard. Rhoda, Edith, and I have each made a story about him, and each of us would vouch for the truth of her particular

version. I will not tell mine, but this is Rhoda's; and while it differs from my own in several important particulars, it yet bears an astonishing resemblance to it. It is rather romantic; but if one is to make any sort of story out of the Solitary it must be a romantic one, for he suggests no other.

"Rhoda began her tale with a thrilling introduction that set us all laughing (we smile here when the tears are close at hand; indeed, we must smile, or we could not live): the prelude something about a lonely castle in the heart of the Hartz Mountains, and a prattling golden-haired babe stretching its arms across a ruined moat in the direction of its absent father. This was in the nature of an absurd prologue, but when she finally came to the Solitary she grew serious; for she made him in the bygone days a sensitive child and a dreamy, impetuous youth, with a domineering, ill-tempered father who was utterly unable and unwilling to understand or to sympathize with him. His younger brother (for Rhoda insists on a younger brother) lived at home, while he, the elder, spent, or misspent, his youth and early manhood in a German university. As the years went on, the relations between himself and his father grew more and more strained. Do as the son might, he could never please, either in his line of thought and study or in his practical pursuits. The father hated his books, his music, his poetry, and his artist friends, while he on his part found nothing to stimulate or content him in his father's tasks and manner of life. His mother pined and died in the effort to keep peace between them, but the younger brother's schemes were quite in an opposite direction. At this time Mr. Man flung himself into a foolish marriage, one that promised little in the shape of the happiness he craved so eagerly. (Rhoda insists on this unhappy marriage; I am in doubt about it.) Finally his father died, and on being summoned home, as he supposed, to take

his rightful place and assume the management of the estate, he found himself disinherited. He could have borne the loss of fortune and broad acres better than this convincing proof of his father's dislike and distrust, and he could have endured even that had it not befallen him through the perfidy of his brother. When, therefore, he was met by his wife's bitter reproaches and persistent coldness, he closed his heart against all the world, shook the dust of home from off his feet, left his own small fortune behind him, kissed his little son, and became a wanderer on the face of the earth.

"This is substantially Rhoda's story, but it does not satisfy her completely. She says, in her whimsical way, that it needs another villain to account properly for Mr. Man's expression.

"Would it not be strange if by any chance we have brought him to a happier frame of mind? Would it not be a lovely tribute to the secret power of this place, to the healing atmosphere of love that we try to create, — that atmosphere in which we bathe our own tired spirits day by day, re-creating ourselves with every new dawn? But whether our benefactor be the Solitary or not, some heart has been brought into new relation with us and with the world. It only confirms my opinion that everybody is at his or her best in the presence of children. In what does the magic of their influence consist? This morning I was riding down in the horse-cars, and a poor ragged Italian woman entered, a baby in her arms, and two other children following close behind. The girl was a mite of a thing, prematurely grave, serious, pretty, and she led a boy just old enough to toddle. She lifted him carefully up to the seat (she who should have been lifted herself!), took his hat, smoothed his damp curly hair, and tucked his head down on her shoulder, a shoulder that had begun its life-work full early, poor tot! The boy was a feeble, frail, ill-nourished, dirty little urchin,

who fell asleep as soon as his head touched her arm. His child nurse, having made him comfortable, gave a sigh of relief, and looked up and down the car with a radiant smile of content. Presto, change! All the railroad magistrates and clerks had been watching her over their newspapers, and in one instant she had captured the car. I saw tears in many eyes, and might have seen more had not my own been full. There was apparently no reason for the gay, winsome, enchanting smile that curved the red mouth, brought two dimples into the brown cheeks, and sunny gleams into two dark eyes. True, she was riding instead of walking, and her charge was sleeping instead of waking and wailing; but these surely were trifling matters on which to base such rare content. Yet there it was shining in her face as she met a dozen pairs of eyes, and saw in each of them love for her sweet motherly little self, and love for the 'eternal womanly' of which she was the visible expression. There was a general exodus at Brett Street, and every man slipped a piece of silver furtively into the child's lap as he left the car; each, I think, trying to hide his action from the others.

"It is of threads such as these that I weave the fabric of my daily happiness, — a happiness that my friends never seem able to comprehend; the blindest of them pity me, indeed, but I consider myself, like Mary of old, 'blessed among women.'"

Another day. — "God means all sorts of things when he sends men and women into the world. That he means marriage, and that it is the chiefest good, I have no doubt, but it is the love forces in it that make it so. I may, perhaps, reach my highest point of development without marriage, but I can never do it unless I truly and deeply love somebody or something. I am not sure, but it seems to me God intends me for other people's children, not for my own. My

heart is so entirely in my work that I fancy I have none left for a possible husband. If ever a man comes who is strong enough and determined enough to sweep things aside and make a place for himself, willy-nilly, I shall ask him to come in and rest; but that seems very unlikely. What man have I ever seen who would help me to be the woman my work helps me to be? Of course there are such, but the Lord keeps them safely away from my humble notice, lest I should die of love or be guilty of hero-worship.

"Men are so dull, for the most part! They are often tender and often loyal, but they seldom put any spiritual leaven into their tenderness, and their loyalty is apt to be rather unimaginative. Heigho! I wish we could make lovers as the book-writers do, by rolling the virtues and graces of two or three men into one! I'd almost like to be a man in this decade, a young, strong man, for there are such splendid giants to slay! To be sure, a woman can always buckle on the sword, and that is rather a delightful avocation, after all; but somehow there are comparatively few men nowadays who care greatly to wear swords or have them buckled on. There is no inspiration in trying to buckle on the sword of a man who never saw one, and who uses it wrong end foremost, and falls down on it, and entangles his legs in it, and scratches his ladye's hand with it whenever he kisses her! And therefore, these things, for aught I see, being unalterably so, I will take children's love, woman's love, and man's friendship; man's friendship, which, if it is not life's poetry, is credible prose, says George Meredith, — 'a land of low undulations, instead of Alps, beyond the terrors and deceptions.' That will fill to overflowing my life, already so full, and in time I shall grow from everybody's Mistress Mary into everybody's Mother Mary, and that will be the end of me in my present state of being."

Another day. — “My beloved work! How beautiful it is! Toniella has not brought little Nino this week. She says he is ill, but that he sits every day in the orchard, singing our songs and modeling birds from the lump of clay we sent him. When I heard that phrase ‘in the orchard,’ I felt a curious sensation, for I know they live in a tenement house; but I said nothing, and went to visit them.

“The orchard is a few plants in pots and pans on a projecting window-sill!

“My heart went down on its knees when I saw it. The divine spark is in those children; it will be a moving power, helping them to struggle out of their present environment into a wider, sunnier one, — the one of the real orchards. How fresh, how full of possibilities, is the world to the people who can keep the child heart, and above all to the people who are able to see orchards in window-boxes!”

Another day. — “Lisa’s daily lesson is just finished. It was in arithmetic, and I should have lost patience had it not been for her musical achievements this morning. Edith played the airs of twenty or thirty games, and without a word of help from us she associated the right memory with each, and illustrated it with pantomime. In some cases, she invented gestures of her own that showed deeper intuition than ours; and when, last of all, the air of the Carrier Doves was played, a vision of our Solitary must have come before her mind. Her lip trembling, she held an imaginary letter in her fingers, and, brushing back the hair from her forehead (his very gesture!), she passed her hand across her eyes, laid the make-believe note in Rhoda’s apron, and slipped out of the door without a word.

“‘Mr. Man! Mr. Man! It is Mr. Man when he could n’t read his letter!’ cried the children. ‘Why does n’t he come to see us any more, Miss Rhoda?’

“‘He is doing some work for Miss

Mary, I think,’ answered Rhoda, with a teasing look at me.

“Lisa came back just then, and rubbed her cheek against my arm. ‘I went to the corner,’ she whispered, ‘but he was n’t there; he is never there now!’

“It was the remembrance of this astonishing morning that gave me courage in the later lesson. She seems to have no idea of numbers, — there will be great difficulty there, — but she reads well, and the marvel of it is that she has various talents! She is weak, uneducated; many things are either latent or altogether missing in her as yet, and I do not know how many of them will appear, nor how long a process it will be; but her mind is full of compensations, and that is the last thing I expected. It is only with infinite struggle that she *learns* anything, though she is capable of struggle, and that is a good deal to say; but she has besides a precious heritage of instincts and insights, hitherto unsuspected and never drawn upon. It is precisely as if there had been a bundle of possibilities folded away somewhere in her brain, but hidden by an intervening veil, or crushed by some alien weight. We seem to have drawn away that curtain or lifted that weight, and the faculties so long obscured are stretching themselves and growing with their new freedom. It reminds me of the weak, stunted grass blades under a stone. I am always lifting it and rolling it away, sentimentally trying to give the struggling shoots a chance. One can see for many a long day where the stone has been, but the grass forgets it after a while, when it breathes the air and sunshine, tastes the dew and rain, and feels the miracle of growth within its veins.”

Another day. — “The twins are certainly improving a trifle. They are by no means angelic, but they are at least growing human; and if ever their tremendous energy — a very whirlwind — is once turned in the right direction, we shall see things move, I warrant you!

Rhoda says truly that the improvement cannot be seen with the naked eye; but the naked eye is not in use with us, in our work, nor indeed with the Father of Lights, who teaches us all to see truly if we will.

"The young minister has spent a morning with us. He came to make my acquaintance, shook me warmly by the hand, and — that was the last I saw of him, for he kept as close to Rhoda's side as circumstances would permit! The naked eye is all one needs to discern his motives! Psychological observations, indeed! Child study, forsooth! It was lovely to see Rhoda's freshness, spontaneity, and unconsciousness, as she flitted about like a pretty cardinal-bird. Poor young minister, whose heart is dangling at the strings of her scarlet apron! Lucky young minister, if his arm ever goes about that slender red-ribboned waist, and his lips ever touch that glowing cheek! But poor me! what will the garden be without our crimson rose?"

XIV.

MORE LEAVES.

"It has been one of the discouraging days. Lisa was willful; the twins had a moral relapse; the young minister came again, and oh, the interminable length of time he held Rhoda's hand at parting! Is it not strange that, with the whole universe to choose from, his predatory eye must fall upon my blooming Rhoda? I wonder whether the fragrance she will shed upon that one small parsonage will be as widely disseminated as the sweetness she exhales here, day by day, among our 'little people all in a row'? I am not sure; I hope so; at any rate, selfishness must not be suffered to eclipse my common sense, and the young minister seems a promising, manly fellow.

"When we have had a difficult day, I go home and sit down in my cosy corner

in the twilight, the time and place where I always repeat my *credo*, which is this:

"It is the children of this year, of every new year, who are to bring the full dawn, that dawn that has been growing since first the world began. It is not only that children re-create the world year by year, decade by decade, by making over human nature; by transforming trivial, thoughtless men and women into serious, earnest ones; by waking in arid natures slumbering seeds of generosity, self-sacrifice, and helpfulness. It is not alone in this way that children are bringing the dawn of the perfect day. It is the children (bless them! how naughty they were to-day!) who are going to do all we have left undone, all we have failed to do, all we would have done had we been wise enough, all we have been too weak and stupid to do.

"Among the thousands of tiny things growing up all over the land, some of them under my very wing, — watched and tended, unwatched and untended, loved, unloved, protected from danger, thrust into temptation, — among them somewhere is the child who will write a great poem that will live for ever and ever, kindling every generation to a loftier ideal. There is the child who will write the novel that is to stir men's hearts to nobler issues and incite them to better deeds. There is the child (perhaps it is Nino) who will paint the greatest picture or carve the greatest statue of the age; another who will deliver his country in an hour of peril; another who will give his life for a great principle; and another, born more of the spirit than the flesh, who will live continually on the heights of moral being, and dying, draw men after him. It may be I shall preserve one of these children to the race, — who knows? It is a peg big enough on which to hang a hope, for every child born into the world is a new incarnate thought of God, an ever fresh and radiant possibility."

Another day. — “Would I had the gift to capture Mrs. Grubb and put her between the covers of a book!

“It tickles Rhoda’s fancy mightily that the Vague Lady (as we call her) should take Lisa before the Commissioners of Lunacy! Rhoda says that if she has an opportunity to talk freely with them, they will inevitably jump at the conclusion that Lisa has brought *her* for examination, as she is so much the more irrational of the two! Rhoda facetiously imagines a scene in which a reverend member of the body takes Lisa aside and says solemnly, ‘My dear child, you have been wise beyond your years in bringing us your guardian, and we cannot allow her to be at large another day, lest she become suddenly violent.’

“Of late I have noticed that she has gradually dropped one club and society after another, concentrating her attention more and more upon Theosophy. Every strange weed and sucker that can grow anywhere flourishes in the soil of her mind, and if a germ of truth or common sense does chance to exist in any absurd theory, it is choked by the time it has lain there among the underbrush for a little space; so that when she begins her harvesting (which is always a long while before anything is ripe), one can never tell precisely what sort of crop was planted.

“It seems that the Theosophists are considering the establishment of a colony of Mahatmas at Mojave, on the summit of the Tehachapi Mountains. Their present habitat is the Himalayas, but there is no reason why we should not encourage them to settle in this country. The Tehachapis would give as complete retirement as the Himalayas, while the spiritual advantages to be derived from an infusion of Mahatmas into our population is self-evident. ‘Think, my sisters,’ Mrs. Grubb would say, ‘think, that our mountain ranges may some time be peopled by omniscient beings thousands of years old and still growing!’ Up to

this last aberration I have had some hope of Grubb o’ Dreams. Her giving up so many societies and meetings I thought a good sign. The house is not any tidier, but at least she stays in it occasionally. In the privacy of my own mind I have been ascribing this slight reformation to the most ordinary cause, — namely, a Particular Man. It would never have occurred to me in her case had not Edith received confidential advices from Mrs. Sylvester.

“‘We’re going to lose her, I feel it!’ said Mrs. Sylvester. ‘I feel it, and she alludes to it herself. There ain’t but two ways of her classes losing her, death and marriage; and as she looks too healthy to die, it must be the other one. She’s never accepted any special attentions till about a month ago, when the Improved Order of Red Men held their Great Council here. You see she used to be Worthy Wenonah of Pocahontas Lodge years ago, when my husband was Great Keeper of the Wampum, but she has n’t attended regularly; a woman is so handicapped, when it comes to any kind of public work, by her home and her children. I do hope I shall live long enough to see all those kind of harassing duties performed in public, coöperative institutions. She went to the Council to keep me company, mostly, but the very first evening I could see that William Burkhardt, of Bald Eagle No. 62, was struck with her; she lights up splendidly, Mrs. Grubb does. He stayed with her every chance he got during the week; but I did n’t see her give him any encouragement, and I should never have thought of it again if she had n’t come home late from one of the Council Fires at the Wigwam. I was just shutting my bedroom blinds. I tried not to listen, for I despise eavesdropping, of all things, but I could n’t help hearing her say, ‘No, Mr. Burkhardt, you are only a Junior Sagamore, and I am ambitious. When you are a Great Sachem it will be time enough to consider the matter.’”

"Mrs. Sylvester, Edith, and I agreed that this was most significant, but we may have been mistaken, according to her latest development. The 'passing away' so feelingly alluded to by Mrs. Sylvester is to be of a different sort. She has spoken mysteriously to me before of her reasons for denying herself luxuries; of the goal she expected to reach through rigid denial of the body and training of the spirit; of her longing to come less in contact with the foul magnetism of the common herd, so detrimental to her growth; but she formally announced to me in strict confidence, to-day her ambition to be a Mahatma. Of course she has been so many things that there are comparatively few left; still, say whatever we like, she has the spirit of all the Argonauts, that woman! She has been an Initiate for some time, and considers herself quite ready for the next step, which is to be a Chela. It is unnecessary to state that she climbs the ladder of evolution much faster than the ordinary Theosophist, who is somewhat slow in his movements, and often deals in centuries, or even æons.

"I did not know that there were female Mahatmas, reasoning unconsciously from the fact that an Adept is supposed to hold his peace for many years before he can even contemplate the possibility of being a Mahatma. (The idea of Grubb o' Dreams holding her peace is too absurd for argument.) There are many grades of Adepts, it seems, ranging from the 'topmost' Mahatmas down. The highest of all, the Nirmanakayas, are self-conscious without the body, traveling hither and thither with but one object, that of helping humanity. As we descend the scale, we find Adepts (and a few second-class Mahatmas) living in the body, for the wheel of Karma has not entirely revolved for them; but they have a key to their 'prison' (that is what Mrs. Grubb calls her nice, pretty body!), and can emerge from it at pleasure. That is, any really capable and en-

ergetic Adept can project his soul from its prison to any place that he pleases, with the rapidity of thought. I may have my personal doubts as to the possibilities of this gymnastic feat, but Mrs. Grubb's intellectual somersaults have been of such thoroughness and frequency that I am sure, if anybody can perform the gyration, she can! Meantime, there are decades of retirement, meditation, and preparation necessary, and she can endure nothing of that sort in this present incarnation, so the parting does not seem imminent!

"She came to consult me about Soul Haven for the twins. I don't think it a wholly bad plan. The country is better for them than the city; we can manage to get occasional news of their welfare; it will tide over the brief interval of time needed by Mrs. Grubb for growing into a Chela; and in any event, they are sure to run away from the Haven as soon as they become at all conscious of their souls, a moment which I think will be considerably delayed.

"Mrs. Grubb will not yield Lisa until she is certain that the Soul Haven colonists will accept the twins without a caretaker, but unless the matter is quietly settled by the new year I shall find some heroic means of changing her mind. I have considered the matter earnestly for many months without knowing precisely how to find sufficient money for the undertaking. My own income can be stretched to cover her maintenance, but it is not sufficient to give her the proper sort of education. She is beyond my powers now, and perhaps — nay, of a certainty, if her health continues to improve — five years of skillful teaching will make her — What it will make her no one can prophesy, but it is sure to be something worth working for. No doubt I can get the money by a public appeal, and if it were for a dozen children I would willingly do it, as indeed I have done it many times in the past.

"That was a beautiful thought of Pas-

tor Von Bodelschwingh, of the Colony of Mercy in Germany. 'Mr. Man' told me about him in one of the very few long talks we had together. He had a home for adults and children of ailing mind and body, and when he wanted a new house for the little ones, and there was no money to build or equip it, he asked every parent in Germany for a thank-offering to the Lord of one penny for each well child. Within a short fortnight four hundred thousand pennies flowed in, — four hundred thousand thank-offerings for children strong and well. The good pastor's wish was realized, and his Baby Castle an accomplished fact. Not only did the four hundred thousand pennies come, but the appeal for them stimulated a new sense of gratitude among all the parents who responded, so that there came pretty, touching messages from all sides, such as: 'Four pennies for four living children; for a child in heaven, two.' 'Six pennies for a happy home.' 'One penny for the child we never had.' 'Five pennies for a good wife.'

"Ah! never, surely, was a Baby Castle framed of such lovely timber as this! It seems as if heaven's sweet air must play about the towers, and heaven's sunshine stream in at every window, of a house built from turret to foundation-stone of such royal material. The Castle might look like other castles, but every enchanted brick and stone and block of wood, every grain of mortar, every bit of glass and marble, unlike all others of its kind, would be transformed by the thought it represented and thrilled with the message it bore.

"Such an appeal I could make for my whole great family, but somehow this seems almost a private matter, and I am sensitive about giving it publicity. My love and hope for Lisa are so great I cannot bear to describe her 'case,' nor paint her unhappy childhood in the hues it deserves, for the sake of gaining sympathy and aid. I may have to do it, but would

I were the little Cræsus of a day! Still, Christmas is coming, and who knows?

'Everywhere the Feast o' the Babe,
Joy upon earth, peace and good-will to men!
We are baptized.'

Merry Christmas is coming. Everybody's hand-grasp is warmer because of it, though of course it is the children whose merriment rings truest.

"There are just one or two things, grown up as I am, that I should like to find in the toe of my stocking on Christmas morning; only they are impalpable things that could neither be put in nor taken out of real stockings.

"Old as we are, we are most of us mere children in this, that we go on hoping that next Christmas all the delicious happenings we have missed in other Christmases may descend upon us by the old and reliable chimney route! A Santa Claus that had any bowels of compassion would rush down the narrowest and sootiest chimney in the world to give me my simple wishes. It is n't as if I were petitioning nightly for a grand house, a yacht, a four-in-hand, a diamond necklace, and a particular man for a husband; but I don't see that modesty finds any special favor with St. Nick. Now and then I harbor a rascally suspicion that he is an indolent, time-serving person, who slips down the widest, cleanest chimneys to the people who clamor the loudest; but this abominable cynicism melts into thin air the moment that I look at his jolly visage on the cover of a picture-book. Dear, fat, rosy, radiant Being! Surely he is incapable of any but the highest motives! I am twenty-eight years old, but age shall never make any difference in the number or extent of my absurdities. I am going to write a letter and send it up the chimney! It never used to fail in the long-ago; but ah! then there were two dear faithful go-betweens to interpret my childish messages of longing to Santa Claus and jog his memory at the critical time!"

XV.

"THE FEAST O' THE BABE."

It was sure to be a green Christmas in that sunny land, but not the sort of "green Yule" that makes the "fat kirk-yard." If the New Englanders who had been transplanted to that shore of the Pacific ever longed for a bracing snow-storm, for frost pictures on the window-panes, for the breath of a crystal air blown over ice-fields, — an air that nipped the ears, but sent the blood coursing through the veins, and made the turkey and cranberry sauce worth eating, — the happy children felt no lack, and basked contentedly in the soft December sunshine. Still farther south there were mothers who sighed even more for the sound of merry sleigh-bells, the snapping of logs on the hearth, the cosy snugness of a firelit room made all the snuggler by the fierce wind without: that, if you like, was a place to hang a row of little red and brown woolen stockings! And when those children on the eastern side of the Rockies, tired with resisting the Sand Man, had snuggled under the great down comforters and dropped off to sleep, they dreamed, of course, of the proper Christmas things, — of the tiny feet of reindeer pattering over the frozen crust, the tinkle of silver bells on their collars, the real Santa Claus with icicles in his beard, with red cheeks, and a cold nose, and a powder of snow on his bearskin coat, and with big fur mittens never too clumsy to take the toys from his pack.

Here the air blew across orange groves and came laden with the sweetness of opening buds; here, if it were a sunny Christmas Day, as well it might be, the children came in to dinner tired with playing in the garden; but the same sort of joyous cries that rent the air three thousand miles away at sight of hot plum pudding woke the echoes here because of fresh strawberries and loquats; and although,

in the minds of the elders, who had been born in snowdrifts and bred upon icicles, this union of balmy air, singing birds, and fragrant bloom might strike a false note at Christmastide, it brought nothing but joy to the children. After all, if it were not for old association's sake, it would seem that one might fitly celebrate the birthday of the Christ-child under sunshine as warm, and skies of the same blue as those that sheltered the heavenly Babe in old Judæa.

During the late days of October and the early days of November the long drought of summer had been broken, and it had rained steadily, copiously, refreshingly. Since then there had been day after day of brilliant, cloudless sunshine, and the moist earth, warmed gratefully through to the marrow, stirred and trembled and pushed forth myriads of tender shoots from the seeds that were hidden in its bosom; and the tender shoots themselves looked up to the sun, and, with their roots nestled in sweet, fragrant beds of richness, thought only of growing tall and green, dreamed only of the time when pink pimpurnels would bloom between their waving blades, and when tribes of laughing children would come to ramble over the hillsides. The streets of the city were full of the fragrance of violets, for the flower-venders had great baskets of them over their arms, and on every corner tempted the passers-by with the big odorous purple bunches that offered a royal gift of sweetness for every penny invested.

Atlantic and Pacific Simonson had previously known little, and Marm Lisa less, of Christmas time, but the whole month of December in Mistress Mary's garden was a continual feast of the new-born Babe. There was an almost oppressive atmosphere of secrecy abroad. Each family of children, working in the retirement of its particular corner, would shriek, "Oh, don't come!" and hide small objects under pinafores and tables when Mary, Rhoda, Edith, or Helen appeared.

The neophyte in charge was always in the attitude of a surprised hen, extending her great apron to its utmost area as a screen to hide these wonderful preparations. Edith's group was slaving over Helen's gift, Rhoda's over Edith's, and so on, while all the groups had some marvelous bit of coöperative work in hand for Mistress Mary. At the afternoon council, the neophytes were obliged to labor conscientiously on presents destined for themselves, rubbing stains off, disentangling knots, joining threads, filling up wrong holes and punching right ones, surreptitiously getting the offerings of love into a condition where the energetic infants could work on them again. It was somewhat difficult to glow and pale with surprise when they received these well-known trophies of skill from the tree at the proper time, but they managed to achieve it.

Never at any other season was there such scrubbing of paws, and in spite of the most devoted sacrifices to the Moloch of cleanliness the excited little hands grew first moist, and then grimy, nobody knew how. "It must leak out of the inside of me," wailed Bobby Baxter when sent to the pump for the third time, one morning; but he went more or less cheerfully, for his was the splendid honor of weaving a frame for Lisa's picture, and he was not the man to grudge an inch or two of skin if thereby he might gain a glorious immortality.

The principal conversation during this festival time consisted of phrases like: "I know what you're goin' to have, Miss Edith, but I won't tell!" "Miss Mary, Sally 'most told Miss Rhoda what she was makin' for her." "Miss Helen, Pat Higgins went right up to Miss Edith and asked her to help him mend the leg of his clay frog, and it's his own Christmas present for her!"

The children could not for the life of them play birds, or butterflies, or carpenter, or scissors-grinder, for they wanted to shout the livelong day, —

"Christmas bells are ringing sweet,
We too the happy day must greet;"

or, —

"Under the holly, now,
Sing and be jolly, now,
Christmas has come and the children are glad;"

or, —

"Hurrah for Santa Claus!
Long may he live at his castle in Somewhere-land!"

There was much whispering and discussion about evergreens and garlands and wreaths that were soon to come, and much serious planning with regard to something to be made for mother, father, sister, brother, and the baby; something, too, now and then, for a grandpapa in Sweden, a grandmamma in Scotland, a Norwegian uncle, an Irish aunt, and an Italian cousin; but there was never by chance any cogitation as to what the little workers themselves might get. In the happier homes among them, there was doubtless the usual legitimate speculation as to doll or drum, but here in this enchanted spot, this materialized Altruria, the talk was all of giving, when the Wonderful Tree bloomed in their midst, — the Wonderful Tree they sang about every morning, with the sweet voice

"telling its branches among
Of shepherd's watch and of angel's song,
Of lovely Babe in manger low, —
The beautiful story of long ago,
When a radiant star threw its beams so wide
To herald the earliest Christmastide."

The Tree was coming, — Mistress Mary said so; and bless my heart, you might possibly meddle with the revolution of the earth around the sun, or induce some weak-minded planet to go the wrong way, but you would be helpless to reverse one of Mistress Mary's promises! They were as fixed and as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and there was a record of their fulfillment indelibly written in the memories of two hundred small personages, — personages in whom adult caprice and flexibility of conduct had bred a tendency to

suspicion. The Tree, therefore, had been coming for a fortnight, and on the 22d It came! Neither did it come alone, for it was accompanied by a forest of holly and mistletoe, and ropes of evergreen, and wreaths and garlands of laurel, and green stars by the dozen. And in a great box, at present hidden from the children, were heaps of candles, silver and crystal baubles, powdered snowflakes, glass icicles, gilded nuts, party-colored spheres, cornucopias full of goodies, and, above all, two wonderful Christmas angels and a snow-white dove!

Neither tree, nor garlands, nor box had any hint of the donor, to the great disappointment of the neophytes. Rhoda had an idea, for Cupid had "clapped her i' the shoulder," and her intuitions were preternaturally keen just now. Mary almost knew, though she had never been in love in her life, and her faculties were working only in their every-day fashion; but she was not in the least surprised when she drew a letter from under the white dove's wing; seeing that it was addressed to her, she waited until everybody had gone, and sat under the peppertree in the deserted playground where she might read it in solitude.

"Dear Mistress Mary," it said, "do you care to hear of my life?

'Das Ewig-Weibliche,
Zieht uns hinan,'

and I am growing olives. Do you remember what the Spanish monk said to the tree that he pruned, and that cried out under his hook? 'It is not beauty that is wanted of you, nor shade, but olives.' The sun is hot, and it has not rained for many a long week, it seems to me, but the dew of your influence falls ever sweet and fresh on the dust of my daily task.

"Inclosed please find the wherewithal for Lisa's next step higher. As she needs more it will come. I give it for sheer gratitude, as the good folk gave their pennies to Pastor Von Bodelschwingh. Why am I grateful? For your exist-

ence, to be sure! I had lived my life haunted by the feeling that there was such a woman, and finally the mysterious wind of destiny blew me to her, 'as the tempest brings the rose-tree to the pollard willow.'

"Do not be troubled about me, little mother-of-many! There was once upon a time a common mallow by the roadside, and being touched by Mohammed's garment as he passed it was changed at once into a geranium; and best of all, it remained a geranium forever after.

"YOUR SOLITARY."

XVI.

CLEANSING FIRES.

It was the afternoon of the day before Christmas, and all the little people had gone home, leaving the room vacant for the decking of the Wonderful Tree. Edith, Helen, and others were perched on step-ladders, festooning garlands and wreaths from window to window, and post to post. Mary and Rhoda were hanging burdens of joy among the green branches of the tree.

The room began to look more and more lovely as the evergreen stars were hung by scarlet ribbons in each of the twelve windows, and the picture-frames were crowned with holly branches. Then Mistress Mary was elevated to a great height on a pyramid of tables and chairs, and suspended the two Christmas angels by invisible wires from the ceiling. When the chorus of admiration had subsided, she took the white dove tenderly from Rhoda's upstretched hands (and what a charming Christmas picture they made, — the eager upturned rosy face of the one, the gracious fairness of the other!), and laying its soft breast against her cheek for a moment, perched it on the topmost branch of waving green with a thought of "Mr. Man," and a hope that the blessed day might bring him a

tithe of the cheer he had given them. The effect of the dove and the angels was so electrical that all the fresh young voices burst into the chorus of the children's hymn : —

He was born upon this day
In David's town so far away,
He the good and loving One,
Mary's ever-blessed Son.
Let us all our voices lend,
For He was the children's Friend,
He so lovely, He so mild,
Jesus, blessed Christmas Child!

As the last line of the chorus floated out of the open windows, an alarm of fire sounded, followed by a jangle of bells and a rumble of patrol wagons. On going to the west window, Edith saw a blaze of red light against the sky, far in the distance, in the direction of Lone Mountain. Soon after, almost on the heels of the first, came another alarm, with its attendant clangings, its cries of "Fire!" its chatterings and conjectures, its rushing of small boys in all directions, its tread of hurrying policemen, its hasty flinging up of windows and grouping of heads therein.

The girls were too busy labeling the children's gifts to listen attentively to the confused clamor in the streets, — fires were common enough in a city built of wood; but when, half an hour after the first and second alarms, a third sounded, they concluded it must be a conflagration, and Rhoda, dropping her nuts and cornucopias, ran to the corner for news. She was back again almost immediately, excited and breathless.

"Oh, Mary!" she exclaimed, her hand on her panting side, "unless they are mistaken, it is three separate fires: one, a livery-stable and carriage-house out towards Lone Mountain; another fearful one on Telegraph Hill, — a whole block of houses, and they have n't had enough help there because of the Lone Mountain fire; now there's a third alarm, and they say it's at the corner of Sixth and Dutch streets. If it is, we have a tenement house next door; is n't that clothing-place on

the corner? Yes, I know it is; come along. Edith and Helen will watch the Christmas things."

Mary did not need to be told to "come along." She had her hat in her hand and was on the sidewalk before Rhoda had fairly finished her sentence.

They hurried through the streets, guided by the cloud of smoke that gushed from the top of a building in the near distance. Almost everybody was running in the opposite direction, attracted by the Telegraph Hill fire that flamed vermilion and gold against the gray sky, looking from its elevation like a mammoth bonfire, or like a hundred sunsets massed in one lurid pile of color.

"Is it the Golden Gate tenement house?" they asked of the neighborhood locksmith, who was walking rapidly towards them.

"No, it's the coat factory next door," he answered. "'T would n't be so much of a blaze if they could get the fire company here to put it out before it gets headway; but it's one o' those blind fires that's been sizzling away inside the walls for an hour. The folks did n't know they was afire till a girl run in and told 'em, — your Lisa it was, — and they did n't believe her at first; but it warn't a minute before the flames burst right through the plastering in half a dozen places to once. I tell you, they just dropped everything where it was and run for their lives. There warn't but one man on the premises, and he was such a blamed fool he wasted five minutes trying to turn the alarm into the letter-box on the lamp-post, 'stead of the right one alongside. I'm going home for some tools — Hullo! there's the flames coming through one corner o' the roof; that's the last o' the factory, I guess. But it ain't much loss, anyway; it's a reg'lar sweatin'-shop. They'll let it go now, and try to save the buildings each side of it, — that's what they'll do."

That is what they were doing when

Mary and Rhoda broke away from the voluble locksmith in the middle of his discourse and neared the scene of excitement. The firemen had not yet come, though it was rumored that a detachment was on the way. All the occupants of the tenement house were taking their goods and chattels out, — running down the narrow stairways with feather-beds, dropping clocks and china ornaments from the windows, and endangering their lives by crawling down the fire-escapes with small articles of no value. Men were scarce at that hour in that locality, but there was a good contingent of small shopkeepers, gentlemen-of-steady-leisure, who were on the roof pouring water over wet blankets and comforters and carpets. A crazy-looking woman in the fourth story kept dipping a child's handkerchief in and out of a bowl of water and wrapping it about a tomato-can with a rosebush planted in it. Another, very much intoxicated, leaned from her window, and, regarding the whole matter as an agreeable entertainment, called down humorous remarks and ribald jokes to the oblivious audience. There was an improvised hook-and-ladder company pouring water where it was least needed, and a zealous self-appointed commanding officer who did nothing but shout contradictory orders; but as nobody obeyed them, and every man did just as he was inclined, it did not make any substantial difference in the result.

Mary and Rhoda made their way through the mass of interested spectators, not so many here as on the cooler side of the street. There was a Babel of confusion, but nothing like the uproar that would have been heard had not part of the district's population fled to the more interesting fire, and had not the whole thing been so quiet and so lightning-quick in its progress. The whole scene now burst upon their view. A few harassed policemen had stretched ropes across the street, and were trying to keep back the rebellious ones in the

crowd who ever and anon would struggle under the line and have to be beaten back by force.

As Mary and Rhoda approached, a group on the outskirts cried out, "Here she is! 'T ain't more 'n a minute sence they went to tell her! Here she is now!"

The expected fire brigade could hardly be called "she," Mary thought, as she glanced over her shoulder, but she took advantage of the parting of the crowd, and as she made her way she heard, as in a waking dream, disjointed sentences that had no meaning at first, but being pieced together grew finally into an awful whole.

"Why did n't the factory girls bring 'em out? Did n't know they was there?"

"Say, one of 'em was saved, warn't it?"

"Which one of 'em did she get down before the roof caught?"

"No, 't ain't no such thing; the manager's across the bay; she gave the alarm herself."

"She did n't know they was in there; I bet yer they'd run and hid, and she was hunting 'em when she seen the smoke."

"Yes, she did; she dropped the girl twin out the second-story window into Abe Isaac's arms, but she did n't know the boy was in the building till just now, and they can't hardly hold her."

"She's foolish, anyhow, ain't she?"

Mary staggered beyond Rhoda to the front of the crowd.

"Let me under the rope!" she cried, with a mother's very wail in her tone, — "let me under the rope, for God's sake! They're my children!"

And at this moment she heard a stentorian voice call to some one, "Wait a minute till the firemen get here, and they'll go for him! Come back, girl, d—n you! you shan't go!"

"Wait? No! *Not* wait!" cried Lisa, tearing herself dexterously from the policeman's clutches, and dashing like a whirlwind up the tottering stairway be-

fore any one else gathered presence of mind to seize and detain her.

Pacific was safe on the pavement, but her terrified shrieks rent the air. The crowd gave a long-drawn groan, and mothers turned their eyes away and shivered. Nobody followed Marm Lisa up that flaming path of death and duty; it was no use flinging a good life after a worthless one.

"Fool! crazy fool!" people ejaculated, with tears of reverence in their eyes.

"Darling, splendid fool!" cried Mary. "Fool worth all the wise ones among us!"

"He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it!" said a pious Methodist cobbler with a patched boot under his arm.

In the eternity of waiting that was numbered really but in seconds, a burly policeman beckoned four men and gave them a big old-fashioned counterpane that some one had offered, telling them to stand ready for whatever might happen.

"Come closer, boys," said one of them, wetting his hat in a tub of water; "if we take a little scorchin' doin' this now, we may git it a little cooler in the next world!"

"Amen! Trust the Lord!" said the cobbler; and just then Marm Lisa appeared at one of the top windows with a child in her arms. No one else could have recognized Atlantic in the smoke, but Rhoda and Mary knew the round cropped head and the familiar blue gingham apron.

Lisa stood in the empty window-frame, a trembling figure on a background of flame. Her post was not at the moment in absolute danger. There was hope yet, though to the onlookers there seemed none.

"Throw him!" "Drop him!" "Let go of him!" shouted the crowd.

"Hold your jaws, and let me do the talking!" roared the policeman. "Stop your noise, if you don't want two dead children on your consciences! Keep

back, you brutes, keep back o' the rope, or I'll club you!"

It was not so much the officer's threats as simple, honest awe that caused a sudden hush to fall. There were whisperings, sighs, tears, murmurings, but all so subdued that it seemed like silence in the midst of the fierce crackling of the flames.

"Drop him! We'll ketch him in the quilt!" called the policeman, standing as near as he dared.

Lisa looked shudderingly at the desperate means of salvation so far below, and, turning her face away as much as she could, unclasped her arms despairingly, and Atlantic came swooping down from their shelter, down, down into the counterpane; stunned, stifled, choked by smoke, but uninjured, as Lisa knew by the cheers that greeted his safe descent.

A tongue of fire curled round the corner of the building and ran up to the roof towards another that was licking its way along the top of the window.

"Jump now yourself!" called the policeman, while two more men joined the four holding the corners of the quilt. Every eye was fixed on the motionless figure of Marm Lisa, who had drawn her shawl over her head, as if just conscious of nearer heat.

The wind changed, and blew the smoke away from her figure. The men on the roof stopped work, not caring for the moment whether they saved the tenement house or not, since a human life was hanging in the balance. The intoxicated woman threw a beer-bottle into the street, and her son ran up from the crowd and locked her safely in her kitchen at the back of the house.

"Jump this minute, or you're a dead girl!" shouted the officer, hoarse with emotion. "God A'mighty, she ain't goin' to jump,—she's terror-struck! She'll burn right there before our eyes, when we could climb up and drag her down if we had a long enough ladder!"

"They've found another ladder, and are tying two together," somebody said.

"The fire company's comin'! I hear 'em!" cried somebody else.

"They'll be too late," moaned Rhoda, "too late! Oh, Mary, make her jump!"

Lisa had felt no fear while she darted through smoke and over charred floors in pursuit of Atlantic, — no fear, nothing but joy when she dragged him out from under a bench and climbed to the window-sill with him, — but now that he was saved she seemed paralyzed. So still she was she might have been a carven statue save for the fluttering of the garments about her thin childish legs. The distance to the ground looked impassable, and she could not collect her thoughts for the hissing of the flame as it ate up the floor in the room behind her. Horrible as it was, she thought it would be easier to let it steal behind her and wrap her in its burning embrace than to drop from these dizzy heights down through that terrible distance, to hear her own bones snap as she touched the quilt.

"She'll burn, sure," said a man. "Well, she's half-witted, — that's one comfort!"

Mary started as if she were stung, and forced her way still nearer to the window, hoping to gain a position where she could be more plainly seen.

Everybody thought something was going to happen. Mary had dozens of friends and more acquaintances in that motley assemblage, and somehow they felt that there were dramatic possibilities in the situation. Unless she could think of something, Marm Lisa's last chance was gone: that was the sentiment of the crowd, and Mary agreed in it.

Her cape had long since dropped from her shoulders, her hat was trampled under foot, the fair coil of hair had loosened and was falling on her neck, and the steel fillet blazed in the firelight. She stepped to the quilt and made a despairing movement to attract Lisa's attention.

"Li-sa!" she called in that sweet, carrying woman's voice that goes so much farther than a man's.

The child started, and, pushing back the shawl, looked out from under its cover, her head raised, her eyes brightening.

Mary chanced all on that one electrical moment of recognition, and, with a mien half commanding and half appealing, she stretched out both her arms and called again, while the crowd held its breath: "Come to me, darling! Jump, little sister! *Now!*"

Not one second did Marm Lisa hesitate. She would have sprung into the fire at that dear mandate, and, closing her eyes, she leaped into the air as the roof above her head fell in with a crash.

Just then the beating of hoofs and jangling of bells in the distance announced the coming of the belated firemen; not so long belated actually, for all the emotions, heartbeats, terrors, and despairs that go to make up tragedy can be lived through in a few brief moments.

In that sudden plunge from window to earth Marm Lisa seemed to die consciously. The gray world, the sad world, vanished, "and the immortal light, all young and joyful, million-orbed, million-colored," beamed on her darkness. She kept on falling, falling, falling, till she reached the abysmal depths of space, — then she knew no more; and Mary, though prone on the earth, kept falling, falling, falling with her into so deep a swoon that she woke only to find herself on a friendly bed, with Rhoda, and Lisa herself, weeping over her.

At five o'clock, Mrs. Grubb, forcibly torn from a meeting and acquainted with the afternoon's proceedings, entered a lower room in the tenement house, where Mary, Rhoda, and the three children were gathered for a time. There were still a hundred people in the street, but they showed their respect by keeping four or five feet away from the windows.

The twins sat on a sofa, more quiet than anything save death itself. They had been rocked to the very centre of

their being, and looked like nothing so much as a couple of faded photographs of themselves. Lisa lay on a cot, sleeping restlessly; Mary looked pale and wan, and there were dark circles under her eyes.

As Mrs. Grubb opened the door softly, Mary rose to meet her.

"Have you heard all?" she asked.

"Yes, everything!" faltered Mrs. Grubb, with quivering lips and downcast eyelids.

Mary turned towards Lisa's bed. "Mrs. Grubb," she said, looking straight into that lady's clear, shallow eyes, "I think Lisa has earned her freedom, and I the right to ask a Christmas gift of you. Stand on the other side of the cot, and put your hand in mine. I ask you for the last time, will you give this unfinished, imperfect life into my keeping, if I promise to be faithful to it unto the end, whatever it may be?"

I suppose that every human creature, be he ever so paltry, has his hour of effulgence, an hour when the mortal veil grows thin and the divine image stands revealed, endowing him, for a brief space at least, with a kind of awful beauty and majesty.

It was Mistress Mary's hour. Her

pure, unswerving spirit shone with a white and steady radiance that illuminated Mrs. Grubb's soul to its very depths, showing her in a flash the feeble flickerings and waverings of her own trivial purposes. At that moment her eye was fitted with a new lens, through which the road to the summit of the Tehachapi Mountains and Mahatmadom suddenly looked long, weary, and profitless, and by means of which the twins were transferred from the comfortable middle distance they had previously occupied to the immediate foreground of duty. The lens might slip, but while it was in place she saw as clearly as another woman.

"Will you?" repeated Mistress Mary, wondering at her silence.

Mrs. Grubb gave one last glance at the still reproach of Lisa's face, and one more at the twins, who seemed to loom more formidably each time she regarded them; then drawing a deep breath, she said, "Yes, I will; I *will*, no matter what happens; — but it is n't enough to give up, and you need n't suppose I think it is." And taking a passive twin by either hand, she passed out of the door into the crowded thoroughfare, and disappeared in the narrow streets that led to Eden Place.

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

DUST.

"Let the Bodhisattva look upon all things as having the nature of space, — as permanently equal to space; without essence, without substantiality." — SADDHARMA-PUNDARĪKA.

I HAVE wandered to the verge of the town; and the street I followed has roughened into a country road, and begins to curve away through rice-fields toward a hamlet at the foot of the hills. Between town and rice-fields a vague unoccupied stretch of land makes a favorite playground for children. There

are trees, and spaces of grass to roll on, and many butterflies, and plenty of little stones. I stop to look at the children.

By the roadside some are amusing themselves with wet clay, making tiny models of mountains and rivers and rice-fields; tiny mud villages, also, — imitations of peasants' huts, — and little mud temples, and mud gardens with ponds and humped bridges and imitations of stone-lanterns (*tōrō*); likewise miniature cemeteries, with bits of broken stone

for monuments. And they play at funerals, — burying corpses of butterflies and *semi* (cicadæ), and pretending to repeat Buddhist sutras over the grave. To-morrow they will not dare to do this; for to-morrow will be the first day of the festival of the Dead. During that festival it is strictly forbidden to molest insects, especially semi, some of which have on their heads little red characters, said to be names of Souls.

Children in all countries play at death. Before the sense of personal identity comes, death cannot be seriously considered; and childhood thinks in this regard more correctly, perhaps, than self-conscious maturity. Of course, if these little ones were to find, some bright morning, that a playfellow had gone away forever, — gone away to be re-born elsewhere, — there would be a very real though vague sense of loss, and wiping of childish eyes with many-colored sleeves; but presently the loss would be forgotten, and the playing resumed. The idea of ceasing to be could not possibly enter a child-mind: the butterflies and birds, the flowers, the foliage, even the sweet summer itself, only play at dying; they seem to go, but they all come back again after the snow is gone. The real sorrow and fear of death arise in us only through slow accumulation of experience with doubt and pain; and these little boys and girls, being Japanese and Buddhists, will never, in any event, feel about death just as you or I do. They will find reason to fear it for somebody else's sake, but not for their own, because they will learn that they have died millions of times already, and have forgotten the trouble of it, much as one forgets the pain of successive toothaches. In the strangely penetrant light of their creed, teaching the ghostliness of all substance, granite or gossamer, — just as those lately found X-rays make visible the ghostliness of flesh, — this their present world, with its bigger mountains and rivers and rice-fields, will not ap-

pear to them much more real than the mud landscapes which they made in childhood. And much more real it probably is not.

At which thought I am conscious of a sudden soft shock, a familiar shock, and know myself seized by the idea of Substance as Non-Reality.

This sense of the voidness of things comes only when the temperature of the air is so equably related to the temperature of life that I can forget having a body. Cold compels painful notions of solidity; cold sharpens the delusion of personality; cold quickens egotism; cold numbs thought, and shrivels up the little wings of dreams.

To-day is one of those warm, hushed days when it is possible to think of things as they are, — when ocean, peak, and plain seem no more real than the arching of blue emptiness above them. All is mirage, — my physical self, and the sunlit road, and the slow rippling of the grain under a sleepy wind, and the thatched roofs beyond the haze of the rice-fields, and the blue crumpling of the naked hills behind everything. I have the double sensation of being myself a ghost and of being haunted, — haunted by the prodigious luminous Spectre of the World.

There are men and women working in those fields. Colored moving shadows they are; and the earth under them, — out of which they rose, and back to which they will go — is equally shadow. Only the Forces behind the shadow, that make and unmake, are real, — therefore viewless.

Somewhat as Night devours all lesser shadow will this phantasmal earth swallow us at last, and itself thereafter vanish away. But the little shadows and the Shadow-Eater must as certainly reappear, — must rematerialize somewhere and somehow. This ground beneath me is old as the Milky Way. Call it what

you please, — clay, soil, dust: its names are but symbols of human sensations having nothing in common with it. Really it is nameless and unnamable, being a mass of energies, tendencies, infinite possibilities; for it was made by the beating of that shoreless Sea of Birth and Death whose surges billow unseen out of eternal Night to burst in foam of stars. Lifeless it is not: it feeds upon life, and visible life grows out of it. Dust it is of Karma, waiting to enter into novel combinations, — dust of elder Being in that state between birth and birth which the Buddhist calls *Chū-Ū*. It is made of forces, and of nothing else; and those forces are not of this planet only, but of vanished spheres innumerable.

Is there aught visible, tangible, measurable, that has never been mixed with sentiency? atom that has never vibrated to pleasure or to pain? air that has never been cry or speech? drop that has never been a tear? Assuredly this dust has felt. It has been everything we know; also much that we cannot know. It has been nebula and star, planet and moon, times unspeakable. Deity also it has been, — the Sun-God of worlds that circled and worshiped in other æons. "*Remember, Man, thou art but dust!*" — a saying profound only as materialism, which stops short at surfaces. For what is dust? "*Remember, Dust, thou hast been Sun, and Sun thou shalt become again! . . . Thou hast been Light, Life, Love, and into all these, by ceaseless cosmic magic, thou shalt many times be turned again!*"

For this Cosmic Apparition is more than evolution alternating with dissolution: it is infinite metempsychosis; it is perpetual palingenesis. Those old predictions of a bodily resurrection were not falsehoods; they were rather foreshadowings of a truth vaster than all myths and deeper than all religions.

Suns yield up their ghosts of flame; but out of their graves new suns rush into being. Corpses of worlds pass all to some solar funeral pyre; but out of their own ashes they are born again. This earth must die; her seas shall be Saharas. But those seas once existed in the sun; and their dead tides, revived by fire, will wash the coasts of another and a younger world. Transmigration — transmutation: these are not fables! What is impossible? Not the dreams of alchemists and poets; dross may indeed be changed to gold, the jewel to the living eye, the flower into flesh. What is impossible? If seas can pass from world to sun, from sun to world again, what of the dust of dead selves, — dust of memory and thought? Resurrection there is, but a resurrection more stupendous than any dreamed of by Western creeds. Dead emotions will revive as surely as dead suns and moons. Only, so far as we can just now discern, there will be no return of identical individualities. The reappearance will always be a recombination of the preëxisting, a readjustment of affinities, a reintegration of being informed with the experience of anterior being. The Cosmos is a Karma.

Merely by reason of illusion and folly do we shrink from the notion of self-instability. For what is our individuality? Most certainly it is not individuality at all: it is multiplicity incalculable. What is the human body? A form built up out of billions of living entities, an impermanent agglomeration of individuals called cells. And the human soul? A composite of quintillions of souls. We are, each and all, infinite compounds of fragments of anterior lives. And the universal process that continually dissolves and continually constructs personality has always been going on, and is even at this moment going on, in every one of us. What being ever had a totally new feeling, an absolutely new

idea? All our emotions and thoughts and wishes, however changing and growing through the varying seasons of life, are only compositions and recompositions of the sensations and ideas and desires of other folk, mostly of dead people, — millions of billions of dead people. Cells and souls are themselves recombinations, present aggregations of past knittings of forces, — forces about which nothing is known save that they belong to the Shadow-Makers of universes.

Whether you (by *you* I mean any other agglomeration of souls) really wish for immortality as an agglomeration, I cannot tell. But I confess that "my mind to me a kingdom is" — not! Rather it is a fantastical republic, daily troubled by more revolutions than ever occurred in South America; and the nominal government, supposed to be rational, declares that an eternity of such anarchy is not desirable. I have souls wanting to soar in air, and souls wanting to swim in water (sea-water, I think), and souls wanting to live in woods or on mountain tops. I have souls longing for the tumult of great cities, and souls longing to dwell in tropical solitude; souls, also, in various stages of naked savagery; souls demanding nomad freedom without tribute; souls conservative, delicate, loyal to empire and to feudal tradition, and souls that are Nihilists, deserving Siberia; sleepless souls, hating inaction, and hermit souls, dwelling in such meditative isolation that only at intervals of years can I feel them moving about; souls that have faith in fetishes; polytheistic souls; souls proclaiming Islam; and souls mediæval, loving cloister shadow and incense and glimmer of tapers and the awful altitude of Gothic glooms. Cooperation among all these is not to be thought of: always there is trouble, — revolt, confusion, civil war. The majority detest this state of things; multitudes would gladly emigrate. And the wiser minority feel that they need never

hope for better conditions until after the total demolition of the existing social structure.

I an individual, — an individual soul! Nay, I am a population, — a population unthinkable for multitude, even by groups of a thousand millions! Generations of generations I am, æons of æons! Countless times the concourse now making me has been scattered, and mixed with other scattering. Of what concern, then, the next disintegration? Perhaps, after trillions of ages of burning in different dynasties of suns, the very best of me may come together again.

If one could only imagine some explanation of the Why! The questions of the Whence and the Whither are much less troublesome, since the Present assures us, even though vaguely, of Future and Past. But the Why!

The cooing voice of a little girl dissolves my reverie. She is trying to teach a child brother how to make the Chinese character for Man, — I mean Man with a big M. First she draws in the dust a stroke sloping downwards from right to left, so: —



then she draws another curving downwards from left to right, thus: —



joining the two so as to form the perfect *ji*, or character, *hito*, meaning a person of either sex, or mankind: —



Then she tries to impress the idea of this shape on the baby memory by help of a practical illustration, — probably learned at school. She breaks a slip of wood in two pieces, and manages to balance the pieces against each other at about the same angle as that made by the two strokes of the character.

"Now see," she says: "each stands only by help of the other. One by itself cannot stand. Therefore the ji is like mankind. Without help one person cannot live in this world; but by getting help and giving help everybody can live. If nobody helped anybody, all people would die."

This explanation is not philologically exact; the two strokes evolutionally standing for a pair of legs, — all that survives in the modern ideograph of the whole man figured in the primitive picture-writing. But the pretty moral fancy is much more important than the scientific fact. It is also one charming example of that old-fashioned method of teaching which invested every form and every incident with ethical significance. Besides, as a mere item of moral

information, it contains the essence of all earthly religion, and the best part of all earthly philosophy. A world priestess she is, this dear little maid, with her dove's voice and her innocent gospel of one letter! Verily in that gospel lies the only possible present answer to ultimate problems. Were its whole meaning universally felt, were its whole suggestion of the spiritual and material law of love and help universally obeyed, forthwith, according to the Idealists, this seemingly solid visible world would vanish away like smoke! For it has been written that in whatsoever time all human minds accord in thought and will with the mind of the Teacher, *there shall not remain even one particle of dust that does not enter into Buddhahood.*

Lafcadio Hearn.

SONG.

IF love were not, the wilding rose
Would in its leafy heart inclose
No chalice of perfume.

By mossy bank, in glen or grot,
No bird would build, if love were not,
No flower complacent bloom.

The sunset clouds would lose their dyes,
The light would fade from beauty's eyes,
The stars their fires consume,

And something missed from hall and cot
Would leave the world, if love were not,
A wilderness of gloom!

Florence Earle Coates.

A NIGHT AND A DAY IN SPAIN.

I.

AT THE SEVILLE FAIR.

THERE is a great family likeness in fairs. "Who pleasure follows, pleasure slays." The attempt to be amused is too bald, the machinery used too cheap; the methods are amateur methods, and not skilled ones. Certainly they have been at it generations enough in Seville to have made their fête an industry of the place, but they have not succeeded in taking it out of the family of fairs and making it something *sui generis*.

Seville is flat and hot, — they call it the frying-pan of Europe; but the fair occurs in April, when the fire may be said scarcely to have begun to crackle. I have no objection to Seville in fair-time, but to Seville's fair as a fair I have a great objection. It is nothing that prices are doubled during the time, for trams and cabs and hotels; if all this made people happy, one would not mind for once. Sixty francs a day for two people in one small room at the Hôtel de Madrid would be well spent in promoting the happiness of a nation or furthering their welfare even for three days, if they were amused. But they are not. They come year after year, and they always think they are going to be amused, I am sure. The love of such pleasure seems inborn, and the belief in its attainment dies hard.

The fair-grounds at Seville are of immense extent, — almost miles, I think. There are acres and acres of bullocks and sheep and horses, and this quarter, of course, smells very nasty, and is not picturesque, as there are no trees, but instead there is a great deal of stifling dust and trampled mud. There are several great avenues laid out, and actually built upon every year. One is a sort

of mercantile quarter, where are booths and restaurants and shows. Another is devoted to the children; cheap toys of every kind are for sale, and hundreds of whistles and trumpets wail the disappointments of as many little *bourgeois* Spaniards. There is nothing else to be bought that I heard of, nothing characteristic except things to eat, and they are of a character you do not want to eat, and naturally cannot keep.

The principal show of the place is the grand avenue where the high fashion of Seville elects to spend the afternoons and evenings of the three fair-days. Here are hundreds of what look like pasteboard houses painted yellow, without doors or glass in the windows, — decidedly pretty in design for the purpose. They vary in size, but are rather monotonous in color and form. Some of them have balconies, where pots of flowers stand and where vines have been hastily nailed up. Many of the entrances and the windows are draped with pretty chintzes, and the interiors are sometimes gracefully arranged with furniture brought out from the town, pianos, lamps, clocks, vases of flowers, etc. It must be untold trouble. Contractors put up the booths, and take them down at the end of the fair and store them till the next year, but the furniture seems to be brought by the family who lease or own the booth. We drove through the grounds the day before the fair opened, and saw men and maid servants superintending the unloading of carts, and an occasional head of a family casting anxious looks around, and evidently not enjoying *that* part of it.

All the booths are numbered; one walks along block after block of monotonous edifices where nothing seems to be going on, people sitting about and looking bored, — no *élan*, no dash, no any-

thing. Several large and handsome structures, all in the same style of architecture and colored in the same manner, are put up or rented by the fashionable clubs of the city. These are quite the centres of gayety and fashion, they say. I did not see the gayety; the fashion was probably incorporated in the persons of a few *petits maîtres* who talked with languid voices to some smartly dressed but not beaming women on sofas.

The floor of each booth is some feet above the level of the ground, so that the occupants are on a stage in full view of the masses who drive and walk past all day long, and in the evening crowd up to the very steps to look on at the "enjoyment" of their betters. The booth of the Infanta was in no sense more private than those of less important people. The publicity of the whole thing seemed to me odious, and the stereotyped machine-made houses took away all possibility of picturesqueness. I had fancied tents put up on a green field gay with flags and hangings, — Andalusian, individual, characteristic; dark-haired beauties in mantillas flitting from one to the other; Spanish lovers with lustrous eyes touching the strings of guitar, mandolin, or zither; the sound of castanets half heard; the rhythm of half-seen dancers from within; the scent of jasmine and rose filling the air; the soft glow of hanging lamps mixing with the pale light of stars; the moonbeams flickering through the trees. Seville, the home of dance and song! Ay de mi Sevilla! One more illusion gone. I have been to the home of dance and song, and what have I seen?

Our visits in the day had been depressing, but we made light of that, thinking perhaps an evening view would do away with this impression. We all alighted from the tram, and entered what I must acknowledge was a magnificent avenue of lanterns. The street was very broad and of enormous length, and it was entirely arched by strings of lamps; you

walked under a canopy that glowed, and a multitude walked with you. But in such silence! You heard the tramp of feet on the pavement as it is heard at St. Peter's on Good Friday after vespers, when there is no music, and of course no speech. A most decorous crowd it was. I admit I should have liked a little indecorum, — a street fight, even, to vary the monotony. The people were generally of the lower and middle classes, — fathers carrying babies, women trudging on behind, lads marching sulkily along, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left. I do not know how the *grand monde* got to their booths; evidently not by this splendid path of light, which we thought the best thing at the fair. The peasants did not wear costumes: the women had print skirts, and shawls and handkerchiefs over their heads; the men, the worst made common coats and trousers. Too often the girls wore cheap and gaudy hats and jackets that might have been bought in Third Avenue or the Bowery; in the length and breadth of the place, not a white cap, not a bodice, not a sabot. Two or three black Canton crape shawls, embroidered richly in old rose or yellow, worn with an air of inheritance by bare-headed peasant women, were the only suggestions of a costume that I saw. Of course the women of the better class wore mantillas, but one always counts on the peasants for color and picturesqueness in a crowd.

Well, this sad-faced multitude were only on their way to the fair. When they were actually there, perhaps they would wake up and be jocund. Not in the least. They never woke up, or did anything but pace from end to end of the long avenues, looking as if their legs ached, and as if they wished that it were time to go home. I went drearily from one tent to another, and at last I resolved to stop and centre my powers of analysis upon one booth which seemed to me about an average example of its

class. There was dancing going on, and a good many people were collected outside, looking in. So while the rest of the party moved along I sat down in a chair, for which a man promptly invited me to pay twenty centimes. Having satisfied his claims, I tried to indemnify myself by studying the Seville fair in an individual development.

The scene in the booth before me was really pathetic. What an heroic attempt to be gay, to realize the traditions of the fair! Around the sides of the room, on sofas and chairs, sat several elderly women, whose well-worn plain black silk gowns, thin hair, and awkward pose showed them to be no longer of a world where song and dance prevailed. It seemed a cruelty to bring them out of the obscure domesticity into which they fitted, and place them under this garish light. Some ungainly boys, compelled by the solemnity of the function, were wriggling uncomfortably on their chairs and casting furtive glances out at the crowd. Two pretty young girls in deep mourning sat just by the entrance; they did not disguise their ennui, for not a cavalier of any kind had come near them. Before this inspiring domestic group a dance was going on. At the piano was a woman, whose round and aged back only was presented to us, playing with vigor and spirit and in excellent time one of the Spanish dances. What vim, what determination, she put into it! They should dance, their booth should be gay. Another, of heroic mould like herself, was dancing, a woman of about thirty-five, — in her youth no doubt “a fine figger of a woman,” now, alas, rather stout; and with her a somewhat pretty little girl of twelve in white muslin. The elder dancer wore a well-fitting gown of black satin and a white lace mantilla admirably put on, fastened with a red rose in the hair and three or four on the breast. She danced remarkably well, clapping her castanets with sharp precision, moving with all the grace possi-

ble to such pronounced *embonpoint*, and catching the very spirit of the music. With eye and murmured admonition she kept her rather lax little partner up to her work. But it was such hard work, — such swimming against the current of fate, of feeling, of years! It was misplaced valor, a magnificent charge against the inevitable. It was a storming of the fortress of Pleasure, which never has been and never can be carried. Dear lady, if the gates open to you of themselves, go in and thank the gods.

“I only know ’t is fair and sweet,
’T is wandering on enchanted ground
With dizzy brow and tottering feet.”

But all must be in the nature of a gift, and not a conquest. I wanted to put my arms around that middle-aged dancer of the *Malagueñas*, to take the castanets out of her hand and tell her to go and do something that would give her some enjoyment, and I yearned to escort back to shelter those poor old black silk gowns which looked so “out of it” under the electric light. I wanted, too, to turn the boys adrift, and give them some money to buy whistles and trumpets to make all the noise they lusted, in the humbler quarters of the fair. As to the two pretty girls in black, who sat like Sally Waters, “a-wishin’ and a-waitin’ for a young man,” I longed to whisper to them to go home and sit in the chimney-corner, — or whatever answers to the chimney-corner in Andalusian homes, — and to assure them that it was down in the book of Fate he would surely come to them there.

I have never been more depressed by the mistaken efforts of my kind to be happy than I was that damp, warm night at Seville, sitting under the trees, and watching first the dancing in the booths, and then the crowd dragging past me, as if it were Weary-Foot Common they were crossing, and not the land of Beulah.

II.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

The dust lay thick on the properties of the bull-ring in Malaga, the March day on which we went through it. As the bulls do not fight their best till the spring fires their blood, it is generally late April or early May when they are brought from their wide sunny pastures to be penned in the dark *toril* for a night and a day before they are let loose in the arena. They are driven in by night from the farm where they are bred, a few miles out of the city. I am told by people who live in the Caleta (the pretty suburb of Malaga, where by the sea are many charming villas) that it is quite a thrilling sensation to hear, in the dead of night, the ringing of the bells that announce the approach of the bulls for the next day's fight. First, far in advance of the cortège, come men on horseback, carrying torches and ringing bells, to clear the way and to warn of danger. Then on a wild gallop come the bulls, — each one guarded on either side by a tame bull, — detachments of mounted picadors flanking them. The rushing cavalcade, the ringing of the bells, the torches flaring in the darkness, the shaking of the ground under the many rapid-beating hoofs, they tell me, is quite dramatic. When the bull-ring is reached, — it stands beside the sea, just outside the city limits, — there are fences which contract gradually up to the gate that leads into the toril. The wild creatures find their midnight gallop suddenly ended at this converging barrier. There is rarely any trouble in getting them in, I believe, for their guardians, the tame bulls, exert the same influence over them that shepherd dogs do over the flocks they guard. The intelligence of these animals is wonderful, and the submission of the untamed brutes of the mountains no less so. In the rare cases when a bull

has to be brought out of the arena, or when anything has gone wrong in the ring, one of these bulls will trot in and bring its refractory charge off the field in the "gently firm" manner recommended by Miss Edgeworth. He seems to need only a cap and an apron to look an old *bonne* sent to bring a kicking, mutinous child back to the nursery. It is a pity that such intelligence should be slaughtered in the shambles or sacrificed in the ring; for I suppose tame bulls and wild ones are recruited from the same ranks and are capable of the same education.

Once in the toril, they must be incarcerated in their several cells, and this I should think would be the least easy part of the programme. There are eight cells, perfectly dark but for a small latticed trap at the top. Through this, which opens on the bridge above, their keepers deal with them at a safe distance, after they are got in. The door of each is opened by a rope when his hour of fate has struck and he is to be loosed into the ring. From this bridge the keepers let down his food during the night and day that he is in his "condemned cell;" and from here, reaching down, they plunge into him the cruel long dart bearing a gay flaunting rosette which is to decorate him for his *début*, and to pique him into greater vivacity when he makes his *entrée*. I fancy the rosette is just now out of fashion: it is perhaps as bad form for a bull to wear a rosette as it was a year ago for a girl to wear a necklace. None of the bulls I saw at Seville a month later had rosettes; and a Seville bull is the glass of fashion and the mould of form.

We saw the many stalls for the poor doomed horses, and the infirmaries for the wounded ones who have escaped death at the horns of the bull in their first encounter, and who are being nursed up for a second, and it is to be hoped final one. For the managers are thrifty, and use up every shred of horseflesh

left over from fight to fight. Therefore it is best for the poor beast to be dead and done with it when once he is enlisted. We also went through the many rooms in which the properties are kept. The plumed hats of the picadors were dusty and shabby, and I hope were renovated before the season opened; the ponderous saddles and the armor of the picadors were hanging in dusty rows from the walls. The weight of one stirrup was as much as I could lift; the spears were like Goliath's, each heavy as a weaver's beam. I scarcely remember all the paraphernalia we saw, roomful after roomful. Afterward we went to the little hospital on the first floor, with its sickening array of cot-beds and medicine-chests and stretchers. Except that human nature gets used to everything, I should think it would take the heart out of all the actors on the scene to see this preparation for the possible.

But there was one provision that touched me very much: it was the chapel. A chapel in a bull-ring, — what could be more incongruous? And yet when one comes to think of it, what could be more humane, more Christian, if you will? The Church of Rome does all it can to suppress the bull-ring; it has a distinct quarrel with it. Any priest in Spain attending a bull-fight does it under penalty of excommunication. He is willfully committing a deadly sin. The best and most devout of the Catholic laity absolutely refuse to assist at these brutal scenes. But the multitude, the careless, the go-as-near-to-perdition-as-you-can-and-be-saved multitude go, and will go till Spain ceases to be Spain and the world is made over. The Church knows this, and might as well issue an edict against earthquakes as against bull-fights. But she yearns over these poor small-souled children of hers, and with a motherly care provides for them what she can of eternal safety. There shall always be a priest in attendance behind the scene at every bull-fight, to absolve

the dying, to administer the last rites, to say a word of hope, to hear a word of repentance. One remembers the hopeful epitaph on the tomb of the fox-hunting squire cut off in his sins: —

“Between the stirrup and the ground
He mercy sought and mercy found.”

I suppose the same charitable hope may cover the Andalusian as the Anglo-Saxon pleasure-seeker.

I wanted to go through the chapel, into which I could only look from the staircase leading along the bridge above the toril to the infirmary. The keeper, however, tried the door and found it locked. The chaplain, he said, had the key. It was but a poor sort of place, looking down from the stairway. There was a wooden altar, now bare of everything, and above it, in a ruddy haze, the fair face of the Blessed Virgin shone through a transparency. Poor wounded, careless liver, brought in bleeding from the arena to breathe his last breath here, how that face would shine upon him from his far-past innocent youth; how the “church-blest things” about him would bring back days of first communion and confirmation and his mother's knee! Perhaps the time between those happy days and this awful last one may not have been so very sinful as it looks to us virtuous men and women of a more enlightened sphere. There may be good-living toreadors, perhaps, according to their lights, and salvageable picadors, it is even possible. Heredity and surroundings count for a great deal in a world where not more than one in sixty thousand lives up to his highest possibility

III.

IN THE RING.

The Seville bull-ring is over two hundred years old, very well built, and whitewashed, like most things made by man's device in Spain. The bull-fight

that I saw in Seville was, I believe, the best thing that Spain could do in the way of a bull-fight. It was the third and last day of the fair. Seville is the social centre of Spain. The three days of the fair are the culmination of the social year in Seville, and the last fight is the culmination of the fair. So, logically, it was the climax of a climax, and as such it was well to have been there, if one wanted to judge favorably of bull-fights. The day was perfect. April is the loveliest month in Seville, like early June at home; neither too hot nor too cold. The whole town was gay with the fair, and all the gayest of the crowd seemed pushing their way toward the Plaza de Toros with us. There were open carriages with black-eyed women in the conventional bull-fight dress, yellow satin trimmed with black chenille fringe, and a mantilla of the same chenille on the head; there were drags and dogcarts driven by Spanish *élégants*, and filled with the *haute noblesse* of Seville; there were cabs with eager tourists in them; there were trams stopping before the entrance and disgorging crowds of flushed and hurried heads of families shepherding troops of little children in their holiday clothes; there were dark peasants, oily mechanics, servant-maids, hotel porters, pressing in at the gate where all have to enter, dividing, some above and some below, as indicated by the green or red or blue ticket that each held. There was a zeal about it all. The air and the sunshine, even, were zealous. The light breeze was full of anticipatory thrills.

We struggled up to our places in one of the best boxes; we had felt keenly afraid we were to be cheated out of it by some mysterious Spanish method. I do not know why, but travelers always are suspicious of the good faith of Spaniards; whereas generally I have found they are as dependable as other people who get their living out of the traveling public, — perhaps more so. Their

methods are stupid, and they are hot tempered and stubborn, but they seem to me honest. When we had got into our box and settled ourselves in our places, we looked around with delight. What a *coup d'œil*! Imagine the vast white rim of the building against a deep blue sky, and all the amphitheatre down to the barrier that shuts off the arena ablaze with the color that goes to the clothing and the flesh of twelve thousand people: gay fans, parasols, dresses, hats; the white shirt-fronts of men, the dark hair and pink cheeks of girls, — all with the slight movement and vibration of a living mass. And the great arena itself, what a glorious circle of color! It was a tawny, smooth ring of yellow sand of a rich and singular tint, brought from the neighboring mountains.

The wide, empty arena so resplendently colored, the massed brilliance of the throng that filled the amphitheatre from top to bottom, the white rim above that framed it, and over all the vivid blue of a cloudless sky struck me as unapproachably fine. No wonder that the Spaniard loves his bull-fight. So far it is to the credit of his eye and his taste that he does; and one extends the credit a little further. The *entrada* is beautiful. When all are wrought up to the highest point of expectancy, the gates in the barrier opposite the royal box open, and the gayly trapped procession winds in. Men on horseback with plumed hats; the matadors in their beautiful dresses; the picadors, carrying spears, riding their blindfolded horses; the gayly decorated mules, with their bells jangling; the troop of men who manage them, dressed in snow-white blouses, — all this cortège winds through the dark gateway, and delights the eyes of the throng by passing two or three times around the ring. Then a horseman rides forward out of the procession, and, with a deep obeisance, pauses before the royal box and asks for the key of the toril. The key is thrown down to him, and he

catches it in his plumed hat, which he holds out. This is the sign for all to withdraw from the ring but those who are to take part in the baiting of the bull. The mules trot off, shaking their bells, followed by their running drivers; the men on horseback withdraw, and the gates close behind them. There is a sensational silence; all eyes are fixed on the door of the toril, which differs in no way from the other doors of exit and entrance but by having a bull's head carved over it. A man goes up to it and unlocks it, and saves himself by jumping over the barrier as the wild creature rushes out from the dark cell in which he has been incarcerated for twenty-four hours. The door is quickly pulled shut from behind the barrier. Poor beast, he looks very bewildered for a moment. He tosses up his head, gazes around amazed at the strange scene and the glare of light. He catches sight of a picador across the ring, sitting motionless on his blinded horse, always headed one way. All the side of the man toward the bull is plated with armor. It is a dastardly sort of business all through. The other side is never presented to the bull, nor does the bull have the least chance to get at it. He always goes straight for the horse, with his head down, plunges his horns into the bowels of the creature, and tosses him over. The *chulos* (the apprentices) then rush forward, and, by waving flags before him, draw off his attention from the prostrate horse and the picador floundering in his heavy armor. A few moments, and this doughty knight is helped upon his legs, and if his horse is still alive and able to stand, he is put upon it and obliged to ride around the ring, to be ready for another attack as soon as the bull has dispatched the second horse, upon which he is now engaged. Something like fifteen minutes, I believe, is allotted to this part of the taurine drama. Some bulls do more rapid work than others, of course, but one may be sure

the thrifty manager will never allow more than the allotted time for the slaughter of the horses he has bought and paid for. There were fourteen killed that day, and that was rather below the average.

At the end of the fifteen minutes a bugle is sounded: some of the picadors ride away on their surviving steeds; those whose horses are killed limp away on their feet. The matadors saunter in, dainty in silk and velvet, the *chulos*, with their *banderillas* in their hands, come forward, and then the bull takes his chance of five minutes more or less of life at the hands of these tormentors. One's sympathies are all with the horses in the first act, and with the bull in the second and third acts. The skill of the men is perfect and their courage admirable, but they are twelve to one, and brain thrown in. Poor bull! He has but a sorry chance for the few minutes' longer existence that he fights for. He is doomed, but then he does not know it, *grâce à Dieu*. We saw six killed, that sunny April afternoon, — six splendid bulls, black and glossy, and with courage and intelligence that deserved a better fate.

As each is killed, the mules trot merrily in, shaking their gay bells and the red tassels with which they are bedecked, their white-bloused drivers running behind them, and the dead bull is dragged off the field, as are the dead horses. These last look such pitiful shapes when the life is gone out of them. They are generally poor beasts to begin with, but the unknown attribute which we describe as life makes them such different objects. In a moment, a rack of bones, a heap of hoofs and ribs. The bulls, too, look so poor and shapeless. What is life, after all? How much longer before the philosophers, who will not let us believe anything that we cannot understand, tell us what it is that goes out, the absence of which glazes in an instant the dead monster's eye, and

dulls the gloss of his coat, and turns the glorious contour of his limbs into deformity? We ought to know such a simple thing as that, and to understand it thoroughly, thoroughly, before we believe it.

Of the skill of the matadors one cannot say too much in praise. The hero on this occasion was Espartero. The two others, quite as skillful, perhaps, were Guerrita and Bombita. All three were the foremost men in their profession. Their nerve and their skill were as perfect as their dress, their bearing, and their grace. Guerrita was rather my favorite. He is a slender, well-made, perfectly-proportioned man of thirty-five or forty, agile as a deer, and with a deliberate grace of movement that seems to redeem the bloody work he does from some of its horrors. His features are regular, his expression is thoughtful, his face clean-shaven like a priest's. One scarcely knows whether to admire him most when vaulting over a bull in mid-career, or planting to a hair's-breadth the hidden knife in the furious creature's spine, or standing, with his *gorra de torero* in his hand, calmly bowing to the vociferous and excited multitude crowding to look down at him.

One of the dramatic moments at a bull-fight is when the matador "pledges" the bull to the chief person present. On the first day of the fair the personage was the Comtesse de Paris, and to her Espartero "pledged" the three bulls which came to his share to slaughter. He killed them all, *à merveille*, with one

stab each, and there was great acclaim. It was said the comtesse would surely send him "something very handsome." I hope she did, and that his family have it now to console themselves with, for in less than five weeks from that day he was instantly killed in the Madrid ring. People had assured me the whole thing was reduced to such a science that there was literally no danger; that the courage of the matadors was a laughable fiction; that a man was in about as much danger from a bull as a telegraph operator is from the electric current he works with. This is a very comfortable thought as you watch a bull-fight, but it is about as near to truth as a good many other thoughts with which we solace ourselves. That Espartero, the great master of his craft, died weltering in his blood in the ring where he had had so many triumphs, proves the fallacy of such a theory. Your bull is an unknown quantity. You take your chance. One brute differs from another brute in fury. The wild creatures of the mountains cannot be trained to suit your game. You have to take them as they come. Some time ago a picador was gored to death by a bull who went for *him* instead of the horse, the body of which always seems his objective point. It was found that the beast had some defect of vision, which caused him to plant his horns a foot or two higher than he meant to do. Therefore the matador takes his chance, and no doubt it adds subtly to the pleasure of the crowd to know it is so grave a one.

Miriam Coles Harris.

THE GERMAN AND THE GERMAN-AMERICAN.

I.

It is a more or less popular belief in Germany, among the well-to-do classes, that only those Germans come to our country who are incompetent to succeed at home. These classes have a happy faculty of thinking, or rather of making themselves think, that the Fatherland is in the best condition possible, and those who do not agree with them, and leave it, they consider, if not exactly *Taugenichtse*, at any rate inconsiderate grumblers. In German novels it is always the ne'er-do-well and villain who emigrate to "Amerika," and the impression they leave on the reader is that we are a nation of vagabonds and criminals. In actual life, if a man has done anything dishonorable, it is said that the only thing for him to do is to put two pistols to his head, or smuggle himself into some ship bound for our shores. A little while ago a very eminent instance of this way of looking at disgrace came up for comment. One of the main leaders in the Conservative party got himself into very serious trouble, and when the facts were made public it was discovered that, long before his arrest, at least one of his party friends had advised him to commit suicide or run away to the United States. In other words, death and exile to this country mean pretty much the same thing to the well-situated German; and in the press and in daily conversation so much is made of those who choose the latter alternative that, among people who pay no attention to what goes on in the world of the peasant and the workingman, it has become customary to look upon America as the dumping-ground of Europe's refuse population. It is useless to deny that some of our German immigrants belong to this class of people, perhaps more than we know any-

thing about; but the great majority of them — and they constitute the largest single foreign element we have — are not ne'er-do-wells, and they have not come to us because they were failures through their own fault at home.

A few years ago I took a steerage berth in the steamer Lahn, and crossed from Bremerhaven to New York with about seven hundred fellow steerage passengers. Excepting a few Russians and Poles they were all Germans, and they came from various parts of the empire. We were more than eight days at sea, and I had a very fair opportunity to get acquainted with them.

About a third of these people were without any specific occupation or trade, and called themselves *Arbeiter*, simple workmen. A few had their families with them, but the majority were strong young fellows between twenty and thirty years of age. They were leaving Germany because they believed there was a better outlook for them on this side of the water. When I asked them how much better they expected to do here than at home, they said they were looking forward to a dollar and a dollar and a half a day if they worked as common laborers, and to something like fifteen dollars and eighteen dollars a month if they went on farms, which not a few of them intended to do. They assured me that out of these wages they could save and eventually become independent, which had been impossible in the Fatherland. There they had worked for wages ranging from eighty pfennigs to a mark and three pfennigs a day, and only a few had been able to save much more than a hundred marks (twenty-five dollars) to begin life with in the New World.

More than a hundred were peasants and their families. They all had relatives and friends in this country, and

were coming to them. Each family had money enough and to spare to pay all railway expenses as well as to buy the necessary farm tools. They had left Germany because where they had farmed, mainly in the provinces of east and west Prussia, it did not pay so well as they thought it should, and they hoped to secure better farms, which their children might inherit. They were sorry that they had felt forced to leave *das liebe Vaterland*, but they were sure that it was the best thing both for them and for their children.

About a hundred and fifty were artisans and skilled laborers, such as bakers, butchers, brewers, tailors, carpenters, bookbinders, drivers, miners, locksmiths, barbers, and the like. They also were leaving Germany to better their financial condition. This was probably the main reason, but some of them were obviously too liberal minded for home institutions, and I fancy that this had something to do with their emigration. Indeed, several were loud mouthed with rebellion, calling Germany a *Polizeistaat*, and showing plainly that they were looking forward to America as a place where the police could not regulate everything they did. The most of them came from large towns; and since it is in these towns that Social Democracy is strongest, I take it that some of them had already come under its influence. I do not report this as anything to their disgrace, — for a great many so-called Social Democrats are no more Socialists, in the strict sense of the word, than the Liberals are, — but merely to show that it is not exclusively the economic cause which impels them to leave the Fatherland.

The rest of my fellow passengers were small tradespeople, servants, and a few young fellows who were runaways from the army and adventurers making their first trip into the world at large. Except the last they were all desirable immigrants, and were planning to cast in their lot for better or worse with the

people they found here. The tradespeople intended to set up shop in German communities, and the servants, mainly women and girls, were going "to work out" wherever the opportunity presented itself. The deserters and adventurers numbered only about twenty, and they had just enough money to land and live for a few days, until something turned up. The former hoped that they could get into our army, but they were determined "not to let any one bluff them;" the latter intended to look about a bit, and then go somewhere else. All they wanted was to get out into *die Ferne*, and as long as it attracted them they expected to keep moving.

The Socialist leader, Herr Bebel, remarked to me lately that our country was filling up so rapidly there would soon be no inducement for a man to come over simply to benefit his material welfare; but I feel sure that so long as Germany labors under the burdens, military and monarchical, that it does to-day, the United States can but be attractive to the poor man, and he is likely to keep on coming to us so long as we will receive him.

It is often asked, Why do we not get more educated Germans? There is a learned proletariat in Germany as well as a proletariat of common people, and one wonders at times why more of its members do not emigrate. A number of reasons account for this, and probably the main one is the greater attachment of the educated man to home institutions, but I think the risk involved in such a change keeps a great many away. There is an immense bureaucracy in the Fatherland, and if a man can once get into it he is pretty sure of at least his bread and butter for the rest of his life. I know, for instance, a school-teacher who is working in a most forlorn community in Germany for \$250 a year. Some time ago he was offered by a German community in Ohio \$750 a year and six months' notice before dismissal, if he would come over; but he did not dare to accept, be-

cause there was no chance of a pension. If he remained at home, he was sure, he said, of an annuity after he had served a certain number of years, and he preferred this certainty to the uncertainty in Ohio, although the latter might have brought him in a short time all that he would ever receive from his pension. The same thing is true in all professions in any way connected with the government. Every man looks forward to a pension, and if in the mean time he can save a little money his old age is likely to be more or less comfortable. The common workingman lacks this incentive to stay at home. Since the Bismarck insurance laws of 1890, he has, to be sure, the chance to insure himself, — indeed, he is compelled to do so; but the pension he receives is too paltry to keep him from emigrating, and that for old age is paid only after he has passed his seventieth year.

II.

To appreciate what the Germans do for our life, and we for them, it is necessary first to take note of the characteristics which are common to them in their own country. The minute they set foot on the steamer, bound for our shores, and realize that they are cut loose from all home restraints and customs, some of these characteristics are modified, and to secure a trustworthy standard of comparison one must know what they were before this change set in.

Perhaps, to an American, the most striking feature in the character of the Germans at home is their respect for law and authority. For a naturally liberal-minded people, — and their history certainly proves them to be this, — they bow down before government with a resignation that will hardly be found in any other country governed by constitutional principles, and they grant the police a power over them which to the Anglo-Saxon would be slavery. There

is hardly anything that a man can do in Germany which does not bring him in contact with the *Polizei*, and from birth to death his life is practically under their supervision and direction. This has been the custom so long that to-day it comes as easy to the Germans, while still at home, to conform to police surveillance as it does to us to fight shy of it, and only the direst provocation can array them against the powers that be. In the little revolution which took place in Berlin in 1893, for instance, when some unemployed workmen and boys went parading through the town crying for bread, their first thought was not, as it would have been with us, to take the bread where it could be found. No; they must first go to their Kaiser and tell him their woes, and so off they started for his palace. On arriving there, they cried up to his window: "O Kaiser, we are starving! Give us bread." There is something pitiful in thus crouching down before a one-man power, and it does not appeal to people on this side of the water; but I venture to say that Germany is what it is to-day, probably the least politically corrupt country in all Europe, very much because of this veneration for government and its representatives. This is what keeps the army together, the bureaucracy clean and pure, and the people governable.

Patience and perseverance are the next prominent characteristics. Germans stick to a thing that they have begun, if it is in the least practicable, until it is done, and the necessary waiting for results seems merely to confirm their resolution. The story of the philologist, who regretted on his death-bed that he had not devoted his life to the dative case, applies to the entire race. In this particular they are very different from the Irish. I have in mind an Irishman, who, after he had tried various things for about thirty-five years, suddenly made up his mind that he would be a lawyer. His education had been very

meagre, and I asked him whether he thought he was fitted for such a profession. "Oh, I guess so," he said; "my friends tell me that I've got a sarcastic tongue, and I suppose that's the main thing." He went West, and the next thing I knew he was practicing law. For a German to take up law merely because he has a sharp tongue is almost unthinkable. He does not always use good judgment in choosing a calling, nor does he often have the chance to choose it for himself, his parents managing all that in his earliest years; but when the choice is made, he sits down and grinds until he has mastered at least a specialty in his profession. It is the same among the common people. Every artisan must go through a long and tiresome apprenticeship before he can set up for himself, and even the waiter has three years to serve before he dares to take a *Quartier* of his own in the café. I remember once telling a waiter how, with us, poor lads often earn their way through college by waiting on table at summer resorts. He was dumfounded. "Why, I should think they would break everything they got hold of," he said. "I should, I know."

The Germans are also an industrious people. They work at something, men, women, and children, the whole day long; and although it is often mere puttering, they have the satisfaction of knowing that they are not idle. Even in fairly well-to-do families, if the daughter cannot marry, she goes out as governess, ladies' companion, *Kindergärtnerin*, or the like; and the day laborer simply will not marry at all unless he can rely on his wife to bring her share of money into the family exchequer. Of the laborer it is often said that he lacks intelligence to direct his industry, and much has been written about the great gulf which separates his class from those above him; but the gulf is not so much one of intelligence as of artificial class arrangement. He is wanting, it is true,

in much of the general knowledge which comes so easily to the American workman, and he is by no means so quick and acute as the latter, but his class is certainly an intelligent one. Indeed, I believe that the German is one of the very best educated workmen that we receive from Europe, and I have still to meet one unable to read and write. There are, I know, some illiterates in Germany, but they are steadily becoming fewer, and must ultimately disappear; for German law requires that every boy and girl shall attend school from the sixth to the fourteenth year, and the officials see to it that this law is rigorously enforced.

The Germans are, furthermore, an honest people. They tell, to be sure, the same conventional little lies that are told in every European country, but at heart they mean to do the right thing: and I can say this after nearly ten years' intimate experience with them in their own country. During the late unpleasantness between our country and Germany in regard to certain insurance companies, a great deal was written in the German press about the comparative honesty of German and American business men, and a German-American, who claimed to know both very well, said publicly that the simple word of the former was worth as much in every-day life as was a written contract of the latter; but this is an exaggeration. It is true that, officially, a man's word does not go so far as it does with us, but this is because the Germans have become accustomed to have everything put down in black and white. The government sets them this example, and it is the fashion to require a lawyer's affidavit in the most trivial matters. If one rents a house, for instance, a most laborious contract is drawn up, and the lessee must promise not even to introduce a dog into the house without the landlord's permission; and pretty much the same strictness prevails in all other dealings. The contract settled, however, German law punishes very se-

verely any deviation from it, and the foreigner is as thoroughly protected as the native.

Finally, the Germans are a healthy people. The men are well built and strong, and the women vigorous and energetic. Taking them as a race, I think they are better fitted for life, physically, than we are, and they seldom have to rely so much on nervous power to do their work. They are not pugilists, it is true, and they abhor our summary way of settling serious quarrels, but they are great athletes, and we are indebted to them for many of our gymnastic theories and applications. As students they endure more than we can. It is the fashion to laugh at the German student, and the *Fliegende Blätter* has made his bad points notorious; but when it comes to sitting down and grinding, as it does even to him, he has more staying power than our students can boast of; not, however, because his will or intentions are any better, but because he has a physique that permits him almost incredible concentration of mind.

Thus much for the good qualities of the Germans. If I have read them aright, the most striking are, respect for law and order, intelligence, thoroughness, perseverance, industry, honesty, and general good health. Theoretically, the German immigrants whom we get ought to have these characteristics, and in so far as they are intelligently retained here they help to make our life better. With these, however, they bring others which are not so desirable, and I must note them too.

The first characteristic, and it is the worst of all, is their view of women and the treatment they apply to them. It is said that a great many years ago, probably in the proverbial "golden age," German women enjoyed all the respect and privileges that any woman could possibly demand, and there are a number of passages in German literature which commemorate this ideal period; but no such conditions exist to-day. As I write

these words, the women throughout the Fatherland are petitioning the Reichstag, just now busied with the revision of the civil laws, to grant them privileges which American women have long enjoyed as a matter of course, but which in Germany are looked upon as dangerous innovations. The trouble is that Germany is so much a military state, and so dependent upon the maintenance of the martial spirit, that man has come to be the all-important factor in its affairs. He goes to war, and, if necessary, gives up his life for the country, and consequently, so the argument runs, must remain supreme in home and state. The woman exists merely to bear his children and keep his home in order. To think of her as the equal half in the human unit, as she is likely to become with us, is beyond his ability, and he sneers at our country as the place where men are "under the slippers" of their wives. Among the common workingmen the situation is even worse. They look upon their wives as beasts of burden, which they are entitled to work and punish at discretion; and it is not so very long ago that German law actually prescribed what punishment a man should inflict on his wife for certain offenses. An entire chapter might be written on the consequences of this low valuation of woman, but suffice it to say here that in the higher classes it makes her but little better than the dull wife that Ibsen's *Nora* represents before her revolt, and in the lower classes but little better than a woman of the street. An illegitimate child in the so-called proletariat of Germany is regarded in as commonplace a manner as a legitimate one.

It is probably also the military spirit which makes the Germans such a rough people. Taking them as a whole, there is no nation in western Europe with so little grace and gentleness, and so much clamor and boisterousness. The aristocracy has, to be sure, a certain veneer and finish, and all the world knows how

the German officer bows and scrapes, and kisses the hand of his whilom hostess; but *das Volk* — the people — are to-day what they have ever been, "shouters in battle." I can write from a full experience on this point, for I have worked and tramped with the German workingman on his own heath, and he takes the palm for unnecessary and blattant noise. At heart he is a good fellow and capable of sentiments which his outward manners belie, but he talks so loud and handles one so roughly that until one knows him well it is almost impossible to have to do with him.

The Germans are also somewhat inclined to be petty and small. They are so crowded together, and so afraid that some one will trample on their rights, that it is fairly impossible for them to overlook little things. Even to-day, with their empire united, they snap and bite at one another nearly as badly as in the days of their disintegration; and it is no hazardous prophecy to say that unless they stop it, their mighty organization will again be divided. It is in business and social life that one sees the most of this failing. When one asks them why they press small points so closely, they look indignant, and say, "Would you have me give up my rights?" It ill becomes the Germans to start a movement against the Jews, as some of them are now trying to do. There is no Gentile who possesses a greater talent for dealing with the Jews as one of them than the German.

Finally, the German is a *Gemüths-mensch*; he lives pretty much for and by his feelings. This is both a good trait and a bad one, and the German people show both sides. When it comes to a matter of justice, the German generally acts according to his feelings rather than his sense of practicality, whereas the Anglo-Saxon is more inclined to let cool judgment settle things. This is one of the main differences between these two nationalities, — the German is im-

pulsive, and the Anglo-Saxon practical. Where the German's impulsiveness does harm is where he allows it to govern his prejudices. He has a great many of these, and once formed they become an integral part of his feelings. To let one go is like parting with one of his senses.

These are the main characteristics of the Germans which, in my opinion, do not make for good in the people of our country, and in so far as they are brought over and perpetuated they have a baneful influence upon our life. Both the good traits and the bad, however, undergo a change in our civilization. It would be interesting to consider this change with a view to age and place of settlement, for these are two very important factors; but the most that I will do here is to indicate roughly some of the more noticeable general variations in character.

III.

Perhaps the most striking change of all, and one that may be observed in its beginnings, while the immigrants are still huddled together in the steerage of the ships that brought them here, is the different feeling they have about government. They have all heard that there are no legally recognized class distinctions in our country, that all men are equal before the law; and for the educated among them this change means freedom, for the laborer release and escape. In Germany they were subjects; here they hope to become citizens.

Fortunately for us, for it is not easy to manage people so suddenly transplanted from a monarchical to a republican country, they retain for a long time some of the submissiveness which was common to them in the Fatherland. They themselves express this trait by a more euphemistic term, — *Gutmüthigkeit*, good-naturedness, — but it does not meet the case. They are by training a submissive people, and the first generation of

them in a new country cannot overcome this characteristic. They try to conform to our laws, and I have failed to find among them, as a class, the vulgarly leveling democracy that is so prominent among the Irish. Although the Germans accept with eagerness our dictum that "one man is as good as another," they, more than any other of our immigrants, believe in an aristocracy of feeling; and it is this which saves them from the impertinence and self-assumption of so many who make their home with us. I have yet to meet the German-American who, because he is a free citizen, believes that no one is above him, in any sense of the word. He does not, to be sure, retain the slavish respect for *Herrschaften* that he had in his own land, and when he votes he is glad, if possible, to carry his point; but position well earned and government liberally executed impress him as much as they did in the Fatherland. Indeed, I should say that they impress him more, for he appreciates them from an entirely different point of view. At home he was compelled to bow down to them; with us he is free to reason and compromise. As a result, I think he is more of a man in our country than he was at home; he acts more on his own responsibility and intelligence, and is consequently more independent.

There are many Germans in Germany who say that their countrymen here have degenerated politically, that they have become wild and disrespectful; but I cannot agree with them. It is true that they do not kneel before Kaiser and Kaiserinn, as they did in the Fatherland, and that a great many of them would like to see these decorative figures abolished; but this is a natural consequence of contact with our institutions. Paternal governments are not desired on this side of the water, and I can see no degeneration of our German citizens in their acceptance of the general opinion.

German women are also more independent in this country than they were

at home. The man is not the almighty creature to them that he was formerly, and they think and act more on their own initiative. Indeed, I have seen them call their husbands to order in a way that in Teutonic homes would be considered treason. They also take a great deal more interest in public questions. They are still *Hausfrauen*, and consider the home their distinct field of activity, but they appreciate as they did not before the value of keeping track of things which influence it both directly and indirectly.

Physically, however, — and now I am thinking particularly of the second generation, — they are not what they were in the Fatherland. A great many of them are much handsomer, and their intelligence is often keener, but they are not so well built and vigorous. In Mr. Havlock Ellis's book on Man and Woman there is a good illustration of the change that comes over them. He gives a picture of a German peasant woman alongside that of an American, and the difference observable approaches what I would call attention to in the case of German-American women born and brought up in this country. As a class they continue more energetic than American women and can do more work, but compared with their counterparts in Germany they seem to me to have degenerated physically. The same, in a way, can be said of the men of the second generation. They lack the carriage and strength of their countrymen trained in the German army, and frequently find it necessary to rely on mere nervous energy to accomplish their work. I ought to say, however, that, as a rule, they accomplish more in a given time than men do in Germany; they are quicker and less clumsy.

Their better financial condition, furthermore, makes them less inclined to petty and small devices. This applies to men, women, and children. They are still close at times, and the Pennsylvania Dutch are notorious for this charac-

teristic; but as a race they press small points less vigorously than they did a generation or two ago. The ease with which they earn money here probably makes them also less industrious. I have not found them as keen, in America, to use every minute as they were at home, yet our greatest temptation, I think, is to rest too little. The Germans eventually ought to have a good influence on our life in this respect. There is much incentive for them to take life more easily and less seriously here than they did in the older country. Temporary failure to young men of German parentage in the United States does not mean at all what it means to the same class in Germany, where, during certain examination seasons, there is a regular epidemic of suicides simply because of failure to pass. Climate doubtless has something to do with this, but the main cause is fear that a single failure means everlasting failure. Not many Germans commit suicide in this country merely because they are plucked in a school contest. They acquire too quickly the Yankee's easy-going nature, and often to their harm. They are not so thorough and painstaking as formerly, and there is often a slouchiness in their manner which is deterioration not to be excused on the ground of Yankee simplicity. It is probably the reaction against the stiff and stereotyped deportment which was demanded of them in their own land. With all their roughness in Germany, they nevertheless must observe certain set rules of etiquette which in this country are not of first necessity, and the most of them are so anxious to become a part of us that they often overdo our freedom and joviality of manner. In Germany, for example, it is the custom among all classes for men to take off their hats to one another in the street; here this is not generally the case; and I am sorry to say that even before our German immigrants have landed they are taught manners which no country

ought to allow, least of all on the part of its officials.

Morally our Germans are a distinct improvement on those in Germany. Perhaps they are not more honest, but they are just as honest, and they are decidedly more virtuous. I have already said that the position of the women is higher, but the men are likewise purer and more respectful of sex relations. The Germans are still inferior to the Irish in this particular, and the native Americans also, I believe, but they have improved on their past to a remarkable degree. In large cities, like New York and Chicago, where they are herded together by the thousands, one may still find the laxness that is characteristic of them at home; but in the country and in all places where local influences rule they are more respectful of women and marriage than they were before they came to us. This point ought to be emphasized, for one frequently hears the remark that Germans degenerate in every way on this side of the water. Perhaps they do physically, but morally and intellectually they gain more than they lose. One notices this advance most among those who come here as children and in those who are born here. A German boy born and brought up in this country has more general ability than his prototype in the Fatherland; and although he may not learn as much as the latter, he knows better how to manipulate and turn to profit the knowledge that he does acquire. He is also more ingenious, — equal to a trying situation. In Germany the boy is always at a loss what to do when his given rules and maxims fail to meet a particular case, and he has but little talent for acting freely and independently. In this respect the German-American boy acquires superior ability to his cousins at home, and he is consequently quicker, sharper, and more versatile.

The striking thing, however, in German children born in this country is the ease and almost eagerness with which they

throw off their nationality. Except possibly the Irish, there is no other race which so quickly becomes American and anti-European. In a way the Pennsylvania Dutch are an exception to this rule, but their case is unique. Outside of Pennsylvania and in all communities where American influences predominate, the second generation of Germans give up their nationality; and in a great many instances it is impossible, try as the parents will, to have them learn their mother tongue. Indeed, there are large towns where they are ashamed, provided they have learned it, to speak German in public. It is the latest German immigrants who make up our so-called "German quarters" and wards, and it is they also whom we hear speaking German in the street.

German writers in the Fatherland complain that their countrymen thus "go back on their nationality," and claim that Germans on other soil become mere fertilizers of other races; but America gives them a better chance than this. The Pennsylvania Dutch afford pitiful evidence of what they all might have become had they refused to adapt themselves to local institutions and customs, and it is to their credit that they have made the best of the situation in which they find themselves. There is little likelihood that this situation will change; the Anglo-Saxon is supreme in America. Now and then one reads that the Germans are trying to introduce their language into schools, and it is taught even now, in certain German communities, almost on a par with English; but this effort can never lastingly influence our civilization. The time for the Germans to carry the day has passed forever, and while politicians may talk about "the German vote" or any other foreign vote, the native Americans can and will vote it down whenever they combine interests and overlook petty jealousies.

Summing up, then, the profit and loss of the Germans in our civilization, we

find the balance leans largely to substantial gains: they have greatly benefited their material welfare; they are freer and better fitted to stand alone, unpropped by paternal government; they are more practically intelligent, able, and available; and they have a development before them which in Germany could never be realized. As to their losses, they have been compelled to give up their nationality; they have lost sight of a certain refinement, which, say what we will against the Old World Germans, is characteristic of them; they pay less attention to manners and etiquette than they formerly did; and finally, they tend to value life and its winnings by a standard which, if not entirely financial, is certainly not so influenced by the ideal spirit as is noticeable in Germany.

As our country settles down more and more to a serious way of living, they will change with it, I believe, making its best qualities theirs, and reducing loss to an insignificant minimum. The benefits conferred, however, and the losses sustained have not been all on one side. We are indebted to them for good, and we have suffered from them harm, and these points deserve careful note and comment.

IV.

Our first and greatest debt to the Germans is for their help in developing our country. It is said of the common German laborer that the minute he lands he is worth to the country fully one thousand dollars. Multiply this figure by the hundreds of thousands who have come over, and it is easy to see how valuable this class alone has been to us. There are trades, such as those of the lithographer, photographer, gardener, locksmith, tailor, carpenter, and baker, in which the Germans in this country comprise fifty per cent of all who are engaged in them. As a people the Germans work more slowly than we do, and in certain branches

where quickness is necessary they are not equal to the demand, but they have contributed a steadying element to our working classes which has been most salutary. They are plodding men and women as their fathers were before them, and emigration has not revolutionized them. They have a settled expectation of lines of labor, and this tempers ambition and checks the haste to be rich which does so much to spoil not only our foreigners, but our own people.

The German peasants have also helped to make our farm life more sociable. Where they are gathered together, if only by twos and threes, there is a *Gemüthlichkeit* in their life which other nationalities, except perhaps the Scandinavians, fail to bring with them. Right here we come upon debatable ground. This special feature of German-American social life — its *Gemüthlichkeit*, an utterly untranslatable word — has become responsible, in the opinion of many, for the “beer garden” and the “Continental Sunday.” It is a question too large to discuss here, whether these institutions are the unmixed evils that our Puritan forefathers would have thought them. But thus much, I think, is true: they have the demerit of not being indigenous to our soil, and are still unprovided for in our system; consequently, the beer garden in America is not in any degree the respectable place that it is in Germany, nor is the freer American Sunday of late modern times an honorable counterpart of the universal holiday of Germany, — the day when, after church, clergymen, from Luther down to the present day, and church men and women, give themselves equally with the humbler classes to the pleasures and delights of social intercourse and mutual entertainment. In so far as the Germans have transplanted among us institutions that become themselves degenerate by the transplanting, they have done us harm; but we must

remember that the period of transition is ever a difficult, and often a dangerous one. Even had they never come among us, we must inevitably have entered upon such a period in our own life; and though their views and customs may have complicated some of its problems, they may also help us to solve them.

This brings me to consider the points where I think the Germans have been the least useful to us. I have said that we are indebted to them for developing the resources of our country, and we most assuredly are, but they have not always held fast to higher ideals than those of mere business. They lack the mixture of industry and *esprit* which, say what one will, is more or less characteristic of the native Americans, and are inclined to value life purely in dollars and cents. We ourselves, as a young and struggling nation, are not free from this same pernicious tendency, and it has not helped us to incorporate millions of foreigners, who, after all is said, have come here mainly and specifically to better their finances.

Even in his own land, at home in its spirit and institutions, the German is pessimistic toward everything that does not show signs of material profit and worth, and the dearth of material good, as he considers it, sends him to us. It is, consequently, very natural that, with improved prospects, he should give himself up to a materialism more or less gross according to his particular pursuit of gains.

Let us recognize all the good that German hands have wrought by honest toil among us, all that German love of freedom and independence has added to our own high thought along these lines, all that German hearts have cast into our common store of peace and good will, and still hold fast with firm and patriotic purpose to the finer, truer American ideal.

Josiah Flynt.

STONY-LONESOME: A STORY OF THE PROVINCES.

LYDIA'S eyes strayed over the wide, wooded valley, over the far-off rim of purple hills, and rested wistfully on the tremulous blue beyond. She laid her arms along the top of the worn gray bars, and leaned her rosy face upon her folded brown hands, and fetched a long sigh from the very bottom of her heart. And still she kept her eyes fixed on that patch of shimmering sky. How well she knew that spot, set apart from all the rest of the spacious empty heavens by two jutting shoulders of the hills! In that high notch the sky seemed, to Lydia, ever intenser and more mysterious than elsewhere. It was of a deeper, more palpitating blueness there in the dew-washed summer mornings, of a more thrilling opalescence in the hazy, heated noons, of a more ineffable golden translucency after the setting of the sun. Even at night, too, the place was marked out for her, a low star sometimes beaming like a beacon through the notch.

Presently the girl lifted her head, and impatiently threw back a loose wisp of crinkled gold-brown hair. Then she dashed a tear from her cheek.

"I wish, oh, I wish as how I could go! If only gran'mother an' gran'dad could git along without me for a spell!"

She turned, picked up her two pails, each half full of water from the spring, and started up the long, stony lane toward the house. A strong wooden hoop, once part of a molasses hogshead, encircling her a little above the knees, kept the pails from striking against her as she walked. She stepped with resolute alertness, and would not let herself look back toward that magic spot of sky. Her work at the house was calling for her.

Somewhere far beyond that spot of sky, according to her painstaking calculations and much eager study of the maps in her school geography, lay the

city of Lydia's dreams. From early childhood she had heard and read of Boston, and longed for it. Girls whom she knew, her schoolmates, shy, shabby, and awkward, had gone thither, to disappear from her view for a year or two. They had returned in glorious apparel, self-confident and glib of tongue, to dazzle down all criticism in their quiet Nova Scotian backwoods settlement. Their visits were always brief, but they left heart-burnings and discontent behind them. Lydia had it in her mind that she would never learn those bold glances and that loud chattering in Boston. Her imagination was all on fire with dreams and ambitions, which in Boston only, she thought, could ever find fulfillment. It was not lack of money that kept her, chained and fretting, on the old farm of Stony-Lonesome, as John Cassidy's place was called. She would have borrowed the little necessary cash, strong in the faith that she would be able to pay it back when she got to the Eldorado of her desires. But her grandfather and grandmother were getting old, and she was all they had to make life sweet. She felt that she was bound to stay at home. Over and over again, as she sent her very soul out toward that mysterious patch of sky, Lydia told herself that she could not purchase the satisfaction of her desire at the cost of loneliness and sorrow for the old people. But the longing in her vigorous young heart grew daily more hard to resist, while her wrestlings with the tyrannous impulse grew daily more feeble. She began to feel with remorse the approach of a day when she would be no longer able to sustain the unequal contest.

It was with a very anguish of apprehension that Lydia's grandparents watched her growing restlessness. Their fear was no mere selfish passion. The

grandmother, indeed, a gentle, motherly woman, would sit rocking in the sunny porch, and thinking, thinking, thinking, of what Stony-Lonesome would be without "Lyddy." Far worse than this, to John Cassidy, was a black horror of Boston, which lay like a nightmare on his soul. He loved Lydia with all the pent-up force of a grim, undemonstrative nature; yet the thought of his own pain at losing the sunshine of her presence hardly touched him. His dreams were racked with visions of Lydia's ruin. He had never seen a city; and he had imagination. In his eyes Boston was a sort of Babylon, where Vice, in grotesquely leering shapes (fashioned from boyish memories of an illustrated copy of the *Pilgrim's Progress*), caught openly in the streets at the white skirts of Innocence.

Lydia knew that her grandfather hated Boston with a hate that would endure no argument; and she knew that her grandmother also trembled at the name. The reason for this, however, was far indeed from her remotest guess. The old, old tragedy was at the foundation of it. Lydia's mother, grown heart-sick at eighteen with the bright desolation of Stony-Lonesome, had shaken off restraint and fled away to Boston. After two years at service there she had come back to Stony-Lonesome, broken with pain and shame, deserted by a false lover. Her mother, taking her back to her aching heart, had striven to comfort her; but her father, for three long, bitter months, had held sternly aloof from her contrition. Then, forgiving her upon her death-bed, in an agony of love and grief which she had pitifully tried to soothe, he had taken her child to his heart with a consuming devotion. To him, thenceforth, life found expression only in terms of Lydia. This was the name her dying mother had bestowed upon the child, and this, without abbreviation, John Cassidy had called her from the cradle; but the grandmother had shortened it to "Lyddy."

As for the name "Stony-Lonesome," never was appellation more apt. John Cassidy's father, an eccentric recluse, had built his house upon a hill on the remotest edge of Brine Settlement. The farm had good land attached to it, in the adjacent valley; but the long, round hill, licked naked by an ancient conflagration, was of niggard soil and thick-sown with granite boulders. The house was built so well that time appeared unwilling to try conclusions with it, and so warmly that its occupants did not suffer from its bleak situation. Low-walled and wide, rain-washed to a gray which blended with the surrounding stones, it seemed an outgrowth of the hill itself. The front door was dull yellow. At one corner arose, like a steeple, the stiff gray form of a Lombardy poplar, the only tree on the hill. At the other corner, where the ell straggled off leanly from the main house, stood a huge hog'shead to catch the rain-water from the roof. A little square of garden, sloping from the front door, and fenced with low walls of stones carefully piled, was bright with sweet-william and bachelor's-button and phlox. This patch of color took on a curious pathos from the wide severity which it so vainly strove to soften. The ample barns, which as a rule succeed in giving a certain kindly air to the bleakest scene, were hidden behind the house at Stony-Lonesome.

As Lydia, gracefully and steadily carrying her two pails of water, reached the top of the hill and turned the corner toward the kitchen door, John Cassidy lifted his eyes from his corn-hoeing in the lower field. He saw Lydia pause at the corner of the house and cast one lingering backward look across the valley toward that notch in the hills. He had watched her at this before, and had come to know what it meant. He trembled, and muttered to himself, "She's got it! The p'ison's workin' in her blood! That's what's makin' her fret so, longin' to be away to that hell on

earth. Lydia, Lydia, I'd rather see your dear young eyes shiet white an' fast in death than see ye go like your poor mother done!"

Then, with knit brows and set lips, he went on with his hoeing, till presently Lydia appeared in the kitchen door and blew a long, echoing note on the great shell which served as a dinner-horn. John Cassidy straightened his back, threw down the hoe, and started for the house; and the hired man appeared, coming from behind a copse further down the valley.

The hired man sat down at the dinner-table along with Mr. and Mrs. Cassidy and Lydia. His name was Job. A pair of kind but shrewd blue eyes twinkled under his pale and bushy eyebrows, giving an alert look to his otherwise heavy face, which was round, red, and hairless. After shoveling a huge quantity of fish and potatoes into his mouth, using his knife for the purpose, he stopped for breath.

"Jim Ed Barnes come by as I was workin' in the back lot this forenoon," said he.

"What did Jim Ed have to say for himself?" asked Lydia.

"He was tellin' me," answered Job, "how fine his sister Ellen was hittin' it off in Bawston."

Mr. and Mrs. Cassidy looked at each other. The old man's face paled slightly, while his wife made a hasty effort to change the subject.

"Did he say how his mother's leg was gittin'?" she inquired, with an excellent assumption of eagerness on her large, gentle face.

But Lydia interrupted. "What's she doing, Job? And how is she gitting along? And how does she like it in Bawston?" she queried breathlessly.

"Why," said Job, "she's got to be forewoman in a big millin'ry store. She was always neat-fingered, y' know, an' took natural to that kinder thing. An' now she's makin' money, I reckon!

Why, Jim Ed says as how she sent home two hundred dollars yesterday, to help pay off the mortgage on their place."

The potato which he was eating became to John Cassidy as dry as sawdust, and stuck in his throat. He heard Lydia burst out with the cry he had so long been dreading.

"Oh, gran'dad, oh, gran'mother," she pleaded, "if only I could go for a little spell an' try it! I know I could do well, — I feel it in me, — an' I'd so love to help you pay off that mortgage on Stony-Lonesome that gives you so much bother every year!"

Seeing their faces of denial, she would not give them time to speak, but went on hastily: "An' I'd come back every summer, for sure! Oh, it will break my heart to leave you, I know; but my heart seems just bursting to go, too. An' you both know I'd come back when you got old an' needed me; an' then I'd stay with you always!"

"Lyddy, Lyddy," exclaimed her grandmother in a quivering voice, "don't we need you now, an' all the time? Think what it would be for us if you took away the only sunshine that's left for us in Stony-Lonesome? As fur the mortgage, it ain't nothing!"

But John Cassidy turned to the man. "What do you know," he asked harshly, "of the awful dangers, an' the scarlet iniquities, an' all the wrongs an' woes that crushes the soul in a city? How fur have ye ever been from Brine Settlement?"

"No furdur 'n Halifax, Mr. Cassidy," said Job cheerfully, "'cept maybe round the world onc't or twic't, when I was a lad an' followed the sea!"

He paused in pardonable triumph; but as John Cassidy had no answer on his tongue, he went on: "An' I've found human natur' pretty much the same everywhere. I reckon 't ain't no worse in Bawston than in Brine Settlement, all in all!"

"You know," began Lydia excitedly,

"now, while you an' gran'dad have each other, an' so well an' strong, and — and — young, in fact, now 's the time for me to go" —

But at this point the look in her grandfather's face stopped her right short, her sentence dangling weakly in the air. Could he be a little — just a little — "touched" on the subject of Boston? she wondered. At least, she would drop the subject for the present, and await a more auspicious hour for resuming it. As she came to this conclusion, her grandmother spoke again.

"You're so young yet, Lyddy. Surely you can stay a bit longer in the old nest. Hain't the old folks got some claim on you yet?" she pleaded.

And Lydia, still glancing furtively and uneasily at her grandfather's face, replied: "Yes, dear. We won't talk any more about it now, — not this summer at all," she added, with sudden resolution, followed by a sigh.

John Cassidy could not trust himself to speak on the subject, so he proceeded to give Job directions about the afternoon's work. Dinner was done, and Lydia set herself to clearing the table.

John Cassidy wandered aimlessly about the kitchen, cutting his tobacco and filling his black clay pipe, till Lydia, having mixed a dish of potatoes and corn meal, went out to feed a coop of chickens back of the barn. Then he stood still in front of his wife.

"Oh, John, how are we goin' to keep her to home without makin' her feel as how she's in a prison?" moaned Mrs. Cassidy, rocking herself to and fro.

"That's the trouble, Marthy," said he slowly. "I can't bear to make her feel that way. An' she sees other girls goin'! An' oh, the rovin' spirit's in her blood! We must git her more books, an' let her go round more an' have a good time. I hain't quite understood her in the past, maybe."

"But she'll want to go next winter, John. An' we'll have to let her go, or

she'll git to hate Stony-Lonesome an' fret herself to death."

"I'll see her dead," said John Cassidy slowly through white lips, "afore I'll let her go!" Then the fire smouldered down in his heart, and he went on: "But we'll try to wean her from it, Marthy; an' maybe God'll help us. He did n't help us much the other time, about Maggie, but maybe he'll hear us now. There's that organ the agent over to the Corners was tryin' to sell me. We'll git it. Lydia's been wantin' one this long time."

He stopped abruptly as Lydia came in with the empty dish. Putting a light to his pipe, he went out at once. Lydia had caught his last words, and now she saw her grandmother's eyes red and swollen. Her heart was torn with divided emotions. She was angry at the idea of being bribed, like a child, to give up what she looked upon as her serious ambitions. She told herself that the young had a right, a sacred right, to carve out their fortunes; and she was full of the idea that she had talents, — of just what nature she was hardly yet quite sure. At the same time, she loved her grandparents more deeply even than she herself suspected; and now, realizing as she had never done before the pain which she would cause them by her going, she shrank at the thought of it. She did think of it, however, nearly all that night; and rising in the morning, dull-eyed, from a sleepless pillow, she told her grandparents that for a whole year, at least, she would say no more of Boston. Their joy was an illumination to her. A gladder sunshine seemed to stream down upon Stony-Lonesome, and she heard her grandfather whistling like a boy over his work in the corn-field. For days she herself had a calm, contented spirit, and turned her eyes no more to the notch in the hills.

It could not be expected that this contentment, reached so abruptly, should prove lasting. In a few weeks the

young girl felt again the sting of the old restlessness. But she would not let it appear. In the autumn, when several girls of her acquaintance went away, full of sanguine enthusiasm, the gnawing fever in her veins grew almost intolerable. She fought it with a resolution which might have reassured John Cassidy as to her moral fibre; but it took its revenge by stealing from her cheeks the color and round young curves. The old people noted this, and grieved over it, and redoubled their furtive efforts to amuse her. Lydia wept at night over the struggle, but succeeded, after a time, in cultivating a cheery lightness of manner that deceived and relieved her grandparents. All through the spring and summer they grew more and more happily reassured; and all the time, under the restraint which she had put upon herself, the fire in Lydia's heart gathered heat.

At last, with the next coming of the fall, and the going of the birds, and the aching unrest which troubles the blood when the days grow short and chill with the diminishing year, Lydia could bear it no longer. She cried out to them one day, with a sudden storm of tears, that she must go away; that they must let her go for a little while, to come back to Stony-Lonesome in the spring. The poor little house of cards which the old people had been building all summer came straightway to the ground in piteous ruin.

John Cassidy said nothing. The look upon his face cut Lydia to the heart, but she hardened herself to meet it. It had been his rule, in bringing the girl up, to cross her wishes but rarely, and then with a finality that left no more to say. Now he shrank from entering into a direct conflict with her will. That his positive command would keep her at home, at least for the present, he knew; but he feared the ultimate result. With haggard eyes he gazed at Lydia for a few moments; then rose and went out.

His wife set herself despairingly, with tears, and tender entreaties, and arguments which Lydia had already threshed over and over in her own mind, to turn the girl from her purpose. But Lydia was now in the full torrent of reaction from her long self-control, and neither argument nor entreaty could touch her. She fled to her own room, her handkerchief reduced to a wet and crumpled ball, her eyes red and angry. Throwing herself on her face upon the bed, she tried hard to fix her mind on such details as what clothes she would take with her and what time she would get away. She thought and thought, but her grandfather's haggard eyes kept thrusting themselves between her and her plans, till she sprang up and set herself feverishly to an examination of her wardrobe.

Downstairs Mrs. Cassidy sat rocking to and fro, dropping hot tears upon the gray woolen sock which she was knitting. In her heart was a dark, half-realized phantom of a fear that her husband, in his anger, might do something dreadful to Lydia. She remembered that sudden, awful threat which had been wrung from him; and though she had lived with him these forty years, she did not even yet know the tenderness of his rugged heart. She trembled, and waited for what might happen.

John Cassidy came in, an hour later, and got his coat. He had harnessed up his old driving horse, and was going in to the Corners, — "to do an arr'nd," he said, in answer to his wife's query. In fact, he felt that he would have to get away from Stony-Lonesome in order to think clearly. He was bewildered by the problem which confronted him. But it was an unheard-of thing for him to go in to the Corners without taking Lydia along. The girl watched him from the window as the wagon went jolting down the lane, and read his bitterest rebuke in this solitary departure. It made her feel as if she were suddenly thrust

out of his life. A keen foretaste of homesickness came over her.

As John Cassidy, with bent head and hands that scarcely felt the reins they held, moved along the quiet country road, his thoughts fell over one another in harassing confusion. At last, however, a definite purpose began to take shape. What if he should — quietly kill himself? If he were to throw himself from the wagon over some steep bank, on the way home that night, the world, or at least Brine Settlement, would call it an accident. And then Lydia would never have the heart to leave her widowed grandmother alone. John Cassidy shook at the thought, for he was a religious man, of the strictest sect of the Baptists. But after all, what, to him, was his own soul compared with Lydia's? He would take hell itself gladly, if thereby he might pluck Lydia from the brink. By the time he approached the Corners he had about made up his mind. He was planning the details minutely; and while this awful purpose, this incomparable heroism, was revolving in his brain, passers-by saw only a gray and weary-looking man bent over the reins, his eyes so fixed upon his horse's head that he hardly returned their salutations.

Still scrutinizing the dread burden in his heart, he went as usual to the post-office, and then to the village grocery for a bag of "feed." He tested the feed as critically, and questioned the price as frugally (gaining a few cents of discount because of a musty spot in the bag), as if he were just going home to fodder the cattle and make a hearty meal of buckwheat cakes. As he passed out of the shop, between a pile of codfish on one side and a dark-streaked molasses hog's-head on the other, one of the group of men who occupied the counters and biscuit-boxes remarked to him, "I hear Lyddy's talkin' of goin' to Bawston this winter!"

John Cassidy glared blankly at the speaker, and went on without replying.

When he was out of earshot a buzz of talk arose, and the old unhappy story of Lydia's mother was repeated, with many rustic embellishments.

But of the question and the questioner John Cassidy thought not at all. Just as he was getting into the wagon a new idea flashed upon his mind, and at once his whole plan fell to pieces. It occurred to him that if he were gone Lydia would soon coax her grandmother away to Boston. The cold sweat came out upon his forehead, as he saw how near he had been to throwing away his own soul, while, in the very act, thrusting Lydia onward to a swifter ruin.

As he drove slowly along out of the village and into the wide, twilight country, his head drooped lower over the reins. It was characteristic of the measureless unselfishness of the man that now, though having, as he truly believed, just escaped with his soul, he was not glad. His brain lay dumb as a log in the blackness of dejection.

The country road was winding and variable, with here a swampy hollow and there a rocky steep. At last the moon came up, red, full, and distorted, and stared John Cassidy in the face. The jogging horse, the lean, high wagon, and the bent form on the seat cast grotesquely dancing shadows behind them. The naked stumps and rampikes cast other shadows, which pointed straight at John Cassidy in solemn stillness and with strange unanimous meaning. The wagon reached a spot where the road was narrow, with a little bridge and a steep bank on one side. John Cassidy's face lit up. He stopped the horse, and looked down at the confusion of stones some six or eight feet below, with a rivulet prattling thinly just beyond them.

"If I kind of drop myself over there," said he meditatively, "I ain't goin' to run no great resk o' killin' myself. No, sir! It'll break an arm or a leg, maybe, or put a shoulder out o' j'int,—enough to lay me up, that's all. With her grand-

father a cripple," — here he winced, and looked around as if some one else had spoken the hated word in his ear, — "with me a cripple, I say," he repeated obstinately, "Lydia could n't never think of goin' away."

He got out of the wagon, told the horse to go home, and struck him lightly with the whip. The animal looked around in wonder, and then obediently set forward, leaving his master standing by the roadside in the uncertain light.

"Even if I kin hold her back a year or so," mused John Cassidy, still looking down at the stones, "it's worth the while. She'll have sense, will Lydia, when she gits a little older. I wonder, now, if Job'll git the potatoes in all right 'thout my help, an' not mix the upland crop with them from the wet medder field?"

Now that he saw his way clear to the rescue of Lydia, the farmer's natural anxieties about the harvest again seized upon John Cassidy's mind; but only for an instant; the next he let himself topple over the bank, half turning back as he fell, and clutching nervously at a wayside bush. The bush gave way at once, and he dropped heavily among the stones. In an instant he was on his feet again, staring around in a dazed way, and wondering how it was that he could stand up. Jumping to the conclusion that the fall had done him no injury, he made a start as if to climb back and try it again. But his knees failed, and he ground his teeth with a sudden pervading anguish, while the red moon seemed to reel and totter amid the tree-tops. Then consciousness faded from his brain.

Meanwhile the old horse had joggled faithfully homeward. The reins, slipping from the dashboard, trailed along the ground, till the horse turned in at the lane of *Stony-Lonesome*. Just then they caught and held on a projecting root, and the horse at once stopped. Half an

hour later Job came down the lane to fetch water from the spring, and found the horse standing there patiently with the empty wagon behind him.

Job saw at once that something serious had happened. He ran perhaps a hundred yards along the road; then, realizing that he would be likely to need help, he sped back to the house for Lydia. Fearing to alarm Mrs. Cassidy, he asked the girl to take a step down the lane with him, it being such an "uncommon fine night." She was on the point of an abrupt refusal, when she caught the grave and anxious meaning in his eyes.

"All right, Job," said she, with a sudden vague apprehension. "I'll git my hat an' come right along."

She ran after the man, and overtook him halfway down the lane. "What's the matter?" she asked breathlessly.

Job pointed to the horse and empty wagon, plainly visible a few rods below.

"Where is he?" she gasped, clutching at Job's arm.

"Back along the road somewheres, likely," said Job. "I thought as how I might need help to lift him."

Lydia tried to question further, but the voice died in her aching throat, and she hurried on beside the man in stunned silence. A succession of dreadful forebodings flashed through her mind. She kept repeating to herself that she had killed her grandfather. Then they came to the wagon. Job turned the horse. She climbed to the wagon-seat, and sat with her fingers twisting and untwisting, as Job drove rapidly back along the road to the Corners.

The moon was higher and whiter now, and every object along the roadside stood out sharply. They came to the little bridge. They stopped, and cried out as with one voice when they saw John Cassidy's whip lying in the road. Then they sprang out of the wagon, and Lydia was down the bank in an instant, she knew not how. Kneeling in the edge

of the stream, which she noticed not at all, she raised her grandfather's bleeding face to her bosom.

"Oh, he's alive! He breathes!" she cried in a high, breaking voice to Job, who was stooping over her.

When the old man had been carried home and laid in his own bed, he was still unconscious. Mrs. Cassidy, white and stern and tearless, took everything out of Lydia's hands, and astonished the girl by her swift energy and readiness. After what seemed weeks of waiting the doctor came. Having found a broken shoulder, he set it, and then announced that unless there was concussion of the brain the patient would almost certainly recover, though but slowly. Upon this Mrs. Cassidy went into another room, where she could not hear her husband's heavy breathing, and threw her apron over her face.

She had sat there for perhaps half an hour, when Lydia stole in to try and comfort her; but she turned on the girl bitterly. She was no longer the dotting grandmother, but the grief-stricken wife, fierce at the pain which Lydia had caused her husband. By that deep intuition which may at times, we know not how, illumine a woman's heart, she saw that Lydia had been in some way the cause of the accident. And Lydia saw it, too, though there appeared to be no reasonable ground for such a conclusion. A few bitter words from the resentful woman, and Lydia also knew what had been so tenderly hidden from her, — the story of her mother's ruin. With bowed head and bleeding heart she crept back to her grandfather's bed, and crouched down beside it with her face buried in the quilt.

For days John Cassidy's life hung upon a thread. He was delirious most of the time, and seeing Lydia's bright head so continually hanging over his pillow, his

wanderings for the most part concerned themselves with her. From scattered phrases of his delirium and half-formed mutterings and appeals which wrung her soul, Lydia learned how little of accident there had been in the stroke which had overthrown her grandfather.

This knowledge, uncovering to her as it did the deeps of his devotion, pierced her with a pang that was not all pain. The remorseful anguish of it was lightened by the thought of such love enfold-ing her. This thought was like balm to the shame which had burned her spirit ever since that cruel revelation of her grandmother's. Under the scorching experiences of those grievous days Lydia's nature ripened.

On an afternoon of Indian summer, one of those days when winter, though close at hand, seems to have fallen asleep and forgotten his purpose, Lydia stood again by the bars with her two pails of spring water. She gazed across the wide country to the mysterious notch in the hills. The patch of sky, melting in an indescribable violet haze, looked nearer than ever before, but it drew her not as before. She looked at it with a sort of pensive tenderness, the indul-gence which one gives to a dream out-grown. Then she went back to the house, and presently up to her grandfather's bedside.

As she leaned over him, John Cassidy opened sane eyes and looked at her. The sickness had left his brain. Lydia gave a little sob of joy, fell on her knees, and dropped her face to the pillow beside his.

"Grandfather," she said, "I don't want any more to go away. I am going to live here always."

The tone, as much as the words, contented him. With a smile he moved his lips against her face for a moment, and then fell softly into a healing sleep.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF BRET HARTE.

SHE came out of the kitchen in starched gingham that shed about her a faint aroma of buckwheat cakes. She showed me the rooms that she had to let: one between the formal parlor and the informal dining-room, with its single window framed in roses, red and white; and one at the top of the stairs, under the sloping roof, and not bigger than a big box; it had a skylight that lifted like a lid, and there the air and the light and the dust sifted in. It was a cosy nook and well enough lighted, but all that the eye could feast on was the fleckless, fathomless blue of the stark California sky, — and one must needs have lain on one's back to do that comfortably. I thought of Chatterton, and aspiring song, and hope deferred, and pinching poverty, and other picturesque but depressing things, and I said, "I'll take the room below, with the window under the rose-drift, and the blue-figured wall-paper."

Then we turned from the skylighted locker, and descended into an atmosphere permeated with the mingled odors of kitchen and parlor.

When I came in, that evening, and met the landlady at dinner, she said, half reproachfully, "I thought perhaps you'd like that room upstairs because it used to be Frank Harte's."

It must have been in the year 1854 that Francis Bret Harte, at the age of fifteen, went to California with his widowed mother. It was now nine years later, and he had achieved a local reputation as poet and prose writer. He was doubtless turning his couplets when he was an occupant of the sky parlor, tucked under the eaves of this old-fashioned house that stood in the southern part of Oakland, California, not far from the water-front facing the Alameda marshes.

In 1860 my father rented a broad, low-roofed bungalow in another part of

Oakland, and, as a family, we rejoiced there for a season. A modest colonnade surrounded this summer home, and it stood beneath a noble tree, the largest live-oak in all Oakland. On two sides of the garden was a whitewashed fence made of laths laid close together in a small diamond-pattern. As young Harte's fame began to spread and the interest in his personal history became general, we learned that at one time he had lived in that bungalow, and that the fence was the work of his hands. Had relic-hunters been forewarned in season it would have vanished betimes.

Those were the halcyon days before California had become a health resort and been "railroaded" to the depths of the commonplace. Oakland was a kind of wildwood or wilderness; there was but a single street in it worthy of the name, — a broad, sandy trail that parted the grove in the middle; and even in this trail one had to turn out for a tree now and again, or for a deliberate cow with her dolorous bell, or for a recumbent goat. Beyond Oakland the comparatively naked and unexplored lands spread far and wide into the foot-hills; and there the adventurous were out of sight of hall and hovel, their feet sheathed in Mexican stirrups, musical but murderous spurs of gigantic circumference at their heels, and their shoulders overshadowed by broad-brimmed sombreros. Usually it was the solitary horseman who went thither, scenting the still, hot air of spicy cañons, toiling over the brazen hills from camp to camp, and finding them as active as if it were flood-tide on market-day. Then, and later, at San Rafael, the bulls fought bravely on its saint's day, and the click of the castanet was heard in the land.

San Francisco was unique: all the color-lines were down; gilded vice, seated

upon her tinsel throne, was visible from the pavement, and in some cases infamy might truly have been called splendid; the drone of the hurdy-gurdy, the gay fandango, the Celestial players of fantan, were heard and seen on every side: and all these, Bret Harte, in the dew of his youth, saw, searched into, and assimilated. Like the Argonaut, the forty-niner, he became a part of the land itself, and a very living part of the life of the land. It is fortunate for us who knew California of old, and love to revive memories of the past, that he came when he came, saw what he saw, and conquered as he unquestionably did conquer, and held fast the very spirit, if not the letter, of that Golden Age. The spirit is the poetry, the letter is the prose of it all. Only a poet can paint the picturesque. California was picturesque once upon a time; the life there and then was delightful, audacious, perhaps at times devilish; there was not much repose in camp or town, but there was enough and to spare in the wide verandas of the sun-baked haciendas and in the attenuated vistas of the mission cloisters.

It was a lucky fate that drove Bret Harte afield when he was all eyes, when his wits were wide awake, and he had a healthy, youthful thirst for adventure. Fate made of him for a time a country schoolmaster, and some of the finely finished studies he has given us are the direct results of that experience; it lured him to learn the printer's trade; he sat in the seat of the scornful, — a village editor; he was an express messenger in the mountains when the office was the target of every lawless rifle in the territory; he was glutted with adventurous experiences; he bore a charmed life. Probably his youth was his salvation, for he ran a thousand risks, yet seemed only to gain in health and spirits; and all the while he was unconsciously accumulating the most precious material that could fall to the lot of a writer, — the lights and shadows, the color, the details of

a life unique, as brief as it was brilliant, and one never to be lived again under the sun or stars.

Because he saw all there was of poetry and romance in that singular life, and has reproduced it poetically and romantically, he has been accused of exaggeration by some of those who knew the life he pictures. But they did not know it as he knew it; they did not see the same side of it, — the more interesting, the pictorial side. Theirs was quite another point of view: very much that was peculiar to it — that which in many cases made it singular and a law unto itself — was partly or wholly lost to them; its most attractive elements were unnoted by them. Mr. Harte refers, in one of his prefaces, to an unknown early master who somewhat naively depicted the miner's life in a series of paintings. I well remember them, although it is an age since they disappeared from the public eye. This artless artist knew that life; he saw its pathetic humor, its humorous pathos, its tragic fun, its comic tragedy, but his earnest and no doubt honest endeavors to reproduce these features were not wholly successful. Nor has any artist or any writer of whom I have knowledge succeeded as Bret Harte has succeeded in revivifying them. If he portrays only their pictorial or poetical or romantic features, all the better; the commonplace we have always with us, and it was no more tolerable then than it is now.

The vicissitudes of Bret Harte were destined to become his stock in trade, and when he returned to San Francisco, and somehow drifted into the composing-room of the then famous paper, *The Golden Era*, he naturally began to contribute to its columns. *The Golden Era* was the cradle and the grave of many a high hope, — there was nothing to be compared with it that side of the Mississippi; and though it could point with pride — it never failed to do so — to a

somewhat notable list of contributors, it had always the fine air of the amateur, and was most complacently patronizing. The very pattern of paternal patronage was amiable Joe Lawrence, its editor. He was an inveterate pipe-smoker, a pillar of cloud as he sat in his editorial chair, first-floor front, on the south side of Clay Street below Montgomery; an air of literary mystery enveloped him. He spoke as an oracle, and I remember his calling my attention to a certain anonymous contribution, just received, and nodding his head prophetically; for he already had his eye on its fledgeling author, a young compositor on the floor above. It was Bret Harte's first appearance in *The Golden Era*, and doubtless Lawrence encouraged him as he encouraged me when, out of the mist about him, he handed me — secretly and with a glance of caution, for his business partner, the marble-hearted, sat at his ledger not far away — he handed me a folded paper on which he had written this startling legend: "Write some prose for *The Golden Era*, and I will give you a dollar a column." I had not yet outgrown a bad habit of verse-making, had never been paid a farthing for anything I had published, and the brightening prospect dazzled and confounded me.

Before Bret Harte ceased to write for *The Golden Era* he had gained sufficient self-confidence to sign his contributions "B" or "Bret." M'liss was first printed in those columns, and Joe Lawrence was filled with Olympian laughter when he exhibited a handsome specially designed woodcut heading which he had ordered for the charming tale. Mark Twain and Prentice Mulford became known through the columns of *The Golden Era*; Joaquin Miller wrote for it from the backwoods depths of his youthful obscurity.

On May 28, 1864, the first number of *The Californian* was issued by Charles Henry Webb, its editor and proprietor. This was the famous weekly of which

W. D. Howells, in an article on Mark Twain, has said: —

"I think Mr. Clemens has not mentioned his association with that extraordinary group of wits and poets, of whom Mr. Bret Harte, Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, Mr. Charles Henry Webb, and Mr. Prentice Mulford were, with himself, the most conspicuous. These ingenuous young men, with the fatuity of gifted people, had established a literary newspaper in San Francisco, and they brilliantly coöperated to its early extinction."

The first article that appeared in *The Californian* was *Neighborhoods I Have Moved From, By a Hypochondriac. No. One*. It was followed by *The Ballad of the Emeu*. Each is Bret Harte's, and both are unsigned. The *Condensed Novels*, which he began in *The Golden Era*, were continued in *The Californian*. To that highly interesting periodical he contributed many poems, grave and gay, sketches, essays, editorials, and book reviews; some of the latter were clever bits of verse. Occasionally one finds the name "Francis Bret Harte," or perhaps "Bret," or only "H," attached to a piece of prose or verse; many of his contributions are unsigned, and much of the admirable work he did then is now of no avail on account of its purely local and ephemeral character.

In July, 1868, when *The Overland Monthly* was founded, Bret Harte became its editor. Mr. Rounseville Wildman, the editor of *The Overland Monthly, New Series*, has recently written: "When Anton Roman made up his mind to establish a monthly magazine in connection with his publishing and bookselling business, he did so with the advice of Noah Brooks, Charles Warren Stoddard, B. B. Redding, W. C. Bartlett, and others, for most of whom he had already published books. When the question of a suitable editor arose, Stoddard recommended Bret Harte, then an almost unknown writer on *The Golden*

Era, at that time a popular weekly. Bret Harte accepted with some misgivings as to financial matters, but was reassured when Roman showed him pledges of support by advertising patronage up to nine hundred dollars a month, which he had secured in advance." In the August number of that magazine appeared *The Luck of Roaring Camp*. If Mr. Harte had been in doubt as to his vocation before, that doubt was now dispelled forever. Never was a more emphatic or unquestionable literary success. That success began in the composing-room, when a female compositor revolted at the unaccustomed combination of mental force, virility, and originality. No doubt it was all very sudden and unexpected; it shook the editorial and composing rooms, the business office, and a limited number of worthy people who had seen *The Luck* in manuscript, as they had never been shaken save by the notorious Californian earthquake. The climax was precipitated when the justly indignant editor, whose motives, literary judgment, and good taste had been impeached, declared that *The Luck of Roaring Camp* should appear in the very next number of *The Overland Monthly*, or he would resign his office. Wisdom finally prevailed: the article appeared; *The Overland's* success was assured, and its editor was famous.

The rocket reputation is usually as brief as it is brilliant. Count them on your fingers, the successful first books that have attracted notice enough to turn the head of a man of genius. Where are they now, the writers and their books? The writers have written themselves out, and their books are forgotten. Probably, in spite of the fact that the best books may be neglected, their fate was well deserved.

Perhaps no one knows just why success comes when it comes; yet the question is not so difficult as why it is so long coming, and why in some cases it never comes at all.

That Bret Harte worked for his success there is no doubt. I knew him best when he was editor of *The Overland Monthly*; I saw much of him then. Fortunately for me, he took an interest in me at a time when I was most in need of advice, and to his criticism and his encouragement I feel that I owe all that is best in my literary efforts. He was not afraid to speak his mind, and I know well enough what occasion I gave him; yet he did not judge me more severely than he judged himself. His humor and his fancy were not frightened away even when he was in his severest critical mood. Once, when I had sent him some verses for approval, he wrote:—

"The Albatross is better, but not best, which is what I wanted. And then you know Coleridge has prior claim on the bird. But I'll use him unless you send me something else; you can, an you like, take this as a threat.

"In *Jason's Quest* you have made a mistake of subject. It is by no means suited to your best thought, and you are quite as much at sea in your mythology as Jason was. You can do, have done, and must do better. Don't waste your strength in experiments. Give me another *South Sea Bubble*, a prose tropical picture, with the Cannibal, who is dead, left out."

I am sure that the majority of the contributors to *The Overland Monthly*, while it was edited by Bret Harte, profited, as I did, by his careful and judicious criticism. Fastidious to a degree, he could not overlook a lack of finish in the manuscript offered him. He had a special taste in the choice of titles, and I have known him to alter the name of an article two or three times in order that the table of contents might read handsomely and harmoniously.

One day I found him pacing the floor of his office in the United States Branch Mint; he was knitting his brows and staring at vacancy,—I wondered why. He was watching and waiting for a word,

the right word, the one word of all others to fit into a line of recently written prose. I suggested one; it would not answer; it must be a word of two syllables, or the natural rhythm of the sentence would suffer. Thus he perfected his poem. Once when he had taken me to task for a bit of careless work, then under his critical eye, and complained of a false number, I thought to turn away his wrath by a soft answer: I told him that I had just met a man who had wept over a certain passage in one of his sketches. "Well," said Harte, "I wept when I wrote it!"

Towards the close of the first year of *The Overland Monthly*, when I was in the Hawaiian Islands, I received a letter from Bret Harte, in which he said:

"The Overland marches steadily along to meet its fate, which will be decided in July, but how I know not. Decency requires that you should be present in prose or poetry at these solemn moments, so send along your manuscript.

"You do not want my advice; I should give you none that I would take myself. But you have my love already; and whether you stay with the bananas or return to beans, or whatever you do, short of arson or Chinese highway robbery, which are inartistic and ungentelemanly, I am, etc.

"P. S. Speaking of arson, I had forgotten Nero. Accompanied by a fiddle or a lyre, it might be made poetical."

For some time after Bret Harte began his editorial work on *The Overland Monthly* he continued to fulfill the duties of a secretary in the United States Branch Mint at San Francisco. He was now a man with a family: the resources derived from literature were uncertain and unsatisfactory. His influential friends paid him cheering visits in the gloomy office where he leavened his daily loaves; and at his desk, between the exacting pages of the too literal ledger, many a couplet cropped out, and the outlines of now famous sketches were

faintly limned. His friends were few, but notable; society he ignored in those days. He used to accuse me of wasting my substance in riotous visitations, and thought me a spendthrift of time. He had the precious companionship of books, and the lives of those about him were as an open volume, wherein he read curiously and to his profit. Had he not a genuine love of children, he could not have written *The Luck of Roaring Camp*. His understanding and appreciation of childhood, and all that pertains to its embryo world, he must have developed in his own home. The joys and griefs of infancy illuminate such *genre* studies as *A Venerable Impostor*, *A Boys' Dog*, *Surprising Adventures of Master Charles Summerton*, *On a Vulgar Little Boy*, *Melons*.

Bret Harte was not yet thirty when *The Luck* captured and comforted the hungry heart of *Roaring Camp*, and that *Camp* the heart of all the world. Yet his success never once agitated him. He did not value *The Heathen Chinee*, and seemed to deplore the emotional interest it excited; I believe he sought consolation in the knowledge that rash enthusiasm is necessarily ephemeral. His reputation was founded upon a basis of solid worth; even the sensational success of *The Heathen Chinee* could not endanger it. Its establishment was sudden, one might almost say instantaneous; for parallels, I recall at this moment *Waverley* and *The Pickwick Papers*.

That his success was genuine and just has been proved again and again by the repeated successes that have followed and are still following. In the new and complete edition of Bret Harte's works, now in press, there are fourteen volumes, containing nearly or quite six thousand pages. Apart from the collected poems, grave and gay, filling one of these volumes, there are one hundred and sixty titles of sketches in prose: some of these are the names of novels, or longer tales, that have already appeared in one or two

volumes each; the great majority of them are studies of life on the Pacific coast, though New England, Old England, and older Germany have in turn furnished the author with other backgrounds. Of all these studies, it is safe to assert that not one is an acknowledged failure, though they necessarily vary in interest, in artistic merit, and in popularity. The greatest successes have ever been, and most likely will ever be where, the scene is laid on California soil, and the characters are Californians of the pioneer and early native types. Inasmuch as Mr. Harte's greatest achievements are in the portrayal of these types, and Mr. Rudyard Kipling's in the comparatively untried fields of modern East India's social or unsocial life and adventure, it is not improbable that but for the bending of youthful and observant eyes on British India, and on the lively or deserted camps where the victims of the California gold fever survived or perished, these admirable artists would not have become in a certain sense monopolists. Great is literary monopoly! It breeds a thousand imitators, and each one has a following after his kind. Is the world not the richer for these?

No one who knows Mr. Harte, and knew the California of his day, wonders that he left it as he did. Eastern editors were crying for his work. Cities vied with one another in the offer of tempting bait. When he turned his back on San Francisco and started for Boston, he began a tour that the greatest author of any age might have been proud of. It was a veritable ovation that swelled from sea to sea; the classic sheep was sacrificed all along the route. I have often thought that if Bret Harte had met with a fatal accident during that transcontinental journey the world would have declared with one voice that the greatest genius of his time was lost to it.

His experience in New England weighs little in the balance with his experience in California; his experience abroad even less. It was California, and early California, — let me say picturesque California, — that first appealed to him, and through him to all the English nations in their several tongues.

Of American authors, Bret Harte and Mark Twain have traveled farthest, and are likely to tarry longest. Whom would you substitute for these? Whom could you? In print each is as American as America, though the former has not been with us for a score of years and may never again revisit his native land. When he left California in 1871, he left it betimes; he took with him about all that was worth taking, and the California he once knew, and surely must have loved, lives forever in his pages. It no longer exists in fact; but for him, in another generation it would have been forgotten. Because he has penetration such as few possess, and exceptional fancy, imagination, and literary art, he has been thought untrue to nature; those whom he has pictured would have no difficulty in recognizing themselves could they but see the types he has made his own. It has been said, too, that he repeats himself. He does; so does spring and so does summer, — each is but another spring, another summer; but they are never twice alike, nor would we have them other than they are. Any one can vouch for Bret Harte's truth to nature who knew San Francisco in the fifties, and is familiar with his civic and character sketches; what is true of one page is true of all. It is the point of view in every case that determines to whom the page or the picture shall appeal, and whether favorably or unfavorably. The comprehensive edition of his works, prepared while he is yet alive and active, attests the world-wide interest in his work, and foreshadows its permanence.

Charles Warren Stoddard.

A HISTORY OF THE GIFT OF PAINLESS SURGERY.

"THE escape from pain in surgical operations is a chimera which it is idle to follow up to-day. 'Knife' and 'pain' in surgery are two words which are always inseparable in the minds of patients, and this necessary association must be conceded."

Thus wrote one of the greatest surgeons of his time, Velpeau, in the year 1839. Yet within a decade after these hopeless words were written, their author, in common with all the surgeons of the civilized world, was proving that the incredible good news which had come across the ocean from Boston was more than true: painless operative surgery was an established fact, and the way stood open to successes in surgery in all its branches, previously undreamed of, and to-day unexhausted.

A miracle had been wrought. Not only pain, but long anxiety and terror preceding operation — almost worse and more hurtful — have been removed. In such operations as were practiced before the days of anæsthesia, the surgeon is no longer hurried and distracted by the cries and struggles of the patient. The treatment of fractures and dislocations now, when the resulting spasms of muscles are loosened by ether, is as much more satisfactory as the riding of a trained horse is than the catching of a wild zebra and riding him. Orthopædic surgery owes a great debt to ether. Childbirth has lost half its terrors. Tracheotomy can be practiced easily; hence is resorted to in time. In hopeless cases, medical as well as surgical, long misery of difficult breathing or acute or wearing pain can be relieved. But over and above these blessings, a great field has been opened of desperate-seeming operations, now common, practically impossible without anæsthetics,

the healing after which has been rendered by Lister's priceless teachings the rule instead of the exception.

All the world now knows and daily profits by this boon of anæsthesia. Hence the fitness of a jubilee over fifty years of painless surgery was recognized, and the anniversary was celebrated in the city where the discovery was made, and in the noble institution where it was first demonstrated to the world, the Massachusetts General Hospital. The generation of surgeons who, having found the practice of their art changed in an instant from a dire duty to pleasure, were thankful as no others can ever be, are gone: the gift of anæsthesia remains; its value increases year by year; but the two men to whom the world owes its discovery and introduction are gone in sorrow to their graves.

Is it graceful to hold fast and rejoice in a gift without ever a thought of the giver? Let the bitterness of the old ether controversy die, as it rightly should after this lapse of time, but let us not fail to remember to-day with due share of gratitude those by whose agency great misery is every day averted, alike in homes and in hospitals.

It is now fifty years since it was first shown that pain in surgery could be annulled, yet the story of the discovery of this fact is absolutely unknown to many of the present generation; to others known only in imperfect or highly partisan statements. Because no adequate or fair narrative has been presented at this time the writer has been impelled to recall the facts. He hesitated, feeling that there was a certain disqualification for the task because of his kinship to Dr. Jackson. On this account he has felt bound to deal fairly with Dr. Morton's claims. He relies on the facts which seem to be established by good

evidence, after examining the leading works in behalf of each of the claimants during the years of the controversy. Readers are referred to these. In the interest of peace and propriety he refrains as far as is possible from comment. At best the evidence is sometimes sadly tangled with sworn affidavits in some degree conflicting. No new evidence can now come, and it is right that the old should be known. But to our story.

First as to the claimants. Charles Thomas Jackson was born in 1805. His taste for scientific pursuits had been marked even from boyhood. He took his medical degree at Harvard University in 1829, and then studied diligently for three years in Europe, principally in Paris, devoting much attention also to chemistry and geology. Returning to Boston in 1832, he began the practice of medicine, but was more and more drawn into his favorite scientific pursuits. His attainments becoming known, he was commissioned by the State of Maine to make a geological survey of and report on its territory, and soon after received similar commissions from the States of New Hampshire and Rhode Island. In 1844-45 he explored the unbroken wilderness on the southern shore of Lake Superior, and discovered and opened its mineral resources. His examinations and reports were minute and valuable, and the amount of work involved in field examinations, subsequent chemical analyses, and then the preparing of full reports, with maps and diagrams, was enormous. He opened a chemical laboratory and instructed students there, and had the constant office work of an analyzing chemist. He was a member of various scientific societies, for which he wrote papers, and he gave lectures upon chemistry.

William T. G. Morton was born in 1819, and graduated at the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery in 1842. He then established himself in Boston, where he soon had a large practice. He de-

cided to study for a medical degree, and entered himself as a student in Dr. Jackson's office in 1844. He claims to have made experiments as to painless surgery in the summer of 1846. On the 30th of September, 1846, after a visit to and conversation with Dr. Jackson upon sulphuric ether, he extracted a patient's tooth painlessly. On October 16 he administered ether to a patient of Dr. John Collins Warren, at the Massachusetts General Hospital, from whom a tumor was removed without the sensation of pain. He received a medical degree later.

What was the discovery claimed? Sulphuric ether and its composition had been long known; that it would stupefy and intoxicate if inhaled, and that fatal results had followed some experiments, was also known; yet it had been used as a medicine internally, and cautious inhalation of it had been prescribed for respiratory or intestinal spasmodic troubles, notably for the painful spasm resulting from accidental inhalation of chlorine gas, apparently on a theory of its being chemically antidotal. The dangers of ether were emphasized by the textbooks; no mention of its surgical possibilities was made, and official ether was very impure.

Dr. Jackson, in 1842, distinctly advanced the medical knowledge of the period, in the opinion, after most careful consideration, of the French Academy of Arts and Sciences, and also of Baron von Humboldt, although some distinguished Bostonians at the time contended that he had found nothing new. His interest in sulphuric ether was awakened by the remarkable results he experienced on inhaling it to relieve the effects of chlorine gas, and the next day he deliberately inhaled ether to unconsciousness for the sake of observing these phenomena further. He found that vapor of sulphuric ether, washed wholly free of alcohol and acids, and mixed with a considerable quantity of atmospheric air, could be inhaled with entire safety to the extent of somewhat

prolonged complete unconsciousness, and that by it the sensory nerves were rendered incapable of feeling pain, even before consciousness was quite lost, and a little while after it was regained. This fact Dr. Jackson communicated clearly and confidently, in the year 1842, to Mr. John H. Blake, a manufacturing chemist (father of the distinguished aurist, Dr. Clarence J. Blake); to Dr. William F. Channing, inventor of the electric fire-alarm system; to Dr. S. A. Bemis, of Boston, a respected dentist of large practice, urging him to use it to prevent pain in his dental surgery; and to Dr. George T. Dexter, of New Hampshire, recommending it at a consultation over one of his patients with a diseased and painful spine. In 1843 Dr. Jackson told his discovery to H. D. Fowle, an apothecary, speaking of it as suitable for surgical operations, and of his own desire, when relieved from the immediate pressure of his geological and chemical work, to introduce it for this purpose. In the same year he spoke to the same purpose to Mr. D. J. Browne, a former pupil, and finally, in February, 1846, to Mr. Joseph Peabody, a pupil suffering from toothache, on whom he urged the inhalation of ether during the removal of the teeth; but Mr. Peabody was deterred by the statements in the best textbooks of the danger of this agency. All this evidence of most respectable gentlemen — by affidavit or witnessed letter — has never been shaken. Dr. Jackson, driven by the mass of work which he had undertaken to perform for three States as to their important mining or agricultural resources, with his reports to write and the press of ordinary office work, had no time properly to develop and bring out his discovery; and one can well conceive the pleasure he took in his plan of doing so in the hospitals of Paris, then the metropolis of medical, and indeed of all science.

In the latter half of this period, namely in 1844, Mr. Morton, a dentist, then

twenty-four years old, being desirous of obtaining a medical degree, asked Dr. Jackson to take him as a pupil, and also to let him board in his family. Dr. Jackson consented, and Mr. Morton and his wife were for some time inmates of the household. Any one who, like the present writer, remembers Dr. Jackson's brilliant conversation and utterly open way of telling all the new scientific facts, of which his mind was full, will know what an advantage this was for a student. Dr. Morton himself shows, in his memoir to the French Academy,¹ not only that he desired and profited by these opportunities, but that the use of chloric ether locally to deaden the sensitiveness of a nerve in dentistry was taught him by Dr. Jackson, who gave him some ether, which he tried with success, and that at the same time Dr. Jackson told him of the intoxicating effects of sulphuric ether, though he says he did not tell him of any other effects of it. But from that time began the admittedly unsuccessful and unsatisfactory experiments on inhalation of ethers which Dr. Morton alleged that he made at various times, until September 30, 1846.

On that day, Mr. Morton, who had not yet taken his medical degree, and had moved away from Dr. Jackson's house, and had been busily engaged, to quote his own words, "almost exclusively in mechanical dentistry or plate-work, requiring him often to extract a great number of teeth at a time," came into Dr. Jackson's laboratory, where the latter and his two assistants were at work, and borrowed an india-rubber bag. Dr. Jackson asked him for what he wanted it. Mr. Morton said that he proposed to inflate it with air to work on the imagination of a female patient who dreaded the pain of having a tooth drawn. Dr. Jackson urged him not to resort to such means, on the grounds of medical

¹ Printed in full in *Littell's Living Age*, No. 201, March 18, 1848, in an article setting forth Dr. Morton's claim to the ether discovery.

propriety and also of his own interests, and took away the bag, but said that he would tell Morton of something that would produce a real effect on his patient, and procure insensibility while he removed the teeth at leisure. He further told him where he could obtain sulphuric ether of the requisite purity; showed him some, at his request, and also showed exactly how it was to be administered by inhalation; and assured him of its absolute safety if so given, taking upon himself the whole responsibility. He suggested to Mr. Morton that he should go home and first try the experiment upon himself. Not only is this Dr. Jackson's account of the interview, but it is fully confirmed by the affidavits of the two gentlemen at that time his assistants, Mr. Barnes and Mr. McIntyre, who were present.¹ Dr. Morton's own account, in the memoir referred to, confirms to a great extent this account of the interview. He claims, however, to have made previous unsatisfactory experiments with sulphuric ether, which led him to go to Dr. Jackson to get important chemical information with regard to ethers which he needed, as well as a gas-bag, which last shows his want of knowledge of safe means of inhalation. He alleges that he *feigned* ignorance of sulphuric ether to conceal his schemes, while he was getting from the man who had the knowledge the information and directions essential to his "discovery."

It is also asserted that, during the previous summer, Mr. Morton had mentioned to various persons a discovery that he hoped soon to bring out, which would revolutionize the whole practice of dentistry; but this, he told some of his assistants, was a method of preparing artificial teeth and plates.

Mr. Morton immediately took Dr. Jackson's advice, bought the pure sul-

phuric ether, and, as he asserts, inhaled it himself, remaining unconscious for seven or eight minutes; and that very evening, following Dr. Jackson's directions, he gave it to a patient in his office, and succeeded in extracting a tooth without pain to the patient. He reported his success to Dr. Jackson next morning in the presence of Mr. Barnes. Dr. Jackson showed no surprise, but told him that this test was not enough, and that he must now persuade the surgeons at the hospital to let him administer it during a surgical operation; if possible, a capital operation. Mr. Morton, although apparently reluctant, took the advice, and obtained Dr. John Collins Warren's sanction to his etherizing a patient on whom the latter was to operate. He did not tell Dr. Warren that Dr. Jackson had sent him or instructed him, nor did he tell Dr. Jackson when the operation would be performed. It was done at the Massachusetts General Hospital on the 16th of October, 1846, with fair success, and was soon followed by a complete success in a more important operation.

Dr. Jackson, with the carelessness of his own interests which characterized him through life, trusting in others' honor, and, moreover, being driven with the arduous work he was doing for several States, which frequently called him away, was not at the hospital at the first operation, and did not immediately publish his claim to the discovery. There is the best of evidence to show that he considered it, of course, his own, looking upon Mr. Morton only as an agent, previously ignorant (in this matter), and now minutely instructed; and that when he learned of Morton's neglect, in many instances, of an all-important part of the discovery, namely, the admission of atmospheric air to prevent asphyxia, he began to express regret that he had entrusted a discovery

¹ In the Report of the Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital, January, 1848, Mr. N. I. Bowditch, who claims the *discovery* for Morton on the ground of his first administer-

ing ether successfully in a surgical case, admits Morton's debt to instructions and directions then received.

of such consequence to mankind to hands which, from disregard of essential precautions, might discredit it. His expressions on this subject have been twisted into want of confidence in the safety of anæsthesia by ether. His confidence in it was absolute and fearless when administered by the method he had proved on himself and Dr. Channing.

Charles G. Loring, Esq., a lawyer of high standing in Boston, testifies in writing to his having attended a meeting at Dr. Jackson's in November, 1846, of eminent legal, scientific, and medical gentlemen, to whom Dr. Jackson made a full statement of the circumstances of his alleged discovery and his claims, including his relations with Morton, and exhibited evidence; and Mr. Loring adds that his own conviction was entire that Dr. Jackson was entitled to the credit, as between him and Morton, to the entire merit of the discovery, and no intimation of a contrary opinion was suggested at the meeting. Hon. Edward Everett, who first heard of the discovery at the meeting of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences on November 3, wrote to Dr. Jackson, seven years later, after the matter had been fully discussed, "I have always considered it [the discovery] to have been made by you;" and again, "I have read several publications on both sides of the question. . . . Nothing has come to my knowledge which shakes my original impressions as above stated." In this letter Mr. Everett said that, at the Academy meeting above mentioned, Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, describing the dental operations performed by Dr. Morton under the influence of the newly discovered "compound" (as it was then called), "stated that Dr. Morton had derived his knowledge of the substance used from you." Mr. Everett stated that Dr. Bigelow had also, in the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* of November 18, 1846, "ascribed the first suggestion to Dr. C. T. Jackson, and its application, under his

advice, for the purpose of mitigating pain, to Dr. W. T. G. Morton." It should be observed that at first, in marked contrast to Dr. Jackson's openness, Morton did not disclose what drug he was using, and called it a "preparation" or a "compound," but soon after was forced to tell the hospital authorities what the anæsthetic was, because they refused to allow its administration there without knowing its nature.

Dr. Morton very early applied for a patent. His counsel informed him that he could do so as being the first person who used the discovery; but on hearing later of Dr. Jackson's claims, this lawyer advised Dr. Morton that it would be safer to have a joint patent, and advised Dr. Jackson that he had better unite with Morton. To this Dr. Jackson, as a physician and a liberally educated man, was strongly opposed; but being urgently counseled that it was the only way to save his rights of discovery in the public eye, and also being assured that the Massachusetts Medical Society's regulations were only against secret remedies, he very reluctantly complied, not for profit, but to hold on to his rights of discovery. He had before charged Mr. Morton a fee for the all-important professional advice which he had given him on the 30th of September. Morton agreed to pay this charge by a percentage on the fees that he should receive for licenses until the amount should be made up, and gave his bond for it. This bond Dr. Jackson, regretting that he had ever taken any share in the patent matter, soon after destroyed. He never received any pecuniary advantage from the use of the discovery, and refused some money that should have come to him under the above arrangement. It was a great error of judgment and taste that he allowed his name to be used with Mr. Morton's in the patent, but, being unpractical in business matters, he yielded to advice of counsel, and later annulled his action. The hospitals should be

grateful to him for having from the outset urged upon Morton the measure of giving freely to hospitals and charitable institutions the use of this great boon. The zeal of the latter gentleman to turn the invention to the greatest pecuniary advantage and appropriate the whole credit of it soon made relations so uncomfortable that Dr. Jackson decided to submit his case to the Academy of Arts and Sciences of France, the highest scientific tribunal in the world. He honorably warned his rival of his intention, and both claimants made their statements to the Academy.

The discovery had been hailed with joy throughout Europe, but the claims of the two alleged discoverers were long and carefully weighed. Much unpardonable misrepresentation having been made on this subject, I will state the exact facts.

After a consideration of the respective claims for more than two years, the Academy awarded "a prize of 2500 francs to M. Jackson for his observations and experiments on the anæsthetic effects produced by the inhalation of ether, and a similar prize of 2500 francs to M. Morton for having introduced this method into surgical practice according to the instructions of M. Jackson." Now much has been made in publications, old and recent, of Dr. Morton's having received "the great gold medal" of the French Academy, and Dr. Jackson only a sum of money. The prizes were exactly equal, but to take a portion of the award in the form of a medal was optional. Dr. Morton chose to do so, and received the ordinary Montyon prize medal, not one especially struck for him, worth 300 francs (\$60), which sum was deducted from his 2500 francs. Dr. Jackson, who had received from the French government the cross of the Legion of Honor, preferred to take his Montyon prize in money. M. Elie de Beaumont, perpetual secretary of the Academy, wrote to Dr. Jackson that the medal was not struck especially for Morton; Dr.

Jackson could have one precisely like it, only in that case he would receive 2200 francs instead of 2500. Dr. Morton chose to use the money in having a highly ornate circular gold frame with laurel boughs fitted around his medal, which more than doubled its apparent diameter. At first Dr. Morton did not accept the award, but, being advised that he would lose it unless he did so within a given time, he finally accepted it, yet, it is said, with a protest.

The Academy never revised their decision, as has been implied. The distinguished Baron von Humboldt, on behalf of the Prussian government, sent through its minister at Washington a request that the Secretary of State (Hon. Daniel Webster) would procure and transmit to him the evidence of the various American claimants of the discovery. After a prolonged examination of this, Humboldt decided in favor of Dr. Jackson, and the king of Prussia conferred upon him the order of the Red Eagle. The king of Italy and the sultan of Turkey sent decorations to Dr. Jackson, and the king of Sweden, urged by the great chemist Berzelius, sent Dr. Jackson a gold medal especially struck for him as discoverer. Dr. Morton received a testimonial from the trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital and citizens of Boston of one thousand dollars in a silver casket, and also orders of honor from the governments of Russia and Sweden.

It is proper to state here that there is much evidence that Dr. Morton's first interest in the matter was mainly in its business possibilities, and that only after nearly three months had elapsed from his first successful experiment did he bring out a claim to previous experiments. The array is very large of sworn testimony of the principal assistants at his office, and of physicians and others in various cities and States, whom he employed to sell rights to the use of his patent, to the fact that at first he ascribed all his information about the new

agent to Dr. Jackson, who was a great authority, referred to him as to its safety, and spoke of himself as being most fortunate in having been the first to get the benefit of this new idea derived from Dr. Jackson. To this is opposed, of his assistants, only the evidence of one of the principal ones, whom another witness declares to have admitted to him that he juggled in his testimony with the word "ether" (when the difference between sulphuric and chloric was important), and of three minor assistants, one of whom, a boy, had his testimony very strongly discredited, and one was Morton's brother-in-law. The only really strong witnesses are Mr. Metcalf, the apothecary, and Mr. Wightman, the philosophical-instrument maker: the former testifies to Mr. Morton's having some sulphuric ether in his possession in July, 1846, and to a conversation upon its properties, in which Mr. Metcalf told him of the dangers attending its excessive inhalation; Mr. Wightman states that at about the same time Morton made inquiries of him as to india-rubber bags for holding sulphuric ether, and that he advised him to call upon Dr. Jackson; also that soon afterward Morton came again, and after some mystery told of his wish to have some sort of an ether inhaler to use in producing insensibility to pain in his dental operations. In answer to a question, he said that he had inhaled ether himself, and *that Dr. Jackson said it was not injurious.*

On the other hand, the testimony on Dr. Jackson's side, not only of his own assistants, Messrs. Barnes and McIntyre, but of Dr. Morton's assistants, Messrs. Wilson and Hunt, is very strong. Still, it can never be proved that Dr. Morton did not make independent experiments for a surgical anæsthetic; but that will not materially affect the case, if they were not successful. It is hard to see how any person who reads attentively all the voluminous testimony on both sides of the question can avoid the con-

clusion that Mr. Morton's visit to Dr. Jackson's laboratory on September 30, 1846, was all important for his success in giving ether; that he there received essential instructions as to the kind and quality of ether, and the method and cautions which would render its administration safe and effective for surgical uses. Before, if he had tried, he had had no success; immediately afterward success was complete.

The age, education, history, and attainments of the claimants, as well as their personal traits, affect the inherent probabilities of the rightness of their claim to the discovery. Both men may have been seeking painless surgery. Both owed to previous investigators, especially Davy, important hints. But the fact that chemically pure sulphuric ether, if duly mixed with atmospheric air, could be breathed with entire safety to the extent of unconsciousness, lasting long enough for the performance of most surgical operations and accompanied as well as preceded and followed for a short time by insensibility to pain, was discovered by Dr. Jackson, and announced to and urged upon others, men of character and professional standing, with the assurance that dental and surgical operations could be made painless by this method, at various times between 1842 and September 30, 1846; this cannot be denied. Dr. Morton did not come upon the scene until the middle of this period, and then as a student, and he made no claim to experiments until the latter part of it. Even if we grant his experiments, Dr. Jackson's claim stands firm.

Whether we take the high or the lower meaning of the word "discovery," namely, authorship or demonstration, Dr. Jackson has a claim; for his experiment upon himself in 1842 was not merely using the prescribed remedy for chlorine poisoning, as has been asserted; having already done that on a chemically antidotal theory, he was so much interested in the remarkable effects that

the next day, taking his life in his hand, according to the best medical authorities of the day, he deliberately inhaled pure ether and air, observing carefully, as a trained physiologist, the symptoms of the agent and their sequence up to the moment of loss of consciousness, and again upon its earliest return; he recognized at once that it was no mere local anodyne to the lungs, but that the sensory nerves were affected before those of motion, and without injury to those of organic life. This was new knowledge, and the bearings of it were marked to a physician who had studied physiology and surgery with enthusiasm under the great masters in Paris.

As to what discovery means, two instances, already used by others, are so apt that I venture to repeat them. Galle first saw the planet Neptune, but it was by directing his telescope to the part of the heavens where Leverrier had decided that the author of the perturbations of Uranus must lurk. Sir David Brewster said before the British Association, "The planet Neptune was discovered by Adams and Leverrier before a ray of its light had entered a human eye." As Mr. J. H. Abbot well says, "Mr. Morton, because he extracted the first tooth without pain, is no more to be considered the discoverer of the new use of ether than the sailor who first shouted 'Land!' from the mast-head, and not Columbus, is to be considered the discoverer of the New World." Discovery in its proper sense was gratefully conceded to Dr. Jackson by the whole European scientific world. It was reserved for certain influential Bostonians to maintain that "*he* [Mr. Morton] administered it [sulphuric ether] to a patient. *By doing so he made the discovery.*"¹

But Mr. Morton had the enterprise

and the courage, without quoting Dr. Jackson's authority and assumption of responsibility for the safety of the means and method, to go before the world and alone etherize a patient for a prolonged cutting operation at the Massachusetts General Hospital, and to repeat the experiment at a capital operation shortly after before the most eminent surgeons of Boston. It was an important and a bold act, an era in surgery, whether it was an honorable act or not. It is but just to admit that, taking Dr. Jackson's previous delay and many interests and occupations into account, the public verification of his discovery, and the priceless boon that such action brought to humanity, might have been long delayed. Therefore let us forget Dr. Morton's failings as far as we can with justice to Dr. Jackson's sacred rights, and give him the honor due to the courageous and enterprising introducer of surgical anæsthesia. Let us concede, too, that Dr. Jackson, in natural indignation at the attempt to rob him of his claim to the real discovery, did not give credit to Dr. Morton for his public verification and introduction of painless surgery. Both Dr. Morton and Dr. Jackson, by accepting the respective awards of the great scientific tribunal of the day, the French Academy, lost their right to claim more, and closed their case.

In a petition of Massachusetts physicians and surgeons addressed to Congress in 1852, protesting against any grant of money exclusively to Dr. Morton for the discovery, and headed by the honored Dr. Morrill Wyman, is contained this wise verdict by which we should do well to abide: In relation to this great discovery of etherization, Dr. Jackson was the *head*, and W. T. G. Morton the *hand*.

Edward Waldo Emerson.

¹ Report of the Board of Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital, January, 1848. On page 30 of that report is a charge of a dishonest use of the American Academy's

name by Dr. Jackson, which was unfounded, and was overthrown by the testimony of Nathan Hale, Esq., and Hon. Edward Everett.

TRADE UNIONS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

It is well known that trade unions were for a long time outside the law. Within the memory of living men, all agreements among workmen in the United Kingdom for higher wages, shorter hours of work, or "controlling or in any way affecting any person carrying on any manufacture in the conduct and management thereof," were illegal, and any single justice of the peace, on summary conviction, could inflict a penalty of two months' imprisonment. Two justices might inflict three months' imprisonment, or two months' hard labor. In the teeth of the legal axiom, that no man is bound to criminate himself, offenders might be forced to give evidence (being of course indemnified if they suffered); or any two or more of them might be indicted for conspiracy at the common law, in which case sentences of two years' imprisonment were often inflicted. The still more heinous offense of a society having branches or a password might entail seven years' transportation. The same penalty applied to any society or club that should appoint or employ any committee or delegate to meet, confer, or communicate with any other society or club. If some English Rip Van Winkle of the early part of the century were to return to life now, what would he see? Trade unions recognized by law; registered, if they so please, by a public department; several of them represented in Parliament; their members appointed on royal commissions, two of them having become under-secretaries of state, others admitted to various offices under the Board of Trade; annual trade union congresses, which are now habitually welcomed by the local authorities, and at the opening sitting of which the mayor of the place where they meet generally takes a seat on the platform; deputations sent to the heads of depart-

ments in London to urge amendments of the law, and receiving replies which are published throughout the press; and trade union proceedings chronicled in a government Labour Gazette. And if Rip Van Winkle were a literary man, what would he think of the bulk of literature now devoted to the subject, from the massive blue books of the Trade Union Commission (for even parliamentary literature is literature of a sort) to Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb's portly volume on the History of Trade Unionism? Surely in all history there are but few instances of so complete a change in legislation and public opinion, wrought by facts and arguments alone.

The first step was purely an undoing. The laws against trade combinations were swept away by the acts of 1824-25, the credit of which must be divided between Joseph Hume, M. P., and Francis Place, tailor; the larger share of such credit falling to the tailor. Trade unions were no longer forbidden to live; but no facilities for living were afforded them. The common law of conspiracy was left untouched, and was in fact used for many years afterwards against them. The corresponding and seditious societies acts, with their penalties against the conferring of societies together, the establishment of branches, the use of passwords, still subsisted. It is hardly too much to say that trade unions existed still on sufferance only.

Then came the pronouncement of the leading teacher of political economy of that day. Already the father of modern political economy, Adam Smith, had written the memorable words which not only justify combination among working men, but imply its necessity: "Masters are always and everywhere in a sort of tacit but constant and uniform combination not to raise the wages of labor above

their actual rate." J. S. Mill went further. Speaking of trade unions, he "found it impossible to wish, in the present state of the general habits of the people, that no such combinations existed." "So far as they do succeed in keeping up the wages of any trade by limiting its members," he would "rejoice if by trade regulations, or even by trades unions, the employments thus specially protected could be multiplied to a much greater extent than experience has shown to be practicable." "High wages and short hours are generally good objects," he says elsewhere.

The first occasion on which the subject of trade unionism was considered by a collective body was that of a great strike and lockout of engineers in 1851-52. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers — then as now the leading trade union of the United Kingdom, though it had then only 12,000 members, and it has now 77,000 — sought to "abolish overtime and piece-work" in the trade. The masters retorted by closing their shops to all who refused to sign a declaration that they would not, whilst in the particular employment, become members of or support "any society which, directly or indirectly, by its rules, meetings, or funds, professes to control or interfere with the arrangements or regulations of this or any other establishment, the hours or terms of labor, the agreements of employers or employed, or the qualifications or period of service." With a few obscure exceptions, the press was then entirely on the side of the employers. From only one quarter did the men's objects and arguments meet with fair consideration. The Society for Promoting Working Men's Associations, established by the Christian Socialists of that day, resolved on the delivery of a course of six lectures *On the Relation between Capital and Labor, with Special Reference to the Present Lamentable Contest between the Operative Engineers and their Employers*. Three of these were delivered by myself, two by Mr.

A. H. Louis, and one by Mr. E. Vansittart Neale; only the first three and the last were published.

The Christian Socialists themselves, however, were struggling against opposition and calumny, and their attempt to secure justice for the aims and proceedings of trade unions met with a deaf ear on the part of the public, though it was the means of winning for them an amount of confidence on the part of the working classes which could not have been attained otherwise. Still, some change in public opinion can be traced from this time. Able young university men, who joined the Council of the Working Men's College, took an interest in the subject of trade unions, and learned to understand it. But the next great step towards the rectification of public opinion was the appointment of a Committee on Trades Societies, by the Council of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, a body then prominently before the public; this was suggested at a meeting held at Liverpool in October, 1858. The committee included, besides three members of Parliament (two of whom, Charles Buxton and Lord Robert Montagu, have left something of a name behind them), a peer (Lord Radstock), three future Cabinet ministers (W. E. Forster, H. Fawcett, and G. S. Lefevre, of whom one survives), two future under-secretaries of state (the present Sir Godfrey Lushington and the late John Ball), Professor Maurice, R. H. Hutton, editor of *The Spectator*, the late Sir James P. Kay Shuttleworth, the late Judge Hughes, distinguished economists such as W. A. Jevons and F. D. Lange, the secretary of a trade union, and various others, — altogether a strong committee, which did good work.

The report of the committee itself, indeed, signed by the chairman, Sir J. P. Shuttleworth, as "on the whole expressing the views of the majority," is a pattern of what may be called the judicious

seesaw, but it completely cleared trade unions from the old charge of being mere conspiracies : —

“A trade society, strictly speaking, is a combination of workmen to enable each to secure the conditions most favorable for his labor. The capitalist has the advantage of past accumulations in striking his bargain. The laborer, unassisted by combination, has not. It is the object of a trade society to give him this advantage, and thus to put him on more equal ground in competing with the capitalist.”

On the presentation of the report at the annual meeting of the association at Glasgow in September, 1860, besides the reading of several able papers on the subject, a very animated discussion took place, of which the most remarkable feature, perhaps, was the speech of Sir Archibald Alison, who, as sheriff or public prosecutor, had been concerned in various trials for trade union outrages, but who now expressed the opinion that “trades unions in themselves are not only proper, but are a necessary balance in the fabric of society.” The fight was substantially between those who, like Mr. Edmund Potter, Mr. H. Ashworth, and Mr. Fawcett, maintained that labor was only a commodity like any other, and those who, like Mr. Hughes, Mr. Lloyd Jones, and myself, declared that it was that and something more, — a commodity with a will of its own; or, as Mr. Hughes put it, that “the labor” of the men was, in fact, “the lives” of the men.¹ Although no vote was taken, Mr. Lefevre observed that “the feeling of the meeting appeared to be favorable to trade societies.”

Six years later, in 1866, two important events took place in the history of English trade unions. Under favor of a clause in a Friendly Societies act of 1855, which allowed “provident, benevolent, or charitable institutions, formed for the

purpose of relieving the physical wants of persons in poor circumstances,” by depositing their rules with the registrar of Friendly Societies, if such rules were “not repugnant to law,” to obtain certain legal rights and facilities as to the holding of their property, the protection of their funds, and the settlement of disputes, certain trade unions had crept, as they hoped, under the protection of the law. A judgment of the Court of Queen’s Bench, in the case of *Hornby v. Close*, rudely dispelled this delusion, and all trade unions found themselves illegal bodies. At the same time, a number of villainous outrages in Sheffield were traced to a local trade union secretary named Broadhead. A howl arose against trade unions generally, and a royal commission was appointed to inquire not only into the alleged outrages, but also into the organization and rules of trade societies. A mass of evidence was taken, filling, with the report, sixteen folio volumes.

When the report appeared, it was found that the commission had split into a majority and a minority. The majority report, whilst concluding that combination could be of no real use, recommended the legalization of trade unions under the Friendly Societies acts, with certain restrictions. The minority report, signed by Lord Lichfield, Thomas Hughes, and Frederic Harrison, recommended their being brought within the Friendly Societies acts only as respects the protection of funds, but urged the abolition of all special legislation relating to labor contracts.

As often happens, the minority carried the day outside of the commission. But a signal indication of the advance of public opinion respecting trade unionism is to be noticed in a temporary act, passed even before the report appeared, limited in duration to a twelvemonth, “an act to

¹ This is essentially identical with the proposition on which Dr. Brentano’s great work, *Die Arbeitergilden der Gegenwart* (Leipzig, 1871),

protect the funds of trade unions from embezzlement and misappropriation" (32 and 33 Vict. c. 61); the last section of which runs, "This act may be cited as the Trade Unions Funds Protection Act." It was the first time that the term "trade union" had been recognized by the law. And what a gulf lies between the time when a trade union was necessarily an unlawful combination and that 9th of August, 1869, — less than half a century afterwards, — when it was acknowledged by both Houses of the legislature to have funds requiring the protection of the law! That was really — although Mr. and Mrs. Webb do not seem to have noticed the fact — the turning-point in the legal history of English trade unions. Parliament could never thereafter, without stultifying itself, treat them as being out of the pale of the law.

Accordingly, in 1871 a trade union act was passed (34 and 35 Vict. c. 31) which followed the lines of the minority report of the commission.

As a new departure in legislation, the trade union act of 1871 may be considered eminently judicious. It was marred, however, by one extraordinary provision, making previous illegality a condition precedent of registration. A trade union was defined as "such combination, whether temporary or permanent, for regulating the relations between workmen and masters, or between workmen and workmen, or between masters and masters, or for imposing restrictive conditions on the conduct of any trade or business as would," if the act had not passed, be deemed "an unlawful combination by reason of some one or more of its provisions being in restraint of trade." The consequence was that the most inoffensive trade unions were precisely those which could get no protection from the law.¹

¹ As registrar of Friendly Societies at the time, I obtained the opinion of the attorney and solicitor-general to this effect. (Report of

A valuable amending act, the Trade Union Act Amendment Act, 1876, very deftly piloted through the House of Commons by Mr. Mundella (the act of 1871 had been a government measure), remedied most of the recognized mischiefs, and conferred upon trade unions several of the advantages enjoyed by Friendly Societies under an act of the previous session (1875); the definition was altered so as to make a combination registerable, "whether such combination *would or would not*, if the principal act had not been passed, have been deemed or have been an unlawful combination."

But the trade unions had not awaited their formal recognition by the law to organize themselves and put themselves forward. In 1868 began the annual series of trade union congresses, which, though interrupted for one year, in 1870, have continued to the present, being represented during the intervening periods by a Trade Union Parliamentary Committee. Trade unionists had come forward as candidates for seats in the House of Commons in 1868, in 1869, in 1870; in 1874 two were elected out of thirteen "labor" candidates, miners from the north both of them, one Scotch, one English, — Alexander Macdonald and Thomas Burt, the latter of whom became under-secretary of state for the home department in the last Liberal ministry. There remained another parliamentary victory to achieve in the field of criminal law, which was effected in 1875 by the passing of an Employers and Workmen act (38 and 39 Vict. c. 90), carried through the Commons by the present Viscount Cross, the Conservative secretary of state of the day.

From that time trade unions have fairly won their way to the front in public affairs. At every election, labor members, mostly secretaries or former secretaries to trade unions, are returned to the

the Registrar of Friendly Societies for 1894, p. 37.)

House of Commons in greater or smaller numbers. They hold their own in debate; they bring forward motions and bills relating to labor, or take part in discussing them; Mr. Gladstone conferred an under-secretaryship of state on Mr. Broadhurst, a prominent leader of the building trades and ex-secretary to the Trade Union Parliamentary Committee, and the same office was afterwards held by Mr. Burt. In 1882, Mr. J. D. Prior, secretary to the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters, was appointed an inspector of factories, and his appointment was followed in course of time by that of many other trade unionists. In 1884, four leading trade unionists were made magistrates, and they were followed by others. In 1886, Mr. John Burnett, who had become the secretary to the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, was appointed the first "labor correspondent" of the Board of Trade, and became (in 1893) "chief labor correspondent" in its commercial, labor, and statistical department. Prominent trade unionists now figure largely on school boards, municipal councils, county councils; no royal commission on any social subject is complete without them. The Trade Union Congress of 1895 contained among its delegates three members of Parliament, nineteen magistrates, five members of the London County Council, of whom two were aldermen, and seventeen members of town councils, five of them being also magistrates, and included among the nineteen.

But the shield has its reverse side.

The characteristic of trade unionism had been that it was confined in the main to the better paid, and therefore substantially the skilled trades. Attempts to form unions had not infrequently flashed out amongst the unskilled masses, but had soon come to an end. For the most part, the wages in such cases were

insufficient to keep up the union; or there was a want of capacity to manage, or again of capacity to obey.¹ On the other hand, the well-paid members of the artisans' trade unions were able to provide for a number of different benefits, such as are provided for by the ordinary Friendly Society, — sickness, accident, relief on travel in search of employment, a sum at death, whether of the member, his wife, or his children, often superannuation at a given age. They thus drew to themselves the great bulk of the better and more prudent workmen in the trade, since for a working man to join one of the better trade unions was virtually to guard against all the ordinary contingencies of life. This gave them immense staying power, but at the same time acted as a powerful drag in case of any labor dispute, inducing on the part of their leaders a cautiousness contrasting strongly with the common idea of such officials. I do not think I ever knew a more cautious man than my late friend William Allan, of the Amalgamated Engineers. So far was this caution carried that in one signal instance a labor contest in the north of England for a nine hours' working day was carried to a successful close by the present chief labor correspondent of the Board of Trade, Mr. John Burnett, without any help from the headquarters of the union.

Another marked feature of the older trade unions, and indeed of the working classes generally, was the antagonism between the artisan and the laborer. The gulf between the two classes, less than half a century ago, was even greater than that between the working and middle classes, since a successful workman could easily become a shopkeeper, whereas it was almost impossible for a laborer to become a skilled workman. But what heightened the antagonism was the fact

¹ As a cognate instance, I may mention that whilst I was at the Friendly Societies registry office a Friendly Society of laborers was regis-

tered, in which seven crosses stood for all the seven members' signatures required by law. It was dissolved within a few years.

that the laborer was always the possible ally of the employer, whose constant object is to substitute machinery worked by unskilled labor for the skilled artisan, and the attempt on the employer's part to do so was among the frequent causes of strikes. From being antagonistic in their interests the two classes often became antagonistic in their politics also. The artisan was all but universally a Liberal or Radical; the laborer was very commonly a Tory. Societies for coöperative production in the fifties frequently refused a share of profits to laborers, if they employed any. The two classes did not associate together for social purposes, and I have found in former days, even amongst my most intelligent and best informed friends of the artisan class, the most singular ignorance as to the habits and feelings of the laborers; my own knowledge of the class having been picked up through parochial work and free-school teaching.

Broader views, however, spread by degrees through the artisan class, and larger sympathies grew up in them. The deeper thinkers of the class began asking themselves, How is it that whilst, by our organizations, we are able to hold our own with our employers, to maintain and in many cases raise wages, to secure shorter hours of labor and better conditions of work generally, we cannot secure for ourselves the one substantial thing, employment, but only its conditions and remuneration when we have it? And the cause of this which has lain nearest to their eyes has been the existence of the mass of unskilled, unorganized labor beneath them, huge, fluctuating, seething with purely individual wants and passions, ready it may be to fight for a mere day's work at the dock gates, still more ready at all times to take the place of the skilled worker in tending any machine whose blind force is substituted for his skill. The first thought of such men must have been, If these laborers could once be organized, they would become our friends

instead of being our worst foes. Accordingly, some of the most thoughtful and energetic among the trade unionists of the artisan class have of late years broken the traditions of their order by leading unskilled laborers in their labor conflicts, and organizing them into unions.

A new era in the history of trade unionism is thus marked by the dockers' strike of 1889. As related by Mr. and Mrs. Webb, two years earlier, Mr. Ben Tillett, a laborer himself, had succeeded in setting up a Tea-Workers and General Laborers' Union. A dispute over a trifling matter brought on a strike of dock laborers at the South West India Dock, the men demanding "sixpence an hour, the abolition of sub-contract and piece work, extra pay for overtime, and a minimum engagement of four hours." Tillett had artisan friends, John Burns and Tom Mann, both members of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers. The whole body of dock laborers were appealed to, and 10,000 came out. The public took sides with the dock laborers; nearly £50,000 were subscribed for their benefit, large sums being sent from Australia. By the mediation of Cardinal Manning and Mr. Sydney Buxton, an agreement was made with the employers which practically conceded the men's demands.

And now there came a very outburst of unionism among the unskilled. The number of new trade unions registered, which in 1889 had already risen from 28 to 45, sprang in 1890 to 118. But there burst out also an antagonism between the older and the newer unions, to which Mr. George Howell, as one of the older leaders, gave voice in his book, *Trade Unionism, Old and New* (1891). This antagonism turned mainly on what may be termed the "friendly benefits" of the older unions. Mr. Howell does not go beyond the truth when he speaks of these as constituting "the chief glory of the old trade unionism." But for the new trade unionism such grapes were

sour. Whilst the spread of education, amongst other influences, brought out in the unskilled laborers a certain capacity for organization, and other powers in which they had been wholly deficient, so that a laborers' trade union became a possible thing, experience has shown that the mere laborer's employment is so precarious, and his earnings allow so scant a margin, if any margin at all, for supplying needs beyond those of bare subsistence, that his trade unions cannot assume the same comprehensive character, and can scarcely ever promise the same stability, as those of the better paid and generally more steadily employed artisan. This lies really at the bottom of the difference between the so-called "old" and "new" unionisms. The new laborers' unions often cannot get so far as to provide for purely casual want of employment, and remain a mere standby in case of strike or lockout. The two classes have thus of necessity different aims, work under different conditions, show a different spirit. The older unions, with few exceptions, represent the conservative element of the movement, the newer the revolutionary. The former avoid labor conflicts; the latter, those especially which promise help only in case of conflicts, may be said to be almost compelled to live by them, since men get tired of paying contributions year after year without getting anything in return.

Both new and old unionists were represented on the Royal Commission on Labour of 1891-94, the most weighty and impartial, perhaps, in its composition that has ever been appointed in the United Kingdom, and the reports of which—only too voluminous—contain a vast and it may be said an inexhaustible supply of information on all subjects connected with labor.

A considerable amount of evidence was taken by the commission on the subject of trade unions, and although Mr. and Mrs. Webb's volume was published before its final report appeared, all future

writers on the subject will have to take account of its weighty deliverances in respect thereof. The committee was indeed divided into a majority of nineteen and a minority of four, two of the best known working men members, Mr. Burt and Mr. Trow, signing in the majority. The majority, after a carefully balanced report, amounting on the whole to a decided judgment in favor of trade unionism, conclude as follows:—

"Powerful trades unions on the one side, and powerful associations of employers on the other, have been the means of bringing together in conference the representatives of both classes; enabling each to appreciate the position of the other, and to understand the conditions subject to which their joint undertaking must be conducted. The mutual education hence arising has been carried so far that, as we have seen, it has been found possible to devise articles of agreement regulating wages, which have been loyally and peacefully maintained for long periods. We see reason to believe that in this way the course of events is tending towards a more settled and pacific period, in which, in such industries, there will be, if not a greater identification of interests, at least a clearer perception of the principles which must regulate the division of the proceeds of each industry, consistently with its permanence and prosperity, between those who supply labor and those who supply managing ability and capital."

But four of the working men members of the commission—Mr. Abraham, Mr. Austin, Mr. Mann, and Mr. Mawdsley—presented a report (which I shall call the Report of the Four) differing from the conclusions of the majority, which they deemed too optimistic. They thought it "high time that the whole strength and influence of the collective organization of the community should be deliberately, patiently, and persistently used to raise the standard of life of its weaker and more oppressed members."

In their opinion, "the whole force of democratic statesmanship must . . . henceforth be directed to the substitution, as fast as possible, of public for capitalist enterprise; and where this substitution is not yet practicable, to the strict and detailed regulation of all industrial operations, so as to secure to every worker the conditions of efficient citizenship." (Pages 146, 147.) They had said, indeed, in the earlier portion of their report: "Much may be hoped, especially among the better paid workmen, from the advance of trade union organization, coöperation, and other forms of voluntary association. But for the elevation of the standard of life of the most necessitous sections of the wage-earners we are driven to look mainly to a wide extension of collective action."

By taking part in the trade conflicts of the laborers, by mingling with them on friendly terms, by helping them to organize themselves as far as practicable, skilled artisans like Mr. Mann, I take it, have learned how little mere organization can do for the class below their own, and have been led to feel more and more how the pressure from below of the unemployed reacts throughout the whole of society. Bearing this in mind, we shall see that the Report of the Four was to a large extent not so much antagonistic as supplementary to that of the majority of the labor commission. It is perfectly possible to hold with the majority that "a more cordial understanding, and one based on a better knowledge of the relations between employers and employed, is growing up." And it is at the same time quite possible to hold — and I do equally hold — with the Four that "the relations between capitalists and manual workers are enormously imbittered by the demoralizing conditions in which great masses of the population are compelled to live;" and that "the whole strength and influence of the collective organization of the community should be deliberately, patiently, and persistently used to

raise the standard of life of its weaker and more oppressed members." When they ask for "the substitution, as fast as possible, of public for capitalist enterprise," it means at bottom that these four energetic and experienced trade unionists feel the insufficiency of trade unionism for dealing with the labor question as a whole, through its inability to "raise the standard of life" of the lowest classes.

Nor have I any objection in principle to most of the reforms specified by the Four. If, for instance, they ask for "the adoption by the government and all local authorities of direct public employment whenever this is advantageous," I agree with them entirely. I have always failed to see why the state or any local authority should not, "whenever this is advantageous," do any required work for itself, — why either rates or taxes should be levied for the sake of putting profit into the pocket of an employer, whenever he can be "advantageously" dispensed with. I have always held that the state should be the model employer; that the greatest economy for the nation at large is to secure for itself the pick of all labor, physical or intellectual, by offering the best possible conditions of service; and that the same holds good, within local limits of application, for all local authorities. If the Four ask for the "securing by appropriate law of an eight hours' day for every manual worker," I have always held that the moral consecration of a limitation of the hours of labor for both sexes and all ages lies in the enactment of the Sabbath, and that the question of any specific amount of limitation becomes thus one of mere expediency, to be determined from time to time by every nation for itself, until determined in a more effective manner by consent of the nations interested in any particular proposal for limitation. If the Four ask for "honorable maintenance for all the nation's workers in their old age," I must own that this is an end which appears to me impossible to be reached by private

effort, however difficult it may also appear to me as a result of public action.

Great weight must be attached to the Report of the Four. The signers were all trade unionists. And when skilled workmen like Mr. Mann or Mr. Mawdsley come forward to say, practically, that trade unionism is good, but insufficient to heal the ills of the labor world, it would be folly not to recognize the importance of the fact. Let us now, in this light, advert to the resolution adopted at the Norwich Trade Union Congress, September 6, 1894, by a majority of 219 to 61: "That in the opinion of this Congress it is essential to the maintenance of British industries to nationalize the land, and the whole of the means of production, distribution, and exchange; and that the Parliamentary Committee be instructed to promote and support legislation with the above objects."

Precisely what the majority of the Congress, and perhaps Mr. Keir Hardie himself, the mover of the resolution, understood by the nationalizing not only of the land, but of "the whole of the means of production, distribution, and exchange," it is impossible to say. Probably, if it had been explained to his supporters that under the resolution, if carried out, not one of them would have a farthing which he could call his own, scarcely half a dozen enthusiastic hands would have been held up in its favor. Moreover, if not only all the land, but all means of production and distribution (that is, all fixed and floating capital in the shape of houses, factories, warehouses, shipping, on the one hand, machinery, steam or other power, and labor, on the other), and all means of exchange (that is, all money and all credit), are to belong to the nation, trade unions can have no further *raison d'être*, and the Congress voted its own extinction and theirs, — which was evidently not the intention of its chairman, Mr. Delves, nor, probably, of the vast majority of the delegates.

We must, however, often look below, and sometimes far below men's words to reach their real meaning. Or, to use a different image, sometimes the words are narrow and the meaning is large; more often, the words are big and the meaning is much smaller. Above all, it is at the moment when the eyes are first opened to some hitherto unrecognized fact, or realm of fact, that we are apt to "see men as trees, walking," the previously unknown looming upon us gigantic. Now, in spite of all symptoms of a contrary nature, of Irish murder-leagues and Continental anarchism (for indeed all strong action provokes strong reaction), the feeling which within my lifetime I have seen grow beyond all others is that, to use the French term, of human solidarity, of the responsibility of man for his brother man, — a responsibility which he cannot shake off, which dogs his steps wherever he may go, however strongly he may endeavor to stifle it or blind himself to it. It is precisely that feeling which seems to me to have dictated Mr. Keir Hardie's resolution, and which ennobles it, impracticable though it may be.

But, on the other hand, behind the Report of the Four, behind the resolution of the Norwich Congress, behind all the truth which these set forth or imply, lies also the world-old fallacy, that moral ends may be reached by a change in social machinery. Parish councils, town councils, county councils, houses of Parliament, are but men sitting together, good, bad, and indifferent. A fool is not made wise nor a rascal made honest by becoming a town councilor, or even a member of Parliament. The machinery of the labor world may be capable of being improved by state or municipal action, but only so far as that action is directed by the honest, the able, the high-minded.

We must not, therefore, take such resolutions *au pied de la lettre*, and it may safely be predicted that never on the lines of trade unionism will any real step be taken towards state socialism, or rather

— for that is what Mr. Keir Hardie's resolution points to — state communism. For trade unionism is simply labor militant *in posse*, if not *in esse*, for industrial purposes. Whatever else it may do, it must be organized to fight. And this is precisely what gives it its value towards the maintenance of industrial peace in ordinary times, just as standing armies have their value towards the maintenance of international peace, until the dread hour comes when they have to strike. But a state, the universal owner and employer, cannot afford to bear with any militant organizations beyond such as are required for its own defense. What is now merely a strike against employers becomes then rebellion against the state, and has to be put down as such. Indeed, the payment of wages disappearing, the main object of a trade union, that is, the keeping up of living wages, vanishes altogether. A decent burial is all that trade unionism can look forward to, should Mr. Keir Hardie's resolution ever become a fact.¹

One thing is clear: that in the interest of trade unions every effort should be made to remove the antagonism between the old and the new trade unionism. Some such efforts are no doubt being made. If it were possible to give the laborers the benefit of the superior management of the artisans' unions without cost, admitting them for lower benefits at lower rates of contribution, the two groups in each trade might be welded into one, and a common interest created which would neutralize their antagonism.

This would be only consistent with the marked tendency which is observable in the history of trade unions, always to enlarge the area of their working. No doubt some very large societies were founded in the early years of the movement, but, relying on levies, they had no permanency. The first great step to-

wards enlargement of area was the establishment in 1850 of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, at first consisting of seven societies in the engineering trade. In October, 1851, it had 11,000 members. In the following year, with 12,000, it found itself engaged in a conflict with the employers, in which it was worsted, but by no means killed. At the Trade Union Congress of 1895 it claimed 77,000 members.

A further extension of the area of trade union operations has taken place of late years through the formation of federations. An article in the Labour Gazette for June, 1895 (page 176), stated that information had been received with regard to 63 federations, to which are affiliated 628 unions or branches of unions, with an aggregate membership of 851,966. Of these, the largest number (29) are in the building trades, the next largest (12) in mining and quarrying, the third largest (10) in the textile trades; no other group out of the seven enumerated reaching two figures. It should be observed that out of the 63 federations above mentioned, "46 have existed less than five years, and 31 less than two years." The movement is thus to a great extent in its infancy, and does not yet seem to have worked out the elements of permanent success. "These bodies," says the Labour Gazette, "have not yet, as a rule, shown themselves to be long-lived forms of organization." Still, the fact that "the last few years have been marked by a considerable increase in the number of federations" shows the strength of the tendency in this direction.

Another marked feature in the modern history of English trade unions is the tendency to international relations. There was a time when the working men of the Continent were so wildly unpractical in their aspirations that the more pruned the day there, fully supports the view above set forth.

¹ The practical withdrawal of English trade unionists from the late International Socialist Congress in London, when state socialism car-

dent English leaders in the movement refused to take part in international labor congresses. But as every succeeding year brought out more and more the interdependence of all nations, and more especially of their working class, the opening up of international relations became a necessity for the class, and English working men have taken part more and more in labor congresses, both general and for particular callings or groups of callings. To take a single instance of the latter (which are apt to be more practical than the general ones), the second International Congress of Textile Workers took place last year at Ghent, August 12-15; 47 delegates being present, who represented 189,460 textile workers. No less than 24 delegates were from England; Belgium itself being represented by only 18, and America not sending any delegate. An International Textile Federation is contemplated, and as a beginning an International Committee of National Secretaries is to meet yearly.

Trade unionism, then, it is quite clear, is both spreading and growing among us. Perhaps no greater tribute to its importance was ever given than by the formation of that comical body, the National Free Labour Association, with its rule that "no member claims the right to apply force or threat of force, *or any form of persuasion*, to unionists or non-unionists," embodying as it does the idea that trade unionism can be combated only by the formation of an anti-trade-union union. What may be the further developments of trade unionism I cannot say. But I do not accept it, as Mr. and Mrs. Webb appear to do, as a permanent ele-

ment in society. That it tends to shake off its specially militant character I have already shown in the pages of this magazine, when speaking of the Industrial Union of Employers and Employed, and I am glad to think that a late dispute in the engineering trades of the north of Ireland and the west of Scotland was stopped at last through the refusal of strike-pay to the Belfast strikers by the executive of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, when the former had set at naught Lord James's award. The case, however, itself shows the failure of conciliation and arbitration of themselves to end a dispute, so that I must still look forward to the uniting of the interests of employers and employed in some form of coöperation as the only trustworthy remedy for trade disputes.

I cannot conclude this paper without saying a few words more in regard to Mr. and Mrs. Webb's History of Trade Unionism, to be followed by their Problems of Trade Unionism, — the two together promising to form a really monumental work. As a history of trade unionism from within, the published volume is already invaluable, and it is so full of detail that I have abstained from dwelling on this side of the subject, notwithstanding the intimate relations in which I have stood towards several of the trade union leaders of thirty or forty years ago; preferring to bring out rather what the authors have treated with much less distinctness, the relations of trade unionism to other classes, and to society generally. Mr. and Mrs. Webb, I need hardly say, are themselves advocates of what is called "municipal socialism."

John M. Ludlow.

OUT OF THE BOOK OF HUMANITY.

THE SLIPPER-MAKER'S FAST.

ISAAC JOSEPHS, slipper-maker, sat up on the fifth floor of his Allen Street tenement, in the gray of the morning, to finish the task he had set himself before Yom Kippur. Three days and three nights he had worked without sleep, almost without taking time to eat, to make ready the two dozen slippers that were to enable him to fast the fourth day and night for conscience' sake, and now they were nearly done. As he saw the end of his task near, he worked faster and faster, while the tenement slept.

Three years he had slaved for the sweater, stinted and starved himself, before he had saved enough to send for his wife and children awaiting his summons in the city by the Black Sea. Since they came they had slaved and starved together, for wages had become steadily less, work more grinding, and hours longer and later. Still, of that he thought little. They had known little else, there or here, and they were together now. The past was dead; the future was their own, even in the Allen Street tenement, toiling night and day at starvation wages. To-morrow was the feast, their first Yom Kippur since they had come together again, — Esther, his wife, and Ruth and little Ben, — the feast when, priest and patriarch of his own house, he might forget his bondage and be free. Poor little Ben! The hand that smoothed the soft leather on the last took a tenderer, lingering touch as he glanced toward the stool where the child had sat watching him work till his eyes grew small. Brave little Ben, almost a baby yet, but so patient, so wise, and so strong!

The deep breathing of the sleeping children reached him from their crib. He smiled and listened, with the half-finished slipper in his hand. As he sat

thus, a great drowsiness came upon him. He nodded once, twice; his hands sank into his lap, his head fell forward upon his chest. In the silence of the morning he slept, worn out with utter weariness.

He awoke with a guilty start to find the first rays of the dawn struggling through his window, and his task yet undone. With desperate energy he seized the unfinished slipper to resume his work. His unsteady hand upset the little lamp by his side, upon which his burnishing-iron was heating. The oil blazed up on the floor and ran toward the nearly finished pile of work. The cloth on the table caught fire. In a fever of terror and excitement, the slipper-maker caught it in his hands, wrung it and tore at it to smother the flames. His hands were burned, but what of that? The slippers, the slippers! If they were burned, it was ruin. There would be no Yom Kippur, no feast of Atonement, no fast, — rather, no end of it; starvation for him and his.

He beat the fire with his hands and trampled it with his feet as it burned and spread on the floor. It only flared up more brightly. His hair and his beard caught fire. With a despairing shriek he gave it up and fell before the precious slippers, barring the way of the flames to them with his body.

The shriek woke his wife. She sprang out of bed, snatched up a blanket and threw it upon the fire. It went out, was smothered under the blanket. The slipper-maker sat up, panting and grateful. His Yom Kippur was saved.

Some one passing in the street had seen the glare in the window, and sent an alarm for the firemen. They came, and climbed the many stairs to no purpose. There was nothing for them to do. The slipper-maker was back at his bench, working as if his life depended

upon it, as indeed it nearly did. Few of the tenants in the big building even knew that there had been a fire. They awoke to hear of it when all Jewtown was stirring with preparations for the feast.

The fire was reported on the police returns. When the reporters came to see about it, the slipper-maker was asleep, his task ended at last. His wife, a little woman with a patient voice, was setting the things on the table for the family dinner that was to usher in the long fast. Two half-naked children played about her knee, asking eager questions about it. The precious slippers were there, finished and ready, two dozen, all safe. I heard their story from the woman herself. Asked if her husband had often to work so hard, and what he made by it, she shrugged her shoulder and said, "The rent and a crust."

And yet all this labor and effort to enable him to fast one day according to the old dispensation, when all the rest of the days he fasted according to the new!

LOST CHILDREN.

I am not thinking now of theological dogmas or moral distinctions. I am considering the matter from the plain everyday standpoint of the police office. It is not my fault that the one thing that is lost more persistently than any other in a large city is the very thing you would imagine to be safest of all in the keeping of its owner. Nor do I pretend to explain it. It is simply one of the contradictions of metropolitan life. In twenty years' acquaintance with the police office, I have seen money, diamonds, coffins, horses, and tubs of butter brought there and passed into the keeping of the property clerk as lost or strayed. I remember a whole front stoop, brown stone, with steps and iron railing all complete, being put up at auction, unclaimed. But these were mere representatives of a class which as a whole kept its place and the peace. The chil-

dren did neither. One might have been tempted to apply the old inquiry about the pins to them but for another contradictory circumstance: rather more of them are found than lost.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children keeps the account of the surplus. It has now on its books half a score Jane Does and twice as many Richard Roes, of whom nothing more will ever be known than that they were found, which is on the whole, perhaps, best,—for them, certainly. The others, the lost, drift from the tenements and back, a host of thousands year by year. The two I am thinking of were of these, typical of the maelstrom.

Yette Lubinsky was three years old when she was lost from her Essex Street home, in that neighborhood where, recently, the police commissioners thought seriously of having the children tagged with name and street number, to save trotting them back and forth between police station and headquarters. She had gone from the tenement to the corner where her father kept a stand, to beg a penny, and nothing more was known of her. Weeks after, a neighbor identified one of her little frocks as the match of one worn by a child she had seen dragged off by a rough-looking man. But though Max Lubinsky, the peddler, and Yette's mother camped on the steps of police headquarters early and late, anxiously questioning every one who went in and out about their lost child, no other word was heard of her. By and by it came to be an old story, and the two were looked upon as among the fixtures of the place. Mulberry Street has other such.

They were poor and friendless in a strange land, the very language of which was jargon to them as theirs was to us, timid in the crush, and they were shouldered out. It was not inhumanity; at least it was not meant to be. It was the way of the city, with every one for himself; and they accepted it, uncomplaining.

ing. So they kept their vigil on the stone steps, in storm and fair weather, every night, taking turns to watch all who passed. When it was a policeman with a little child, as it was many times between sunset and sunrise, the one on the watch would start up the minute they turned the corner, and run to meet them, eagerly scanning the little face, only to return, disappointed but not cast down, to the step upon which the other slept, head upon knees, waiting the summons to wake and watch.

Their mute sorrow appealed to me, then doing night duty in the newspaper office across the way, and I tried to help them in their search for the lost Yette. They accepted my help gratefully, trustfully, but without loud demonstration. Together we searched the police records, the hospitals, the morgue, and the long register of the river's dead. She was not there. Having made sure of this, we turned to the children's asylums. We had a description of Yette sent to each and every one, with the minutest particulars concerning her and her disappearance, but no word came back in response. A year passed, and we were compelled at last to give over the search. It seemed as if every means of finding out what had become of the child had been exhausted, and all alike had failed.

During the long search, I had occasion to go more than once to the Lubinskys' home. They lived up three flights, in one of the big barracks that give to the lower end of Essex Street the appearance of a deep black cañon with cliff-dwellers living in tiers all the way up, their watch-fires showing like so many dull red eyes through the night. The hall was pitch-dark, and the whole building redolent of the slum, but in the stuffy little room where the peddler lived there was, in spite of it all, an atmosphere of home that set it sharply apart from the rest. One of these visits I remember as if it were yesterday, though

much more than a dozen years have passed. I had stumbled in, unthinking, upon their Sabbath eve meal. The candles were lighted, and the children gathered about the table; at its head, the father, every trace of the timid, shrinking peddler of Mulberry Street laid aside with the week's toil, was invoking the Sabbath blessing upon his house and all it harbored. I could not make out the words, but I saw him turn, with a quiver of the lip, to a vacant seat between him and the mother; and it was only then that I noticed the baby's high chair, empty, but kept ever waiting for the little wanderer. I understood; and in the strength of domestic affection that burned with unquenched faith in the dark tenement after the many months of weary failure I read the history of this strange people that in every land and in every day has conquered even the slum with the hope of home.

It was not to be put to shame here, either. Yette returned, after all, and the way of it came near being stranger than all the rest. Two long years had passed, and the memory of her and hers had long since faded out of Mulberry Street, when, in the overhauling of one of the children's homes we thought we had canvassed thoroughly, the child turned up, as unaccountably as she had been lost. All that I ever learned about it was that she had been brought there, picked up by some one in the street, likely, and, after more or less inquiry that had failed to connect with the search at our end of the line, had been included in their flock on some formal commitment, and had stayed there. Not knowing her name,—she could not tell it herself, to be understood,—they had given her one of their own choosing; and thus disguised, she might have stayed there forever but for the fortunate chance that cast her up to the surface once more, and gave the clue to her identity at last. Even then her father had nearly as much trouble in proving his title to his child as

he had had in looking for her, but in the end he made it good. The frock she had worn when she was lost proved the missing link. The mate of it was still carefully laid away in the tenement. So Yette returned to fill the empty chair at the Sabbath board, and the peddler's faith was justified.

My other chip from the maelstrom was a lad half grown. He dropped into my office as if out of the clouds, one long and busy day, when, tired and out of sorts, I sat wishing my papers and the world in general in Halifax. I had not heard the knock, and when I looked up there stood my boy, a stout, square-shouldered lad, with heavy cowhide boots and dull honest eyes, — eyes that looked into mine for a moment as if with a question they were about to put, and then gave it up, gazing straight ahead, stolid, impassive. It struck me that I had seen that face before, and I found out immediately where. The officer of the Children's Aid Society who had brought him explained that Frands — that was his name — had been in the society's care five months and over. They had found him drifting in the streets, and, knowing whither that drift set, had taken him in charge and sent him to one of their lodging-houses, where he had been since, doing chores and plodding about in his dull way. That was where I had met him. Now they had decided that he should go to Florida, if he would, but first they would like to find out something about him. They had never been able to, beyond the fact that he was from Denmark. He had put his finger on the map in the reading-room, one day, and shown them where he came from: that was the extent of their information on that point. So they had sent him to me to talk to him in his own tongue and see what I could make of him.

I addressed him in the politest Danish I was master of, and for an instant I

saw the listening, questioning look return; but it vanished almost at once, and he answered in monosyllables, if at all, looking straight ahead, patient, passive, indifferent. Much of what I said passed him entirely by. He did not seem to understand. Gradually I got out of him that his father was a farm laborer; that he had come over to look for his cousin, who worked in Passaic, New Jersey, and had found him, — Heaven knows how! — but had lost him again. Then he had drifted to New York, where the society's officers had come upon him. He nodded when told that he was to be sent far away to the country, much as if I had spoken of some one he had never heard of. We had arrived at this point when I asked him the name of his native town.

The word he spoke came upon me with all the force of a sudden blow. I had played in the old village as a boy; all my childhood was bound up in its memories. For many years now I had not heard its name, — not since boyhood days spoken as he spoke it. Perhaps it was because I was tired: the office faded away, desk, headquarters across the street, boy, officer, business, and all. In their place were the brown heath I loved, the distant hills, the winding wagon-track, the peat-stacks, and the solitary sheep browsing on the barrows. Forgotten the thirty years, the seas that rolled between, the teeming city. I was at home again, a child. And there he stood, the boy, with it all in his dull, absent look. I read it now as plain as the day.

"Hua er et no? Ka do ett fostó hua a sejer?"

It plumped out of me in the broad Jutland dialect I had neither heard nor spoken in half a lifetime, and so astonished me that I nearly fell off my chair. Sheep, peat-stacks, cairn, and hills all vanished together, and in place of the sweet heather there was the table with the tiresome papers. I reached out yearn-

ingly after the heath; I had not seen it for such a long time, — how long it did seem! — and — but in the same breath it was all there again in the smile that lighted up Frands' broad face like a glimpse of sunlight from a leaden sky.

"Joesses, jou," he laughed, "no ka a da saa grou godt."¹

It was the first honest Danish word he had heard since he came to this bewildering land. I read it in his face, no longer heavy or dull; saw it in the way he followed my speech, — spelling the words, as it were, with his own lips, to lose no syllable; caught it in his glad smile as he went on telling me about his journey, his home, and his homesickness for the heath, with a breathless kind of haste, as if, now that at last he had a chance, he were afraid it was all a dream, and that he would presently wake up and find it gone. Then the officer pulled my sleeve.

He had coughed once or twice, but neither of us had heard him. Now he held out a paper he had brought, with an apologetic gesture. It was an agreement Frands was to sign, if he was going to Florida. I glanced at it. Florida? Yes, to be sure; oh yes, Florida. I spoke to the officer, and it was in the Jutland dialect. I tried again, with no better luck. I saw him looking at me queerly, as if he thought it was not quite right with me, either, and then I recovered myself, and got back to the office and to America, but it was an effort. One does not skip across thirty years and two oceans, at my age, so easily as that.

And then the dull look came back into Frands' eyes, and he nodded stolidly. Yes, he would go to Florida. The papers were made out, and off he went, after giving me a hearty hand-shake that warranted he would come out right when he became accustomed to the new country; but he took something with him which it hurt me to part with.

¹ My exclamation on finding myself so suddenly translated back to Denmark was an

Frands is long since in Florida, growing up with the country, and little Yette is a young woman. So long ago was it that the current which sucked her under cast her up again that there lives not in the whole street any one who can recall her loss. I tried to find one only yesterday, but all the old people were dead or had moved away, and of the young who were very anxious to help me scarcely one was born at that time. But still the maelstrom drags down its victims; and far away lies my Danish heath under the gray October sky, hidden behind the seas.

PAOLO'S AWAKENING.

Paolo sat cross-legged on his bench, stitching away for dear life. He pursed his lips and screwed up his mouth into all sorts of odd shapes with the effort, for it was an effort. He was only eight, and you would scarcely have imagined him over six, as he sat there sewing like a real little tailor; only Paolo knew but one seam, and that a hard one. Yet he held the needle and felt the edge with it in quite a grown-up way, and pulled the thread just as far as his short arm would reach. His mother sat on a stool by the window, where she could help him when he got into a snarl, — as he did once in a while, in spite of all he could do, — or when the needle had to be threaded. Then she dropped her own sewing, and, patting him on the head, said he was a good boy.

Paolo felt very proud and big then, that he was able to help his mother, and he worked even more carefully and faithfully than before, so that the boss should find no fault. The shouts of the boys in the block, playing duck-on-a-rock down in the street, came up through the open window, and he laughed as he heard them. He did not envy them, though he liked well enough to romp with the others. His was a sunny temper, impatient "Why, don't you understand me?" His answer was, "Lord, yes, now I do, indeed."

tent with what came; besides, his supper was at stake, and Paolo had a good appetite. They were in sober earnest working for dear life, — Paolo and his mother.

"Pants" for the sweater in Stanton Street was what they were making; little knickerbockers for boys of Paolo's own age. "Twelve pants for ten cents," he said, counting on his fingers. The mother brought them once a week, a big bundle which she carried home on her head, to have the buttons put on, fourteen on each pair, the bottoms turned up, and a ribbon sewn fast to the back seam inside. That was called finishing. When work was brisk, — and it was not always so since there had been such frequent strikes in Stanton Street, — they could together make the rent-money, and even more, as Paolo was learning and getting a stronger grip on the needle week by week. The rent was six dollars a month for a dingy basement room in which it was twilight even on the brightest days, and a dark little cubby-hole where it was always midnight, and where there was just room for a bed of old boards, no more. In there slept Paolo with his uncle; his mother made her bed on the floor of the "kitchen," as they called it.

The three made the family. There used to be four; but one stormy night in the winter that was just past Paolo's father had not come home. The uncle came alone, and the story he told made the poor home in the basement darker and drearier for many a day than it had yet been. The two men worked together for a padrone on the scows at the ash-dump. They were in the crew that went out that day to the dumping-ground, far outside the harbor. It was a dangerous journey in a rough sea. The half-frozen Italians clung to the great heaps like so many frightened flies, when the waves rose and tossed the unwieldy scows about, bumping one against the other, though they were strung out in a long row behind the tug, quite a distance apart.

That day the sea had washed entirely over the last scow and nearly upset it. When it floated even again two of the crew were missing, one of them Paolo's father. They had been washed away and lost, miles from shore. No one ever saw them again.

The widow's tears flowed for her dead husband, whom she could not even see laid in a grave the priest had blessed. The good father spoke to her of the sea as a vast God's-Acre, over which the storms are forever chanting anthems in His praise to whom the secrets of its depths are revealed; but she thought of it only as the cruel destroyer that had robbed her of her husband, and her tears fell faster. Paolo cried, too: partly because his mother cried; partly, if the truth must be told, because he was not to have a ride to the cemetery in the splendid coach. Giuseppe Salvatore, in the corner house, had never ceased talking of the ride he had when his father died, the year before. Pietro and Jim went along, too, and rode all the way behind the hearse with black plumes. It was a sore subject with Paolo, for he was in school that day.

And then he and his mother dried their tears and went to work. Henceforth there was to be little else for them. The luxury of grief is not among the few luxuries which Mott Street tenements afford. Paolo's life, after that, was lived mainly with the "pants" on his hard bench in the rear tenement. His routine of work was varied by the household duties which he shared with his mother. There were the meals to get, few and plain as they were. Paolo was the cook, and not infrequently, when a building was being torn down in the neighborhood, he furnished the fuel as well. Those were his off days, when he put the needle away and foraged with the other children, dragging old beams and carrying burdens far beyond his years.

The truant officer never found his way

to Paolo's tenement to discover that he could neither read nor write, and what was more, would probably never learn. It would have been of little use, for the public schools thereabouts were crowded, and Paolo could not have got into one of them if he had tried. The teacher from the Industrial School, which he had attended for one brief season while his father was alive, called at long intervals, and brought him once a plant, which he set out in his mother's window-garden and nursed carefully ever after. The "garden" was contained within an old starch-box which had its place on the window-sill, since the policeman had ordered the fire-escape to be cleared. It was a kitchen garden with vegetables, and was almost all the green there was in the landscape. From one or two other windows in the yard there peeped tufts of green; but of trees there was none in sight, — nothing but the bare clothespoles with their scores of pulley-lines from every window. Beyond the cemetery plot in the next block there was not an open spot or breathing-place, certainly not a playground, within reach of that great teeming slum that harbored more than a hundred thousand persons, young and old. Even the graveyard was shut in by a high brick wall, so that a glimpse of the greensward over the old mounds was to be caught only through the spiked iron gates, the key to which was lost, or by standing on tiptoe and craning one's neck. The dead there were of more account, though they had been forgotten these many years, than the living children who gazed so wistfully upon the little paradise through the barred gate, and were chased by the policeman when he came that way. Something like this thought was in Paolo's mind when he stood at sunset and peered in at the golden rays falling athwart the green, but he did not know it. Paolo was not a philosopher, but he loved beauty and beautiful things, and was conscious of a great hunger

which there was nothing in his narrow world to satisfy.

Certainly not in the tenement. It was old and rickety and wretched, in keeping with the slum of which it formed a part. The whitewash was peeling off the walls, the stairs were patched, and the doorstep long since worn entirely away. It was hard to be decent in such a place, but the widow did the best she could. Her rooms were as neat as the general dilapidation would permit. On the shelf where the old clock stood, flanked by the best crockery, most of it cracked and yellow with age, there was red and green paper cut in scallops very nicely. Garlic and onions hung in strings over the stove, and the red peppers that grew in the starch-box at the window gave quite a cheerful appearance to the room. In the corner, under a cheap print of the Virgin Mary with the Child, a small night-light in a blue glass was always kept burning. It was a kind of illumination in honor of the Mother of God, through which the widow's devout nature found expression. Paolo always looked upon it as a very solemn show. When he said his prayers, the sweet, patient eyes in the picture seemed to watch him with a mild look that made him turn over and go to sleep with a sigh of contentment. He felt then that he had not been altogether bad, and that he was quite safe in their keeping.

Yet Paolo's life was not wholly without its bright spots. Far from it. There were the occasional trips to the dump with uncle Pasquale's dinner, where there was always sport to be had in chasing the rats that overran the place, fighting for the scraps and bones the trimmers had rescued from the scows. There were so many of them, and so bold were they, that an old Italian who could no longer dig was employed to sit on a bale of rags and throw things at them, lest they carry off the whole establishment. When he hit one, the rest squealed and scampered away; but they were back again

in a minute, and the old man had his hands full pretty nearly all the time. Paolo thought that his was a glorious job, as any boy might, and hoped that he would soon be old, too, and as important. And then the men at the cage, — a great wire crate into which the rags from the ash-barrels were stuffed, to be plunged into the river where the tide ran through them and carried some of the loose dirt away. That was called washing the rags. To Paolo it was the most exciting thing in the world. What if some day the crate should bring up a fish, a real fish, from the river? When he thought of it, he wished that he might be sitting forever on that string-piece, fishing with the rag-cage, particularly when he was tired of stitching and turning over, a whole long day.

Besides, there were the real holidays, when there was a marriage, a christening, or a funeral in the tenement, particularly when a baby died whose father belonged to one of the many benefit societies. A brass band was a proper thing then, and the whole block took a vacation to follow the music and the white hearse out of their ward into the next. But the chief of all the holidays came once a year, when the feast of St. Rocco — the patron saint of the village where Paolo's parents had lived — was celebrated. Then a really beautiful altar was erected at one end of the yard, with lights and pictures on it. The rear fire-escapes in the whole row were decked with sheets and made into handsome balconies, — reserved seats, as it were, — on which the tenants sat and enjoyed it. A band in gorgeous uniforms played three whole days in the yard, and the men in their holiday clothes stepped up, bowed and crossed themselves, and laid their gifts on the plate which St. Rocco's namesake, the saloon-keeper in the block who had got up the celebration, had put there for them. In the evening they set off great strings of fire-crackers in the street, in the saint's honor, until the police in-

terfered once and forbade that. Those were great days for Paolo, always.

But the fun Paolo loved best of all was when he could get in a corner by himself, with no one to disturb him, and build castles and things out of some abandoned clay or mortar or wet sand, if there were nothing better. The plastic material took strange shapes of beauty under his hands. It was as if life had been somehow breathed into it by his touch, and it ordered itself as none of the other boys could make it. His fingers were tipped with genius, but he did not know it, for his work was only for the hour. He destroyed it as soon as it was made, to try for something better. What he had made never satisfied him, one of the surest proofs that he was capable of great things, had he only known it. But, as I said, he did not.

The teacher from the Industrial School came upon him one day, sitting in the corner by himself and breathing life into the mud. She stood and watched him awhile, unseen, getting interested, almost excited, as he worked on. As for Paolo, he was solving the problem that had eluded him so long, and had eyes or thought for nothing else. As his fingers ran over the soft clay, the needle, the hard bench, the "pants," even the sweater himself, vanished out of his sight, out of his life, and he thought only of the beautiful things he was fashioning to express the longing in his soul, which nothing mortal could shape. Then, suddenly, seeing and despairing, he dashed it to pieces, and came back to earth and to the tenement.

But not to the "pants" and the sweater. What the teacher had seen that day had set her to thinking, and her visit resulted in a great change for Paolo. She called at night and had a long talk with his mother and uncle through the medium of the priest, who interpreted when they got to a hard place. Uncle Pasquale took but little part in the conversation. He sat by and

noded most of the time, assured by the presence of the priest that it was all right. The widow cried a good deal, and went more than once to take a look at Paolo, lying snugly tucked in his bed in the inner room, quite unconscious of the weighty matters that were being decided concerning him. She came back the last time drying her eyes, and laid both her hands in the hand of the teacher. She nodded twice and smiled through her tears, and the bargain was made. Paolo's slavery was at an end.

His friend came the next day and took him away, dressed up in his best clothes, to a large school where there were many children, not of his own people, and where he was received kindly. There dawned that day a new life for Paolo, for in the afternoon trays of modeling clay were brought in, and the children were told to mould in it objects that were set before them. Paolo's teacher stood by and nodded approvingly as his little fingers played so deftly with the clay, his face all lighted up with joy at this strange kind of a school-lesson.

After that Paolo had a new and faithful friend, and as he worked away, putting his whole young soul into the tasks that filled it with radiant hope, other friends, rich and powerful, found him out in his slum. They brought better paying work for his mother than sewing "pants" for the sweater, and uncle Pasquale abandoned the scows to become a porter in a big shipping house on the west side. The little family moved out of the old home into a better tenement, though not far away. Paolo's loyal heart clung to the neighborhood where he had played and dreamed as a child, and he wanted it to share in his good fortune, now that it had come. As the days passed, the neighbors who had known him as little Paolo came to speak of him as one who some day would be a great artist and make them all proud. Paolo laughed at that, and said that the first

bust he would hew in marble should be that of his patient, faithful mother; and with that he gave her a little hug and danced out of the room, leaving her to look after him with glistening eyes, brimming over with happiness.

But Paolo's dream was to have another awakening. The years passed and brought their changes. In the manly youth who came forward as his name was called in the academy, and stood modestly at the desk to receive his diploma, few would have recognized the little ragamuffin who had dragged bundles of firewood to the rookery in the alley, and carried uncle Pasquale's dinner-pail to the dump. But the audience gathered to witness the Commencement exercises knew it all, and greeted him with a hearty welcome that recalled his early struggles and his hard-won success. It was Paolo's day of triumph. The class honors and the medal were his. The bust that had won both stood in the hall crowned with laurel, — an Italian peasant woman with sweet, gentle face, in which there lingered the memories of the patient eyes that had lulled the child to sleep in the old days in the alley. His teacher spoke to him, spoke of him, with pride in voice and glance; spoke tenderly of his old mother of the tenement, of his faithful work, of the loyal manhood that ever is the soul and badge of true genius. As he bade him welcome to the fellowship of artists who, in him, honored the best and noblest in their own aspirations, the emotion of the audience found voice once more. Paolo, flushed, his eyes filled with happy tears, stumbled out, he knew not how, with the coveted parchment in his hand.

Home to his mother! It was the one thought in his mind as he walked toward the big bridge to cross to the city of his home, — to tell her of his joy, of his success. Soon she would no longer be poor. The day of hardship was over. He could work now and earn money,

much money, and the world would know and honor Paolo's mother as it had honored him. As he walked through the foggy winter day toward the river, where delayed throngs jostled each other at the bridge entrance, he thought with grateful heart of the friends who had smoothed the way for him. Ah, not for long the fog and slush! The medal carried with it a traveling stipend, and soon the sunlight of his native land for him and her. He should hear the surf wash on the shingly beach and in the deep grottoes of which she had sung to him when a child. Had he not promised her this? And had they not many a time laughed for very joy at the prospect, the two together?

He picked his way up the crowded stairs, carefully guarding the precious roll. The crush was even greater than usual. There had been delay, something wrong with the cable. But a train was just waiting, and he hurried on board with the rest, little heeding what became of him so long as the diploma was safe. The train rolled out on the bridge, with Paolo wedged in the crowd on the platform of the last car, holding the paper high over his head, where it was shel-

tered safe from the fog and the rain and the crush.

Another train backed up, received its load of cross humanity, and vanished in the mist. The damp gray curtain had barely closed behind it, and the impatient throng was fretting at another delay, when consternation spread in the bridge-house. Word had come up from the track that something had happened. Trains were stalled all along the route. While the dread and uncertainty grew, a messenger ran up out of breath. There had been a collision. The last train had run into the one preceding it, in the fog. One was killed, others were injured. Doctors and ambulances were wanted.

They came with the police, and by and by the partly wrecked train was hauled up to the platform. When the wounded had been taken to the hospital, they bore from the train the body of a youth, clutching yet in his hand a torn, blood-stained paper tied about with a purple ribbon. It was Paolo. The awakening had come. Brighter skies than those of sunny Italy had dawned upon him in the gloom and terror of the great crash. Paolo was at home, waiting for his mother.

Jacob A. Riis.

THE YOUNG SHAKESPEARE: A STUDY OF ROMEO.

THE plays of Shakespeare marshal themselves in the beyond. They stand in a place outside of our deduction. Their cosmos is greater than our philosophy. They are like the forces of nature and the operations of life in the vivid world about us. We may measure our intellectual growth by the new horizons we see opening within them. So long as they continue to live and change, to expand and deepen, to be filled with new harmony and new suggestion, we may rest content; we are still growing.

At the moment we think we have comprehended them, at the moment we see them as stationary things, we may be sure something is wrong; we are beginning to petrify. Our fresh interest in life has been arrested. There is, therefore, danger in an attempt to "size up" Shakespeare. We cannot help setting down as a coxcomb any man who has done it to his own satisfaction. He has pigeon-holed himself. He will not get lost. If you want him, you can lay your hand on him. He has written an auto-

biography. He has "sized up" himself.

In writing about Shakespeare, it is excusable to put off the armor of criticism, and speak in a fragmentary and inconclusive manner, lest by giving way to conviction, by encouraging ourselves into positive beliefs, we hasten the inevitable and grow old before our time.

Perhaps some such apology is needed to introduce the observations on the character of Romeo which are here thrown together, and the remarks about the play itself, the acting and the text.

It is believed by some scholars that in the second quarto edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, published in 1599, Shakespeare's revising hand can be seen, and that the differences between the first and second editions show the amendments, additions, and corrections with which Shakespeare saw fit to embellish his work in preparing it for the press. If this were actually the case; if we could lay the two texts on the table before us, convinced that one of them was Shakespeare's draft or acting copy, and the other Shakespeare's finished work; and if, by comparing the two, we could enter into the workshop and forge of his mind, it would seem as if we had at last found an avenue of approach towards this great personality, this intellect the most powerful that has ever illumined human life. No other literary inquiry could compare in interest with such a study as this; for the relation which Shakespeare himself bore to the plays he created is one of the mysteries and blank places in history, a gap that staggers the mind and which imagination cannot overleap.

The student who examines both texts will be apt to conclude that the second is by no means a revised edition of the first, but that (according to another theory) the first is a pirated edition of the play, stolen by the printer, and probably obtained by means of a reporter

who took down the lines as they were spoken on the stage. The stage directions in the first edition are not properly the stage directions of a dramatist as to what should be done on the stage, but seem rather the records of an eye-witness as to what he saw happen on the stage. The mistakes of the reporter (or the perversions of the actors) as seen in the first edition generally injure the play; and it was from this circumstance — the frequency of blotches in the first edition — that the idea gained currency that the second edition was an example of Shakespeare's never failing tact in bettering his own lines.

Perhaps, after all, it would little advance our understanding of the plays, or solve the essential puzzle, — that they actually had an author, — if we could follow every stroke of his revising pen. We should observe, no doubt, refinement of characterization, changes of stage effect, the addition of flourishes and beauties; but their origin and true meaning, the secret of their life, would be as safe as it is at present, as securely lost in the midst of all this demonstration as the manuscripts themselves were in the destruction of the Globe Theatre.

If we must then abandon the hope of seeing Shakespeare in his workshop, we may, nevertheless, obtain from the pirated text some notion of the manner in which Shakespeare was staged in his own day, and of how he fared at the hands of the early actors. *Romeo and Juliet* is an exceptionally difficult play to act, and the difficulties seem to have been about the same in Shakespeare's time as they are to-day. They are, in fact, inherent in the structure of the work itself.

As artists advance in life, they develop, by growing familiar with the conditions of their art, the power of concealing its limitations, — a faculty in which even the greatest artists are often deficient in their early years. There is an anecdote of Schumann which somewhat

crudely illustrates this. It is said that in one of his early symphonies he introduced a passage leading up to a climax, at which the horns were to take up the aria in triumph. At the rehearsal, when the moment came for the horns to trumpet forth their message of victory, there was heard a sort of smothered braying which made everybody laugh. The composer had arranged his climax so that it fell upon a note which the horns could not sound except with closed stops. The passage had to be rewritten. The young painter is frequently found struggling with subjects, with effects of light which are almost impossible to render, and which perhaps an older man would not attempt. It is not surprising to find among the early works of Shakespeare that some of the characters, however true to life, — nay, because true to life, — are almost impossible to be represented on the stage. Certainly Romeo presents us with a character of the kind.

Shakespeare's knowledge of human nature seems to have antedated his knowledge of the stage. In imagining the character of Romeo, a character to fit the plot of the old story, he took little thought for his actors. In conjuring up the probabilities which would lead a man into such a course of conduct as Romeo's, Shakespeare had in his mind the probabilities and facts in real life rather than the probabilities demanded by the stage.

Romeo must be a man almost wholly made up of emotion, a creature very young, a lyric poet in the intensity of his sensations, a child in his helplessness beneath the ever varying currents and whirlpools of his feeling. He lives in a walking and frenzied dream, comes in contact with real life only to injure himself and others, and finally drives with the collected energy of his being into voluntary shipwreck upon the rocks of the world.

This man must fall in love at first sight. He must marry clandestinely. He must be banished for having taken

part in a street fight, and must return to slay himself upon the tomb of his beloved.

Shakespeare, with his passion for realism, devotes several scenes at the opening of the play to the explanation of Romeo's state of mind. He will give us a rationalistic account of love at first sight by bringing on this young poet in a blind chaos of emotion owing to his rejection by a woman not otherwise connected with the story. It is perfectly true that this is the best and perhaps the only explanation of love at first sight. The effect upon Romeo's very boyish, unreal, and almost unpleasant lovesickness of the rejection (for which we must always respect Rosaline) is to throw him, and all the unstable elements of which he is made, into a giddy whirl, which, after a day or two, it will require only the glance of a pair of eyes to precipitate into the very elixir of true love.

All this is true, but no audience cares about the episode or requires the explanation. Indeed, it jars upon the sentimental notion of many persons to this day, and in many stage versions it is avoided.

These preparatory scenes bring out in a most subtle way the egoism at the basis of Romeo's character, — the same lyrical egoism that is in all his language and in all his conduct. When we first see Romeo, he is already in an uneasy dream. He is wandering, aloof from his friends and absorbed in himself. On meeting Juliet he passes from his first dream into a second dream. On learning of the death of Juliet he passes into still a third and quite different dream, — or stage of dream, — a stage in which action is necessary, and in which he displays the calculating intellect of a maniac. The mental abstraction of Romeo continues even after he has met Juliet. In Capulet's garden, despite the directness of Juliet, he is still in his reveries. The sacred wonder

of the hour turns all his thoughts, not into love, but into poetry. Juliet's anxieties are practical. She asks him about his safety, how he came there, how he expects to escape. He answers in madrigals. His musings are almost impersonal. The power of the moonlight is over him, and the power of the scene, of which Juliet is only a part.

"With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do that dares love attempt;

Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops —

It is my soul that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears."

These reflections are almost "asides." They ought hardly to be spoken aloud. They denote that Romeo is still in his trance. They have, however, another and unfortunate influence: they retard the action of the play. As we read the play to ourselves, this accompaniment of lyrical feeling on Romeo's part does not interfere with our enjoyment. It seems to accentuate the more direct and human strain of Juliet's love.

But on the stage the actor who plays Romeo requires the very highest powers. While speaking at a distance from Juliet, and in a constrained position, he must by his voice and gestures convey these subtlest shades of feeling, throw these garlands of verse into his talk without interrupting its naturalness, give all the "asides" in such a manner that the audience feels they are in place, even as the reader does. It is no wonder that the rôle of Romeo is one of the most difficult in all Shakespeare. The demands made upon the stage are almost more than the stage can meet. The truth to nature is of a kind that the stage is almost powerless to render.

The character of Romeo cannot hope to be popular. Such pure passion, such unreasonable giving way, is not easily forgiven in a man. He must roll on the floor and blubber and kick. There is no getting away from this. He is not Romeo unless he cries like a baby or a Greek hero. This is the penalty for being a lyric poet. Had he used his mind more upon the problems of his love, and less upon its celebration in petaled phrases, his mind would not have deserted him so lamentably in the hour of his need. In fact, throughout the play, Romeo, by the exigencies of the plot, is in fair danger of becoming contemptible. For one instant only does he rise into respectability, — at the moment of his quarrel with Tybalt. At this crisis he is stung into life by the death of Mercutio, and acts like a man. The ranting manner in which it is customary to give Romeo's words in this passage of the play shows how far most actors are from understanding the true purport of the lines; how far from realizing that these few lines are the only opportunity the actor has of establishing the character of Romeo as a gentleman, a man of sense and courage, a formidable fellow, not unfit to be the hero of a play: —

"Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!

Away to heaven, respective lenity,

And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!

Now, Tybalt, take the 'villain' back again

That late thou gav'st me; — for Mercutio's soul

Is but a little way above our heads,

Staying for thine to keep him company:

Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him."

The first three lines are spoken by Romeo to himself. They are a reflection, not a declamation, — a reflection upon which he instantly acts. He assumes the calmness of a man of his rank who is about to fight. More than this, Romeo, the man of words and moods, when once roused, as we shall see later, in a worse cause, — when once pledged to action, — Romeo shines with a sort of fatalistic spiritual power. He is now visibly dedi-

cated to this quarrel. We feel sure that he will kill Tybalt in the encounter. The appeal to the supernatural is in his very gesture. The audience — nay, Tybalt himself — gazes with awe on this sudden apparition of Romeo as a man of action.

This highly satisfactory conduct is soon swept away by his behavior on hearing the news of his banishment. The boy seems to be without much stamina, after all. He is a pitiable object, and does not deserve the love of fair lady.

At Mantua the tide of his feelings has turned again, and by one of those natural reactions which he himself takes note of he wakes up unaccountably happy, "and all this day an unaccustom'd spirit lifts him above the ground with cheerful thoughts." It is the lightning before the thunderbolt.

"Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you."

Balthasar makes no attempt to break the news gently. The blow descends on Romeo when he least expects it. He is not spared.

The conduct of Romeo on hearing of Juliet's death is so close to nature as to be nature itself, yet it happens to be conduct almost impossible to be given on the stage. *He does nothing.* He is stunned. He collapses. For fully five minutes he does not speak, and yet in these five minutes he must show to the audience that his nature has been shaken to its foundations. The delirium of miraculously beautiful poetry is broken. His words are gone. His emotion is paralyzed, but his mind is alert. He seems suddenly to be grown up, — a man, and not a boy, — and a man of action. "Is it even so?" is all he says. He orders post-horses, ink and paper, in a few rapid sentences; it is evident that before speaking at all he has determined what he will do, and from now on to the end of the play Romeo is different

from his old self, for a new Romeo has appeared. He is in a state of intense and calm exultation. All his fluctuating emotions have been stilled or stunned. He gives his orders in staccato. We feel that he knows what he is going to do, and will certainly accomplish it. Meanwhile his mind is dominant. It is preternaturally active. His "asides," which before were lyrical, now become the comments of an acute intellect. His vivid and microscopic recollection of the apothecary shop, his philosophical bantering with the apothecary, his sudden violence to Balthasar at the entrance to the tomb, and his as sudden friendliness, his words and conflict with Paris, whom he kills incidentally, absent-mindedly, and, as it were, with his left hand, without malice and without remorse, — all these things show an intellect working at high pressure, while the spirit of the man is absorbed in another and more important matter.

There is a certain state of mind in which the will to do is so soon followed by the act itself that one may say the act is automatic. The thought has already begun to be executed even while it is being formed. This occurs especially where the intent is to do some horrid deed which requires preparation, firmness of purpose, ingenuity, and above all external calmness.

"Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection."

This is the phase through which Romeo is passing on the way from Mantua to Verona. His own words give us a picture of him during that ride: —

"What said my man when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode?"

He has come like an arrow, his mind closed to the external world, himself in the blind clutch of his own deadly pur-

pose, driving on towards its fulfillment. Only at the end, when he stands before the bier of Juliet, sure of his will, beyond the reach of hindrance, alone for the first time, — only then is his spirit released in floods of eloquence; then does his triumphant purpose break into speech, and his words soar up like the flames of a great bonfire of precious incense streaming upward in exultation and in happiness.

The whole course of these last scenes of Romeo's life, which are scarcely longer than this description of them, is in the highest degree naturalistic; but the scenes are in the nature of things so difficult to present on the stage as to be fairly impossible. The very long, the very minute description of the apothecary's shop, given by a man whose heart has stopped beating, but whose mind is at work more actively and more accurately than it has ever worked before, is a thing highly sane as to its words. It must be done quietly, rapidly, and yet the impression must be created, which is created upon Balthasar, that Romeo is not in his right mind. A friend seeing him would cross the street to ask what was the matter.

The whole character of Romeo, from the beginning, has been imagined with reference to this self-destroying consummation. From his first speech we might have suspected that something destructive would come out of this man.

There is a type of highly organized being, not well fitted for this world, whose practical activities are drowned in a sea of feeling. Egoists by their constitution, they become dangerous beings when vexed, cornered, or thwarted by society. Their fine energies have had no training in the painful constructive processes of civilization. Their first instincts, when goaded into activity, are instincts of destruction. They know no compromise. If they are not to have all, then no one shall possess anything. Romeo is not suffering in this final

scene. He is experiencing the greatest pleasure of his life. He glories in his deed. It satisfies his soul. It gives him supreme spiritual activity. The deed brings widespread desolation, but to this he is indifferent, for it means the destruction of the prison against which his desires have always beaten their wings, the destruction of a material and social universe from which he has always longed to be free.

"O, here

Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh."

How much of all this psychology may we suppose was rendered apparent to the motley collection of excitable people who flocked to see the play — which appears to have been a popular one — in the years 1591-97? Probably as much as may be gathered by an audience to-day from a tolerable representation of the piece. The subtler truths of Shakespeare have always been lost upon the stage. In turning over the first quarto of *Romeo and Juliet*, we may see that many such matters were pruned ruggedly off by the actors. The early audiences, like the popular audiences of to-day, doubtless regarded action as the first merit of a play, and the stage managers must have understood this. It is noticeable that, in the authentic text, the street fight with which this play opens is a carefully-worked-up scene, which comes to a climax in the entry of the prince. The reporter gives a few words only to a description of the scene. No doubt, in Shakespeare's time, the characters spoke very rapidly or all at once. It is impossible that the longer plays, like *King Lear*, should have been finished in an evening, unless the scenes moved with a hurry of life very different from the declamatory leisure with which our actors move from scene to scene. To make plain the course of the story was evidently the chief aim of the stage managers. The choruses are finger-posts. It is true that the choruses in Shake-

speare are generally so overloaded with curious ornament as to be incomprehensible except as explanations of things already understood. The prologue to *Romeo and Juliet* is a riddle to which the play is the answer. One might at first suppose that the need of such finger-posts betrayed a dull audience, but no dull person was ever enlightened by Shakespeare's choruses. They play variations on the theme. They instruct only the instructed.

If interest in the course of the story be the first excitement to the theatre-goer, interest in seeing a picture of contemporary manners is probably the second. Our chief loss in reading Shakespeare is the loss of the society he depicts, and which we know only through him. In every line and scene there must be meanings which have vanished forever with the conditions on which they comment. A character on the stage has need, at the feeblest, of only just so much vitality as will remind us of something we know in real life. The types of Shakespeare which have been found substantial enough to survive the loss of their originals must have had an interest for the first audiences, both in nature and in intensity, very different from their interest to us. The high life depicted by Shakespeare has disappeared. No one of us has ever known a Mercutio. Fortunately, the types of society seem to change less in the lower orders than in the upper classes. England swarms with old women like Juliet's nurse; and as to these characters in Shakespeare whose originals still survive, and as to them

only, we may feel that we are near the Elizabethans.

We should undoubtedly suffer some disenchantment by coming in contact with these coarse and violent people. How much do the pictures of contemporary England given us by the novelists stand in need of correction by a visit to the land! How different is the thing from the abstract! Or, to put the same thought in a more obvious light, how fantastic are the ideas of the Germans about Shakespeare! How Germanized does he come forth from their libraries and from their green-rooms!

We in America, with our formal manners, our bloodless complexions, our perpetual decorum and self-suppression, are about as much in sympathy with the real element of Shakespeare's plays as a Baptist parson is with a fox-hunt. Our blood is stirred by the narration, but our constitution could never stand the reality. As we read we translate all things into the dialect of our province; or if we are not great enough to be modest, let us say that we translate the dialect of the English province into the language of our empire; but we still translate. Mercutio, on inspection, would turn out to be not a gentleman, — and indeed he is not; Juliet, to be a most extraordinary young person; Tybalt, a brute and ruffian, a type from the plantation; and the only man with whom we should feel at all at ease would be the County Paris, in whom we should all recognize a perfectly bred man. "What a man!" we should cry. "Why, he's a man of wax!"

John Jay Chapman.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Richelieu, by Richard Lodge, M. A., Foreign Statesmen Series. (Macmillan.) The average quality of the numerous historical series published in the last few years has been, all things considered, rather surprisingly good; but no one of them, perhaps, shows such uniformly admirable work as the Twelve English Statesmen, so that readers will be ready to give an especial welcome to a new series on similar lines, devoted to some of the most eminent statesmen of Continental Europe, of which this volume is the earliest issue. Precedence can well be given to the life of the man whom his biographer justly styles the greatest political genius France has ever produced, while Professor Lodge's masterly treatment of his subject makes his monograph no ill model for its successors. It is perfectly proportioned; the narrative, if condensed, is neither dry nor bald; it is luminous and straightforward, even when dealing with the tortuous diplomacy, the confusing wars and rumors of war of the time; it is steadily interesting, and often suggestive. It will be the reader's own fault if he does not gain from the book a definite conception of the deep and enduring impress left by Richelieu on his country, and also of the momentousness of the principal shortcoming of his policy, his failure to reform the financial mal-administration of France. The second volume of the series, Philip Augustus, by William Holden Hutton, B. D., though not so noteworthy a book, is a well-arranged, clearly-written, and, we may add, readable brief history of Philip the Conqueror. The author very modestly owns his indebtedness to the French and German historians who have studied his subject in the last fifty years, his conclusions drawn from an examination of the original authorities being generally anticipated by these scholars, so that he has had no choice but to follow in their footsteps. A later edition will probably correct a few slips in names and dates, evidences of careless proof-reading. — Eliza Pinckney, by Harriott Horry Ravenel. (Scribners.) This is the third volume in the series of Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times;

and if those bands of women known to-day as "Dames" and "Daughters" are as plentiful as the reports of their doings, we may well believe that the book-counters are lined with purchasers waiting for just such books as these. What is more, they are good books. This last volume presents a capital picture of the best Southern life before and during the Revolution. Fortunately for the biographer, Mrs. Pinckney left a mass of letters such as no woman to-day could find time to write. They are letters that picture clearly not only the social life of the time, but the strong and womanly personality of their writer. It is interesting, also, to observe how many names that figure in them are names of constant and honored recurrence in American history. — Jeanne d'Arc, Her Life and Death, by Mrs. Oliphant. Heroes of the Nations Series. (Putnams.) That Mrs. Oliphant writes of the Maid with sympathetic insight and fervent enthusiasm we need hardly say, or that she expends no efforts in trying to give naturalistic explanations of the mystical elements in the history. She is not disturbed by the apparition of the saints: "there is in them an ineffable appropriateness and fitness, against which the imagination, at least, has not a word to say." She finds it more incredible that the devout peasant girl should have shown the genius of a soldier; while at her trial she appears "a far greater miracle in her simplicity and noble steadfastness" than even in the wonders she had wrought. Mrs. Oliphant attempts nothing more than to retell, faithfully and vividly, the familiar story, for which, considering the distance in time, such astonishingly abundant and authentic materials exist. We know of no popular life of her heroine which would be so likely to attract young readers. Like all the books of this series, the volume is generously illustrated. — The Mogul Emperors of Hindustan, A. D. 1398-1707, by Edward S. Holden, LL. D. (Scribners.) A collection of miniatures of the Mogul Emperors having come into Professor Holden's hands, he was led to devote "the spare hours of a long and harassing winter" to the study of their history; the result be-

ing certain magazine articles, here reprinted in a revised and extended form. Remembering that history is the author's recreation, and not his serious pursuit, we find in these sketches of the Great Moguls which come to us from the Lick Observatory many commendable qualities. Much varied information is brought together and systematized in a volume of moderate compass; excellent judgment is shown in the selection of illustrative extracts from the authorities used, and in the choice of the authorities as well, while the writer's conclusions drawn therefrom are temperate and just, and set forth in a lucid, unaffected style. The work is well illustrated, some of the portraits being reproduced for the first time. But surely the miniature of the Empress "buried in the Taj-Mahal," which makes so attractive a frontispiece, and that of Nur-Mahal (page 128), represent the same woman. Perhaps, however, the face of the latter, assuming the genuineness of the portrait, became the conventional model to which supposed pictures of later queens conformed. — *The Education of Children at Rome*, by George Clarke (Macmillan), presents succinctly the educational theories which dominated the Roman school system, and deals practically with such matters as the kinds of schools founded by the Romans, their equipment and their curricula. There are many larger works on this subject, but none which form more pleasant reading. — *The Cambridge of Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-Six*, edited by Arthur Gilman. (The Riverside Press, Cambridge.) The further title of this handsome octavo is, *A Picture of the City and its Industries Fifty Years after its Incorporation*. Here is a city with a population of over eighty thousand, and a valuation of over eighty million, which indicates in its memorial volume the relative value it sets on ideas and on things. Three fourths of the work is taken up with historical studies by John Fiske and A. McF. Davis, sketches of life by T. W. Higginson and others, notes on Harvard University by President Eliot, John Trowbridge, Bishop Lawrence, Dr. Sargent, and others, and further inquiry into those features of the city which have to do with the health, education, religion, philanthropy, and self-government of the citizens; while only the last quarter of the book is devoted to the business of the city.

This is putting the horse before the cart, and on prudential grounds alone is the most admirable advertisement the city could have. After all, people really wish to know a good place to live in, not merely a place to make money in. — *Quaint Nantucket*, by William Root Bliss. (Houghton.) Mr. Bliss has been singularly fortunate in the amount of material at his command. His narrative is used merely to link together delightful clippings from old letters, records, and sea-logs, unspoiled by any deviation from their original spelling and phraseology. There is no attempt at a systematic history of what Mr. Bliss justly styles "Quaint Nantucket," but the quotations from documents of successive epochs give us pictures which we would not willingly exchange for photographs from the life. Separated from the mainland by a broad sound, the island folk kept their types more pure than their brethren on the continent. The history of their civilization is like a scientific experiment. Possible causes of change are introduced singly, and their relations to consequent effects are curiously evident. — *The Messrs. Putnams* have fitly incorporated in the *Heroes of the Nations Series* their illustrated edition of Irving's *Life of Columbus*, as condensed by the author from his larger work.

LITERATURE.

Mr. Knight's definitive edition of the *Poetical Works of William Wordsworth* (Macmillan) has reached the sixth volume, and in the chronological order embraces those poems written and published between 1814 and 1820. Thus the final group is *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent*. Nothing is lacking which the reader may think he requires for the correct knowledge of all the circumstances under which Wordsworth wrote; nothing, either, which he may need for a comparison of texts; and hardly anything is lacking which a tolerably ignorant person would require for the elucidation of the facts imbedded in the verse. — *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*, English, French, and German Translations, comparatively arranged in Accordance with the Text of Edward Fitzgerald's Version, with further Selections, Notes, Biographies, and other matter. Collected and edited by Nathan Haskell Dole. (Joseph Knight Co.) As comprehensive as this title are

the two teeming volumes of Mr. Dole's Variorum Edition of Omar. All we know, and all we need to know of the Persian poet, is to be found somewhere in one of the two books. Nothing is omitted, from the ripe fruits of German scholarship down to the green apples of "occasional verse." If Mr. Dole's diligence and ingenuity had been employed as judiciously in arranging this mass of material as in collecting it, nothing but enthusiasm could greet his performance. As it is, he has rendered lovers of the tent-maker a great service in bringing together all that has been said of him and done with him. It is merely with the matter of arrangement that fault might not unreasonably be found. For a single example, Fitzgerald's notes on the *Rubáiyát* of his translation do not appear in any one easily accessible place. They all seem to be there, but one must use one's own ingenuity in finding them. The books are handsomely made, without and within, and, for their wealth of contents, should certainly meet with a generous welcome. — The Lesser Bourgeoisie (*Les Petits Bourgeois*), belonging to Scenes from Parisian Life, and the last published of its author's novels, has appeared in Messrs. Roberts' edition of Balzac, translated by Miss Wormeley. This book was not given to the public till 1854, three years after Balzac's death, though it would seem it was nearly ready for the press ten years earlier. It has been surmised that M. Rabou gave the finishing touches to the work. — Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie has added to the list of his published works a volume of *Essays on Nature and Culture*. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) The essays are of firm intellectual fibre and wholesome tone; if they have a fault, it is that of a rather unrelieved didacticism and an occasional tendency to emphatic truism. — Mr. William Cranston Lawton has done a service to all teachers and students of the classics by issuing in book form his lectures on Art and Humanity in Homer. (Macmillan.) Intelligently used, this little book will go far toward making the school study of Homer humane and profitable. — The Works of Max Beerbohm. (Scribners.) Seven brief essays from the *Omnia Opera* of Mr. Beerbohm; and, alas, the final words of his book are these: "I shall write no more. Already I feel myself to be a trifle outmoded. I belong to

the Beardsley period. Younger men, with months of activity before them, with fresher schemes and notions, with newer enthusiasm, have pressed forward since then. *Cedo junioribus*. Indeed, I stand aside with no regret. For to be outmoded is to be a classic, if one has written well. I have acceded to the hierarchy of good scribes, and rather like my niche." To express delight in such a passage, by one who tells us that in 1890 he was a freshman at Oxford, would be to confess one's self incapable of enjoying it. With discretion, too, must one read the essay of historical research upon the year 1880, and be thankful for such training as one has already received in the spirit of decadence. — Matthew Arnold's review of Stopford Brooke's *Primer of English Literature* and his *Essay on Gray*, and John Morley's address to the University Extension students on the Study of Literature, form a group of papers in a small volume designed apparently to quicken zeal in the study of literature. (Macmillan.) — The *Interpretation of Literature*, by W. H. Crawshaw, A. M. (Macmillan.) The merits and faults of this little treatise, which is a "discussion of literary principles and their application," are such as usually attach to work which has taken form in the classroom: on the one hand, perfect clearness and sanity; on the other, over-elaboration of plan, and a formalism of tone which is inharmonious with the essay idea.

PERIODICALS.

A periodical is generally founded for one of two purposes, — the making of money or the expression of ideas. After it is well on its feet, it may accomplish both of these ends. We have before us recent volumes of *The Yellow Book*, *The Evergreen*, and *The Chap-Book*. The purpose of *The Yellow Book* (Lane, London; Copeland & Day, Boston) has sometimes been considered a puzzle. Its continuance upon the lines on which it was first framed appears to have been abandoned. Its yellow is as bright without, but far paler within. The cult of which it was originally the prophet is expressing itself far more quietly, at least here, and *The Yellow Book* is correspondingly less exciting, both to Philistine enemies and to initiated admirers. *The Evergreen*, a Northern Seasonal (Patrick Geddes and Colleagues, Edinburgh;

J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia), tells its own aim so clearly in the Prefatory Note to the volumes that have come to us that uncertainty is banished under the name which Allan Ramsay chose for his kindred attempt in 1724. The *Evergreen* seeks "to stimulate the return to local and national tradition and living nature." To this end it brings together the work of Scottish writers and illustrators in volumes of striking beauty of type, paper, and binding. In the summer volume, essays, fiction, poetry, and decoration are all chosen with the spirit of summer as a guide; in the autumn volume, the same note of the season is consistently struck. One may not care for all the art, of pen and pencil, which the books set forth,—indeed, one does not in many instances; yet the "seasonal" has something of sincerity about it which smacks of its northern air, and the knowledge that its publishers, living together in a sort of college settlement, make their periodical but a part of a general attempt to develop whatsoever things are lovely in Edinburgh leaves one wishing well to this enterprise, which can hardly have financial gain as one of its motives. S. R. Crockett, William Sharp, Sir Noël Paton, and others equally well known are among the contributors. Each number contains pages of French,—not so much, we fancy, for the reason that leads *Cosmopolis* to the same course, as to emphasize the historic sympathy between France and Scotland. From these foreign growths we turn to Volume IV. of our own little Chap-Book. (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.) Like life itself, it stands compact of error and truth, wisdom and folly. The notes are nearly always readable and pointed, the illustrations are often decadently bizarre and poor, the verse is amazingly unequal, the criticism is frequently capital. A paper by Mr. Norman Hapgood, *An Intellectual Parvenu*, is especially good. One class of modern Americans, indeed, could hardly be better occupied than in thinking over Mr. Hapgood's remarks; and for publishers of new magazines, whether in Chicago or in Britain, there is much virtue in the wise words with which Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie brings his contribution to the Chap-Book to an end: "The new impulse in literature, when it comes, will evidence its presence neither by indecency nor by eccentricity, but by a certain noble sim-

plecity, by the sanity upon which a great authority ultimately rests, by the clearness of its insight and the depth of its sympathy with that deeper life of humanity, in which are the springs of originality and productiveness."

FICTION.

Weir of Hermiston, an Unfinished Romance, by Robert Louis Stevenson. (Scribners.) A Romance Begun would be a more truthful description of this charming fragment, for the word "unfinished" carries with it an impression that the end was not far off. Putting together what Stevenson finished and what the Editorial Note tells us was to have been done, we may safely calculate that about two thirds of the story was still to be written when its untimely end came. There is abundantly enough to convince us that Stevenson had begun one of his very best performances; and there is enough to show clearly, again, why it is that our generation, especially its younger element, cares so very greatly for the writer who is gone. No one spoke more unmistakably than he the most characteristic language of our day. His mind, like his pen, worked in the medium which it provides; and one great sorrow is that nobody is left so completely the interpreter of a spirit which now must be content with a less satisfying utterance. — *Disturbing Elements*, by Mrs. Birchenough [M. E. Bradley]. (Macmillan.) A pleasing and readable tale, whose unobtrusive virtues will cause it to be overlooked, we hope, only by the hardened readers of the highly colored, strongly flavored fiction of the hour. The contrasting characters of the charming, well-bred, clever, and sophisticated Mrs. Lanion, one of those women who instinctively prefer the other sex to their own, and her high-minded, college-trained, and quite unsophisticated granddaughter, are drawn with admirable truth, as is the household of the French branch of their family, and especially the old lady who is its efficient and domineering head. The author's good sense and good taste are grateful to the reader, who soon finds that she can tell a story as well. — *The Massacre of the Innocents, and Other Tales*, by Belgian Writers, translated by Edith Wingate Rinder. (Stone & Kimball.) A dozen tales by some writers of to-day, of whom only one has a European reputation, selected by the translator as re-

representative of "the contemporary Belgian Renaissance." Two of the sketches, *The Massacre of the Innocents*, by Maeterlinck, and *The Denial of St. Peter*, by Demolder, are Scripture stories with a Flemish setting, — literary versions, as it were, of old Dutch Biblical pictures. Three of the tales are by M. Georges Eekhoud, sometimes called the Zola of Flanders, a name to which the brutal realism of Hiep-Hioup, rather than the tenderness and pathos of *Ex-Voto*, would entitle him. Realism, so called, is the prevailing quality of these studies, grimly tragic for the most part. Judging from this book, we should conclude that the Belgian *fin de siècle* raconteurs are quite without the grace of humor. We are told that *The Beleaguerd City* may help us to comprehend *L'Ame Errante*, but we fail to discover, in manner or spirit, the least affinity between M. Richelle's fantasy and Mrs. Oliphant's beautiful tale. — *Lives that came to Nothing*, by Garrett Leigh. Iris Series. (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York.) In this vague tale, or rather sketch, we meet the characters, to whom we are never really introduced, at a seaside resort, where they indulge in much epigrammatic and allusive talk, the conversations being varied by fragments of letters. As

we go on, we become slightly acquainted with the several characters, and begin to comprehend how unfortunately the love of some of them has gone astray, especially that of "the little woman," who, like Charlotte, is a married lady, and whose Werther is also a moral man. The book is a singular mixture of cleverness and crudeness, and, to all appearance, is a youthful production. — *In the Valley of Tophet*, by Henry W. Nevinson. (Holt.) The Valley of Tophet is a typical mining district in England, of the worse sort, and the dramatis personæ of the dozen stories composing the volume are drawn from the overworked and underfed workers of the iron mines. As befits the stage and actors, the trend of the book is pathetic. The author, evidently familiar with the models from which the characters are drawn, but influenced by a laudable desire to champion their cause, has idealized his portraits, and demands a little more pity than we care to bestow on persons not made like as we are. At times, however, all trace of overdrawing disappears, and we involuntarily yield the sympathy no longer asked. Such stories as *An Undesired Victory* and *Miss Rachel* show Mr. Nevinson at his best, and his best is admirable.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Prayer for a THE credibility of the story
Conflagration. that the Caliph Omar caused the destruction of the Alexandrian library has been seriously questioned, but this does not prevent some of us from wishing that the caliph were alive to-day, in order that we might request him to repeat his exploit on a larger scale. It is true that we should probably desire him to save a few books beside the Koran, and that we should have a pretty lively time determining which these few books should be. Mr. Swinburne would doubtless assert with vehement volubility that all extant copies of Victor Hugo's works should be put in a safe place at once, and Professor Saintsbury would begin at the other end and insist on committing every copy of Byron to the flames. It would certainly be a battle royal of the critics, if not a new

battle of the books. But if, as sometimes happens in such cases, the contending parties should agree to suspend hostilities, and to select a scapegoat on which to centre their animosities, could they make a better, a more grateful choice, than to offer up to the salutary conflagration the whole army of monographs, doctors' theses, and "studies" that the university and other presses are turning out for the invasion of our libraries and the subjugation of our true kingdoms, according to good Sir Edward Dyer, — to wit, our minds? Are not these precious specialists whom, in imitation of Germany, we are training up, threatening to become a very plague of Egypt to us, — or rather two plagues in one, that of the locusts and that of the darkness, — and must not something be done to rid us

of them? Alexandria had its commentators, the seventeenth century had its weavers of interminable romances, our fathers had their ponderous divines and portentous eulogistic biographers; but we have our specialists, and there is no Omar in sight to burn either them or their monographs. Such being the case, is it too much to beseech the universities to increase their corps of instructors in rhetoric? If our institutions of learning are to become mere manufacturing of books, we can at least ask that they manufacture readable ones.

The Real Thing. — I have recently run across two instances of generosity that seem to me almost ideally representative of that much misunderstood quality. I have always held that to be generous, in the nice sense of the word, demands a certain spiritual temper, not too thoughtlessly benevolent, and given to a just appreciation of the value of things; and this temper I have found in two people as far as possible removed from each other in all that pertains to their manner of life and outward circumstances. The first instance is that of a girl clerk in a down-town office, earning but a few dollars a week, who had been saving, after the disheartening fashion of women, until she had enough money to buy a bicycle. She had a rudimentary passion for perfectness, and her heart had been fixed on a high-priced machine, delicate in mechanism and beautiful to the eye, but she surprised her friends by getting instead one of a cheaper grade. When asked her reason for the change, she said that she wanted to feel perfectly free to lend her wheel, and at the eleventh hour had doubted her ability cordially to offer the one she coveted.

The second instance is perhaps of purer essence than the first, for in the mere act of choosing the cheaper wheel there was a suggestion of thrift. There is none in the following.

A man, a painter, found one day that to him, as to many of us, the fashions and poses of civilization had become a weariness; in spite of an energy and an insight that made him closely akin to the sixteenth-century masters his mind flagged, and he looked about him for a green spot of unrecorded nature in which to rest awhile. He was not easy to satisfy, and before he found what he wanted he had wandered

very far away. When he returned, he brought back with him memoranda that could never be duplicated, and that held suggestions and memories of a curious and primitive life that soon must vanish from the face of the earth. These notes of line and color he guarded as closely as you may imagine manuscripts were guarded before the day of Gutenberg. None but himself had access to them, and when they were shown it was in his room, with all precautions taken against injury or loss.

One day, however, the artist happened to hear that the wife of one of his friends, an invalid of many years, whom he had never seen, had expressed an interest in the sketches. Possibly it was in part the poetry of it that attracted him, — the piteous desire of a sensitive soul, bound to its couch, for that freedom of eye and thought which should carry it across continents and seas to the little island known only to the boldest travelers. Be that as it may, he took up his wonderful portfolio, and put it into the hands of his friend to carry home and keep so long as it should please his wife. There was not a word of caution, there was not a moment of hesitation; it was the princely surrender of a treasure the worth of which only an artist, and only such an artist, could fully know. His friend, who is my friend also, and from whom I heard the story, is a poor man. I know his plain rooms, and I can imagine that upper bedroom flooded suddenly with tropical color and light. I can imagine the eyes of his wife resting on the luxuriant beauty of cocoanut palms leaning to a sea of unutterable blue, on lithe and joyous forms full of the vigor of life, on the dusky glow of primeval forests, on all that was most remote and foreign to her cloistered days; and it seems to me that the word "generous" most perfectly fits the act of the painter.

A Lover of Children. — Twenty years ago, the writer, with her three-year-old child, was on her way to Washington in midwinter. Instead of reaching that beautiful city early in the morning, as was expected, the train was stalled in the night by a terrible blizzard. After the height of the storm was over, it took hours to dig away the heavy snow that buried not only the rails, but the whole world apparently. Slowly and laboriously the locomotive crept on, and we were

still two hundred miles from Washington when the church clock struck eight in a village where we halted. Men jumped up to see if there were time to get a cup of coffee; nervous and anxious women clamored for tea, and I cried with the rest, "Oh, if only I could get a glass of milk for my little girl!" "Impossible," said the brakeman, who was passing through the car: "we shan't be here but a minute."

Paying no heed to his words, a gentleman of striking appearance, whose fine face and head I had been silently studying, hurriedly left the car and disappeared upon the snowy platform. "He'll get left," sneered the brakeman.

The train moved on, feeling its way through the huge white banks on both sides. The gentleman had evidently been traveling alone, for no one seemed anxious because he did not come back. The cars were hardly in full swing, however, when he jumped aboard, a little out of breath, dusted with snow, but self-possessed and calm, holding carefully a tall glass of milk, which he gave to the wee girl beside me. My stammered thanks for such unexpected kindness from an unknown traveler he brushed away with a wave of his hand. "But the glass?" I insisted, knowing it could not be returned, as we were now thundering onward. "Is yours, madam," he replied, settling himself into his seat, paying no more attention to us. But later in the course of the dreary forenoon he motioned to the little lass to come to him, which she willingly did. He lifted her to his side, and with his arm round her she cuddled up against him, and for two hours he whispered stories into her ear, so low that no one else could hear, but the delight of which was reflected in her dancing eyes and smiling lips.

At Baltimore the stranger disappeared, and a gentleman across the passage from us leaned over and said, "Do you know who has been entertaining your child so charmingly, as indeed only he could?" "I have n't the faintest idea." "Professor Francis J. Child."

So many years have flown since then that the little lass herself writes stories now, — perhaps far-away echoes of those she heard

that wintry day when Professor Child made summer in her heart; but the tall, thick depot tumbler still stands on the high shelf of the cupboard, too sacred for any use, save as a memento of the kindly chivalry of a great man to a little child.

I.

Two Ch- Of cypress twined, and rue,
rades. A funeral wreath I bring,

Him that Hymettus knew,

A singer sweet I sing,

Gentle and void of bane,

The lover of a queen,

By female weapons slain.

What sting could be more keen,

What death give greater pain?

Sisters of Jael and the drunken crew

That world-enchancing Orpheus slew,

The fates are not unkind like you;

Your victim, though my first my last no
more,

Sups not with Pluto on the Stygian shore;

Transformed in sex, in heaven above

She ministers to Jove and Love,

Smiles as she bids the immortal nectar flow,

Nor mourns the sweets begrudged him here
below.

II.

Didst thou my first, my second, on that night

Thou found'st Endymion naked on the
steep,

Beauteous forever in Jove-given sleep?

Did shepherd's love thy goddess-love re-
quite,

Or did he, slumbering on in Love's despite,

There teach thy breast to know why mor-
tals weep

Or plunge like Sappho in the kindly deep

To quench that fire that quencheth all de-
light?

I see thee pale and wan, thy rounded
limb,

That made the night enchantment, bowed
with age;

Thou movest earth and ocean, but not
him, —

He sleeps forever. So my whole in rage

Howls at the portals of great Ammon's
shrine,

But wakes no more the oracle divine.

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SOCIAL CLASSES IN THE REPUBLIC.

BEFORE discussing the best means of promoting social unity, let me say that by "social unity" I mean a state of things in which the members of the various classes of society, no matter in what manner they live, regard one another with kindly feelings, treat one another with courtesy, meet one another on a footing of equality, engage cordially in common enterprises, settle their differences by friendly negotiation, do not think of one another as members of different classes at all, and, more particularly, in which employer and employed look on each other, not as antagonists, but as partners.

Now why does social unity not exist? Because, since the application of machinery to industrial operations, one class, the employed or laboring class, has increased enormously, is massed in cities or towns, has come into possession of a superior degree of intelligence, and has learnt, through the growth of this intelligence and through the spread of cheap literature, to give expression, as never before, to discontent with its lot. This discontent of the workingman with his lot is largely due to the belief — originated or stimulated by a new school of economy, founded by Lassalle and Karl Marx — that, in the distribution of the earth's products and of the products of industry, the laborer has been cheated of his share by the employer or capitalist; that, in other words, when he ought to get all, or most, he only gets some, or very little, and that the employer or capitalist treats him as an inferior. I think this

is as fair a statement of the case as I can make within the limits of a single paper. Let me say, too, that within these limits it would be impossible to treat this matter economically. I am going to look at it, in the main, morally.

In examining the ills of our lot, the first question we have to ask is, Are they remediable? Complaints, unaccompanied with remedies or suggestions of remedy, are, we all acknowledge, among the most useless forms of human activity. Continual discussions of wrongs or afflictions which cannot be removed are generally held to indicate weakness of character. The first thing to do, therefore, in examining the complaints of the working class, is to ask in which category their grievances are, that of things curable or that of things non-curable. This last-named category is, as all observation shows, a very large one: pain, death, sorrow, disappointment of every description, are things which, willy-nilly, we must endure. There is hardly such a thing known as a completely successful life; that is, a life of comfort, in which all the anticipations of youth have been fulfilled during the period of activity. The two most inevitable non-curable evils of all are decay and death. Is the present mode of distributing the earth's products among its inhabitants unfair? If so, is the unfairness in the category of non-curable ills? I endeavored to answer these questions two years ago in another place. I may be allowed to repeat what I then said: —

"There are only three laws of distribution of which I can form any conception. One would be a natural law, like the law of gravitation, which automatically divided among all concerned the results of any given piece of production, as soon as completed, without any care on the part of anybody, and of which nobody could complain, any more than of the earth's attraction. Another would be a law formed by some authority, which everybody would acknowledge as final, and to which all would submit, owing either to the overwhelming force at its command, or to the universal confidence in its justice. The third would be the present law, which I may call the law of general agreement, under which everybody gets the least for which he will labor, and the least for which he will save and invest. There may be others than these, but they are beyond my powers of conception.

"The first of them, I presume, does not need discussion. There never will be any natural distributive force to which we shall all have to submit, as we submit to the law of chemical affinity or proportion. The division of the products of labor and capital will always be the subject of some sort of human arrangement, in which the human will will play a more or less prominent part. So that the second of these laws would have to be the result of some kind of understanding as to who or what the deciding authority should be, to which all would have to submit without murmuring.

"Thus far in the history of mankind it has never been possible to come to such an agreement even on matters touching the feelings much less nearly than one's share of the products of one's labor. No government, spiritual or temporal, has ever existed which had not to keep in subjection a hostile minority by the use of force in some shape.

"The Pope in the Middle Ages came nearer seeming the voice of pure justice than any other power that has ever ap-

peared in the western world. But Christendom was never unanimously willing to let him arrange even its political concerns, and I do not think it ever entered into the head of the most enthusiastic Papist to let the Pope arrange his domestic affairs, so far as to say what his wages or his profits should be. The guilds came near doing this in various trades, but their authority was maintained by the power of expulsion. When the whole of civil society becomes a guild, this power cannot be exercised, because there will be no place for the expelled man to go to. To make him submit there would have to be some sort of compulsion put upon him. In other words, he would have to be enslaved by being compelled to labor against his will for a reward which he deemed inadequate. Except on the assumption, which the smallest knowledge of human nature makes ridiculous, that everybody is sure to be satisfied with what he gets for his work, any law of distribution emanating from a human authority would necessarily result in slavery. In truth, it is impossible to conceive any plan of state socialism which would not involve the slavery of some portion of the population, unless we can picture to ourselves unanimity concerning the things on which men under all previous régimes have been most apt to differ."

So that the only other mode within our reach involves arbitrary distribution by a few men, and the use of force to make the discontented satisfied with their lot, and make the lazy and idle contribute their share, or, in other words, the restoration of slavery. Slavery is, in fact, a mode of distribution concocted by those who have the power to enforce their will.

But supposing this mode did not involve slavery, what then? What would be the practical difficulties in its way? Under the socialistic plan of distribution of work and products by the state,

we must remember that, much as this word "state" is used in socialistic treatises and speeches, the state will always be a group of politicians elected by universal suffrage. To assign to a great community like a city or town, or like a kingdom, the supervision of the work of each individual; to see that he contributes his share of labor, that his occupation is the one best suited to him, that he gets his due earnings, and no more, that the lazy are made to toil, and the weakly are spared and cared for, is a scheme which, emanating from persons who know anything of the difficulty of managing a single factory, or ship, or regiment, or railroad, who know how rare the administrative faculty is, how enormously we are willing to pay for it in business enterprises or in the command of armies, I confess fills me with amazement. In fact, I read about "collectivism" with much the same feeling of gentle entertainment with which I read about the best means of communicating with the planet Mars. All our experience of human nature, all our experience of government, show us that the world has no reservoir of administrative talent which has not been already tapped.

Moreover, there is no reason, in the present state of things, why socialists should not try their experiment on a small scale. All the virtues, all the restraints, all the spirit of self-sacrifice and mutual help which are necessary for its success are within their reach now, and could anywhere be brought into play without the help of the state. Any hundred men can work together, produce together, and divide the products according to any rules which they agree upon. If successful, such associations would multiply, and we should be familiarized with the idea, and be gradually prepared for the transformation of modern society. As a matter of fact, such experiments have several times been tried, and have always failed, except in the case of religious societies with other objects

than production, like monasteries, and they have failed among men devoted to the scheme and full of faith in it.

If I am right in all this, we are shut up to the continuance of the present system of competition with its manifold drawbacks and widespread dissatisfaction. Can nothing be done to make us live together in amity? Much, but I am afraid my remedies will seem old-fashioned and tedious.

I do not rely on any particular legal plan or any political system, but on my faith in human nature, and on my knowledge of the human race since the dawn of civilization. When I compare the modern with the ancient world, I am assured as to the future of man. I am far from denying that legislation and political changes have been the direct means of great good, but every good change in legislation or in government has been preceded or brought about by an increase of intelligence, of reasonableness, or of brotherly kindness on the part of the people at large. The new régime has got into the air before it got into the laws. Why do we not now burn heretics? Why do we not burn witches? Why do we not hang a man for stealing a sheep? Why do we not teach people to be content with their condition, however lowly? Why do we condemn ignorance as a curse? Nearly every step in what we call the growth of civilization has been the result of the springing up in brains of individuals of new views of the nature and ends of human society.

Among the minor complaints of the working classes, besides unfairness of distribution, among the reasons why classes do not mix socially is the difference of manners, dress, habits of life, and culture, between the man who labors with his hands and the man who labors with his head. Some writers, like Mr. Kidd, think this will be overcome by a change in distribution, so great, if I understand the matter rightly, that workingmen shall get as much of the good things of this life

as anybody else, — as good schooling, as much university, as much literature and music. It is a little difficult to discuss this branch of the subject without seeming to treat it too lightly. Social inferiority is a common complaint of socialists everywhere against the classes which do not work with their hands. But nobody has as yet pointed out how it is to be overcome any more than how differences in strength of mind or body are to be overcome. One of the dearest liberties of the human race is each man's liberty of choosing his own associates. His choice, too, is not regulated simply by attractions of mind or character, but by manner of living. I associate, except in rare instances, with those who live like myself, who have the same ideas of social enjoyment, who dress and behave in social life much as I and my family do, whose walk and conversation I find interesting and instructive. Workingmen do the same thing. I venture on the assertion that it is very rare indeed for any man or woman to be kept out of any society which would enjoy his or her presence. People do not, as a rule, associate to assert a principle or spread ideas. They associate for purposes of enjoyment; workingmen do so themselves. Congeniality or similarity of manners is what has drawn social lines ever since man began to consort with his fellows. To arrange society on legal lines is beyond human powers. To be told by any human power what company I must keep, is to be a slave, and the restoration of social slavery is not possible. Birds of a feather have flocked together since civilization began, and probably will do so till it perishes.

But in so far as the classes are kept apart by dress or manners or mode of life, what chance is there of their becoming more agreeable company to each other? This, I confess, seems to be one of the most practical branches of what is called "the labor question." I do not think it is wholly difference of culture

which keeps them apart. There are few occupations whose nature prevents those who pursue them from being agreeable company to people who are simply richer. A very large proportion of what are called "the business men" know no more, read no more, and have no more to say than the bricklayer or the plumber; but they are apt to have better tastes and better surroundings, and to pay more attention to dress and personal cleanliness. Other people similarly situated, for these reasons, prefer their company. There is no doubt that in these respects there is room for great improvement in the habits of the working classes, but this improvement must come from themselves. Nobody can impose it on them. It must be the outcome of personal desire or ambition. Any agency which helps to implant this desire or nurse this ambition is a good one. Improvement in dwellings undoubtedly does this; better education does it; increased opportunities for harmless or intellectual amusement and the use of them, do it too; slowly, perhaps, but surely. In this field the more fortunate classes cannot labor without result. I am old enough to remember when the New England mechanic was very good company, was intelligent and shrewd and often well read, and when his plainness of dress and the smallness of his house need not have been any social disadvantage. But last winter I went one day, in New York, into a new house, while the plasterers were at work, and when the men, all skilled laborers, were at dinner in a lower room. I overheard them without their seeing me. Their conversation was profane, indecent and slangy, and trivial. There was not in it the sign of any desire to rise in the scale of intelligence or refinement. It is, too, within everybody's observation that politeness of demeanor, that sure sign that a man has risen in the world or is rising, is not cultivated by the working classes. On the contrary, they seem to eschew it as a sign of subservience. They are often

rude, indifferent, in the country of all countries in which they could best afford to be suave without having their independence suspected. They are inferior in this respect to either the English or the French. What we call "the manners of a gentleman" are not at all uncommon among French and English workingmen. A great many in our cities seem to consider brusqueness of manner and carelessness about dress signs of their freedom, whereas they are simply signs of imperfect civilization. I think the manners and personal appearance of a large part of our working population might be greatly improved; that their lives might be made far more refined and picturesque without any change of occupation; that their houses and other surroundings might be made far better, with more knowledge and effort on the part of themselves and their wives, if less money were spent on drink. In my opinion, there is no reason in the nature of their calling for their not sharing a great deal of the æsthetic and intellectual privileges of the classes who employ them. And I must say frankly that I know of no more mischievous person than the man who, in free America, seeks to spread among them the idea that they are wronged and kept down by somebody; that somebody is to blame because they are not better lodged, better dressed, better educated, and have not easier access to balls, concerts, or dinner-parties. If I were to speak strongly, I should say that the sowing of discontent among masses, among men in a democratic country in our day, without specifying the evil and laying your finger on the culprit, is very distinctively anti-social work. Two years ago I was in one of the university settlements in New York, and was walking through the rooms of the society with one of the members. They were plain and neat and suitable, and he explained to me that the purpose in furnishing and fitting them up was to show the workingmen the kind of rooms they ought to have "if jus-

tice were done." To tell this to a workingman, without telling him in what the injustice consisted and who worked it if he had not such rooms, was, I held, to be most mischievous.

One of the worst of our delusions is, that the capitalists or employers are a peculiarly favored class; that nature has done something for them which she has not done for the rest of the world. The word "capitalist" is simply another word for the man who saves, and who finds out what the public will buy. This faculty for saving and for finding out what the public wants is a rare faculty. It is so rare, that I believe reliable statistics prove that ninety-five per cent of men in business — that is, of men who employ others — fail. They fail through their incapacity or want of diligence. Only an infinitesimally small number achieve fortune. The others may be called the explorers of the race. We profit by their errors. For one who invents a sewing-machine or a telephone, ten thousand lapse into poverty. Nothing requires a more delicate combination of qualities than the creation and conduct of a great business. The conditions of success are often too minute for observation. The life is full of terrible anxieties, especially in what is called "hard times," when money is difficult to get. The penalty of failure is tremendous, and yet the number of us who are ready to tell the capitalist how to carry on his business, how to pay his men, whom to employ, and on what terms, is very large. If those who can carry on business themselves were only one thousandth part as numerous as those who can tell how it ought to be carried on by others, the happiness of man would be well assured. I do not discuss what is called profit-sharing, because it is one of the things to be sought by the persons concerned, not to be forced on anybody. Its success depends on the voluntary action of employer and employed, hardly at all on the exposition of it by persons who have no practical experience of it.

There are two great facts which lie at the bottom of this labor question, which it behooves all reformers to remember. One is that as far back as our knowledge of the human race goes all that the earth has yielded to our labors has been a very moderate subsistence. In every country and in every quarter of the globe, the mass of the people have been, and are to-day, happy if they have the plainest food and clothing. Millions used to perish of famine, and have perished in our own time: witness the famine at Orissa in India. A very small number have more than a subsistence, and a mere handful are rich. This is true even of America, the most favored country on the globe. From the earth everything must come through labor; she is truly our mother, but she takes no count of our numbers. She does not become more prolific in her yield because many are to partake. She yields hardly anything voluntarily beyond a few tropical fruits.

The other fact is that in multiplying, we take no count of her yield. We multiply without reference to it. Most men marry trusting to luck. A few are more provident. The first of these facts is the law of population. The second is the law of production. The law of population says, in spite of our protests, that population has a tendency to multiply in any given spot beyond the means of subsistence. We have deprived this law of its worst effects, or delayed its operation, by our improvements in the means of transportation; that is, by increased facilities for transporting people and food. But it works still, as we may see by a strike in any large city or centre of industry. Thousands out of employment always apply for the vacant places, which simply means that multiplication has gone beyond subsistence at that point. Every spot in the world in which food *seems* to be abundant would speedily yield the same results. Population crowds to it, and subsistence fails. And the law of production is, that whether we apply

labor to mines or to agriculture, the product does not increase in the same ratio as the labor applied. In other words, we cannot get proportionally more results by employing more men. The more we employ, the less in proportion do the returns become. This is the solemn warning of the earth against making too great demands on her. Our intelligence is given us to heed it. To disregard it is to make the people a "plebs," protected or supported by a paternal government, cared for, from their rising to their going to bed, at the expense of their more industrious and foreseeing fellows. Now, be assured of one thing: a plebs cannot carry on a free government. It supplies food for powder, or materials for a king, a Napoleon or a Cæsar, to try experiments with, but it does not supply intelligent and self-respecting voters.

This may sound disheartening, and it may be asked, Is there, then, nothing for those who would fain work for the temporal salvation of the race, to do but sit still and watch the working of the iron laws which make the history of humanity one long tale of sorrow, wrong, and ruth? The opportunities of this class were never greater than they are to-day. The work of reformers, since the dawn of civilization, has, it is true, been the relief of misery, but also, the work of persuasion, the work of inducing men to live well. All religions — ancient paganism, Buddhism, Mahometanism, Christianity, — have had this object mainly in view. We hear often of the separation between the ancient religions and morality, but I am unable to discover a period in which the gods did not sooner or later make it hot for the man who, according to the ideas of the time, did not behave well. All philosophies — Confucianism, Epicureanism, Stoicism, Platonism — have sought to improve the race. The Christian Church, socially considered, is, as Matthew Arnold says, "a society for the promotion of what is commonly called goodness." The function of all these

agencies is to get men to pursue the right. This function has in no way changed. The problems before the preacher and the philosopher now are exactly what they were five thousand years ago. The machinery placed at their disposal has been greatly increased by the printing-press. Persuasion, as an art, the greatest of all human arts, has had its sphere wonderfully enlarged, and in a community like ours persuasion is the work of those who would solve the social problems. It is true we ought to bear our brother's burdens, but it is also true that our brother ought not to let us bear them if he can help it.

Our success in this world depends on character, as we all see every day of our lives. The man who succeeds, succeeds for the most part through character. It is chiefly in character that Mexico differs from the United States, Spain from England. Not only are all our religions and philosophies really meant to build it up, or sustain it, but so, also, are all our social arrangements. In hiring, and contracting, and lending, and crediting, we rely on character. In nearly every transaction of life, it is on character rather than on law that we place our faith. Why we are not governed better is that in politics we pay too little attention to character. Success in life, in its highest sense, — that is, success in getting what we want, or in convincing people that we have deserved it, — is almost always the result of character. And it is not the monopoly of any one class. In every class the virtues succeed as often as anything succeeds in this world. The sober, industrious, faithful, prudent workingman has as good a chance for his faculties as the sober, industrious, faithful, prudent lawyer or capitalist. He may not obtain as much physical comfort, but he obtains more than the great mass of the community everywhere.

Now the Socialist movement, in fact all socialist movements, all movements to make governments provide for the peo-

ple, either by constant employment or by free silver, to make the government support the people instead of making the people support the government, are attempts to do away with the need of character, to enable the world to get on without it. Their real object is to put all on a level, not alone the bright and the stupid, but the industrious and the lazy, the drunkard and the sober man, the truthful and the mendacious, the faithful and the deceitful. They seek to destroy all those social arrangements which make character valuable, and are really the spur through which nature raises and keeps us above the brutes. They seek to prevent the honest and loyal man from profiting by his loyalty and honesty, the diligent man from profiting by his diligence, the skillful man from profiting by his skill. They seek to prevent loss through bad conduct, and to prevent promotion or employment through good conduct. They seek to make the idle and indolent as sure of the future as the industrious and energetic. Of course I do not believe this state of things will ever come about, for it is slavery, and I know from the history of the world that it will not submit to a restoration of slavery. But these expectations will remain in the air, and draw away a large amount of attention from the work of the world, if they are negotiated or compromised with, if social unity is not sought on very different lines. We have seen in the history of the silver movement what comes of meeting error half way; of saying, either to the cunning agitator or to his dupe, that he is half right, that there is a good deal in what he says, that his principle is sound, but that he is too hasty or too inopportunity, that somebody unknown has treated him shamefully.

If I might presume to address myself more particularly to the ministers of the Church, who are the great persuaders of the community, the only class of men among us, in fact, who make a profession of persuasion, I would say that neither

the problem they have to deal with nor the nature of their work has changed. The problem is one of the oldest in the history of humanity, the discontent of the poor, which is really discontent with the provision the earth makes for her children. I admit that a great deal may be done to mitigate this discontent. I assert that an immense deal has been done, that the condition of the masses has been immensely improved, and is being improved, but through that very old process, the improvement of the individual man. Men are more sober, more humane than they used to be, have more

knowledge, have a better understanding of the things which make for happiness, than they used to have. Among these things, the greatest is liberty, the free use by every man of his faculties, the free choice of his labor and his methods. To this, and not to law, we undoubtedly shall owe all the great triumphs of civilization that we have still to make. Discontent we cannot cure. It is part of the lot of men. Combined with great human virtues, it has done wonders for the race; but linked with social hatred, with love of dreams and delusions, it can work, and has worked, great mischief.

E. L. Godkin.

CLASSICAL STUDIES IN AMERICA.

MORE than once have I been tempted to write a history of Greek literature from the point of view of various characters mentioned in the records of the past; and one long chapter I intended to dedicate to a hoary old sinner who figures in *Isæus*, and who came to a disreputable end in his ninety-seventh year. "Euctemon," I said to myself, "was a mature man at the time of the Sicilian expedition. He had heard the funeral oration of *Pericles*; he had passed through the horrors of the plague. He had shouted over the capture of the Spartans on the island of *Sphacteria*; he was yet to welcome the return of *Alcibiades* and to witness the fall of Athens. He may have heard his elders talk of the *Agamemnon* of *Æschylus* before it became an old play, and *Pindar* had not fallen asleep in *Argos* when Euctemon woke to the light of an Athenian sky. He may have furnished a chorus for *Sophocles* or *Euripides*, have heard a reading of *Herodotus*, and have voted for the recall of *Thucydides*; he may have known *Xenophon* and *Aristyllus*, otherwise called *Plato*, and sat on the

jury that condemned *Socrates*, and his judgment may have been warped by the *Clouds* of *Aristophanes*." Now although I do not set myself up to be a rival of Euctemon, although I am by no means the senior of American philologists, either in length of days or in term of service, my personal recollections go so far back that I might write a history of classical philology in America that should bear a due proportion to Euctemon's history of Attic literature; for my first year of professional study fell exactly in the middle of the century, and I have been engaged in academic work for exactly forty years. The middle of the century is a convenient point of reference, and the period of forty years suggests a good many things to one familiar with Holy Writ; among others, the wandering in the wilderness. In these forty years, unlike the people of Israel, the classical philologist has often had occasion to discard the old clothes of his theories and the old shoes of his practice, but if life be whole and hope be strong, let "back and side go bare, go bare," and if the shoes

fall from the feet on the march, no matter, so long as the feet themselves are turned the right way. I do not make a claim like that which was made by the first great historian who wrote out of his own life; I do not say that I was at the age of discernment in the middle of the century, but perhaps I may say that I was not unobservant from that time on, and at the recent inauguration of Phelps Hall, a noble building which Yale has dedicated to classical studies, I ventured to bring forward a discourse which might be called *First Leaves and Last Leaves* from the *Journal of a Classical Pilgrim on his Voyage from America to Athens by Way of Germany*.

Forty-six years ago I set out on my pilgrimage, turning my face toward what was then the promised land of the classical philologist. Others had preceded me. Long before the beginning of the fifties men had sought German universities, — men destined to eminence, some of them, but their coming was spaced by years. It is only since the middle of the century that a steady current has set in from America to Germany. The honored Emeritus Professor of Latin in Harvard University, Lane, I found a leading spirit at Göttingen; Child, who but the other day closed his high career on earth, had just finished his studies abroad; Whitney, even then a man of mark, was a new-comer in Berlin; Goodwin was soon to follow. And since that time Germany has never lacked a cloud of witnesses to the devotion of American scholarship and the faith of Americans in German methods. I do not know whether the fervor of the American neophyte of today is as great as was ours. But in the early fifties, to see Germany, to enter a German university, to sit at the feet of the great men who had made and were making German scholarship illustrious, was a prospect to stir the blood of aspiring youth. Indeed, it is to be doubted whether a sojourn in Italy or a tour in Greece would

have quickened the pulse so much then as the opportunity of knowing the great interpreters of Greece and Rome. A sojourn in Italy and a tour in Greece were even at that time regarded as a desirable culmination of a course of study in Germany, but of the great interpreters of Greek and Roman life very few knew Greece or Rome from actual vision, — few even of those who discussed subjects in which vision might seem to be necessary. So, for instance, it was perfectly possible then for an archæologist to write a book on Pompeii without ever having seen Pompeii with his bodily eyes. A certain charm, it is true, invested the discourses of those who were personally familiar with classic lands, and yet I am bound to say that the measure of vision was not the measure of inspiration. The kingdom of Hellas was within men who had never seen Hellas. To those who have compassed many leagues of sea and land to have a sight of the homes of classic life, it may seem strange that so many illustrious Grecians, so many famous Latinists, should be content to spend their days so near the august abodes of antiquity without a glimpse of Hellas or Italy; but it must be remembered that this craving for personal knowledge has grown immensely of late years, and that a new stage of study has begun. At all events, whatever disillusionments came to me during my three years in Germany, they did not come from the lack of that immediate acquaintance with classic lands which is justly regarded to-day as a matter of the highest importance.

What those disillusionments were, I will not say. Disillusionments must come, but woe unto him by whom they come. "Keep thee sober and remember to distrust, for that is sense," is a wise verse, and the *animus suspicax* which Bentley commends is the right attitude of the mature scholar, but the worst enemy of the novice is the carping fellow-student, and most of those with

whom I associated were not censorious, but frankly receptive, — with due allowance for the amusement which the student always extracts from his professor. True, all the lecturers were not equally inspiring; all had not the serene wisdom of Boeckh, the vehement affluence of Karl Friedrich Hermann, the rapt vision of Welcker, the imperial swing of Ritschl. There were then as there are now professors who cared little for the form of their message, and brought their crude ore to be transmuted into shining metal by the fervor of the students themselves. Then as now to be *geistreich* was a failing that only the highest genius or the deepest learning could excuse; and the discourses of many of the teachers were dullness itself, — certainly to the novice. Long lists of books read off in a droning voice without a ray of appreciation to light up the doleful catalogue, infinite discussions of infinitesimal points, endless divagations, hateful polemics, poor jokes, — who cannot recall these drawbacks to the lecture system? But there was no man among those professors who had not in some way earned the right to speak from the teacher's desk, and no matter what scandals were afloat as to the rapid promotion of this man or that man, there were no ignoramuses in the chairs of the German universities, no men who were appointed without some special training. This could not be said of American schools of learning in the fifties. And when our apprenticeship was over, we had the abiding conviction that we had gained what we had sought. There remained and still remains with those who survive from that time a profound admiration of the best features of German philological work and German philological method.

At that time classical philology as a department was flourishing, though not everywhere in the same measure. The sceptre passed from university to university, after the fashion of the skolion at a Greek banquet; and whilst there

were good men at nearly all seats of learning, the personality of the professors determined whether this or that "abode of the Muses" should be famous for classical philology or not. At nearly all the great universities, however, there was no lack of philological students, and the lecture-rooms of the leading teachers were crowded, so that the foreigner, distrustful of his ability to follow the lecturer, often had to ask for the special assignment of a good seat. The *seminaria* were besieged by aspirants. There were philological clubs, philological circles, outside the regular university organizations, and the questions of the class-room and the seminary were woven into the web of every-day life. How greatly all this has been changed of late years is a matter of more or less painful notoriety. Some of the most brilliant classical professors in Germany have only a handful of students. The hundreds of the middle of the century have shrunk to scores, to tens, at the close. The foreigners are no longer a small percentage, but yield a large proportion of the class. At one lecture I attended recently in the University of Heidelberg, one fourth of the regular auditors were Americans, and of that fourth the larger part was made up of women. Possibly the quality has improved with the decline in numbers, but of that I have no evidence. It has sometimes seemed to me that the new programmes of instruction which are hostile to Greek and Latin may in time affect seriously the preparation for university work in the classics. Still, I have lived long enough to be distrustful of the cry of decadence, knowing as I do that the complaint was rife in 1850, as rife as it is to-day. However, the general fact of the falling off in numbers is too patent to be overlooked, and there can be no question that the ways of Parnassus mourn. Indeed, it might be maintained without too great show of paradox that the professor of philology in America is

this day a more hopeful creature than his German colleague. Of course, the vast organized machinery is still in motion, still turns out a large amount of work. Individual scholarship shows a high tone, and he would be a bold man who should say that the philological performance of to-day is inferior to that of the past. But the buoyancy seems to be gone; while the consecration is there still, resignation is the dominant tone. What are the causes of this undeniable state of things? Glib answers are always to be distrusted, and there are many glib answers to this question. The enormous material expansion of Germany coincident with the rise of the Empire, that "made in Germany" which stamps the fabrics that are sold in every land under the sun, the pressure from above so potent in a state in which the lack of initiative strikes every man of Anglo-Saxon race, — are answers that leap to the tongue. And yet they do not fully meet, they do not altogether exhaust the problem. Sometimes the question has been asked whether the technicalities of scholarship have not tended to diminish the area from which technical scholars are recruited. But in my judgment that depends very much on the spirit in which technical scholarship is handled. The teacher who does not rise from the particular to the universal, whose special line of research is not a line of fire as well as a line of light, who leaves his students as cold as he found them, does not live up to the measure of his prophetic office. The love which is the fulfilling of the law was never more warmly insisted on, never more nobly exemplified, than by the greatest teacher I have ever known; and if we are to draw any lessons for American scholarship from the state of things in Germany, we must look not only to the external conditions of advancing materialism, but to the internal decline of spiritual fervor.

The type of our scholarship is so

distinctly German, — certainly as compared with the scholarship of England, — our foremost men have been so largely trained in Germany, or are at any rate so largely permeated by German influences, the fashions of our standards follow so quickly the fashions of German textbooks, that we cannot keep ourselves from asking the question whether our studies will not show the same decline, whether the reflux wave will not carry us back also. But at the time now under review the flush of the triumph of what was then called more confidently than it is now the science of antiquity had not faded out. The author of the *Cosmos* was not dead, and the Americans of my time loved to do homage to the bent old man whose wisdom was after all, as his death revealed, a somewhat sardonic wisdom. And what Humboldt was to the world of the physicist Boeckh was to the world of the classical scholar, and his Lycidas was Karl Otfried Müller, whose memory was passionately cherished even by those who never saw him in the flesh. Scholars still visit his tomb at Colonus, but as I stood, a few weeks ago, on the Acropolis and found that with unarméd eye I could make out his resting-place, it was impossible to suppress the thought how much more that little white spot on the right meant to a man of my generation than it could possibly mean to others. The school of Gottfried Hermann, which favored wide learning, profound learning, it is true, but favored it only as an auxiliary to the interpretation of the classic authors, — the school that held its own with Spartan tenacity, and fought a brilliant series of rearguard skirmishes, — was soon to leave the field or go over to the enemy. The philology of Hermann was becoming as obsolete as his top-boots. Only top-boots are still an excellent thing in muddy weather, and Hermann is still something more than a name. But his greatest scholar, Ritschl, in trying to mediate between Hermann and Boeckh,

while in practice nearer to Hermann, was in spirit nearer to Boeckh, and the formula "the spiritual reproduction of antiquity" was the dominant formula of those days. The Encyclopædia of Philology was taken seriously, and the course of the classical philologist was shaped so as to embrace a wide sweep of studies. The only branch of philology to which the classical students of that time, as a rule, showed little favor was comparative grammar. They called it a root out of a dry ground; but from that root sprang a growth that was destined to overshadow all the other limbs, so that nowadays those who are not comparative grammarians find themselves denied in some quarters the name that has come down to us from Eratosthenes. In 1850 the name of George Curtius had not resounded much, to use a phrase of Dante's, but among the books that formed my little library was a copy of his Tenses and Moods, and his Greek Grammar was destined to make a great change in the whole method of the study and teaching of the classic languages. The neo-grammarian of to-day may smile at the methods of the older school, — very much as the bicyclist smiles at the wheel of the past, — for we live in an age of rigid frames and pneumatic tires, of inflexible phonetic laws and elastic analogical processes; but those who remember the days before Curtius will never forget the debt they owe to the man who made the study of form and syntax a living thing. Explanation after explanation of the phenomena has been abandoned. The solvent of criticism has eaten away much of the structure proudly reared fifty years ago. But the life that was breathed into the study abides, and it is simply truth to history when one maintains that if it had not been for the impulse given to grammatical study by the comparative method classical philology would be a different thing from what it is to-day and a poorer thing.

Grammar, as has often been noticed,

has a special fascination for Americans. It is not an insignificant fact that Lindley Murray was an American, though not an especially high type of the family of Apollonius the Crabbed; and it has been ill-naturedly said that, not unlike the Romans, we had a grammar before we had a literature. Rightly interpreted, grammar is the culmination of philological study, and not its rudiment; and as one whose chief philological work has lain in one domain of grammar, I am not disposed to under-rate its importance. No study of literature can yield its highest result without the close study of language, and consequently the close study of grammar. The lyric glorification of a misunderstood text does not commend itself to a sober mind; and it often happens that those who sneer at the deadness of the mere grammarian mistake disdain of the interpreter of the beautiful for indifference to the beautiful itself. There are doubtless those who turn the strings of the poet's lyre into clothes-lines for airing grammatical notions, but there are others who thrill to the antique music with an exquisite delight that the uninitiated can never know. In fact, those who frankly resort to translation — and translation is becoming more and more an art — are far more congenial to true scholars than those whose only object in dealing with the classics is to show their own mastery of phrase, which too many mistake for mastery of theme.

At the same time, those whom I should call the true grammarians have perhaps been too reserved, have kept their counsel too close. In these democratic days no one is allowed to have a *hortus conclusus*, and the consequence has been a rebellion against grammar. The grammars have become too cumbrous, it is said, and there is a demand for abridged and simplified grammars, which demand is rapidly supplied with the alacrity of the commercial element in nineteenth-century scholarship. And surely when

professed grammarians and, as the world goes, successful grammarians acknowledge that their labor has been in vain, and that a more excellent way must be sought, it is time to consider the situation, and to ask whether that demand is the battle-cry of a needed reform or the slogan of a passing fad. For my part, I have never trembled for the ark of grammatical studies. The steadfast forces that are moving it — the Philistines remind us that the Biblical ark was drawn by oxen — will bring it to its appointed place, and there is no need of a rash hand to right it. However horrified this or that scholar may be at the thought of banishing from the textbook the results of years of observation and research, still we have learned from the science of theology — which was so long the nursing mother of philology — the art of readjustment. And if a firm grasp of the great facts and great principles of the classic languages is to be supplemented by close observation of the usage of individual authors as they pass under review in the class-room, then the knowledge gained will be far more quickening than the learning by heart of exceptions and sub-exceptions in a crowded manual. But any change in the traditional method must necessarily emphasize what is, after all, the important thing in all instruction, the subordination of the voiceless textbook to the living teacher.

Side by side, unless I err, side by side with the retrenchment of the grammatical element in the school runs a tendency to widen the range of reading; and even the post-classic periods of Greek and Roman literature are receiving more and more attention from year to year. The study of literature gains, the study of humanity gains, and grammar need not lose. For the appreciation of literary form one cannot read the authors of the model period too sedulously; but the contrast can also be made profitable, and it is astonishing how much wealth of

thought and feeling lies hid in the ranges of Greek and Roman literature that are practically unexplored except by the editors, except by index-hunters. And so the reaction against grammar in the schools may only prepare the way for a yet more exact grammar, and at the same time lead to a larger grasp of the literature of antiquity. The new generation will read more widely, will read more sympathetically, and the close of the century will be nearer in spirit to the middle of the century than could have been deemed possible some years ago, while the improvement in method, both in grammar and in literary analysis, will make the new study far more exact and far more definite. The spirit will have all its old fervor, its old swing; nor will it be less potent for the absence of the vague phrase-mongery of an earlier day.

The study of grammar, then, which some years ago threatened to absorb all our philological activity, has not wrought the havoc that was dreaded by those who have remained true to the old ideal, and has only served to teach better and more exact methods in other realms of philological research. Indeed, I think it might be shown that no matter what the subject of our study the processes are the same; and only a few weeks ago I found myself interpreting into terms of philological science the wonderful revelations of archæological research. It may be that as children of the same age, we are all thinking the thoughts of the time and applying the formulæ of the time. It may be that the physicist, the biologist, would feel as much intellectually at home amid the reconstructions of Dörpfeld as would the philologist, and yet the abiding-places of antique life belong to the philologist in a peculiar sense, and a new era of classical study has begun in America with the establishment of American schools in classic lands. Let us therefore pass over the long years of toil, the long years of endeavor to inform German learning with

the American spirit, and let us greet the new order of things. That sojourn in Italy, that tour in Greece, which, as was said in the beginning, were once regarded simply as a desirable rounding off of a course of study in Germany, are coming to be considered more and more as essential to the equipment of the classical teacher in America. Year after year veterans and novices alike repair to Greece and Italy. What Austria does for her teachers, American teachers are learning to do for themselves; and this quest of immediate vision cannot fail to influence the studies of the present generation and of the generations to come. My personal testimony may be suspected. The naughty boy among the Roman poets tells us how hard the disease of love goes with an old girl:—

"Quæ venit exacto tempore peius amat."

And he is also responsible for the saying "*turpe senilis amor.*" But there is nothing to be ashamed of in the enthusiasm of the veteran scholar for the lands in which his thoughts have dwelt for a lifetime. John Stuart Mill thought it fortunate that his journey to Italy "occurred rather early, so as to give the benefit and the charm of the remembrance to a larger part of life." Classen, on the other hand, did not see Italy or Greece until he was past seventy-three, — not until after the close of his long and honored career as a teacher. Indeed, it is hard to choose, if there must be a choice, between the two extremes, — between the vivid susceptibility of youth and the wider appreciation of maturer years. In either case, however, there passes into the soul a sense of reality that nothing save actual vision can give; and this sense, though one of the imponderables, is a precious result. I am not so enthusiastic an advocate of historical continuity as was Mr. Freeman, and yet I confess to a certain thrill when I was waked at Nauplia by a street cry that has resounded in Argolis every morning from the days of Agamemnon to the

present, and when I heard the skipper of the craft that took us from the Gulf of Corinth to the Saronic Gulf giving his orders, as we crept cautiously through the canal, in words that Odysseus might have used to his steersman between Scylla and Charybdis.

"To be busy on Greek soil under the light of the blue heaven," says Dr. Jowett as he closes his grudging chapter on historical inscriptions in his *Notes on Thucydides*, "amid the scenes of ancient glory, in reading inscriptions or putting together fragments of stone or marble, has a charm of another kind than is found in the language of ancient authors." Quite apart from the value of the inscriptions themselves, there is an overpowering sense of immediateness to which no one can be a stranger, be he epigraphist or not. The Museum of Athens holds memorable statues, the *Hermes of Andros*, no unworthy rival of him of *Olympia*, a *Poseidon* not readily to be forgotten, but there is an old inscription of *Thera* down in the basement that has also a voice that no copy can emit. It was my fortune to be at *Delphi* when the great bronze was unearthed, a find which has made the year memorable in the annals of the French school; and yet amid the joy of the occasion, my eyes reverted to the inscriptions which crowded about us, and *Hieron's* effigy did not overshadow the name of *Gelon*. Two simple words, "*Zeus' boundary*," cut in the living rock on a spur of the *Hill of the Nymphs* — two words, which symbolize Greek definiteness, Greek limitations, — stand out in the memory with *Pentelicus* and *Hymettus*; and there is a puzzling inscription in *Gytheion* which haunts me still, as does the sardonic smile of the *Frog's Mouth* beneath *Lycabettus*, which greeted me whenever I looked out of the window of my lodgings at *Athens*.

It was the correct feeling that the sight of the soil, the presence of the monuments of classical antiquity, would

give the student a firmer hold on the reality of his studies that led to the establishment of American schools first at Athens, and then at Rome. And while longer preparation and more ample philosophical equipment and more protracted residence are necessary to full fruition, while the familiar saying will always be true that what a man brings back bears a due proportion to what he takes with him, still there is in all cases an unquestionable gain, in some cases an incalculable gain, in the study of classical antiquity on classical soil. The gain does not always come along the expected channels, and I am afraid that the enormous access of vitality that is supposed to accrue from reading Greek poetry in the midst of Greek scenery is to some extent a matter of rhetoric. For one man who reads the *Eumenides* under the shadow of the awful rock of the *Areopagus*, or declaims the famous description of the battle of *Salamis* in sight of *Psyttaleia*, there are a dozen who pore over their *Pausanias*, which they soon learn to call *Pafsaneas*; and it is sad to see how scholar after scholar follows *Baedeker* in repeating the famous tribute of *Pindar* to Athens as if it had been originated by the rare comic genius who quotes it time after time, — a stock quotation if there ever was one. But there are not many who read *Pindar* on Greek soil or any other. There are not many who know from their reading on the spot how much or how little is to be gained from *Aristophanes* for the topography of *Attica*. But the sight of Greece stamps deep the lessons that we have conned at home and starts new problems at every turn. No man can go to Greece without a revision of his judgment as to things Greek; the persistence of the old in the new will bring to all one's studies, past and future, the feeling of an undying life. The beauty of Greece is largely a beauty of form, and takes the color it has from sun and sky and air. It is the same beauty as

that which invests its literature with a perpetual charm. Every writer on Greece renounces description; every writer on Greece no sooner renounces description than he essays it in vain, and violet and amethyst and purple, and all the tender and shifting hues that speech has vainly tried to fix are vainly spread on the palette of the notebook.

To know Italy, to know Greece, is to be more and more the privilege of American scholars, and in the manifold enrichment of their work, the enhanced vitality of their studies, I rejoice with a joy that has no tang of bitterness in it for all that I have been compelled to forego. For whatever else I have failed to do or to see, I have had the inestimable privilege of following the guidance of the master who has answered the call of his admiring disciples, and has renewed on American soil the charm that bound all those who heard him under the Greek sky. Once to have fallen under the spell of *Dörfeld* is to be under it forever. It is a spell too strong to be dissolved by analysis, and therefore I may venture to say that I have often tried to analyze it. Genius we take for granted in all such cases, but in this case genius finds a powerful backing in the sympathy of a profession that appeals to every one. *Dörfeld* is an architect to begin with, — as he loves to remind us, — and we are all architects, each man in his own way. And if there is anything in the human being that makes him aware of his kindred to the Supreme, it is assuredly not so much his goodness as his love of creation. There is no more interesting chapter in the Bible than the first. Every child draws houses, builds houses, and no man's life is complete until he plans a dwelling for himself. It is a fascinating process to originate or even to follow, and no wonder that our arch-magician never seemed to know fatigue, that his voice was as clear and resonant and his eye as bright at the end of his demonstration as at the beginning. He was

living over the life of all the architects of antiquity, and his strength was as the strength of ten.

Before one has any practical acquaintance with the methods pursued, the enthusiasm might seem misspent. I remember that when the photographs of Olympia first came to our western world, I could not suppress a feeling of disappointment. There was Olympia before the excavation, a mantle of sand spread over the ruins, with summer hills smiling round the plain. Alpheios and naughty Kladeos were there, tucked in their beds and looking as innocent as if they had never dreamed of mischief. Under that mantle of sand lay the remains of temple and palaestra; and well did they sleep under that coverlet of seventeen or eighteen feet; and the classical scholar might take his Pausanias and imagine what had been there. Perhaps his thoughts were busier with the chest of Cypselus, which he well knew he could never see, than with the temples of the Altis, which he knew could be placed. Then the ruins were at last brought to light and the photographs came. The earth was strewn with courses of stone and drums of columns and fragments of ornaments. It was as if the peaceful soil had broken out into a marble eruption. Surely this is no dream of beauty. But the beauty is there, the beauty is in the cosmos of the orderly foundations that have withstood so much; for what is beauty but a logical harmony, as Helmholtz has said? Piece by piece the structure is brought back in all its original glory, with the added charm of the conquest of the human intellect, the human imagination, over the ravages of time and fortune. Flood and earthquake could not extinguish the thought of the builder, and the kindred soul of the modern architect reproduced out of the ages the work of his brother. The imagination of the hearer was scientifically stimulated to the vision of what was, what must have been. And so it

was through all our itinerary from Corinth to Olympia and Delphi, from Ægina to Troy. Every phenomenon of every building had its place, its significance. Everywhere had history left its mark. Here sheep had rubbed the walls smooth, and there mice had printed the clay with their scampering feet. Every change in the structure betrayed itself to the skilled eye, and was pointed out by the unerring finger: here a charred beam, here a vitrified brick, here an arrested flight of steps. Such is the meaning of that ramp, such is the meaning of that pavement. Note the drums here, and the monolith yonder. One form of art gives way to another, and the old building is adapted to the new exigencies. The imagination is quickened, as I have said, — for what is imagination but logic with wings? — and in a moment, the twinkling of an eye, the grammarian, the classical philologist is on his own ground, rebuilds the primal language of the race, restores the text of the faded palimpsest, and reconstructs the fabric of Greek literature, of Greek history. Now what is the rebuilding of the structure of Greek literature, Greek history, but the spiritual reproduction of classical antiquity, that very formula which scholars nowadays are prone to regard with a pitying smile? And as the years bring on the inevitable end, I rejoice, and would have others rejoice with me, in the recurrence of the cycle. Along every arc of that orbit Americans have done work of which no workman need to be ashamed, and to the methods that they have learned abroad they have brought the native acumen and the native directness that mark all their intellectual activity. In the new fields opened to American scholarship and by American scholarship there have been memorable achievements, and not the least memorable are those in which American courage and American endurance have succeeded where others had failed or had fainted. The simple narrative

of an epigraphic journey in Asia Minor which appeared some years ago filled me with the pride which the teacher always takes in a pupil's prowess, and I never passed the rope-ladder that was twisted round one of the columns of the eastern front of the Parthenon without a feeling of satisfaction that a young countryman of mine, a young friend of mine, had solved a problem by the old-fashioned apparatus that old-fashioned lovers knew, while others had been content to ogle the inscription with the safe opera-glass or had tried to coax it down by the facile kodak.

There is no despairing of the republic of classic letters with such a history as ours, in such a present as ours; and as I look upon the proud gateway over which Phelps Hall is enthroned, I behold in it the symbol and the pledge of the domination and the perpetuity of our studies. Through that gateway all our intel-

lectual life must pass. Serene in the contemplation of the shifting currents and the many-hued waves of the time that is, judging at once and guiding, sits the genius of that past to which our studies are consecrated. We call that past the classic past, and in the old days when Curtius reigned we used to fancy that in the word *classic* itself the significance of our studies was epitomized. The Doric word *klasis* like the Doric column was supposed to tell the whole story of the artistic perfection of Greece. The massive Latin form *classis* was supposed to tell the whole story of the universal domination of Rome. But it is not necessary to reinforce by an etymological fancy the great historical fact that Greece lives on and Rome lives on, in those Greek souls and those Roman souls that have been called with the high calling of the teachers of the world, in literature and in art, in law and in government.

B. L. Gildersleeve.

PROFESSOR CHILD.

FRANCIS JAMES CHILD, whose sudden death on the 11th of last September came as a bitter personal loss not only to an unusually large circle of attached friends in both hemispheres, but to very many scholars who knew him through his works alone, was one of the few learned men to whom the old title of "master" was justly due and freely accorded. With astonishing erudition, which nothing seemed to have escaped, he united an infectious enthusiasm and a power of lucid and fruitful exposition that made him one of the greatest of teachers, and a warmth and openness of heart that won the affection of all who knew him. In most men, however complex their characters, one can distinguish the qualities of the heart, in some degree, from the qualities of the head. In Pro-

fessor Child no such distinction was possible, for all the elements of his many-sided nature were fused in his marked and powerful individuality. In his case, the scholar and the man cannot be separated. His life and his learning were one; his work was the expression of himself.

Mr. Child was born in Boston on the first day of February, 1825, and was graduated from Harvard College in 1846, being the first scholar in his class. Shortly after graduation he entered the service of the college, in which he continued, with an interval of European study and travel, to the day of his death. In 1851 he was appointed Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory, and in 1876 he was transferred to the chair of English, then just established. The immediate duties of this new professorship

were thoroughly congenial, and he continued to perform them with unabated vigor to the end. In the onerous details of administrative and advisory work, inseparable, according to our exacting American system, from the position of a university professor, he was equally faithful and untiring. For thirty years he acted as secretary of the Library Council, and in all that time he was absent from but three meetings. As chairman of the English Department and of the Division of Modern Languages, and as a member of many important committees, he was ever prodigal of time and effort. How steadily he attended to the regular duties of the class-room his pupils, for fifty years, are the best witnesses. They, too, will best understand the satisfaction he felt that, in the fiftieth year of his teaching, he was not absent from a single lecture. No man was ever less a formalist; yet the most formal of natures could not, in the strictest observance of punctilio, have surpassed the regularity with which he discharged, as it were spontaneously, the multifarious duties of his position.

Though compelled by the terms of his original professorship to spend much of his time from 1851 to 1876 in teaching English composition, Mr. Child had from the outset of his career been strongly attracted to the study of the English language and literature in their older forms, and in these subjects he had become an authority of the first rank long before the establishment of the English chair enabled him to arrange his teaching in accordance with his tastes. His courses in Anglo-Saxon, Middle English literature, Chaucer, and Shakespeare — to which had recently been added a course in the English and Scottish Popular Ballads — were among the most highly esteemed in the university. He did much to encourage advanced study and investigation among competent students; but he always insisted on the necessity of a sound preliminary equipment. The impatient ardor of immature specializa-

tion seemed to him no good augury for the future of American learning.

As an investigator, Professor Child was at once the inspiration and the despair of his disciples. Nothing could surpass the scientific exactness of his methods and the unwearied diligence with which he conducted his researches. No possible source of information could elude him; no book or manuscript was too voluminous or too unpromising for him to examine on the chance of its containing some fact that might correct or supplement his material, even in the minutest point. Yet these qualities of enthusiastic accuracy and thoroughness, admirable as they undoubtedly were, by no means dominated him. They were always at the command of the higher qualities of his genius, — sagacity, acumen, and a kind of sympathetic and imaginative power in which he stood almost alone among recent scholars. No detail of language or tradition or archæology was to him a mere lifeless fact; it was transmuted into something vital, and became a part of that universal humanity which always moved him wherever he found it, whether in the pages of a mediæval chronicle, or in the stammering accents of a late and vulgarly distorted ballad, or in the faces of the street boys who begged roses from his garden. No man ever felt a keener interest in his kind, and no scholar ever brought this interest into more vivifying contact with the technicalities of his special studies. The exuberance of this large humanity pervades his great work on the English and Scottish ballads. Even in his last years, when the languor of uncertain health sometimes got the better, for a season, of the spirit with which he commonly worked, some fresh bit of genuine poetry in a ballad, some fine trait of pure nature in a stray folk-tale, would, in an instant, bring back the full flush of that enthusiasm which he must have felt when the possibilities of his achievement first presented them-

selves to his mind in early manhood. For such a nature there was no old age.

From this ready sympathy came that rare faculty — seldom possessed by scholars — which made Professor Child peculiarly fit for his greatest task. Few persons understand the difficulties of ballad investigation. In no field of literature have the forger and the manipulator worked with greater vigor and success. From Percy's day to our own it has been thought an innocent device to publish a bit of one's own versifying, now and then, as an "old ballad" or an "ancient song." Often, too, a late stall-copy of a ballad, getting into oral circulation, has been innocently furnished to collectors as traditional matter. Mere learning will not guide an editor through these perplexities. What is needed is, in addition, a complete understanding of the "popular" genius, a sympathetic recognition of the traits that characterize oral literature wherever and in whatever degree they exist. This faculty, which even the folk has not retained, and which collectors living in ballad-singing and tale-telling times have often failed to acquire, was vouchsafed by nature herself to this sedentary scholar. In reality a kind of instinct, it had been so cultivated by long and loving study of the traditional literature of all nations that it had become wonderfully swift in its operations and almost infallible. No forged or retouched piece could deceive him for a moment; he detected the slightest jar in the genuine ballad tone. He speaks in one place of certain writers "who would have been all the better historians for a little reading of romances." He was himself the better interpreter of the poetry of art for this keen sympathy with the poetry of nature.

Constant association with the spirit of the folk did its part in maintaining, under the stress of unremitting study and research, that freshness and buoyancy of mind which was the wonder of all who met Professor Child for the first time,

and the perpetual delight of his friends and associates. It is impossible to describe the charm of his familiar conversation. There was endless variety without effort. His peculiar humor, taking shape in a thousand felicities of thought and phrase that fell casually and as it were inevitably from his lips, exhilarated without reaction or fatigue. His lightest words were full of fruitful suggestion. Sudden strains of melancholy or high seriousness were followed, in a moment, by flashes of gayety almost boyish. And pervading it all one felt the attraction of his personality and the goodness of his heart.

Professor Child's humor was not only one of his most striking characteristics as a man, — it was of constant service to his scholarly researches. Keenly alive to any incongruity in thought or fact, and the least self-conscious of men, he scrutinized his own nascent theories with the same humorous shrewdness with which he looked at the ideas of others. It is impossible to think of him as the sponsor of some hypotheses which men of equal eminence have advanced and defended with passion. Nor, even if his goodness of nature had not prevented it, would his sense of the ridiculous have suffered him to engage in the absurdities of philological polemics. In the interpretation of literature his humor stood him in good stead, keeping his native sensibility under due control, so that it never degenerated into sentimentalism. It made him a marvelous interpreter of Chaucer, whose spirit he had caught to a degree attained by no other scholar or critic.

To younger scholars Professor Child was an influence at once stimulating and benignant. To confer with him was always to be stirred to greater effort, but, at the same time, the serenity of his devotion and learning chastened the petulance of immature ambition in others. The talk might be quite concrete, even definitely practical, — it might deal with

indifferent matters; but, in some way, there was an irradiation of the master's nature that dispelled all unworthy feelings. In the presence of his noble modesty the bustle of self-assertion was quieted and the petty spirit of pedantic wrangling could not assert itself. However severe his criticism, there were no personalities in it. He could not be other than outspoken, — concealment and shuffling were abhorrent to him, — yet such was his kindness that his frankest judgments never wounded; even his reproofs left no sting. With his large charity was associated, as its necessary complement in a strong character, a capacity for righteous indignation. "He is almost the only man I know," said one in his lifetime, "*who thinks no evil.*" There could be no truer word. Yet when he was confronted with injury or oppression, none could stand against the anger of this just man. His unselfishness did not suffer him to see offenses against himself, but wrong done to another roused him in an instant to protest-action.

Professor Child's chief published contributions to learning were three: his edition of Spenser, his *Observations on the Language of Chaucer and Gower*, and his *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*. His Spenser, included in the series of *British Poets* over which he exercised superintendence, was intended for the general reader, and is therefore sparingly annotated, but it remains, after forty years, on the whole the best edition in existence. More important is his great treatise on the language of Chaucer, published, with the modest title of *Observations*, in the *Transactions of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences* for 1863. It is difficult, at the present day, to imagine the state of Chaucer philology at the moment when this paper appeared. Scarcely anything, we may say, was known of Chaucer's grammar and metre in a sure and scientific way. Indeed, the difficulties to be solved had

not even been clearly formulated. Further, the accessible mass of evidence on Anglo-Saxon and Middle English was, in comparison to the stores now at the easy command of every tyro, almost insignificant. The present sketch cannot, of course, enter into technicalities: suffice it to say that Mr. Child not only defined the problems, but provided for most of them a solution which the researches of younger scholars have only served to substantiate. He also gave a perfect model of the method proper to such investigations, — a method simple, laborious, and exact. The *Observations* were subsequently rearranged and condensed, with Professor Child's permission, by Mr. A. J. Ellis for his *History of English Pronunciation*; but only those who have studied them in their original form can appreciate their merit fully. "It ought never to be forgotten," writes Professor Skeat, "that the only full, and almost complete solution of the question of the right scansion of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* is due to what Mr. Ellis rightly terms 'the wonderful industry, acuteness, and accuracy of Professor Child.'" Had he produced nothing else, this work, with its pendant the *Observations on Gower*, would have assured him a high place among those very few scholars who have permanently settled important problems of linguistic science.

The crowning work of his life, however, was his *thesaurus of English and Scottish Ballads*, which takes undisputed rank, among scholars of all nations, as one of the greatest monuments of learning ever erected by one man. To this he devoted almost half a lifetime. More than twenty years had been given to preparation and to collecting materials before a line was printed. The first half-volume (of some two hundred and fifty pages, in folio, double columns) appeared in 1882, the ninth in 1895, and the tenth, completing the whole, was left by him nearly ready for the

press. If the list of Professor Child's publications includes but few titles, the reason is obvious: this one title is in itself a library.

The idea of the collection grew out of Professor Child's editorial labors on the series of the *British Poets* already referred to. For that series he prepared a ballad collection in eight volumes (1857-58), which circulated widely, and was everywhere admitted to supersede all previous attempts in the same field. To the editor, however, this was but the starting-point for further researches. He soon formed the plan of a far more extensive collection on an altogether different model. This was to include every obtainable version of every extant English or Scottish ballad, with the fullest possible discussion of related songs or stories in the "popular" literature of all nations. To this enterprise Professor Child resolved, if need were, to devote the rest of his life. His first care was to secure trustworthy texts. Various important ballad manuscripts were known to exist in public or private hands, and others came to light as time went on. Copies or collations of these had to be secured, for the purpose was to take nothing at second-hand when a direct source could be arrived at. Then came the labor of arrangement, comparison, and criticism; and, finally, it was requisite to determine, in the fullest manner, the history and foreign relations of every ballad. To readers unfamiliar with this department of knowledge no form of statement can convey even a faint impression of the industry, the learning, the acumen, and the literary skill which these processes required. In writing the history of a single ballad, Mr. Child was sometimes forced to examine hundreds of books in perhaps a dozen different languages. But his industry was unflagging, his sagacity was never at fault, and his linguistic and literary knowledge seemed to have no bounds. He spared no pains to perfect his work in every

detail, and his success was commensurate with his efforts. In the preface to the *Ninth Part* he was able to report that the three hundred and five numbers of his collection comprised the whole extant mass of this traditional material, with the possible exception of a single ballad.

Professor Child's publications, despite their magnitude and importance, are no adequate measure either of his acquirements or of his influence. He printed nothing about Shakespeare, for example, yet he was the peer of any Shakespearean, past or present, in knowledge and interpretative power. As a Chaucer scholar he had no superior, in this country or in Europe: his published work was confined, as we have seen, to questions of language, but no one had a wider or closer acquaintance with the whole subject. An edition of Chaucer from his hand would have been priceless. His acquaintance with letters was not confined to special authors or centuries. He was at home in modern European literature and profoundly versed in that of the Middle Ages. In his immediate territory, — English, — his knowledge, linguistic and literary, covered all periods, and was alike exact and thorough. His taste and judgment were exquisite, and he enlightened every subject which he touched. As a writer, he was master of a singularly felicitous style, full of individuality and charm. Had his time not been occupied in other ways, he would have made the most delightful of essayists.

Fortunately, Professor Child's courses of instruction in the university — particularly those on Chaucer and Shakespeare — gave him an opportunity to impart to a constantly increasing circle of pupils the choicest fruits of his life of thought and study. In his later years he had the satisfaction to see grow up about him a school of young specialists who can have no higher ambition than to be worthy of their master. But his teaching was not limited to these, — it

included all sorts and conditions of college students; and none, not even the idle and incompetent, could fail to catch something of his spirit. One thing may be safely asserted: no college teacher was ever more beloved.

And with this may fitly close too slight a tribute to the memory of a great scholar

and a good man. Many things remain unsaid. His gracious family life, his civic virtues, his patriotism, his bounty to the poor, — all must be passed by with a bare mention, which yet will signify much to those who knew him. In all ways he lived worthily, and he died having attained worthy ends.

George Lyman Kittredge.

THE ART OF PUBLIC IMPROVEMENT.

OUR New World demands an art expression characteristic and national. Hence the question often arises, What is to be the art of America? In what visible form, enduring and distinguished, shall the country embody its high aspiration, and its intimate conception of eternal beauty?

All nations of intense vitality have found artistic ways of their own to express their peculiar genius. Some have invented, while others have borrowed and vitalized an idea; in either case the stamp is that of the people who made the thought of moment; for even an echoed art takes on the characteristics of the feeble nation which refines, or of the more powerful race which emphasizes and gives grandeur to the primitive conception.

The English race has never been triumphant in the plastic arts, from the fact that with it the idea is apt to outrun the hand. Ever seeking to narrate or to suggest rather than to portray, the artist finds that his story overpowers his material, and in the endeavor to embody a conception he loses pure artistic quality; so that the painter struggling with a thought often fumbles with color, while the sculptor overstrains the function of marble.

Beautiful form, the rare and delicate hues of the palette, are not enough to satisfy the Anglo-Saxon, who is ever oppressed by subtle ideas, and grasps un-

consciously after vital and eternal truths with an intense craving for largeness of utterance and escape from bonds. In short, the very love of liberty, which is the fusing principle of this intense and masterful race of which we form a part, renders it incapable of using brush or chisel to its full satisfaction, because it forever chafes at their material limitations. Only in controlling Nature does it find a congenial way to express its profound sense of true beauty, and to line out grandly for itself a bold and characteristic picture.

The art of landscape gardening — or landscape architecture, as it is sometimes called on this side of the Atlantic — arose in Britain in that very sixteenth century in which art culminated elsewhere; appealing so promptly to its rich landowners, that the term "English gardening" is applied to what is otherwise known as the natural method of ornamenting estates, in contradistinction to the more formal methods of the Latin nations. This art consists in enhancing the charm of the natural surroundings of a spot by skillful planting of trees and shrubs, by providing smooth extended lawns and appropriate flowers in the right situations, and by opening vistas to reveal distant objects of interest, so that the whole shall form a picture of varied beauty from all points whence it may be viewed by the observer. At the same time, while Na-

ture is really controlled and confined to prevent exuberance, nothing should obtrude that fact unduly, but the conditions should seem naturally harmonious, with only that delicate touch and suggestion of human intelligence necessary to perfection.

Here Nature herself serves as brush and canvas, chisel and stone. Her varying moods, wild and stern, or soft and soothing, appealed early to the rugged British race, with its underlying tenderness, so that all over the United Kingdom homes of ideal beauty have been cherished, enhanced by every accessory a loving interest could suggest. Even when the gardener's part in them may have been overdone, and results fantastic rather than tasteful are seen, everywhere in England one is touched by the ardent love evident for the rocks and trees and silver waters of the precious island, forever hallowed to us as to its own people by the reverent enthusiasm of the authors of our common literature.

To the new continent to which they brought their energy, the British settlers brought also that passion for nature which is in our blood, and which the American is destined to carry far. Here, amid sylvan surroundings, separated by oceans from all that has artistically gone before, our fresh young race, if it is to achieve an artistic development, must do so on lines where there is still room for advance, with an art intelligible to the people to whom it must appeal, and in ways in which large participation is possible to produce a general result.

It is in dealing with nature that we can best find our opportunity to gratify our need for a great art, an art the people want, an art they can love, one that will give them true joy, that will appeal to the humblest and the wisest alike; for we crave something popular to please the masses, something large to gratify the race instinct for the colossal, something bold and far-reaching to strike an answering chord in every American heart.

Ours must be an art that men are ready to pay for, to which the rich will give largely, and for which the poor will gladly submit to an extra tax, to be returned to them tenfold in health and enjoyment; an art which will give work to those who need it, and will offer a chance for benefaction to the rich; an art in which the simple can bear a hand, and yet which will afford scope to the highest artistic gifts; an art which will educate while it gratifies, and will uplift while it rejoices.

What shall we call this art, the wide scope of which includes mountain and cataract, forest and plain; which requires state and national governments for its support, and demands an army for its preservation, and a genius to conceive? It is not forestry, it is not park construction, it is not landscape nor ornamental gardening, yet it embraces them all, and much more beside, since through it we are to find artistic expression for our in-born love of the beautiful in nature, and our desire for its preservation and development. As a manifestation of the profound sentiment of our people, adapted above all to its especial needs, we claim that the art for America, the art in which we may hope to set an example to the world, is the Art of Public Improvement. That this art is destined to be popular is shown by the marked and growing interest manifested all over the country in the care of grounds, in the improvement of villages and towns, in the establishment of parks and great forest reservations, and in a disposition to acquire by private or public purchase tracts of land which contain features of unusual interest, to be forever preserved for the delight of coming generations.

That a movement so widespread and so well sustained has a meaning in our national development we can hardly doubt, and it certainly stands for the best there is in us, our taste, our philanthropy, our capability of self-sacrifice for an idea. We do not claim vast achieve-

ments for it, but merely vitality, growing force, contagious enthusiasm, without which no advance can be made, and by the aid of which all things are possible, if only the right leaders arise. Nor are these lacking; for two remarkable artists, of whom more will be said hereafter, have already illustrated our national art, and the latest of them has carried it, by his conceptions and extraordinary achievements, beyond any point yet reached in the old world. Whatever height the art may attain in the future, the names of Andrew Jackson Downing and Frederick Law Olmsted will ever be recognized as those the nation delights to honor as the distinguished pioneers of an important artistic growth on this continent, the torch-bearers, bringing the light we sought so long, and which at last has begun to shine for us in the wilderness.

No great movement is possible without a man to concentrate and formulate floating ideas, to give expression to what is vague, and to indicate the road development is to travel if it is to be truly momentous. So wholly does the man fit the need that it is often thought that he creates it, when he is merely its exponent; and the philosophic study of all new departures shows the necessity of absolute touch between the people and the genius of the leader before a creation can be understood. As Diderot has said, great ideas originate with superior minds, but not till the multitude take up those ideas and push them along do they become effective. In our case, the evangelists preached to good purpose, so that we have awakened and heard, and in many instances have made the doctrine effective. In the art of public improvement the man has to be both originator and exhorter, for he must arouse the taste he is destined to gratify; therefore it was a great thing for the country that both Mr. Downing and Mr. Olmsted were not only masters of executive ability, but also masters of the persuasive word; and it is a matter of rejoicing that the latter lives

to witness many results of magnitude from his teaching.

It may naturally be asked what is the characteristic quality of public improvement as practiced in America; also, how ours differs from the landscape gardening of other countries, and on what ground it is claimed that we may hope to see a more expanded development of this art here than elsewhere. The answer to this is that all our public pleasure-grounds are creations for a given end, while many of those in the old world are adaptations. Not a few of the ancient European gardens and parks were primarily adjuncts to palaces and castles, and the people were admitted to them only by favor. The formal gardens designed by Italian and French landscape artists demanded a building of importance as the central point of the scheme. The magnificent grounds of Versailles, designed by Le Nôtre, form an architectural connection, by terraces and flights of steps, between the château and the formal parterres below, which are diversified with stately staircases, fountains, sculpture, clipped yews, and floral designs, till they gradually melt into the wilder portions of the park, whose woods bound the domain. Numerous famous parks and gardens of Europe belong to the crown or government, or are the property of individuals; and though the public is permitted to view their beauty, they were not primarily constructed solely for its enjoyment. This is the keynote of the difference. The reason why our art has a chance to become national is that every man, woman, and child has an interest in the preservation and development of the spot chosen for recreation, so that they learn to take the same interest in protecting their beauty from vandalism that any proprietor has in the care of his individual grounds.

Any national American art must partake of the democratic character of our people, and be the one result from many willing hearts and hands, which is our

working secret. It must be something not outside of us, intelligible only to the chosen few, with a signification too deep for the crowd; but something at once large and simple, to which each of us can contribute after his fashion, — the workman with his spade, the farmer with the neat tilling and fencing of his broad acres, the small householder with a well-kept yard, the rich man with his stately pleasure-grounds, the village with its common and well-shaded streets, the town with its squares and greens and broad avenues, the city with its generous park systems, the nation with its vast reservations. From these well-organized components, from the humble and the magnificent scheme combined, might result a whole which should make our national art of public improvement an example to the world for breadth of conception and minute perfection of detail, while it would become a source of pride to each individual who had ministered to so great an end.

Another reason why we have an opportunity to carry our art far is that we still have room enough, so that we have a chance to secure vast areas, at a moderate expense, before the country becomes overcrowded. We have arboreta on a much larger scale than those of Europe; our great public reservations, many of them of remarkable natural beauty, are of enormous extent. The national government owns, and ought to protect, thousands of miles of the primeval forest of the continent, which is far more important and beautiful than the planted forests of France and Germany, Belgium and Holland. Near our rapidly growing cities land enough can still be retained by municipalities to accommodate their greatest future need. Everywhere there is a recognition of the tremendous expansion to be prepared for even within one generation, and our tax-payers can, therefore, be brought to submit to charges for extensive plans of improvement.

It seems as if the movement towards

this result, which has within the last score of years assumed such consequence, must be significant of a national awakening to an interest in this beautiful and comprehensive art; for the spirit shows itself in many ways, the most important being the desire for the protection of our public reservations and the most vital Village Improvement. The subject demands consideration under several heads, each requiring special attention. These are, first, the park systems, which led the way; second, the better care of our villages and small towns, and municipal improvements; third, the great national reservations; and fourth, the economic question of our forests, with the pressing need of congressional action to protect and utilize this valuable source of revenue to the country.

Historically, the movement in the United States cannot date much further back than the early fifties, when, roused by Mr. Downing's writing in *The Horticulturist*, a few far-seeing minds recognized the necessity of providing for the health and recreation of urban populations by furnishing open and beautiful places of resort for them. This now seems so simple and obvious a duty that it is hard to remember that only persistent and unrelenting effort on the part of a few determined souls was able to overcome the sluggish indifference of municipal councilors and state legislatures; while even intelligent citizens resisted the effort to provide large parks, on the ground that they would probably become merely lurking-places for the lawless and depraved, and unfit resorts for the respectable.

Eloquence, tact, and pertinacity at last prevailed to wring meagre appropriations from city fathers for those pleasure-grounds which are now recognized by all citizens as their most cherished possessions. Little by little, after the fashion of all great reforms, at first suggested by the few, finally demanded by the many, the park question forced itself into pro-

minence, and began to take hold of the public.

Contemporaneously with this urban movement, there was shown a desire for neatness and finish here and there in many a small town and village, where some enlightened man or woman, thirsting for organized loveliness, labored to improve the muddy roads and straggling dooryards which disfigured the locality. As in the matter of parks, a few active minds were able to move a whole community. One carefully kept grass-plot induced another; the removal of a few tumbled-down fences showed how unnecessary they were; a few streets planted with trees inspired a neighborhood to emulation, and the example spread. The formation of a Village Improvement Society composed of public-spirited people, who oversaw, and helped with money, produced such results in one town that another was moved to go and do likewise; and from one nucleus in New England, and others in the South and West, the idea is traveling far and wide, the present increased facility of communication helping to spread it.

Better roads are a modern demand emphasized by the ubiquitous bicycle, and the States are furnishing smooth and well-kept highways linking town to town. Under the stimulus of the wheel the country inn is reviving, the outdoor restaurant appears, opening a new industry to the farmer, and affording a field for picturesque improvement.

Growing tastefulness is apparent at railway stations, with buildings designed by competent architects, and surrounded by shrubberies and flowers cared for by the station masters in their spare moments. Litter is forbidden; trees overhang the waiting-places for carriages, refinement of approach indicates the character of the neighborhood, and the traveler is soothed by gentle sights and refreshed by pleasing outlooks.

The need of shading our glaring dusty roadways is more and more recognized,

and the example of older towns, now beautiful with avenues of stately elms and maples, inspires the younger ones to furnish with trees their newly opened boulevards and roads. Though the science of tree-planting is but poorly understood, and still less the proper care of trees after they are once rooted, Improvement Societies will in time give instruction in these matters, and the results will be more satisfactory. If at the same time shady footpaths, wholly apart from the highway, could be provided, it might make walking the pleasure which it is along the quiet lanes of the Old World, so sadly lacking here. Meantime we have tree clubs, and an effort is being made to arouse the interest of children by encouraging them to plant trees, and, still better, to cherish them. The ceremonies of Arbor Day, instituted by the present Secretary of Agriculture, the Hon. J. Sterling Morton of Nebraska, emphasize for them the value of trees and shrubs in ornamenting the village. The exercises will be still more valuable when they include instruction in the proper care of what has been already planted.

The improvement of schoolhouses and libraries lends an added dignity to country towns, and makes these buildings, with their grounds, of importance in village ornamentation; while religious societies rival each other in tasteful arrangement of the open spaces about their respective churches, with excellent effect.

The planting and ornamenting of rural cemeteries originated in the United States, and in many little towns these afford almost the only opportunity for a Sunday stroll. Though the lack of unity of design and a tendency to florid decoration too often spoil the effect as a whole, the sentiment which cares so tenderly for the resting-places of the dead is another evidence of the promising material to work upon in this country. When taste shall have been educated, more simplicity will be shown, and many touchingly beautiful spots will be prepared for the

last home. Those who remember Mount Auburn, Cambridge, Mass., half a century ago, as a valued resort, realize well how its natural loveliness has been marred by the intrusion of inappropriate marble; but other burial-grounds, of more recent date, are showing how the memorials of the dead can be kept in harmony with the quiet beauty of sylvan surroundings; and in time a more sensitive taste will prevail, of whose stirrings we begin to be conscious, which may gradually influence all our surroundings.

Another evidence of the progress of taste is to be found in the growing interest in horticulture, and the disposition to study it scientifically. This has resulted in the founding of ten botanical gardens in the United States, and also in the purchase, by the city of Philadelphia, of the first park ever planted in America, on the farm of John Bartram on the Schuylkill, where, with only enthusiasm to begin with in 1728, but with constantly expanding knowledge, he established his collections. The æsthetic planting of botanical gardens, far removed from the old-fashioned straight lines and stiff alleys, the natural treatment of trees and shrubs in them in appropriate localities, so far as is possible, show that beauty and scientific arrangement are not incompatible, and that, while adding largely to the knowledge of the world, these gardens can also serve as object-lessons in pleasing arrangement. This is notably the case in the Arnold Arboretum at Jamaica Plain, near Boston, which twenty years ago was founded with the proceeds of a fund of a hundred thousand dollars left to Harvard College by Mr. James Arnold, a public-spirited citizen of New Bedford, Mass., as a garden to be devoted to forestry and dendrology. There are about two hundred acres in the inclosure, and the treatment of the grounds, which form a part of the park system of Boston, is an evidence that accurate scientific arrangement can be combined with picturesque charm.

The growth of interest in horticulture and floriculture in the last century is a subject capable of elaborate treatment. The tasteful management of different flowers with regard to color and mode of growth, their proper disposition in grounds, and the way to plant them to the best æsthetic advantage, has only recently received proper attention with us, but it must be recognized that floriculture is an important branch of artistic growth in public improvement.

A simple but lively agent in the movement we chronicle has been the general introduction of the lawn-mower, which has made a rough dooryard as old-fashioned in many a village as the unsightly fences of former days, while the supply of water by aqueducts helps to preserve a uniform greenness in the little smooth lawns graded to the edge of the highway. Thus we see how one advance leads imperceptibly to another, till the whole great scheme is evolved.

The beginnings of all the arts are very crude and formless, but the true Renaissance begins when men want to know, and that is the age of progress. The secret strength of our civilization is that it wants to know; it is not self-satisfied, passive; it stirs; it is discontented; it recognizes its deficiencies, is aware of a great body of learning to which it has not access, and which it would fain master. These are the little blades, from seed scattered broadcast, which indicate a coming harvest. In a huge, straggling, half-settled country like ours, one cannot look for instant perfection or universal rapid progress. We have no autocratic municipal governments like those which accomplish wonders in European cities; such order as we develop will not be enforced by anything mightier than popular conviction. The will and desire must come from within; from that spirit of emulation and wish for the best there is going which is such a strong characteristic of Americans; from that readiness to assimilate which makes our

women keen for the last mode and our men eager for the newest bicycle, stimulated by the newspapers, which keep each section of the United States informed of what the others are doing.

The main thing seems to be to so present the right treatment of grounds, towns, parks, and forests that it may become the fashion. Fashion is not a lofty factor in civilization, it must be admitted, yet it is omnipotent with us. Now, to direct the movement rightly, so as to establish canons of good taste, and make this art a high expression, — that is, to have our people assimilate the best rather than the second-best, — necessitates the growth and education of the individual, the only source of progress for the race. Whatever proceeds merely from a ruler's decree dies with the passing of the master mind; but that idea which the community grasps is the really valuable working one, and in a sort indicates both the understanding and the social status of a people by the readiness with which it is adopted. Certainly artistic planting ought to be as contagious as the changes of attire.

What we require next is a school of forestry and landscape gardening, and for this we have suggestions in the schools of European nations for horticulture, agriculture, forestry, and kindred subjects which we greatly need to study here. At present there is no place outside of an office where the art we hope for can be taught. Engineering can be learned in institutions, and there are some agricultural schools and experiment stations which have their value, but if a young man seeks knowledge to fit himself for the career of landscape architect we have no such thing as a school of public improvement.

The advantage of a school of art of any kind is, that though no school can create a great artist, it can at least show him the shortest road to his end, teach him how to prepare and use his tools, give him the history of what has been

done before, and inspire emulation. An American school might furnish scholarships to the more promising pupils, to enable them to travel, to study the methods of other lands, with a view to grappling more successfully with the problems of our virgin continent. The varied branches of the comprehensive study of public improvement might be dealt with by competent teachers and illustrated by suggestive examples. It could accumulate a library such as no private student could afford to purchase, with pictures and plans to be wisely studied, and from it the genius of the future might draw his inspiration.

However true it may be that no difficulty ever seems to check the growth of any supreme artistic genius, which has its own ways of bursting the shell, and of finding nutriment in everything, great artists are rare, and many valuable talents are lost to the world for the lack of an opportunity to train them, and to make the most of what the French call a "disposition" for art. We look for the time when some enthusiast for public improvement shall found an institution to impart instruction in it, or at least leave money for a chair in one of our universities, for a course of which many youths may avail themselves. We believe that the day of this institution is not far off, for we observe that the movement for public improvement is sporadic, it is confined to no locality, it springs up in all parts of the republic, and this sign is full of encouragement. Its advocates burn with zeal, and labor without repose for the benefit of posterity. Even when some of their plans are misguided, their aim is high, their motives are unselfish, the value of their services is incalculable.

The more one studies this great subject, the more one is struck with the lofty public spirit of individuals, their almost poetic fire. They display that enthusiastic sense of duty to the community and the state, that high civic virtue, which

is the proudest attribute of man. Their self-sacrifice, their industry, their heroic efforts for a cause that may be called purely one of sentiment, though based on the great economic principle of benefit to the race, arouse a respect which becomes veneration when we realize what large, farseeing patriotism is the mainspring of their untiring labor.

As an instance of this we quote the following paragraph from a letter recently received from Mr. J. B. Harrison, formerly secretary of the American Forestry Congress, the man to whose personal effort the nation largely owes the Niagara Falls Reservation : —

“The chief thing in my relation to the Niagara work was the going, twice, to nearly every town and hamlet in the State of New York, to see the leading citizens, editors, lawyers, clergymen, and merchants, to ‘work up’ sentiment, first for the appointment of a commission to examine and report, and then for the appropriation of the money to buy the land at the Falls. Everybody helped, and at last the brakemen in the cars used to come in and sit by me, and ask, ‘Do you think the State will buy Niagara?’ and the boys who carried my bag to the train would ask about it, too. Then I felt sure we should succeed. We got the subject into the mind of every man, woman, and child, apparently.”

Here we have the true spirit of the apostle; and such apostles are alive among us to-day, influencing their generation, sowing the good seed, and preaching the new gospel. To show what their work is, we have but to remark how, in town after town, individuals have labored with the authorities to persuade them to receive parks and lands which they stood ready to give to their fellow-citizens, though it took years and years to induce selectmen and town councilors to accept the gift. These personal efforts, often ungratefully met, show us the force, the patience, the far-reaching benevolence, which exist among us, the little leaven which has to

raise the whole lump of ignorance and inertia.

The eloquence, the artistic feeling, the large wisdom, displayed in the park reports of Mr. Olmsted — often destined either to be read by unappreciative municipal officers, or, as he pathetically remarks, never to be read at all, — would have made the fame of a purely literary man, yet we can find them only in pamphlets almost out of print which to-day are very difficult of access. These reports abound from beginning to end in important suggestions. Thus have men cast bread upon the waters, to be found again by the nation only after many weary years.

Schemes which it takes decades to bring about, and a half century to entirely develop, require master minds for their conception and the “long patience” of genius to foster. Ordinary inventors look for large returns from their expenditure of thought and time and treasure, but the architect of public grounds gains little more than a modest livelihood from his labor, which is to confer a perpetual benefit upon his native land. As to the man who gives acres to beautify his town, he is a philanthropist, who sometimes hardly receives thanks. This is why we claim that our country abounds, as does no other, in evidences of purely unselfish zeal, and the study of our present theme indicates in this regard the claims of some individuals, now unknown beyond their immediate neighborhoods, to the gratitude of the nation. The difficulty has been to start the people on the right road, but once started, their progress promises to be steady and rapid. We see not only that individuals have learned to arrange their homes and surroundings picturesquely, but that communities are gaining in civic pride and interest in the ornamentation of villages.

Parks have become a necessity of our cities and towns, and even the unenlightened resistance of municipal gov-

ernments is overborne by the popular demand. Private and public reservations of beautiful lands, game preserves established by clubs and individuals, have taught the value of wild woods and flowing streams. The government is slowly awakening to the needs of its forests, and public sentiment is being educated by the press to the importance of an enlightened management of that source of revenue which in other lands is so carefully administered.

To these educative influences must be added the quite recent foundation in Massachusetts of a Society for the Preservation of Beautiful and Historic Places,¹ whose function is to receive and hold lands containing objects of interest, which may not be willingly taken by the town or State, and to protect them from neglect and ruin. The example of this valuable society has been followed, so that many historic sites will be retained, fine trees rescued, and striking natural objects preserved for the enjoyment of future generations. In imitation of this society a similar one has been formed in England, which is acquiring such localities, famous in song and story, as may from time to time be offered for sale.

Our reservations, long neglected, are becoming of importance to the American people. The need of outdoor life, so well understood in Europe, is beginning to be recognized by them, and the demand comes for more breathing-space. As soon as a park is opened the crowds gladly avail themselves of it, and with such decorum that the fear of depredation and lawlessness, which so long resisted the opening of parks to the public, has proved groundless. Their sanitary value is felt, for during the prolonged heated term of last August some of the parks in Brooklyn, N. Y., were thrown open to the people at night, and the refreshment to tired mothers, imprisoned all day in crowded tenements, was obvious

from the many baby carriages drawn thither, with their little occupants quietly sleeping under mosquito nettings, instead of tossing restlessly in narrow, unwholesome rooms.

The preservation of the battlefields of the civil war, as solemn mementoes of the most tragic period of our history; the acquisition, by the government, of Gettysburg, Antietam, and Shiloh, and the field of Chickamauga with parts of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, are a striking instance of the deep sentiment of our people, and their reverent regard for the honored dead who died that we might live. Never will these suggestive fields be pleasure-grounds, but from the summits of the surrounding hills watch-towers will look down upon the mountain ranges and rivers, and reveal to the eye of imagination the strategy of those terrific encounters. The forests, watered with the blood of suffering soldiers, will remain undestroyed, and monuments will record the gallant deeds of those who fell in the sad struggle. At Chickamauga alone there are more than three thousand acres of forest, and these woods and the construction of appropriate memorials demand careful and artistic treatment.

On certain private estates, such as Biltmore in North Carolina, the property of Mr. George W. Vanderbilt, experiments in forestry are being carried on which the public is freely admitted to study; and here, too, landscape gardening affords an object-lesson of great value. The large private hunting-parks in the Adirondacks are also accessible to whoever wishes to visit them, and are a notable part of the scheme for public improvement to which belong the magnificent state and government reservations. The extraordinary natural features of America are nowhere more surprising than in the neighborhood of Colorado Springs, where the private reservation of the Garden of the Gods, a singularly beautiful natural park, is thrown open

¹ Now incorporated under the title of Trustees of Public Reservations.

to the public. Reservations in Massachusetts, along Charles River, Beaver Brook, and other streams of quiet or picturesque charm, are another evidence of the growing sentiment among us for secluded haunts for recreation. Of the reservations of Niagara Falls, the Yellowstone Park, the Yosemite Valley, and the great forests of the Adirondacks there is no room to speak fully in this paper, which is, as has been said already, merely a brief summary of the national enthusiasm for the art of public improvement.

Generations may be requisite to perfect this art, but its pioneers have broken ground. We have object-lessons destined to influence many youthful minds, and fit them insensibly for a higher revelation. The greatest of these was the Columbian Exposition, and from that spectacle what ideals must have rooted themselves in many a soul until then starved for beauty! There first the majesty of a great architectural conception was seen on our own soil, marred doubtless in detail, as must be even a poet's glimpses of heavenly glory, by the obtrusion of things unspiritual, incident to mortal weakness; but yet an enchanting whole, an inspiring dream briefly realized for awestruck millions, in whose minds it must forever remain as an indication of what the landscape artist of some future day may make permanent and real. Though the remembrance of the white vision may have faded like its substance, its impress must remain on every mind qualified to receive its stamp. It, too, was a part of that lift of the nation toward higher things, which is a compensation for all its vain and idle pursuit of false theories, false gods, false heroes. As a people we cry for light; our intense materialism goes hand in hand with that characteristic imagi-

nation which leads us to see things in large, — to magnify many a will-o'-the-wisp into a planet.

If this imagination be our bane, it is likewise our glory, and, like the vital principle itself, it works for both destruction and salvation. If at times it brings us to the verge of political ruin, it again wafts us to the solemn heights of national triumph. In its fierce flame only the indestructible survives, for lesser men and meaner motives shrivel to ashes as it burns heavenward. Thus in our artistic development it may be trusted to lead us to something broader and more human than the older world has achieved, something which shall have in it a touch spontaneous and strong. We must have an art, spacious, because we have room for it; far reaching, because it will be an exponent of popular fancy; imposing, because in it will be embodied the genius of a nation compounded of many elements, barbaric and enlightened, from the fusion of which must proceed a fresh and powerful combination.

If this presentation seem fanciful, remember what has been done in a score of crowded years: how swiftly thoughts travel along the electric cord which now binds us together; how the middle West fires at a thought, and is ready, as was shown at Chicago, to pour out its easily gained millions for an idea; how rich and lavish is the rarely endowed Pacific coast. There is everything in the United States to nourish a great art, — wealth, enthusiasm, generosity, a sense of boundless capacity, the *verve* and spring of youth, unlimited aspiration. In the Art of Public Improvement the dreamer and the utilitarian can combine, the nation's beauty and the nation's wealth can in it be united, and our achievements may be such as to satisfy even American ambition.

Mary Caroline Robbins.

LANDSCAPES WITH FIGURES.

ANGELUS.

A MIDDLE-AGED woman, fair-haired and stout, sat peeling potatoes in the top story of a tall tenement house. Between her and the sunset several jagged lines of vari-colored clothes, comprising a neighbor's wash, fluttered slightly in the faint-stirring air. The sound of children's voices, raised at intervals to a shrill pandemonium at some crisis in their game, mounted from the yard and entered at the open window. It was summer, and the woman awaited the return of her husband and son from their work.

Her husband, she knew, would come slowly, painfully climbing the steep stairway, after a day's perspiring toil in the oven-like basement where he worked. He was ten years older than she was, and he suffered from rheumatism. The boy would come in advance of his father. He was a lad of fifteen, mature for his years, serious, almost stolid, in disposition. He attended the public school during the winter, and worked in the summer vacation to add to the family income.

The family income! It had dwindled of late, despite the additional pair of hands at work to secure it. An illness of nearly three months had dissipated the man's savings, and hopes for the future had had to be renounced. The boy would not return to school in the autumn: his parents did not face it yet; they would not recognize the necessity for his labor, although both knew in their hearts that the man was no longer to be depended upon. Their son's education had been a superstition to these good people; it would be the last of their aspirations to be relinquished. The woman who sat peeling potatoes laid down the knife, and reflected sadly on what was already included in these re-

nunciations. She was a sentimental German woman, and the tears came easily to her mild blue eyes.

Once — in their early married life, when fortune smiled upon them — they had planned to visit the Fatherland together: he to show her the little farm in Holstein, where his aged parents were then living with the family of an elder brother; she to show him her home in the Pfalz, in the old city of Speyer, on the dear Rhine. It came back now to the eye of her imagination, — the peaceful old town, the smiling country round intersected by pleasant roads with their borders of fruit-trees, the broad acres of garden and pasture, and the simple, friendly people jogging slowly in their vehicles, or strolling by whole families in the Sunday sunshine. . . . Ah, she would have seen it all again *so gern!* But it was not to be. The advance in wages came too slowly; she had been ailing in those years; and then there was the boy's future to be looked to.

Again, they had looked forward to a country retreat in which to end their days. There were pleasant places on the outskirts of Brooklyn or in East New York; space enough for an arbor in which a man might light his pipe in the sultry summer evenings, with ground beside for a few beds of geranium and a rose-bush or two. So they had fondly imagined, and had pictured the peace of existence, and the passing away from existence, in so sure a haven of tranquillity. But they never spoke of it now. Silently they abandoned the hope of ever quitting the stuffy little apartment in the top of the tall tenement. And the future of their boy was left them to meditate upon.

They plotted and schemed for his welfare, and watched him grow big and healthy and strong. They kept in a

drawer of the kitchen table all his old copy-books and school exercises, and marveled at the knowledge he was absorbing. Already he did all their writing for them; for the mother wrote only in the crabbed German *Schrift*, and the father unwillingly took a pen into his great rough hand. Sleeping and waking, their thoughts centred about the boy, and the goal of their lives became his education. This was not, in their sight, merely a tool to his advancement in life; it was desirable in and for itself, an unseen but ever present blessing, which bestowed upon its possessor an inestimable superiority.

Now this last and greatest of their ambitions was about to be abandoned. Slowly they would accustom themselves to the idea of its relinquishment. They would toil on for the rest of their days: the woman at her domestic work, together with what washing she could obtain to do; the man at his employment, so long as his failing health might permit him to retain his position; and the boy would be a toiler like themselves. Her soft mother's heart could not render this credible all at once to the woman's intelligence, but the shadow of it lay darkening across her soul. She thought of her other renunciations, and none seemed so great as the one likely to be demanded of her. What she forgot was the calm their acceptance had brought her, and it would do the same again. . . .

The boy and his father came home to their supper; the children ceased screaming in the yard; there was a lull in the activity of the whole vast human beehive. The woman placed two bowls of steaming soup on the white-laid kitchen table, and poured some tea into a saucer for herself. Her eyes dwelt alternately on her tired husband and the hungry lad, resting longest on her son. The man's brow relaxed under the influence of the cheering fare, and in his glance was legible the satisfaction of a day's work done.

After supper, while she washed the dishes, he read aloud from the evening newspaper.

When the woman came back to the window, the last sunset colors languished in the western sky. The man had fallen asleep, extended at length on the horse-hair sofa; the boy's fair head was bent over a book, his expressionless profile softened by the shadow of the lamp. The woman turned from them to the gathering night. On her face was written contentment and the repose of a nature at peace with itself.

THE GRAVE.

A glorious autumn morning: the long grass bends before the wind from the sea and shimmers in the sunshine; the broad, level country, divided into fields, with here and there a garden-patch, stretches out on either hand as far as the eye can reach; lines of telegraph-poles mark where the roads intersect it. There is a "cheeping" of birds in the air, — the hurried notes of preparation for departure. The sea is not visible, but its presence is felt in a hundred ways.

One field is different from the rest, having lately been acquired for the purposes of a cemetery. Its scattered tombstones, from whose vicinity the long grass has been removed, without other attempt at beautifying the surroundings, gleam a dazzling white in the brilliant morning sunshine. These are the marble slabs, but most of its graves are marked by upright wooden boards painted white with black characters. At the entrance there is a pretentious wooden arch, painted in several colors with various symbolic emblems and long inscriptions in an unfamiliar script. In the whole cemetery there is not a single cross. . . . This is the last resting-place of a colony of poor Jews.

A neglected road leads from the entrance-arch through the middle of the cemetery. On either hand lie the burial-

lots, inclosed for the most part by a single rail of solid metal fastened at equal intervals to stone posts. Most of the lots are the property of friendly societies or lodges, composed very largely of young men; in many of them there is not yet a single grave. Arches and gateways of wood, each elaborately decorated and inscribed with the name of the society, and frequently with those of its members, designate the approach to these plots. The tawdry magnificence of the arches contrasts oddly with the neglected condition of the bare lots. In some of the more pretentious of the monuments one divines the supreme revolt of poverty in the presence of the grave, — the cry of the individual, suppressed during life, insisting in the face of a hostile universe upon the integrity of its own identity. . . .

In a far corner of the field two men are at work digging a grave. The sweat, despite the coolness of the day, pours from their brows; from time to time they exchange good-humored remarks in an unknown language. By the side of the trench they have made is heaped the rich brown earth; the mound increases with each spadeful of freshly upturned soil, from which the larger stones are carefully removed by one of the laborers, while the other digs deeper into the ground.

Beyond the grave a woman is standing, supporting herself against a high marble tombstone. She is bareheaded, and the keen wind lifts from her shoulders the shawl in which she is wrapped. Incessantly she wrings her hands and mourns aloud, after the manner of Jewish women. This is one long, monotonous lament, in which the voice rises and falls in regular inflections conveying the utmost poignancy of despair. In it are mingled invocations to the dead and imprecations upon destiny, while the note of self-commiseration supplies its ground-tone. Much of it is mere sound and sobbing without articulation, adapt-

ing itself to the chantlike measure of the lament. But again it is filled with articulate phrase, the eloquence of a soul newly awakened by sorrow to expression. Some English words are distinguishable in the impassioned tide of this woman's utterance, heightening by the element of a strange, incongruous weirdness the mournful effect of her speech. Among such bits of broken phrase one catches here and there a sentence: "It is no good for me now!" These two words, "no good," so poor in themselves as an expression of despondency, acquire in the woman's poignant accents a tragic potency of their own. The wind seems to listen for them, and one fancies them whispered to the responsive wires of the neighboring telegraph-line, whence they come back in a low, melancholy refrain: "No good! No good!"

The woman is still young; her black hair is uncombed, her cheeks are flushed with the fever of watching, her brown eyes running with moisture. She mourns for her first-born, a youth of nineteen, whose slow decease she has watched from day to day, through the lengthening abysses of consumption, for the past six months. She is a widow, and her son has been taken from her in the prime of his vigor, — at the age when he was about to be of most service to her. She has not been able to keep from thinking of this (the poor have to consider such things), and it has added a deep sense of injury to her grief. To-day, however, it is forgotten; every other feeling is swallowed up in the bitterness of her loss; no matter how she is to live without him, life itself has turned to bitterness for her, the world is "no good" any more. . . .

Across the road, among the meaner graves, some black figures wander, sombre shadows in the palpitating sunlight. Two old men, rabbis, in long black coats coming to their knees and polished high silk hats, talk together as they saunter, shrugging their shoulders and waving their arms in exuberant gesture. In the

stoop of their shoulders, the expression of their black-bearded faces, and their attitude in walking, there lurks something furtive, — the suspicion engendered by the system of persecution beneath which their lives have been passed. A little boy wanders lonely among the graves, his unbuttoned overcoat flapping in the wind; he seems to have been forgotten by his party. Bending over a child's grave is a woman; she has come with the funeral party to be of assistance to her neighbor in the city tenement, whose son is to be consigned to the earth. Once in the cemetery, however, she has bethought herself of the grave of a child buried a year previously, as yet unvisited by her, and she has hurried frantically from lot to lot in her search, forgetful of the solitary woman at the freshly opened grave. . . .

They take long in digging it, this grave; and when it has been completed, the trench proves too narrow for the plain pine coffin, and the laborers must fall to work anew, while the mournful little party, assembled now beside the open grave, shiver in the bleak wind and mocking sunshine. From the gatehouse come the sounds of a stupid quarrel in progress between the keeper and his wife; their voices are raised loud in dispute, and there is harsh, grating laughter when a point has been made by one or the other.

When the grave has been made ready a second time, the coffin is opened, and a small bag containing earth from Palestine is slipped under the head of the departed: in this simple fashion is maintained the fiction dear to every pious Jew, that he rests in the consecrated soil of the ancient home of his race. All who are present draw near to look for the last time upon the features, already unfamiliar, half unrecognizable, in death. Then the coffin is closed, and slowly, with the aid of ropes, it is lowered into the grave. The two rabbis read from an open book in a strange, rapid tongue, in

which each seems striving to outstrip the other. Above the noisy confusion of their voices the woman's wailing continues, — uninterrupted by this as by all lesser sounds; the sobbing of her little remaining son and that of her neighbor from the city tenement; the soft thud of the earth shoveled in great spadefuls into the closing grave; the rush of a train on the near-by railway; and all the vague country notes and whisperings caught and upborne on its journey by the fresh autumn breeze.

Before the grave has been quite filled in the rabbis make a rent in the boy's coat, in a place where it can easily be sewed together again. This they do in sign of mourning, and mindful of the words, "*Then Job arose, and rent his mantle.*"

The last spadefuls of crumbling earth are added to the overflowing grave, and the woman stands at its border, crying aloud in her monotonous misery. When the earth has been flattened and made smooth on the sides of the mound, one of the rabbis approaches her, and half by persuasion, half by force, draws her away from the grave to the path in the centre of the plot. Here a line is formed, of which she is made the head, and slowly the procession moves towards the gate. Struggling at first, she submits herself to the will of the men; the boy follows her, looking small and forlorn in the procession of his elders beneath the wide sky; behind come the rabbis (one a relation of the dead), and the woman who has come to attend the forsaken mother. Once before the gate of the plot has been reached, the woman at the head of the procession throws up her hands in a last despairing outburst and makes to return to the grave; the rabbis, however, intercept her, and compel her to resume her place at the head of the line. She seems indifferent to the ceremonies they are observing, but yields at last to their authority. Before passing out of the plot into the cemetery road each member of

the little procession stoops and gathers a handful of grass and loose earth which he casts backward over his shoulder; signifying by this action that as the grass, plucked by its roots, will spring up again, so shall the soul have one day its resurrection. . . .

Outside, in the cemetery road, the procession is disbanded, and the party hasten to the gate-house, where a carriage is in waiting to convey them back to the city. The driver, who has grown impatient at the long delay, summons them to take their places in the vehicle, and the journey homeward is begun. At the touch of the soft cushions the woman sinks back, and, covering her face with her roughened hands, falls to weeping bitter, passionate tears. A vision of the narrow apartment, empty of her son, arises before her mind, and she thinks of the silent days of mourning, prescribed by the Law, in store for her. "*So they sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him: for they saw that his grief was very great.*" . . .

Behind her, in the sun-flooded graveyard, the two laborers, at rest against a broad tombstone, sit down to their noon-day meal. A loaf of black bread rests on the bare ground between them, and from the gate-house kitchen a child is bringing them a pitcher of coffee. Their honest, good-humored faces express the satisfaction of labor accomplished. About them the grass waves and the noontide flashes. Solitary in the far-flashing landscape, the new grave betokens a change since the morning; to the chorus of mute testimony borne by the bare little cemetery in the face of the unresponding sky it joins its silent voice.

A YOUNG FATHER.

The sun sent a fierce noontide glare down upon the crowded East Side and its dusty thoroughfares. The passers-by, most of whom had disembarrassed them-

selves of shirt-collars, wore a listless, fagged expression, and scarcely took the trouble to avoid the children at play on the parched sidewalks. At each corner an open saloon or two offered refreshment to the faint and the discouraged, and beneath the shutter-doors one could distinguish the legs of the men in line before the bar.

The only shade at this hour was within the line of doorways, and these were comparatively empty, the women who occupy them later in the afternoon being busy getting their husbands' dinners. An occasional group of young fellows, in chronic and semi-professional condition of unemployment, related bits of experience or passed idle comments, in a sheltered nook, whither the glances of the apple-vender on the corner followed them with anxiety.

In one doorway a young man stood, holding in his arms a fair-haired child. He was short, undersized; his costume of the simplest, consisting above the waist of a single garment, a gray flannel undershirt. His face was pale, betokening some indoor, confining occupation; his look serene, in spite of lines on the brow that could have been furrowed there only by suffering and care; and the whole countenance brightened by that indescribable something in the expression which bespeaks a faith — the continuance of a cherished ideal — in its possessor.

The child's face was smutched with some grimy substance, which the young father had not sought to remove. It waved its chubby hands after the fashion of young children, experimenting, philosophers tell us, with the universe. It crowed, and turned its open laughing mouth and blue eyes, already half mischievous, to its father's face. The young man bent and kissed the parted lips; his eyes rested upon his offspring with a look of tender adoration. . . .

He had been married two years before to a thoughtless girl, anxious only

to make a match before any of her friends. A dance or two at one of the local assemblies, a Sunday excursion in summer to Coney Island, an evening at one of the East Side theatres, — these had been the extent of the experiences that had preceded the ceremony. He had been steadily employed, and, having no one dependent upon him, had succeeded in laying by some of his earnings, — enough, he fondly supposed, to marry on. The girl brought him nothing but her somewhat arrogant good looks, requiring to be set off with what finery she could command. She had no knowledge of housekeeping, and soon squandered the little store that stood to his credit in the savings-bank. For a while it amused her to keep the home in order, and to show it off to the friends who came to inspect it. But she neglected it more and more, and spent her time, in her husband's absence at his work, visiting the neighbors, in whose affairs she quickly acquired an engrossing interest. Even the birth of their child failed to bring back her errant affections to the right centre. She was absent, sometimes, for days together, from the untidy little apartment, alleging duties at her parents' home which were given precedence over those owing to her husband and child. The baby, on these occasions, was turned over to a friendly neighbor until the young father should return in the evening to reclaim it. This he did with trembling eagerness, and grew to desire his wife's absence, that he might have the child to

himself, and be spared the ridicule with which she chastised the overweening love he bore the tiny being. Gradually, all the care of the rooms was relinquished to him, and the wife became only an occasional visitor in her husband's home. The child was now the centre about which all his thoughts, his whole life revolved, and the two were inseparable except for the daylight hours in which he toiled with unremitting labor for the home he sought to maintain.

He came home now in the middle of the day for dinner, which had to be prepared before he went out in the morning to his work, and availed himself of the few moments remaining after his meal to take the child from the close apartment under the roof down to the cool hallway, where a breath of air was usually stirring. The sights and sounds of the sordid street passed before them unnoticed. The child's eyes reflected the innocence of the clear skies, and the man's soul, into which skepticism had not entered, was lifted in its mood of rapt contemplation to an innocence as absolute.

Standing thus in the low doorway as in a frame, these two figures complete an image of Humanity as it still exists in the world to-day. Wonder and trust are written on its brow, and it beckons smilingly to the unknown future. If there be some to deny its mission, these are blinded by the sunlight of prosperity or benumbed by the dull chill of adversity. And they have never looked into the face of a little child.

J. K. Paulding.

CHEERFUL YESTERDAYS.

II.

A CHILD OF THE COLLEGE.

I COME back to Cambridge every autumn, when the leaves are falling from the trees, and the old university, like the weird witch-hazel in the groves, puts out fresh blossoms at the season when all else grows sere. It is a never failing delight to behold the hundreds of newcomers who then throng our streets: boys with smooth and unworn faces, full of the zest of their own being, taking the whole world as having been made for them, — which indeed it was; willing to do any needful kindness to an elder human being, as in rescuing him from carriage-wheels or picking him out of the mud, but otherwise as whole-somely indifferent to his very existence as if he were a lamp-post or a horseless vehicle. If he be wise, he joyfully accepts the situation, and takes in it something of the pride which a father feels when his youngest son overtops him by a head. Instead of grudging to the new-comers this empire of the immediate future, I feel always impelled to welcome them to it; in behalf of the human race, I rejoice to see its vigor so lustily maintained; the visible self-confidence is well founded, and has the facts on its side. The future is theirs to command, not ours; it belongs to them even more than they think it does, and this is undoubtedly saying a good deal.

This ready self-subordination to these kings of to-morrow may come, in my own case, from the fact that I am, more than any one else now living in Cambridge, except perhaps John Holmes and Professor Norton, a child of the college; and the latter is my junior, and was once in my eyes one of these very boys. All three of us were, so to speak,

born in the college, bred to it, and interested from earliest recollection in its men. Never having been or having wished to be one of its officials, I look upon its annual harvest of youthful life with all the more dispassionate interest. Living in a college town is, after all, very much like dwelling just outside of a remarkably large glass beehive, where one can watch all day long the busy little people inside; can see them going incessantly to and fro at their honey-making, pausing occasionally to salute or sting one another, — and all without the slightest peril to the beholder. Life becomes rich in this safe and curious contemplation, and this is a pursuit which every boy in a college town begins very early. It was thus that Charles Parsons and I, from the time we were allowed to go alone in the street, studied the little academical world on whose edge we dwelt.

At ten years of age, it is certain, we could repeat the list of every undergraduate class alphabetically, and prided ourselves on knowing every student by sight. This was not so incredible as it would now seem, for the classes rarely had more than fifty each, the whole college counting little more than half as many as a single class now numbers. All these young fellows we not merely knew, but studied individually, — their nicknames, their games, their individual haunts: we watched them at football or cricket; had our favorites and our butts; waited anxiously for the time when, once or twice a year, the professor of chemistry gave many of them "exhilarating gas," as it was called, on the triangle then known as the Delta, and they gesticulated, made speeches, or recited poetry, as unconscious of their self-revelation as an autobiographer.

Sometimes in summer evenings — for

the college term then lasted until the middle of July — we would amuse ourselves by selecting in the street some single student, and trailing him from place to place, like the Indians of whom we had read in Cooper's novels; following wherever he went, watching, waiting, often losing and then finding him again, and perhaps delaying our own early bedtime that we might see him through some prolonged evening call, though he was all unconscious of our watchful care. I can still breathe the aroma of the lilac-bushes among which we ensconced ourselves, and catch a glimpse of the maiden who possibly appeared to bid him a demure good-night. On other days there was the Harvard Washington Corps, or college military company, to watch at its drill on the common, or on its proud march to the suburban tavern where it dined, — Porter's, at what is now North Cambridge, — and its sometimes devious return. O ecstasy of childish love for costume and rhythm and glory! In later life I have ridden at the head of a thousand marching men, and felt no such sense of exaltation above the low earth as when I first saw my favorite elder brother, in the prescribed white trousers and black coat, with epaulets and befrogged sleeves, marching as second lieutenant before one of the swaying platoons of the "College Company."

With all this precocious interest in the students, it is needless to say that I awaited with absorbing eagerness the time when I should enter that great little world into which my immediate playmate had preceded me; and that it was a blissful moment when I at last found myself, one autumn morning, admitted on examination, without conditions, and standing on the steps of University Hall, looking about with a new sense of ownership on the trees my father had planted. I was not yet fourteen, and was the youngest in my class; but never since in life have I had such a vivid sense of a ca-

reer, an opportunity, a battle to be won. This is what gilds the memory of college life: that we dwelt there like Goethe's fairy Melusina or the heroine of O'Brien's *Diamond Lens*, in a real but miniature world, a microcosm of the visible universe. It seems to me that I never have encountered a type of character in the greater world which was not represented more or less among my classmates, or dealt with any thought or principle which was not discussed in elementary form in our evening walks up Brattle Street.

Harvard College was then a comparatively small affair, as was the village in which it existed; but both had their day of glory, which was Commencement Day, now a merely academic ceremonial, but then a public festival for eastern Massachusetts. It has been so well described by both Lowell and John Holmes that I will not dwell upon it in detail. The streets were filled with people, arriving from far and near; there were booths, fairs, horse-races, encampments of alleged gamblers in outlying groves. Perhaps the most striking single illustrations of the day's importance lay in the fact that the banks in Boston were closed on that day, and that Boston gentlemen, even if not graduates of the college, often came to Cambridge for a day or two, at that time, taking rooms and receiving their friends. My grandfather, Stephen Higginson, used to come over from Brookline, take quarters in this way at Porter's tavern (the Boylston Street Porter), and keep open house, with probable punch-bowl. For the rest of the year Cambridge relapsed into a kind of privacy, except that three days of "Exhibition" — a sort of minor Commencement, with public exercises — were distributed through the terms. At ordinary times the external status of the college was more like that of some country academy than that of an embryo university. There were but seven buildings inside the college yard, and

but one outside. There are now about 3000 students, of various grades and departments, registered in Cambridge; in 1837, when I entered, there were but 305 such students; and in 1841, when I graduated, but 366. In like manner, Cambridge is now a city of some 85,000 inhabitants, whereas in 1840 it had but 8409, distributed among three villages, of which Old Cambridge, grouped round the college buildings, had less than half. Yet, after all, these figures make little difference to the boy; a crowd is a crowd, whether it be counted by hundreds or thousands, for you see at the most only those immediately pressing round you. For us, I repeat, the college was a world; whether larger or smaller on the outskirts was of secondary importance.

It is mistakenly assumed by clergymen and editors that this little community, in its village days, was necessarily more virtuous, or at least more decorous, than now. The fact is all the other way; for the early drinking habits of society still flourished, and the modern temperance agitation was but beginning. When Allston, the painter, kept the records of the Hasty Pudding Club, in rhyme, he thus described the close of the annual dinner of that frugal body:—

“And each one to evince his spunk
Vied with his neighbor to get drunk;
Nor tedious was the mighty strife
With these true-blooded blades of life,
For less than hours two had gone
When roaring mad was every one.”

Allston left college in 1800, forty years before my day; yet it was in my own time that the Rev. Dr. John Pierce recorded in his Diary that he had seen men intoxicated at Φ B K dinners who were never seen in this condition at any other time. We boys used to watch the Harvard Washington Corps on its return from the dinner at Porter's, quite secure that some of our acquaintances would stagger out of the ranks and find lodgment in the gutter. The

regular Class Day celebration was for the seniors to gather under Liberty Tree and serve out buckets of punch to all comers. Robbing hen-roosts was common enough, and youths of good standing in my own class would organize marauding expeditions, with large baskets, to bring back pears and melons from the market gardens in what is now Belmont. These things hurt no one's reputation at that day, whereas now to be suspected of them would dethrone the most popular man: he would be voted a “cad” or a “mucker;” he would be dropped from his clubs. As for the drinking habit, I have no statistics to offer, but an intoxicated student is the rarest possible sight in the streets of Cambridge. This may not involve a clear gain in morality, but the improvement in gentlemanliness is enormous.

The college of that period has been sometimes described as drawing its students from a smaller geographical range than at present. This was of course true in a general way, yet in one respect the precise contrary was the case. In that ante-bellum period, the Southern students were a noticeable element in the college, and a very conspicuous one in the Law School, being drawn thereto by the great reputation of Judge Story; and as these youths were all reared under the influence of slavery, they contributed a far more distinctive element in Cambridge society than anything now to be seen there. The difference between the richest student from New York or California and the very poorest and most abstemious boy from some New England farm is not nearly so marked as that which then distinguished the demeanor of the average Southern from the average New England student. As a rule, the Southerners were clearly the favorites in Cambridge society: they usually had charming manners, social aptitudes, imperious ways, abundant leisure, and plenty of money; they were graceful dancers, often musical and some-

times well taught. On the other hand, they were often indolent, profligate, and quarrelsome; they were almost wholly responsible for the "town and gown" rows, now extinct, but then not infrequent. Contributing sometimes the most brilliant young men to the Law School, they furnished also a class who, having been brought up on remote plantations and much indulged, had remained grossly ignorant. I remember one in particular who was supposed to have entered the Law School, but who proved to be taking private lessons in something from Charles Devens, afterwards judge and major-general. A mystery hung about the matter till it was found that the youth, who was as showy as any of his companions in dress and bearing, was simply learning to read and write.

Let us now turn back to the condition of intellectual affairs. The entrance examination of those days was by no means the boys' play that is sometimes asserted. It represented, no doubt, a year less of work than the present examination; yet it included some points not now made obligatory, as for instance the rendering of English into Greek and Latin. We were also called upon to translate at sight from authors not previously read, although this provision did not appear in the catalogues, and is usually cited as of more recent origin. Once within, my class was lucky enough to encounter a very exceptional period,—the time, namely, when a temporary foray into the elective system took place, anticipating in a small way the very desirable results which have followed from its later application; although that first experiment was, unluckily, discontinued in a few years, under a more conservative president. Meanwhile, the class of 1841 was one of the very few which enjoyed its benefits. Under the guidance of George Ticknor, the method had long been applied to the modern languages; but we were informed one day, to our delight, that it was to be extended also

to mathematics, with a prospect of further expansion. As a matter of fact, the word "elective" did not appear on the college catalogues until 1841–42, but for two years previous this special announcement about mathematics was given in a footnote. The spirit of a new freedom began at once to make itself felt in other departments; the Latin and Greek professors, for instance, beginning to give lectures, though in an irregular way, in addition to their usual duty of extracting from us what small knowledge we possessed. The reason why the experiment was made with mathematics was understood to be that Professor Peirce had grown weary of driving boys through the differential calculus by force, and Professor E. T. Channing had declared that all taste for mathematics was a matter of special inspiration. For myself, I eagerly took this study as an elective, with about ten classmates; nor had I any reason to repent the choice.

Professor Benjamin Peirce, our mathematical teacher, was then put, by general opinion, at the head of American mathematicians,—a place which, I believe, he still retains by tradition. In his later years, and after the abandonment of the temporary elective method, he may have become discouraged or apathetic, but when I knew him he was in his prime, and he was to me of all teachers the most inspiring and delightful. He was then a very handsome man, with the most eager and ardent manner, alternating with deep absorption, and he gave beyond all others the effect of original and creative genius. We studied, by an added stroke of good luck, his *Curves and Functions*, which was just passing through the press, and the successive parts of which were bound up for our use. This added to the charm; it seemed like mathematics in the making. I was already old enough to appreciate the wonderful compactness and close reasoning of these volumes, and to enter with eager zest into filling the intermediate

gaps afforded by the long steps often taken from one equation to another. Dr. Bowditch, the translator of Laplace's *Mécanique Céleste*, used to say that whenever he came to one of Laplace's "Whence it plainly appears," he was in for an hour or two of toil in order to make this exceeding plainness visible. It was often so with Peirce's books, but this enhanced the pleasure of the chase. He himself took part in it: a thought would sometimes flash into his mind, and he would begin to work it out on the blackboard before our eyes; forgetting our very existence, he would labor away with the chalk, writing out with lightning rapidity a series of equations, smaller and smaller, chasing his scientific prey down into the utmost right-hand corner of the blackboard, and finally turning to us with a sigh when the pursuit was ended. Again was the science of mathematics being created before our very eyes; it was like being present at the first discoveries of some old Greek or Arabian geometrician. Peirce had also the delightful quality of being especially interested in all of this his first voluntary class, and indeed of greatly overrating their merits. When I left college, he gave me an indorsement which took my breath away, and had me placed, at eighteen, on the examining committee in his department. Years after, when in a fair way to pass some time in jail after an anti-slavery riot, I met him, and said that I had reserved that period of imprisonment for reviewing mathematics and reading Laplace. His fine eyes kindled, and he replied, "In that case, I sincerely hope that you may go there." He was then vehemently opposed to the abolitionists, and it seemed a double blessing to gag one of them and at the same time create a mathematician. The indictment was, unluckily, quashed, so that both his hopes were disappointed.

Next to Peirce's teaching came, without question, both in stimulus and in attractions, the English course of Profes-

sor Edward Tyrrel Channing. Professor Wendell has lately spoken of the present standard of training in English composition at Harvard as if it were quite a new thing; but with some opportunity of observing it, I have never had reason to think it any new departure as compared with that given by Professor Channing, down to 1841 at least. The evidence would seem to be that between that period and 1846, when Professor Child graduated, Professor Channing had in some way lost his hold upon his pupils as his years advanced; so that when Professor Child succeeded to the chair, in 1851, it was with a profound distrust in the whole affair, insomuch that the very department of rhetoric and oratory came near being wiped out of existence, and was saved by the indignant protest of the late Charles Francis Adams. Certain it is that this department was, in my time, by far the most potent influence in determining college rank, and therefore in stimulating ambition. We wrote themes every fortnight and forensics once a month; and as these were marked on a scale of 48, and ordinary recitations on a scale of 8, the importance of this influence may be seen. Never in my life have I had to meet such exacting criticism on anything written as came from Professor Channing, and never have I had any praise so encouraging as his. My marks were often second in the class, sometimes equaling — O day of glory! — those of my classmate, Francis Edward Parker, who was easily first; and to have a passage read to the class for praise, even anonymously, was beyond all other laurels, though the satisfaction might be marred occasionally by the knowledge that my elder sister had greatly helped in that particular sentence. When it is considered that Channing's method reared most of the well-known writers whom New England was then producing, — that it was he who trained Emerson, C. F. Adams, Hedge, A. P. Peabody, Felton, Hillard, Win-

throp, Holmes, Sumner, Motley, Phillips, Bowen, Lovering, Torrey, Dana, Lowell, Thoreau, Hale, Thomas Hill, Child, Fitzedward Hall, Lane, and Norton, — it will be seen that the classic portion of our literature came largely into existence under him. He fulfilled the aspiration attributed to Increase Mather when he wished to become president of Harvard College: to mould not merely the teaching, but the teachers, — *non lapides dolare, sed architectos*.

The controlling influence of a college is determined, of course, by its officers, and I have never felt that we had anything in respect of which we could complain. The experience lately described by an elder contemporary of discovering that he personally knew more than at least the tutors of his time was one which never troubled me. Two of the four tutors, Bowen and Lovering, were men eminent as scholars from youth to old age; the third, Jones Very, was a man of genius; and the fourth, Charles Mason, — now Judge Mason, of Fitchburg, — certainly knew incomparably more of Latin than I did. Of the older professors, Felton was a cultivated Greek scholar, and Beck brought to Latin the thoroughness of his German drill. I need not say what it was to read French with Longfellow; and it is pleasant to remember that once — during one of those preposterous little rebellions which then occurred every two or three years, and which have wholly disappeared under a freer discipline — when the students were gathered in the college yard, and had refused to listen to several professors, there was a hush when Longfellow appeared, and my classmate, John Revere, cried out, "We will hear Professor Longfellow, for he always treats us like gentlemen." Longfellow was the first, I think, to introduce the prefix "Mr." in addressing students, a thing now almost universal.

For our other modern-language teachers, we had Pietro Bachi, a picturesque

Italian refugee; in German, Bernard Roelker, since well known as a lawyer in New York; and we had that delightful old Francis Sales, whom Lowell has commemorated, as our teacher of Spanish. In him we had a man who might have stepped bodily out of the *Gil Blas* and *Don Quixote* he taught. We never knew whether he was French or Spanish. He was then about sixty-five, and his robust head and shoulders, his pigtail and powdered hair, with his quaint accent, made him seem the survival of some picturesque and remote age. He was, moreover, extremely indulgent, gave the highest marks for recitations, and was in all respects a favorite. A classmate who sat next me, George Hay, took delight in inflicting upon the innocent old man the most incredible or old-fashioned English oaths as equivalent to the quaint Spanish expletives; and when he gravely introduced "Odds' fish" or "Gogzounds," Mr. Sales would look bewildered for a moment, and then roll out his stentorian "Ha! ha! ha! By Jorge!" in a way to add still further to the list of unexpected phrases, and to make the dusty room in Massachusetts Hall jubilant for that day.

President Quincy was popular among us, but lost direct weight in our minds through his failure of memory and the necessity of constantly telling him who we were. Dr. Walker we admired because of his wise and sententious preaching, and his reputation, not unjustified, of peculiar penetration into character. Jared Sparks lectured on history, under great disadvantages; and I have always been gratified that it was from him — a man accounted unimaginative — that for the first time the thought was suggested to us of the need of imagination to an historian, not for the purpose of invention, but for recreating a given period and shaping it in the representation. Dr. Harris, the librarian and naturalist, was always a delightful teacher and friend, though the chief enjoyment of

him included attendance on a private class in entomology in the evening, for which we got no college credits. Sometimes we took walks with him, or brought him new plants or butterflies. I was secretary of the college Natural History Society for a time, and in looking back on the various reports written by me for its meetings, it is interesting to see that this wholly voluntary work had a freshness and vigor beyond what I can now trace in any of the "themes" of which Professor Channing thought so well. There is no greater mark of progress in the university than the expansion of its electives to include the natural sciences. My own omnivorousness in study was so great that I did not suffer very much from our restricted curriculum; but there were young men in my time who would have graduated in these later days with highest honors in some department of physics or biology, but who were then at the very foot of the class, and lost for life the advantage of early training in the studies they loved. Akin to this modern gain and equally unquestionable is the advantage now enjoyed in the way of original research. Every year young men of my acquaintance come to me for consultation about some thesis they are preparing in history or literature, and they little know the envy with which they inspire their adviser; that they should be spared from the old routine to investigate anything for themselves seems such a happiness.

There is not the slightest doubt in my mind, as an extra-collegiate observer, of the vast improvement made by the elective system; and I should like to see it extended yet more widely, so as to annul absolutely all distinction in grade between "academic" and "scientific" courses. The day of universal scholarship, when Plutarch or Bacon could go the round of knowledge and label every item, is as extinct as the saurian epoch. The world is simply too large. The most enthusiastic scholar must forego

ten times as many paths as he can pursue, and must resign himself to be a specialist. It is inevitable, but it has obvious disadvantages. The last of the old-fashioned Cambridge scholars of whom one could ask a miscellaneous question, with prospect of answer, died with the late Professor Torrey. I now know that I can make no inquiry so difficult but there is probably some man in Cambridge who can answer it; yet it may take a week of investigation to ascertain just who that man is. On the other hand, the things which these wise men do not know are constantly surprising, at least to a survivor of the old miscellaneous method. I have had a professor of political economy stop me in the street to ask who Charles Brockden Brown was; and when I suggested to a senior student who was seeking a lecturer for some society that he might ask John Fiske, he replied that he had never heard his name. Now, I knew all about Charles Brockden Brown before I was twelve years old, from Sparks's American Biography, and it was not easy to see how any one could read the newspapers, even three or four years ago, and not be familiar with the name of John Fiske. Yet this specialization extends, in truth, to all classes of the community. A Boston lawyer, the other day, told a friend of mine that, in his opinion, the Harvard professors were less eminent than formerly. My friend replied with truth that the only difference was that they were less likely to be all-round men, known to everybody; but that the teachers of to-day were more likely to be eminent in some particular department, in which they usually knew far more than their predecessors. "There is, for instance," he said, "Professor Farlow, who has an international reputation as an authority in cryptogamic botany." "I never even heard of him," said the lawyer, "nor of cryptogamic botany, either."

The same change is apparent in the

varying standards of athletic exercise. To those who loved, as I did, the old-time football, — the very thud of the ball, the scent of bruised grass, the mighty rush of a hundred men, the swift and cool defense, — there is something insufficient in the presence of a whole university sitting and shivering in the chill wind around an arena where a few picked gladiators push and wrestle; while those who know every point of the new contest feel a natural contempt for the crudities of the old. So those who now regard with surprise, or even lift with reverence, the heavy three-cornered bats and large balls of the game we called cricket — the very implements used by my own class are deposited at the Hemenway Gymnasium — do not know that their comments are like those of Saladin on the heavy sword of King Richard, which ponderous weapon, after all, did good service in its day. The joy of athletic exercises is a part of the youth to which they belong, and does not depend upon the advance of science; nor is the admiration of their heroes a matter of to-day only. I never saw the late Charles Franklin Shimmin, of Boston, up to his dying day, that I did not recall the thrill of admiration for his unequalled "rushes" on the football field; and when we casually met, we always talked about them. Of the two best bowlers in my class, the one, Charles Sedgwick, was at the head of the class in scholarship, and the other, Eben William Rollins, was far down in the rank list, but they were equally our heroes at the cricketing hour. The change chiefly perceptible to me to-day is that whereas we were proud of Sedgwick's scholarship as well as of his bowling, it is likely that, in the present intense absorption in what may be called vicarious athletics, any amount of intellectual eminence would count but as the dust on the fly-wheel. In this respect we go a little further just now, I fancy, than our English kinsfolk. It is a rare thing in our American Cambridge to

hear of any student as being admired for his scholarship; but when I was taken, twenty years ago, to see the intercollegiate races at the older Cambridge, my friends were as careful to point out the men who were "great swells" in chemistry or in Greek as to call my attention to "the celebrated stroke, Goldie."

The class to which I belonged — the class of 1841 — was compact and tolerably well united, though small. It had perhaps more than the usual share of class feeling, which probably dated from the time when we had the rare experience of defeating the sophomores at the opening game of football. There was an impression that the Faculty were rather afraid of us, a view which would probably have much astonished those worthy gentlemen had it ever reached their ears. The strongest impression which is conveyed by looking back on our number collectively, after a half century's lapse, is that of the utter impossibility of casting in advance the horoscope of a whole set of young men. The class numbered several who afterwards won distinction in different walks in life; and while the actual careers of some might have been predicted, there were other lives which could not possibly have been anticipated by any of us. It required no great foresight to guess that Edward Clarke and Francis Minot would be physicians, and even eminent ones; that Rufus Woodward, of Worcester, would also be a physician, and a naturalist besides; that Thomas Church Haskell Smith, of Ohio, who was universally known among us as "Captain Smith," and was the natural leader of the class, in case of civil war would become Major-General Smith, and chief of staff in the Army of the Potomac. Wickham Hoffman, of New York, showed in college the same steadfast and manly qualities which made him also prominent during the war as a staff officer at New Orleans, and afterwards as secretary of the American legation during the siege of Paris. Other

instances might be cited; but, on the other hand, our class produced three men, all well known in later life, whose precise paths were such as no one of the class could ever by any possibility have guessed. Frank Parker, our first scholar, might naturally, we should all have said, reach the Supreme Bench in rapid strides; our ambition for him was unbounded; but that he should, instead of this, become the greatest business lawyer in Boston, that he should have charge of vast estates, that he should die rich, that his pall-bearers should be bank presidents and millionaires, this was something that no one could have credited in advance. He had to be very economical in college, as had most of us, — he could go without what he wanted, — but certainly I never surmised in him any peculiar gift for the especially judicious investment of a half dollar. It is a curious illustration of what it is now the fashion to call “heredity” that when this same remark was made to the late Dr. A. P. Peabody, who had been Parker’s pastor, he replied that it was perfectly true so far as it went, but that any one who had known Parker’s father would have comprehended the whole affair. The latter, he said, although a clergyman, was the business adviser of half the men in his parish.

In another instance, which was yet more remarkable, I know of no such explanation. Not a classmate of Henry Fowle Durant’s would ever have dreamed of the two achievements which have probably secured for his name a longer remembrance than will be awarded to any other member of the class; no one would have deemed it possible that he would make a fortune by the practice of criminal law, and then devote it to founding a woman’s college. He lived out of the college yard, was little known in the class, was to all appearances indolent or without concentration; one of the men whose favorite literature lies in old English plays. His very name was not that by which he afterwards

became noted; it being originally Henry Welles Smith, and being changed subsequently to gratify a relative who was also his benefactor.

Stranger than even this transformation of name and career was the third bit of the unexpected. The only member of the class who ever landed in the state’s prison was precisely and unequivocally the most dignified and respectable man we mustered, — a man absolutely stainless as we knew him, whose whole aspect and bearing carried irresistible weight, and who was chosen by acclamation as the treasurer of our class fund. In truth, it was his face and manner that were his ruin; he was a lawyer and had charge of estates; trustful widows and orphans thronged round him and believed in him up to the moment the prison doors opened to receive him; he could no more resist such perilous confidence than could Shakespeare’s Autolycus, and might say with him, “If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me.”

My only really intimate friend in the class was Parker, already named, who, although two years older than myself, and of more staidness of temperament and maturity of character, had great influence over me, and was wonderfully patient with my often serious errors. I frequently spent nights at his room, and we had few secrets from each other. All this was in a certain way creditable to us both, — though more so to him, in proportion as he was the superior, — inasmuch as it was a period when the ambition for college rank was intensely strong, and we were running neck and neck for the first place, through the time of our greatest intimacy. He was the better writer, reasoner, and classicist; while I was fond of mathematics, which he hated, and was more successful than he in modern languages. Later, I discovered that we had been extremely close together in rank, most of the time, I sometimes passing him; and that he

came out first by only some thirty or forty marks among many thousands. It was the only fitting conclusion; and as we were greatly separated, in maturer life, by his conservative and my radical tendencies, I rejoice to record this tribute to his memory. He had, even while in college, a certain cynicism, which was later very much developed, and rather marred his popularity; but his influence on us all was of the greatest value, as it was afterwards in the whole community where he lived.

I formed in college two other friendships, outside my own class, both with men who subsequently rendered real service to literature and art. One was the late Charles Callahan Perkins, who became the author of works on the Tuscan and Italian sculptors, and practically the founder of the Normal Art School in Boston, and of the whole system of art instruction in the public schools of Massachusetts. He was my room-mate during the senior year, and a most attractive person; handsome, refined, manly, without brilliant gifts, but with the most cultivated tastes and — a convenience quite rare among us — a liberal income. He was one of the few instances I have known of a man's being really helped and enlarged in his career by the possession of wealth — or what then passed for wealth — in youth. The other companion, who did more for my literary tastes than all other friends, was the late Levi Lincoln Thaxter, who in after-life helped more than any one to make Browning and Fitzgerald known in this country, — they being more widely read here in each case, for a time, than in their own land. This was the more remarkable as Thaxter never saw either of them, although he corresponded with Browning, who also wrote the inscription for his grave. Thaxter was about my age, though he was, like Perkins, two years younger in college; he was not a high scholar, but he was an ardent student of literature, and came much

under the influence of his cousin, Maria White, and of Lowell, her betrothed. Thaxter first led me to Emerson and to Hazlitt; the latter being for us both a temporary, and the former a lifelong source of influence. We were both lovers of Longfellow, also, and used to sit at the open window every New Year's Eve and read aloud his *Midnight Mass* to the Dying Year. Thaxter was an enthusiastic naturalist, which was another bond of union, and has bequeathed this taste to his youngest son, now an assistant professor of botany in Harvard University. To him I owe, finally, the rare privilege of borrowing from Maria White the first thin volumes of Tennyson's poems, which seemed to us, as was once said of Keats, to "double the value of words;" and we both became, a few years later, subscribers to the original yellow-covered issue of Browning's *Bells* and *Pomegranates*. Thaxter's personal modesty and reticence, and the later fame of his poet-wife, Celia, have obscured him to the world; but he was one of the most loyal and high-minded of men.

At my graduation I was four months short of eighteen, and my purpose was to teach for a few years, and then to study law. This early maturity had, however, one obvious advantage: that it would plainly give me more time to turn round, to pursue general study, and, if need be, to revise my choice of a pursuit. I ultimately used the interval for just these purposes, and was so far a gainer. In all other respects my youthfulness was a great disadvantage, and I have often dissuaded others from following my example in entering college too young. If they disregard the remonstrance, as is usually the case, great patience and charity are due them. The reason for this is that precocity scarcely ever extends through all the faculties at once, and those who are older than their years in some respects are almost always younger in others, — this being nature's way of restoring the balance.

Even if intellect and body are alike precocious, the judgment and the moral strength may remain weak and immature. Development in other respects, therefore, creates false expectations and brings unforeseen temptations of its own. This was, at any rate, the result in my case, although it took me several years

to find it out. The experience of those years, during that seething and exciting period marked by what the outside world called vaguely "Transcendentalism," and the enthusiasts inside the movement sometimes termed "the Gospel of the Newness," will be the subject of the next paper.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

WILLIAM MORRIS: THE MAN AND HIS WORK.

"WHEN Topsy dies, people will say, 'There goes the last of the Vikings.'" It is, alas, some fifteen years since I heard Dante Gabriel Rossetti speak these words in his studio one evening. Tired with his day's painting, he was talking of some early work which he, William Morris, and Burne-Jones had done in a common spirit, and this led to a discussion as to what was Morris's best achievement as a poet. One of the two others who were present declared for *The Earthly Paradise*; the other preferred the *Vol-sung* epic. Rossetti said that, speaking along the line of poetry as poetry, Topsy (a favorite name for Morris, almost invariably used by Rossetti, if I remember aright, first given by him on account of the shaggy locks and "Berserker" appearance of his friend) had never done anything to surpass his first volume, *The Defence of Guenevere*. Thereafter, alluding to some stupid remark that had been made in public about William Morris being merely a craftsman who also wrote poetry, he spoke of him with the utmost enthusiasm, of the man as poet, as creative artist, as a craftsman of extraordinary skill, knowledge, and initiative, and of the rare worth of the man as a man. It was then, apropos of his appearance, manner, and northern intensity of vigor, that he added, "When Topsy dies, people will say, 'There goes the last of the Vikings.'" Another fre-

quent name for Morris with Rossetti, and one readily adopted by other friends, was "the Skald." The circumstances which gave rise to the nickname are indicated in a letter from Rossetti (dated August, 1871) when he was staying at Kelmescott Manor, which at that time he shared with William Morris.

"Morris is expected here in about a month now, doubtless with wonderful tales of Iceland. But what is the use of going there if you are not allowed to make people stare well when you come back? An Icelandic paper which he sent, reporting his arrival, describes him as 'William Morris, Skald.'"

For a long time thereafter, Morris was called by this appellation, which delighted him. Hammersmith, with all its commonplace and ignominious littlenesses, fell away from him when he could think of himself, or hear himself spoken of, as a skald, as the weaver of sagas, of heroic poems and chronicles for heroic men.

A skald, a viking indeed, was William Morris. I have never met any man who gave an impression of more exhaustless vitality. There never was a man who lived a fuller life; he was the very incarnation of ceaseless mental and bodily energy. Once he was asked if he were subject to that extreme despondency which so often accompanies the essentially poetic temperament. "I dare-

say I am," he answered, "but I've never had time to think about it, so I really can't say." Probably one of the few despondent remarks that Morris ever made was quite recently; when told of Mil-lais' death he answered, half jocularly, "I'll be seeing the old boy before long."

There are not many now alive who can remember William Morris as a boy or youth; but I have heard from one or two of his early friends that his was a most striking personality even when he was still in his teens. Strangely enough, one of these friends speaks of him as a rather sensitive and delicate youth, with little promise of that robustness of manner as well as physique which afterwards brought him his nickname "the Viking." He was a romantic youngster, and was so dreamy that his intimates thought "Bill Morris" would never do anything but moon away his time. Before he was of age, however, he must have dissipated this idea, for, though his early writings were of an ultra-romantic and occasionally sentimental caste, he had already begun to show unmistakable signs of originality and power. It will probably be a long time before the full story of William Morris's life is written. When it is, his admirers will be interested to learn how much he owed to his love for the beautiful woman who became his wife, and who may be thus alluded to without offense, as for twenty years or more her face has been familiar to lovers of Rossetti's art, — for in her (and his noble Proserpine may be taken as a typical example) the poet-painter found his ideal of tragic beauty. As some misleading and even wholly perverse statements concerning Morris's first meeting with this lady have gained currency, it may be as well to give here the actual facts.

By 1856, when he was in his twenty-second year, Morris had left Oxford. In the following year, however, he returned to that city, because of his selection as one of those commissioned to

decorate the walls of the Oxford Union Debating-Room. This now famous scheme resulted rather disastrously, for before long the mural decorations began rapidly to fade. "I've come to my Oxford Union" was at one time a colloquialism, among the Rossetti-Morris circle, for the vanishing point in worldly means. What inspired Morris was the prospect of collaboration with two young men: one, Edward Burne-Jones, his chief friend at Oxford, and the other, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, whose acquaintance he had made in London. The subjects of these frescoes were legends from the Arthurian cycle; and unmistakably to his preoccupation with the central subject, and to Rossetti's enthusiastic medievalism, we owe the wonderful atmosphere and color of *The Defence of Guenevere* — that remarkable first volume, which appeared in 1858, and has at this day as rare a poetic beauty as it had then, and an influence scarcely less potent, if more limited.

But to return. Whatever direct result the painting at the Oxford Union had for Morris, it was ever memorable to him for another reason. I may give the statement in the words of the late William Bell Scott. "After the labors of the day, the volunteer artists of the Union regaled themselves by coming to the theatre, and there they beheld in the front box above them what all declared to be the ideal personification of poetical womanhood. In this case, the hair was not auburn, but black as night; unique in face and figure, she was a queen, a Proserpine, a Medusa, a Circe — but also, strangely enough, a Beatrice, a Pandora, and a Virgin Mary. They made interest with the family, and she sat to them. Morris was at that time sworn to be a painter. She sat to him. . . . He proposed marriage, and the next I heard of them was that they were starting for his new house at Upton."

The lady was a Miss Burdon. The children of their marriage were two

daughters, one of whom, Miss May Morris, a few years ago married Mr. Halliday Sparling, who edited Mr. Morris's socialistic paper, *The Common Weal*. After their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Morris lived for a time at Bexley Heath, near London; thereafter at Queen's Square and at Turnham Green. It was not till 1878 that he occupied the now celebrated house in Hammersmith, which, by the way, was formerly tenanted by George Macdonald, the novelist. Morris's favorite residence, however, was always that old mansion of Kelmscott, near Lechlade, in Oxfordshire, a building of the Jacobean date and type. As the country residence of two of the greatest poets of our time, and as the place where Rossetti and William Morris dreamed some of their most beautiful dreams, and wrought some of their finest work, Kelmscott Manor must always be a shrine for those who love to do homage.

A few words as to the early incidents of Morris's life.

Born at Walthamstow in Essex, on March 24, 1834, his birth is associated with the year wherein Lamb and Coleridge died. In a prolific period, it is interesting to note that this year has given us no other eminent poet or writer, the most noteworthy being James Thompson, the author of *The City of Dreadful Night*. The cynical saying, "Tell me what a son's father is, and then I'll know what that son is not," was exemplified in the case of Morris. His father was a well-to-do city merchant of London, and a hard-and-fast evangelical Tory of the old type. William was the eldest in a family of nine children, and was about fourteen years old when Mr. Morris died. Fortunately there were ample means for the large family. Morris passed from a small academy at Walthamstow to Marlborough Public School; whence, after a year's reading with a private tutor, he went in 1852 to Exeter College, Oxford.

Already he had shown unmistakable artistic bias, though principally in archæology and architecture. The first definite force from outside came from the now famous organ of the pre-Raphaelites, *The Germ*. He was not only inspired to original work of his own by the ardent enthusiasm, the originality, and here and there the signs of new genius displayed in this brief-lived periodical, but through it he made the two chief friendships of his life, those with Edward Burne-Jones and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. At Oxford itself he distinguished himself in no way: no doubt fortunately for English literature. It is well that a thousand youths should be strictly trained in the way they should go; but it is better fortune when a youth of genius "gangs his ain gate." During his last year at Oxford, Morris and Burne-Jones became intimate. Their first coming together was through a common enthusiasm for the poetry of a then unknown young man, whose very name, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, was as unfamiliar in English ears as his verse was to English critics. Both young men formed the idea of seeking out this foreign-named new writer, and of associating themselves with him. But first Morris articulated himself in Oxford to an architect, who has since become famous, Mr. G. E. Street. Tiring of office work, however, Morris, though he had paid his premium, left Oxford for London.

The earliest prose writings of William Morris appeared, just forty years ago, in the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*. Collectors have long sought certain odd numbers of the old *Oxford and Cambridge*, and, to use a hackneyed phrase, these are now, because they contain some of the early writings of William Morris, Rossetti, and others of that potent clan of new "makers," literally worth their weight in gold. He was often importuned to reprint these strange archaic romances, but for one reason or another never consented. If

it is certain that he wished them to remain in that relative obscurity, there they should be allowed to stay; otherwise there must be thousands who would welcome a reprint of the earliest imaginative work of the author of *The Earthly Paradise*.

When did Morris do all his work? That was a question often asked twenty years ago in Rossetti's studio, then a gathering-place for the elect of the circle — a question asked, indeed, and with good reason, much more frequently of late years. He had time to read, to study, — and some of his Scandinavian studies, in particular, involved prolonged time and absorption, — to write incessantly in imaginative prose, in verse; to occupy himself with socialistic labors, humanitarian pamphlets, speeches, papers; to make his house a centre for the "advanced wing;" to work daily at some one or other of his innumerable decorative undertakings; and to superintend a busy and complex business, for a business in the ordinary sense the manufacture of decorative tapestry and other craft-productions unquestionably was. Some of his friends aver that the strain of all this complex and unceasing activity undermined his vitality, and so in a sense killed him; others make a scapegoat of uncongenial business preoccupations and responsibilities; and others, again, attribute the dissipation of his energies to his active sympathy with every "socialistic crank," and his practical identification with innumerable schemes to better the mental, moral, and bodily welfare of his fellows. Morris himself would never have admitted either of the two latter at any rate. He loved his decorative craft-work to enthusiasm, and his whole big heart was in his unselfish thought and labor for the common weal. Books like his *Dream of John Ball*, and *News from Nowhere* were not the "fads" of a dreamer with spare time, but the impassioned if controlled expression of what were vital truths and necessitous

warnings. Of late years especially, William Morris thought much more of what he might do than of anything he had done; and perhaps if he had found it necessary to throw over the edge of oblivion any one big achievement of his, of a literary nature, it would have been his so-called chief work, *The Earthly Paradise*. "The best thing about it," he said once, "is its name. Some day or other that will inspire others when every line of the blessed thing is forgotten. *That's* what we're all working for." I have heard, though at the moment I cannot recall whether from a trustworthy source, that he once pooh-poohed the ideal beauty of *The Earthly Paradise*, and said that there was "more real ideal" in *News from Nowhere*. Indeed, his most famous book was that which he least liked to hear about, and there was even a time when he was sick of the very name, if obtruded upon his notice. I remember once journeying Hammer-smith-ward with him in the open third-class of an underground train, and his pleasure in the brusque frankness of a laboring man who recognized him. "They tell me you're a pote, Mr. Morris. Well, I know nuthin' about potes or pote'ry, but I'm bloomin' well sure I know a *man*, an' *you're* one, by God!" "That's the stuff," he said to me afterwards, — "that's the stuff we want; and, mark you, that's the stuff, too, that in the long run I'm working for in prose and poetry as well. I believe in the common blood." Again, at the time when he started the socialistic paper *The Common Weal*, he was taken to task by an old friend for thus "giving himself away." "You'll never be laureate now," the objector added, "not even though Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne go off at one fell swoop." Morris laughed in genuine amusement. "As to the giving myself away," he added, "it's not much to give at the best, either for me or for any of us. But what you say about the laureateship is too funny.

Let it go to So-and-so or So-and-so, and welcome. If I can't be the laureate of reading men, I'll be the laureate of sweating men."

"The laureate of sweating men." I have thought of that phrase again and again since the news of the death of that brave viking of modern life who was not ashamed to be both dreamer and worker, poet and socialist, the aristocrat of the imagination, and a citizen of the human republic. At the time of Lord Tennyson's death, William Morris was, of course, one of the two poets of whom every one thought as successor to the laureateship. "It's bound to be either Topsy or Swinburne," said some one in his hearing; to which he replied at once, "Don't be a fool; you must know quite well it won't be either." Among the absurd objections to Morris's claims was that of superfine bardlets and criticasters, — that "Morris, as poet-laureate, would be too much of a good thing." I have heard him alluded to as though he were a redshirt of the Commune, or at best as a boor. None who once visited him in his fascinating house in Hammersmith, or in his beautiful Oxfordshire summer-house, Kelmscott Manor (immortalized by Rossetti), and enjoyed the poet artist's frank cordiality, and genial, sunny, ardent, hopeful nature, could possibly fall into such an error. In his personality and views, Morris might be spoken of as Shelley translated into a viking. He was like Trelawney in one thing, — that his appearance suggested to the stranger the mien and manner of a sea-captain. When people who knew nothing of the poet save as the author of *The Earthly Paradise* had their attention directed to him, they could hardly believe that, in the robust, square-set, ruddy-faced, blue-eyed, pilot-coated, blue-shirted, sea-captain-looking man, they beheld "the idle dreamer of an empty day." "What is William Morris like?" an American admirer of the poet asked me recently,

and I could think of nothing more apt than to say that he was like Ibsen if one could think of Ibsen as the jolly skipper of a North Sea trawler.

He was a misleading man to meet with in literary circles — a phrase itself somewhat misleading, for William Morris was rarely to be found in what are called literary circles. "Afternoons" saw him not, or if ever he turned in at a friend's gathering, it was because that friend was of old standing, and probably because some personal obligation was involved. "Evenings" of the "at home" kind, he disliked equally. I do not remember ever having seen him even at any of the literary gatherings where he might have been expected to put in an appearance, such as the Authors' Society's Annual Dinner, the less formal Vagabonds, the more select Odd Volumes, or the chief of our literary associations of the kind, the Omar Khayyám Club. His method of enjoyment was "to do something," and it fretted him to sit long or even to listen long. Indeed, this physical impatience often rendered him apparently more heedless to music, the theatre, lectures, than he really was; though when heart and brain were both under a spell, as when a speaker was urging in a new and vigorous way the claims of the people, or the rights and wrongs of some "case," or again when a friend was reading from the manuscript of a poem or other imaginative production, he would listen intently, leaning forward, with his vivid blue eyes gleaming out of his ruddy face, and his broad brows beneath his mass of upstanding and out-standing grizzled gray hair. In music he took keen delight, having a sensitive and trained ear. I have watched him at times, when the man whom I have heard spoken of as boorishly indifferent to others was so eagerly interested that it was possible to see the nervous life within him. That he could be, that he habitually was, genial, cordial, and courteous, is a commonplace to those who

really knew him. At the same time it is true he was apt to freeze into a grumpy silence if he were bored, and he had also a strange kind of shyness. Once in quite late years he went to a literary afternoon, because the host was the late Ford Madox Brown, an old and intimate friend — and, indeed, not long before the veteran painter took the fatal turn in the complaint which ultimately killed him. There was a man present who for some reason exceedingly annoyed William Morris. As fate would have it, this individual drifted alongside of the poet at a moment when, for a wonder, the latter was disengaged. "Ah, I'm very pleased to meet you, Mr. Morris," the gentleman began, in a condescending voice; "I don't read your prose, you know, but I'm a great admirer of *The Earthly Paradise*, and" — but here Morris broke in with, "But you *have* met me before; you addressed me in the studio a few minutes ago. And I'm really not interested in *The Earthly Paradise*, and if you'll excuse me, we'll drop the subject." And with that the ruffled poet turned to a friend, and began an obviously private chat.

There were, of course, two individuals known as William Morris. The William Morris who, of an evening at Hammer-smith, discoursed philosophic and practical Socialism with difficult gentry of "the left wing" ("the extreme rearward feather," as Rossetti once called the forlorn little band of ultra-socialistic reformers) was a very different man from William Morris who of a summer day on the Thames, or of an autumn evening at Kelmscott Manor, would read with a peculiar chanting intonation some translation of an Icelandic saga, or pages from one or other of those Old World romances which he delighted to write.

Probably the three things which in recent years gave him most pleasure were his preoccupation with his archaic prose tales, his Icelandic and Scandinavian studies and writings, and the Kelmscott

printing-press. It was a source of keen gratification to him that his efforts to make a fine art of printing and binding met with so much practical approval, but probably no one took more delight than he did in the beautiful books which have issued from the Kelmscott Press. Among recent undertakings he was especially interested in the production of a limited edition of the long-expected poems of his friend Mr. Theodore Watts, or Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, as he must now be called. Not only had he a very deep and sincere admiration for Mr. Watts-Dunton's poetry, but he valued the author as one of his oldest and most intimate friends. Even when busiest he had always time to see and talk with this good friend, and it is pleasant to know that among his latest occupations was the printing of a book in whose fortunes he was so profoundly interested, both for its own sake and for that of the friendship between the author and himself.

It is unnecessary in an article such as this to dwell in detail on the literary and artistic achievements of William Morris. The main facts of his career are common property.

As a poet, he first attracted the attention of the literary world in general by his *Life and Death of Jason* (1867), and, in quick succession (1868-1870), that of the great reading public, by his four volumes of *The Earthly Paradise*. It is interesting to know that Jason was originally one of the tales told by the elders of the town, in *The Earthly Paradise*; but grew so long that it was published in a volume by itself, and independently of the larger and later collection. In Jason the stories are arranged under the signs of the zodiac, with one classical and one mediæval legend for each month of the year; and lovers of poetic statistics will be interested to know that *The Earthly Paradise* extends to forty thousand lines.

In this disconnected epic, if one may

so call a collection of narrative poems occupied with epical themes, there are one or two of those beautiful Scandinavian legendary romances in which Morris, as he said once, found the reflection of his heart. In fact, the noblest poetic narrative in the whole sequence of *The Earthly Paradise* is *The Lovers of Gudrun*, in the third volume. Here is, indeed, a noble music. Who can forget those lines where Kiartan bids farewell to Gudrun? —

“And is it so,”

She broke in, “that these feet remain behind?
Men call me hard, but thou hast known me
kind;

Men call me fair, my body give I thee,
Men call me dainty, let the rough, salt sea
Deal with me as it will, so thou be near!

Let me bear trouble with thee, take the fear
That thy heart casts aside!”

Almost concurrently with the issue of the fourth volume of *The Earthly Paradise*, Morris published the first of those re-creations of ancient Scandinavian literature with which his name is now so intimately associated. In collaboration with one or other Norse friend, he produced saga after saga out of the Icelandic tongue. The first of the series was *Grettis' Saga*, issued in 1869, and written in collaboration with Mr. Asmundasson. Later, he worked along with his intimate friend, Mr. Eric Magnusson, with whom he made his first visit to Iceland. The most important result of this visit was the publication in 1870 of the *Volsunga Saga*. Since then, volume after volume of saga literature, due to joint enthusiasm and energy, has appeared.

But, so far as English literature is concerned, by far the most noteworthy outcome of William Morris's Scandinavian studies was his superb epic narrative in verse, *Sigurd the Volsung*, and the *Fall of the Niblungs*. It is now twenty years since the publication of *Sigurd*. Then, it was hailed as a noble tale nobly retold; to-day, it is accepted as one of the highest poetic achieve-

ments of the Victorian Age. Morris himself ranked it high above any other literary work of his. On the day of its publication, he exclaimed: “There, I have touched my high-water mark!” Certainly, in the score of years that have elapsed since then, he published nothing which can for a moment be compared with that epic; and it is more than probable that the disengaged criticism of succeeding generations will find that he published nothing so wholly satisfactory before it. In this great work we come upon William Morris as the typical saga-man of modern literature. The breath of the North blows across these billowy lines, as the polar wind across the green waves of the North Sea. The noise of waters, the splashing of oars, the whirling of swords, the conflict of battle, cries and heroic summons to death, reëcho in the reader's ears. All the romance which gives so wonderful an atmosphere to his earlier poems, all the dreamy sweetness of *The Earthly Paradise* and creations such as *Love is Enough*, are here also; but with them are a force, a vigor and intensity, of which, save in his translation of the *Odyssey*, there are few prior indications. True, intensity is at no time a characteristic of Morris's poetic expression, at any rate at no time since the early *Defence of Guenevere*: it is in the mass, in the main effect, that his work can with justice be called intense. His individual lines are oftener “of linked sweetness long drawn out;” they march rather to Lydian airs than to martial measures, perhaps rather to those Dorian flutes to which the Spartans of old, ironically discarding the frenzy of fife and clarion, went forth to battle. But in cumulative effect, how few long poems of our time can be compared with the *Sigurd*. It is here, and in the later works of the kind, whether in prose or in verse, that he moves with a mien as of a prince come into his own. The North was native to him. In that land of

dream, wherein he delighted to sojourn, he was a powerful Goth, conscious of his delayed war-galley, of his recumbent spear, of his dissuaded sword. But when he tells the story of Sigurd, or relates the fall of the Volsungs, we hear the clank of the hero's sword, we see the shine of his spear; in the air is the rushing sound of his viking galley — as the men of old said, "It drinks the blue wine of the waves."

It is far too soon to attempt an estimate of the place which William Morris will hold in contemporary poetry. We are still, as it were, among the hedges which surround the earthly paradise which his genius wrought out of dream and his passionate devotion to beauty. We are too close to the fair structure to see whether it is withstanding the ruining breath of time, or whether its fabric is too exquisitely delicate to sustain the shrewder air of a later period. Morris himself realized that he had conveyed into his work an element of dream-life out of proportion to that atmosphere of actuality which is an elemental necessity to literature that shall endure. In later years, he wearied greatly of praise of his earlier writings, and himself found, what many critics complained of, that his fluent and melodious chronicles of a past time had ceased to stimulate the ever adventurous imagination or to solace the world-weariness of "the idle dreamer of an empty day." Strangely enough there is no one line in the whole immense range of his writings which has passed so universally into current phraseology as this famous refrain from *The Earthly Paradise*, — strangely, because it is so uncharacteristic of the stronger part of Morris's life-work; but mainly because it is so untypical of the man. Of no man of his time could it with less justice be said that he was the idle singer of an empty day. William Morris was the most strenuous man of genius whom our age has produced: his one dominant aim was to prove that the day was not idle

and that idlers were no more than cumberers of the ground. With him beauty was a practicable, a realizable, dream. Beauty, he once declared, is "in one sense the most common thing in the world: for it is everywhere. Wherever there is the rhythm of light, there is some transmutation into beauty." To him it was no impossibility that the human mind might become no less a magician with the alchemy of thought, than sun and wind with their cosmic chemistry. To a man such as this, no time or period could be empty; still less could he himself be, in his own estimation or that of others, "the idle singer of an empty day." It is possible, indeed, that Morris's very preoccupation with the intensely absorbing aspects of the beautiful, as he tried to capture them into the woof of temporal and common things whereat he wove so industriously, may in some measure have interfered with that robust expression in the art of words which would seem to be most natural to him. The law of contraries, in the arts, has often been demonstrated. There is no cry so poignant for the joy of vigorous life, as that of the consumptive and delicate Robert Louis Stevenson; there is no greater insistence on sanity of thought and action than that of Rousseau himself, morbid to the extremes of sanity. The most passionate cry to the divinity of health, for the Greek ideals of beauty, came from the feeble and laboring lungs of Richard Jefferies. It is not surprising, therefore, that the man oppressed by the commonplaces and weary routine of conventional life should thirst for swift adventure and heroic deeds, and the supremacy of the old pagan laws of strength and daring. Not more surprising is it, again, that one like Morris, with every hour of his life surcharged with an intense active living, should find mental and spiritual relief in the embroidering anew along the fringes of contemporary life traceries of a beautiful past, apparently content to

be wholly "unpractical," wholly "unutilitarian," — in a word, "the idle singer of an empty day."

It is a mistake of some to think that Morris believed the triumph of democracy might mean the wane of art. He held exactly the opposite view. In some noble lines in his Chants for Socialists he gives expression to the faith within him as to the ultimate weal of which he dreamed: —

"And what wealth, then, shall be left us, when
none shall gather gold
To buy his friend in the market, and pinch
and pine the sold?
Yea, what but the lovely city, and the little
house on the hill,
And the wastes and the woodland beauty,
and the happy fields we till,
And the homes of ancient story, the tombs of
the mighty dead,
And the wise man seeking out marvels, and
the poet's teeming head,
And the painter's head of wonder, and the
marvelous fiddle-bow,
And the banded choirs of music, all them
that do and know."

It is interesting to note the continuity of William Morris's mind, indeed of his style. Before the public had heard of him at all he had written those wonderful short stories of his, still unpublished, which appeared in the Oxford and Cambridge Magazine. From these stories of 1856 to *The Well at the World's End* of 1896, there is simply the evolution of a native style. There is not a passage in this last-named book, or in any of the archaic romances of the House of the Wolfings kind, which does not bear the unmistakable idiosyncratic signs of their actual authorship; and in books externally so diverse as any of these, and the socialistic visionary romances, there is practically no divergence in method or manner. Forty years ago Morris began thus, in that now so rare undergraduates' magazine at Oxford, his beautiful story of *Gertha's Lovers*: —

"Long ago there was a land, never mind where or when, a fair country, and good to live in, rich with wealth of

golden corn, beautiful with many woods, watered with great rivers and pleasant trickling streams; moreover, one extremity of it was bounded by the washing of the purple waves, and the other by the solemn watchfulness of the purple mountains."

It is this ideal "land of his youth for which he never ceased to yearn. With him, too, that land was to be found only in the realm of dream; but, on the other hand, the life of dream was as actual, as vivid, as inevitable, and as necessary, as the life of outward action. He begins his socialistic romance, *The Dream of John Ball*, thus: —

"Sometimes I am rewarded for fretting myself so much about present matters by a quite unasked-for pleasant dream."

The unasked-for pleasant dreams were the delight and solace of Morris's feverishly strenuous life, and are the solace and delight of innumerable readers to whom he has given them as his best gift to his fellows. His eyes are ever upon the ideal landscape; an ideal civic vision is ever before him, an ideal fellowship, a self-sustaining, self-sufficient commune. The heroism of his earlier stories is not merely that of the battle-axe or the sword of chivalry, but is seen in the minds as well as in the actions of his personages. There may seem a wide gulf between a poem such as *The Earthly Paradise*, or one of those early stories such as *The Hollow Land*, and *The Dream of John Ball*; but here, too, the first thing he sees is some familiar English aspect touched by the light of dream into ideal beauty. Even in the actual dreams of sleep, he tells us there is no disarray of images, there is no grotesque or merely fantastic, and above all no disorderly, incompleteness in the mental architecture shaped by the master-spirit within the brain. "Sometimes," he says, "it is a splendid collegiate church untouched by restoring parson and architect, standing amid an

island, shapely trees, flower-beset cottages of thatched gray stone and cob, amidst the narrow stretch of bright green water-meadows that wind between the sweeping Wiltshire downs. Or, again, some new scene and yet familiar cluster of houses in a gray village of the Upper Thames, overtopped by the delicate tracery of a fourteenth century church; or, again, as once when I was journeying (in a dream of the night) down the well-remembered reaches of the Thames betwixt Streatly and Wallingford, where the foothills of the White Horse fall back from the broad stream, I came upon a clear-seen mediæval town, standing up with roof and tower and spire within its walls, gray and ancient, but untouched from the days of its builders of old."

It is difficult not to believe that the literary historians of the future will indorse the opinion of William Morris held by his great compeer, Rossetti. In *Fraser's Magazine* for February, 1869, there was an article on Morris's work by Mr. Skelton ("Shirley"). A few days after the appearance of the number, Rossetti wrote as follows in a letter to Mr. Skelton: "I think all you say of Morris is very completely and excellently said. It indicates, I should say, on the whole, the same estimate of him which I have long entertained, as being — all things considered — the greatest literary identity of our time. I say this chiefly on the ground of that highest quality in a poet — his width of relation to the mass of mankind: for inexhaustible splendor of execution, who can stand beside Swinburne? — not to speak of older men. . . . You know Morris is now only thirty-five, and has done things in Decorative Art which take as high and exclusive a place in that field as his poetry does in its own. What may he not yet do? The second volume of *The Earthly Paradise* is getting forward; . . . in some parts the poet goes deeper in treatment of intense personal passion

than he has yet done. After this work is finished, I trust his next step will be in dramatic composition, in which I foresee some of his highest triumphs."

This letter is profoundly interesting and suggestive. There are many who have considered Rossetti himself to be the greatest literary identity of his time; but probably he is right in his generous judgment as to Morris. Again, one is glad to note that Rossetti, commonly supposed to be so remote in his sympathies, recognizes that the test of the highest quality in a poet is his width of relation to the mass of mankind. Although, it is true, Morris never achieved success as a dramatist, Rossetti was certainly right in his belief that in dramatic composition his friend might attain to some of his highest triumphs. It was more because Morris disbelieved in the public taste for the higher drama, and was too profoundly dissatisfied with the recent and present conditions of the stage, than from indifference or lack of impulse that he refrained from direct participation in dramatic literature. Those who knew him intimately, however, were aware that he not only acted occasionally himself, but once or twice proved himself as able at stagecraft as though he had been long in training, and had none of his innumerable distractions to dissuade him from his current pre-occupation.

Rossetti, in a letter to a friend early in 1857, writes: "Two young men, projectors of the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, have recently come to town also from Oxford, and are now very intimate friends of mine. Their names are Morris and Jones. They have turned artists instead of taking up any other career to which the University generally leads, and both are men of real genius. Jones's designs are marvels of finish and imaginative detail, unequaled by anything unless perhaps Albert Dürer's finest works; and Morris, though without practice as yet, has no less power,

I fancy. He has written some really wonderful poetry, too."

Later in the same year, Rossetti wrote again: "Morris has as yet done nothing in art, but is now busily painting his first picture, Sir Tristram after his Illness, in the Garden of King Mark's Palace, recognized by the Dog he had given to Yseult, from the *Morte D'Arthur*. It is being done all from nature, of course, and I believe will turn out capitally."

The "really wonderful poetry" was soon to convince the few lovers of poetry for poetry's sake — though Richard Garnett, himself then a youthful poet and writer of extraordinary ability, was almost alone in influential recognition of *The Defence of Guenevere*, at the time of its appearance. On the other hand the lengthily named picture fell short of the expectations of both the artist and his friends. Rossetti himself, ever generously prone to enthusiasm in connection with the achievement of his friends, came at last to believe that Morris's abilities were those of a decorative artist rather than of a painter of pictures in the ordinary sense of the words. He declared once, whimsically, that Morris must have seen the error of his ways, for on his (Rossetti) entering his friend's studio he saw a grotesque parody of the ambitious "masterpiece," re-worded thus: "Sudden Indisposition of Sir Tristram, in the Garden of King Mark's Palace, recognizable as Collywobbles by the pile of gooseberry-skins beside him, remains of the unripe gooseberries devoured by him while he was waiting for Yseult."

Considering the high opinion that Rossetti always held concerning his friend — "the only man I have known who beats every other man at his own game," he said to me once — it is interesting to know what Morris thought of Rossetti. "It is," he wrote, — "it is certainly to be wondered at that a master in the supremely difficult art of painting should have qualities which enable him to deal

with the other supremely difficult one of poetry; and to do this not only with the utmost depth of feeling and thought, but also with the most complete and unfaltering mastery over its material; that he should find in its limitations and special conditions, not stumbling-blocks or fetters, but just so many pleasures, so much whetting of invention and imagination. In no poems is the spontaneous and habitual interpenetration of matter and manner, which is the essence of poetry, more complete than in these. Among pieces where the mystical feeling is by necessity of subject most simple and most on the surface, *The Blessed Damozel* should be noticed: a poem in which wild longing, and the shame of life, and the despair of separation, and the worship of love, are wrought into a palpable dream; in which the heaven that exists as if for the sake of the beloved is as real as the earthly things about the lover — while these are scarcely less strange, or less pervaded with the sense of his passion, than the things his imagination has made. . . . I think these lyrics, with all their other merits, the most *complete* of their time. No difficulty is avoided in them, no subject is treated vaguely, languidly, or heartlessly. As there is no commonplace or second-hand thought left in them, to be atoned for by beauty of execution, so no thought is allowed to overshadow that beauty of art which compels a real poet to speak in verse and not in prose. Nor do I know what lyrics of any time are to be called *great*, if we are to deny that title to these."

Where, at the close of the sixth decade in our century, Morris was known at all, it was only, except among a few enthusiasts, to be derided either as an affected mediævalist or as a mere impracticable dreamer. By Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and the group of workers in the several arts, he was already hailed as a man of remarkable genius; for the rest, he and his aims were hopelessly misunderstood. At this period, I may add,

from what I have on the best authority, Morris was not only no socialist, but was addicted to that most arrogant of aristocratical obsessions, the preoccupation of the artist with his own point of view as the only one of any value or even interest. He had a theory that a beneficent tyrant would be the ideal monarch — and this not without a lurking idea that he knew where he could find a modest and retiring, but highly qualified autocrat! I remember being told years ago, though I do not recollect on what authority, that in one of his Oxford deliverances he maintained that there were only two sovereign overlords in the world, — Queen Art and King Sword.

However, "the idle dreamer" proved that he had a shrewd head — justifying Rossetti's parody many years later, "The busy Morris of a twelve hours' day." In the year 1861, he gave money, energy, thought, and enthusiasm to the formation of an "arts and crafts" association, — an enterprise successful from the first, though for a time very moderately so, and of late years one of the most potent factors in the evolution of domestic decoration, the domestic arts and crafts generally, in Great Britain and America. For colleagues he had Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Madox Brown, and his friend Webb. The business was located in Red Lion Square, and from that unpromising region went forth the stained glass and ornamental furniture which was then almost grotesquely unpleasing to ordinary taste, and is now so familiar and generally admired. Recognition, however, came soon, for in 1862 a gold medal was obtained at the Exhibition for the stained glass. "Morris & Co." now branched out into the manufacture of paper-hangings and textile fabrics — with what extraordinary results is now common knowledge.

It is not generally known, even in the Morris circle, that at this juncture the firm nearly collapsed. The leading members simultaneously developed a

feverish energy in creative work of their own, and each revolted against "the sordid purlieus of Red Lion Square." Again Morris came to the rescue. His archæological and architectural studies had made him familiar with every building of historic interest in or near London, and it occurred to him that an old Norman abbey, which had been desecrated by "a falsely utilitarian factory," might be reconsecrated, in a sense, by its selection as the Home of the New Art, — in other words, of "Morris & Co." This old building, familiar as Merton Abbey, near Wimbledon, is known in history as the Norman Abbey where the Parliament of 1236 was held, and where the Barons gave their famous answer "*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari.*" Here, then, the art factory was established, and soon all went well. While Morris from the first gave the utmost attention to the comfort and even culture of his workmen, and saw that each man was paid adequately, it is a common mistake that he adopted, much less inaugurated, the coöperative method of remuneration. True, the heads of departments shared on this principle; but all the artisans were paid in the usual way, by piece work. "Socialist as he was," writes one familiar with his system and principles, "or rather because he was a socialist, Mr. Morris had no faith in the coöperative system, which he regarded as only a delusive palliative of the evils of competition. The object of the Merton workshop was not in the least to make philanthropic experiments on the relations of capitalist and laborer, but simply to supply goods of honest and beautiful workmanship in which the individual skill and fancy of the craftsman and the artist, and not the mere power of machinery, should be shown."

Despite the immense and incessant expenditure of energy, and this in so many directions, Morris was, until the spring of this year, at any rate, as full of ambi-

tious schemes as ever. There were to be books written, periods re-created, problems examined, remedial schemes demonstrated, wrongs righted, abuses exposed, crafts stimulated, and a higher excellence in decorative art and in printing obtained even than that already achieved. "I look to see the bloom on the first fruits of the social revolution," he said once, at one of those gatherings at his Hammersmith home, where the flag of enthusiasm never drooped. Perhaps, after all, he has seen this bloom, tasted the sweets of those first fruits. No one could have lived such a life as he did and failed to find some tangible, some palpable assurance of the reality of his hopes, of the actuality of his efforts.

When the life-work of William Morris comes to be estimated, most, even of those who are fairly familiar with his ceaseless energy, will be astonished at the amount he achieved and produced. Even if there were not a printed line to his credit, his life would still afford a record of exceptional fullness and activity, would still be far and away beyond that led by most of his fellows. But, apart from that full and busy life of his as a craftsman, and away from all his innumerable other distractions, what an imposing record his mere literary achievement is! From *The Defence of Guenevere* to the latest of his prose romances, his work, in mere output, is quite Balzacian in quantity. It is his high distinction that he has never published anything which an enemy could blame as unworthy of a poet and artist. Of course it is by his poetry that he will be remembered. Poetry endures when marble monuments crumble and fall away. The high hopes he had, and lit in others, — these in other brains will remain alight; the immense impulse he gave to the decorative arts will not be lost; all that in his ceaseless activity he achieved will pass into the sum of a general good. But these are influences which do not come and go

with the individual. They are eddies of the wind of the human spirit, and when once a man like William Morris dies they pass into the larger world and are lost therein, — lost so far as individual identification is concerned. But the work survives. All that is controversial and accidental in the literary work of William Morris will necessarily perish, and perish soon; much even of his beautiful and fascinating prose cannot survive the disintegration of time and change of front which is ever taking place; but the best of his achievements, the nobler residuum of his poetic life, has become part of our literature, and will keep his name and memory green. "*Sic itur ad astra.*"

As for some last word of William Morris here: it is characteristic of the man that we should seek to find it, not in those dreams of poetic beauty with which his name is most associated, but rather among those writings wherein his fervent idealism was directed towards a practicable end — the one end for which he really cared much in life, the amelioration of the lot of the toiling generations, and their ultimate redemption from themselves, as well as from their oppressors and adverse circumstances, by the gradual expansion towards an ideal of beauty to be realized in every phase of life, from the most mechanical actions and contrivances to the controlled pleasures, excitements, and energies of the impatient human heart, the dauntless human spirit.

It is not, therefore, to *The Earthly Paradise* that we should turn; not even to those masterpieces of a heroic genius expressing itself through the atmosphere of dream, Sigurd and Jason; though these do, indeed, in common with the most dreamlike of his works, *Love is Enough*, contain the same beautiful message which impelled him from the first; but rather to books sneered at, or even ignored, as they are, by those to whom Morris's genius was clouded, not clarified, by his passionate spirit of revolt and of reform,

—books such as *News from Nowhere* and *The Dream of John Ball*. In one of the many obituary notices of him, there is a statement to the effect that his best work will endure, though neither his own time nor any later period is likely to be the better of such misdirected writings as “these socialistic romances.” Not so thought William Morris himself; not so think those who with him believe that a man’s work in the world is something better merely than to dream, though to dream, indeed, is well.

With the sound of the falling sods still in one’s ears, where the great poet and strenuous artist lies at rest in that remote Oxfordshire village which he loved so much, it is well to repeat one passage from this nobly conceived and nobly wrought book which has been so much misunderstood: for here, indeed, we have William Morris the man, as well as the dreamer, the poet, the artist, the worker, the visionary, the socialist. Here we have that wonderful and alert genius who, more than any other of our time, for forty years of unceasing mental activity, was able to dream through the past and through the present to the future, to face both ways, to see clearly down both vistas, and to discern the meeting horizons of the dreamlands of the past and of the dreamlands of the future.

“And how shall it be,” says John Ball in his unforgettable speech to the Men of Kent, — “how should it be, then,

when these cumberers of the ground are gone? What else shall ye lack when ye lack masters? Ye shall not lack for the fields ye have tilled, nor the houses ye have built, nor the cloth ye have woven; all these shall be yours, and whatso ye will of all that the earth beareth. Then shall no man mow the deep grass for another, while his own kine lack cow-meat; and he that soweth shall reap, and the reaper shall eat in fellowship the harvest that in fellowship he hath won; and he that buildeth a house shall dwell in it with those that he biddeth of his own free will; and the tithe barn shall garner the wheat for all men to eat of when the seasons are untoward, and the rain-drift hideth the sheaves in August; and all shall be without money and without price. Faithfully and merrily, then, shall all men keep the holidays of the Church in peace of body and joy of heart. And man shall help man, and the saints in heaven shall be glad, because men no more fear each other; and the churl shall be ashamed, and shall hide his churlishness till it be gone, and he be no more a churl; and fellowship shall be established in heaven and on the earth.”

“Hard it is for the old world to see the new.” Thus is headed one of the chapters in *The Dream of John Ball*. In the life-work which is the dream of William Morris, hard also is it for our old world to see the new; but at least he has pointed out to us the way.

William Sharp.

THE LAST OF THE FIRST.

A TALE OF AN OLD TOWN.

I.

"I've always thought somethin' would turn up after while, if I just stuck it out long enough."

"Well, if I'm not much mistaken, sir, you'll have your reward now, or soon."

The young newspaper reporter, standing there on the broken stone steps, looked up approvingly as he spoke, and drew a long, satisfied breath as he stuck the pencil with which he had been scribbling back into the elastic loops of his notebook. The old man seated on the dilapidated porch above bent forward still further, with a nod.

"You are 'most sho' that it's the same name, sir?" he asked.

"As near sure as you can get without being dead sure. 'Tis n't a common name, is it? Tebbys! I don't think I ever heard it but once before this time. With due respect to the bard of Avon, there's something in a name now and then. I hope it won't fail now. He's a wide-awake fellow, sir, that friend of mine. If a man's got even common sharpness to start with, that sort of claim agency's the thing to whittle it down to a point. If I'm not mistaken, he's off on a false scent now. But there are precious few of us who don't get fooled sometimes. Tebbys! Yes, that's the name, certain. He'd a notion the heir ought to be somewhere in Virginia, but could n't start a trail. You say that Maryland family he's gone to look up is a younger branch, — yours the main line; and you ought to know, sir. If this does n't mean more than just a common newspaper screed to all of us, — you and me and this whole queer old place, — why, I'm deucedly wide of the mark!"

The old man gave a fluttering chuckle.

"Goin' to put *me* into yo' article?" he asked.

"Do you think I could afford to leave you out, sir? Leave you out? The last of the first! Not only the oldest inhabitant, but the last of the — ahem — old first-chop sort of people! Mr. Vender," — he turned to a third man standing near, one step below, — "no offense, I hope. You told me so yourself; and being, as it seems, the main antiquary here, I reckon you know who's who. Why, to leave you out, sir," — again addressing the old man, — "would n't it be Hamlet left out of Hamlet? Oh yes, whether that million or so over there in the Bank of England comes in for me as an additional attraction or not, you'll have to take your proper stand in the old town. It's the crowning touch, the finishing point. It's such a piece of good luck for a fellow in my line that I can't help thinking something's got to come out of it for you, too. Look out for a letter soon. If Legget's back again, I'll see him to-morrow. I shan't forget, you may depend." He flashed a bright, bold glance over the gray head full into a pair of eyes beyond, and went on: "No chance of my doing *that*. Too much interested. I've been trying to stir up Mr. Vender, here, on the subject of that pyrites-mine, — make him see a glowing future there; but he says it's no good. By the bye, Mr. Vender, don't let me forget those specimens you gave me, please. It's the prettiest ore I ever saw. If all that glistens were gold, now, or had gold in it, you'd be safe. Are you sure that fellow who tested it for you was even a good amateur expert? 'Tis n't easy to find anything worth mining nowadays, with so many mines shutting up instead of opening; but it seems to me that, so

near Washington as this, or rather, right on through there to Baltimore, that sort of thing ought to be worth looking into. Your finding it yourself, too, — the town antiquary poking about the old town stone quarries on a Sunday afternoon, — I like that! Sure you did n't have help, — some pair of bright eyes along, — Miss — er — Miss Tebbys' eyes, for instance? Eh! How far from the town did you say? Half a mile! Whe-ew! If it had turned out anything worth while, enough to set matters going, would n't the Tebbys fortune piled on top of it set this old Doomstone booming again! As for the last — well, we'll see, anyhow. I'm glad I came. It's been a pleasant day all round."

His bold eyes lingered a moment on the face of the girl in the doorway. She drew herself up half resentfully, but her own gaze fell beneath the look, and a blush — not a rose-flush, but a great crimson wave of color — rushed from brow to chin. That other man, the one called Vender, saw. The old man took no notice. He was still bending forward eagerly, the rickety split-seated rocking-chair in which he sat creaking as with his own human excitement and anxiety; the silver head of the old-fashioned stick between his knees trembling under the thin, clawlike, and not over-clean hands crossed upon it. There was little or no breeze this midsummer evening, but the white locks on his head seemed also astir. His deeply sunken eyes glistened feverishly. The same flame had crept into his wasted cheeks. The face, though refined by age and perhaps some suffering, was neither strong nor intelligent. Its low brow and feeble chin spoke of degeneracy, both mental and physical. Neither was he by any means a "nice-looking" old man. The soiled alpaca coat which he wore covered a back hopelessly bent; his frayed, dingy shirt-front, a cavernous chest. There were few traces of the gentleman left in either countenance or carriage, but just

now it was as if a past hardly at times suggested, a very different past, had all at once come to life again, quivering, yearning toward a possible new future.

"Fifty years! Fif-ty years!" He leaned back suddenly in his chair, — struck the floor with his stick sharply. Mr. Stanforth, the newspaper man, also started. His keenest professional look had returned, but still the speaker did not seem to see. "Fifty years an' mo'," he went on, "I've stuck it out, — the last gentleman-born left in this old town! Ten years I've been livin' on my neighbors' charity, clean forgot by kith an' kin ev'rywhere. Now the tide's goin' to turn at last, an' they'll see if I've forgot who's done for me an' who has n't!"

Vender was looking very grave just now. Even the glance of triumph and promise cast at him with these last words met no like response.

"When the last one of 'em went, he called me a fool for stayin', but I stayed. I said I'd stick it out. The foreign trade had stopped when I was a boy, an' the place was already goin' down, but I wasn't one to quit where I was born an' raised, — not to speak of father an' gran'father befo' me, — an' set off, like some Tom or Dick, seekin' my fortune. No, sirs! When they moved the co't-house an' the bank, moved 'most all the brick buildin's, just kyarted the bricks away, I stayed. When the big fire broke out an' swept off 'most all the old wooden ones, I stayed on just the same. When the creek got so filled up the last Baltimo' boat stopped comin', why, then the chills an' fevers came. They've shaken my bones ever since, year after year, but still I've stuck it out. I've lived with the chills an' without the first fam'lies, — not a single gentleman-born to play a game of kyards with, or lady for my partner in a reel! Was it any wonder, sirs, that I came down at last to takin' up with, an' 'most marryin', a girl from Tarrypin Forest?"

The girl in the doorway gave a fierce

start here. The old man looked around half guiltily. "I'm not sayin' anything against yo' mother, child," said he. "In most ways she was a heap too good for me. An' if I did first lay eyes on her sellin' strawberries in the street, an' barefooted too, there was never a handsomer woman in Doomstone. I might ha' done worse than to stick it out with her, as I've done since she died with you. If she'd lived, I'd ha' married her, in spite of the townspeople. They'd not hear of it, but they treated her well for my sake. They've never once turned against the last of the old sort. Have n't they fed an' clothed me now for ten years? When this fortune comes, — I knew somethin' was comin' some day, — I'll stand by them that have stood by me."

A few moments later Mr. Stanforth and Vender were walking rapidly downhill toward a smart Dayton wagon containing the party of young people with whom the reporter, spending his summer holiday near the railway station ten miles away, had come to-day picnicking. Girl voices were already calling, hurrying "cousin Stan," when he stopped half-way and wheeled suddenly around for another backward look. The hills behind sloped picturesquely down in three rugged shoulder-like swells from the high bleak upland which stretched above, away toward distant woods. Between the stone piles on this incline, the gullies wandering here and there, the pine and sassafras and sumach bushes growing alongside, stood a few irregularly scattered houses; among others, yet apart on its own comparatively bare space, the mansion the two young men had just left. Its high black-shingled roof was in gaping holes. Its high, narrow, shutterless windows were even more dilapidated. From various openings in its cavelike basement stared empty-eyed darkness. The sun sinking behind those upland woods still struck yellowly athwart the

tops of four tall chimneys, but had already left all the lower part in shadow. Against the dull, faded red of the wall, the long, jagged flight of white stone steps in front, the white stone coping, gleamed out with the effect of a rather ghastly grin. It was not the largest house in sight. Down in front by the roadside, — the old sandy tide-water road which crept along out of the woods on the left to form the principal street, and then stole back again into the woods on the right, — downhill by this road-street stood another red brick building, twice as large; once a busy, crowded tavern, telling now, by its silent emptiness, of the present as well as the past. On either hand were two or three more old stone-coped, solidly built witnesses to a larger, wealthier life which had ebbed away, but only two or three. An ancient though still stout stone bridge across a stream flashing merrily down between two of the uplands; a few tumble-down brick or stone outbuildings grouped about massive foundation walls; a few old wooden dwellings, peak-roofed and dormer-windowed, left over from the fire which was one chapter in the tale of ruin, — these, along with a dozen or so comparatively new yet prematurely rickety and decaying structures, made up now what had once been the most important, most flourishing town in this part of Virginia. Farther off in front, and lower still, where had stood the wharves, the warehouses, the custom-house (for this had even been a port of entry), yellowing corn waved high along another stream, the once broad, deep creek, now almost stagnant in shrunken shallowness, which, skirting the hills, curved lazily away, through level meadow and swamp ground, to the river just beyond sight in the distance. It had proved traitor to the place to which it first gave prosperity. Let the faithless sluggard go! At "the head of tide-water" still stood poor old Doomstone, but the tide had turned against her, indeed.

The picnickers had left no part unexplored to-day. Even Church Hill with its foundation-stones and grave-stones, even Gallows Hill, — both a good way outside, — had been visited, as well as each of the old houses, except that last, by the curious, laughing, chattering group. On the counter in the post-office and store, kept by Mr. Vender, the little collection of local relics, hospitably spread forth, had been duly inspected. He had done the honors this time faithfully, but drawn a line at last. Only one person, the most intelligent and appreciative one, had he taken with him for a call on the old man up yonder. Looking back again, they could see him now still sitting on the porch; the girl, who had stepped forward, standing near, her tall, fine shape clearly outlined, — youth, beauty, in striking contrast to its whole setting and background. The ardent young newspaper man saw, and in his way appreciated. His was only the journalistic interest in it all, — not the mingled artistic and antiquarian delight which looked out of those eager brown eyes, that thoughtful, delicate face beside him, — but he smiled broadly in pure pleasure. "George!" he burst forth, "how it will work up!"

As they turned again, he added: "If I go back to town to-morrow, I'll see Legget right away. Don't forget — let me forget, my pyrites. For a lady friend, you understand; but I won't let even her put that old fellow out of my mind. Look out to hear from me soon."

II.

"I've come for the mail, if there's any."

The speaker had entered with a sort of soft-stepping fierceness, — with the mien, the gestures, of one who has hesitated a good while over something, but at last has made up her mind what to do. She spoke stiffly, unnaturally. Vender started,

turned, feather-brush in hand, and then dropping the empty box which he was in the act of dusting, dusted instead a stool as he dragged it hastily forward.

"Why, child," said he, "do you think I would n't have saved you this walk if there 'd really been a letter? I am goin' up, anyway, after a bit. Sit down. I'll be ready by the time you're rested."

She simply stood, looking hard at him.

Her beauty was of the kind that nothing extraneous can dim; which rather from a mean and dingy setting gleams out all the brighter by contrast, — as now from the old gray blanket shawl thrown over her head, and held together by a shapely hand beneath her chin. The Tarrypin Forest mother had apparently added new vigor to and attracted little delicacy from the Tebbys stock. Neither in feature nor in coloring was there much trace of the good folk from that region who habitually dealt with Mr. Vender. The nose was as straight as the black eyes were bright and deep. The firm red lips were clean-cut. The flushed oval of the cheeks was perfect. The dark hair on brow and temples curled silkily. As she stood there full in the light of the solitary coal-oil lamp, it was no wonder, the admiration in those puzzled, wistful eyes that met her challenging gaze.

"How is he to-night?" he asked presently.

She gave a half-sob, half-angry pant. "If he's better than he's like to be to-morrow, why, he's worse than he was yesterday."

"Ah-h-h!" said Vender. His face fell. His eye, his hand, went helplessly back to that empty box, to certain things on the counter which had come out of it. Rhoda Tebbys stood frowning, biting her lip; seemingly nerving herself up to some effort.

"T is n't only a letter I've come here for to-night," she said.

He looked up suddenly, but said nothing.

"T is n't only a letter, — though if

there's one sure enough, why, let whoever the cap fits wear it! 'T is n't all the letter, nor him neither. You know well as me how it's been with him about it all these days an' weeks, — how he's set there an' laid there watchin' an' waitin' without hearin' one single word! He was goin' fast enough befo'. Now he's 'most gone. The hope of its bein' true has burnt him up worse than fever, an' the fear of its not bein' true has struck to his very bones. Even his appetite" — she laughed bitterly — "his appetite for charity food is gone. He don't seem to sleep any o' nights. You know how he's been lookin' an' lookin' for that letter, an' sendin' for it day after day! You know what 't would be to him — even if he died next minute — to get one, to hear 't was really true. What's the use of my sayin' any mo' about *that*? It's for myself I'm goin' to speak now."

A pair of brown eyes were staring at her in wide amazement. Something fell with a sharp clang to the floor. It was a great rusty key which Vender had been fingering. He did not seem to notice. "I — I don't understand," he said slowly.

It would seem that some restraining cord was suddenly snapped here, that some inner fire of passion flamed up, got the better of that other. "Don't understand!" she cried, with shaking voice, yet resolute. "Well, I'll make you, now. That's all! I don't s'pose it's ever struck you *I* might be carin', too, be lookin' an' hopin' for somethin' outside, somethin' different. I don't s'pose you've ever thought I'd a right to anything but jest life in this ole forsaken hole. An' such a life as mine's been! But you shall hear now why I won't be put off."

There was no answer as she paused for breath.

"I — I'm sorry if I hurt you" — she began; then her glance dropped from his face to something on the counter, something that had come out of that box afore-

mentioned. "What's the use talkin'?" she cried sharply. "You've got yo' ole irons an' stones an' bones. If you care any mo' for me 'an for them, 't ain't much! What's the use? But I *will* say my say! You *shall* hear! What have I had to satisfy me here? Much good bein' owned by him — havin' his name — has done me! Much the blood, as he calls it, — the blood you think so great, too, even comin' the way it has, — much it's done so far for me! What's it been but a singsong to drive me wild? Don't I know that the very people in this ole town who look up to me a little bit on account of it look down on me mo' on account of mother? But here have I been ever since she died — ever since I was born — tied to an ole crazy man; it's the truth, if he *is* my father, if I am sort o' fond o' him, — crazy as well as old! Here have I been livin' on neighbors' charity, on yo's! An' because I've some human pride in me, an' won't be beholden any mo' than I can help, livin' on scraps, goin' in shoes like darkies wear, in five-cent lawn an' calico, this ole blanket shawl" (she flung it off, down to the floor, as she spoke), — "me! with my spirit an' my looks! Nothin' to eat but gall an' bitterness, nothin' pretty to wear, no schoolin', no goin' away or seein' things anywhere else. Just foolin' along in must an' dust an' rust, with my one chance to marry you, an' settle down, after the first, deeper in it than ever! Much you've known how it's been with me! Many's the time I've wished I was all Tarrypin For-ester, livin' right out in the pines, an' never had heard the name of Tebbys! But if there's any good comin' out of it now, I want it to come. 'T is n't because — you need n't think it's because I've taken a fancy to anybody, want anybody else any mo' 'an I've wanted you; but if any money or pleasure such as money 'll buy, anything different is comin', I want it for my own sake well as his. You know I'd not stay to spend any for-

tune here. Let him give — you take what you choose for the town, so I have my share an' go! I was fooled once, — when you thought we'd found that mine. I — I won't be put off nor fooled again. I know you've been good to us, our best friend for years an' years; but don't I know when it comes to a woman — a woman like me — there's no tellin' what the best of men may do? If you think because — because I'm one that other people besides yo'self can look at, can see is n't ugly, anyway; one that with money, and away from here, could pick and choose, — if you think because of this" (she was faltering now), "that what's 'most too late to do him any good, an' might be — harm — to you" — She paused again and shrank back a little. The face before her was so amazed, so white, so drawn with pain, that it was hard even for one by this time half beside herself to keep on, deal that final blow; but she kept on: "Do you think I'll believe he's clean forgot it, has n't written, after the way he talked, an' — an' looked? I don't, any mo' than I believe you don't know his address to write an' find out. There must have been a letter befo' this. If you've kept it back, thinkin' — thinkin' —"

Her words failed; her voice broke. She leaned back suddenly, supporting herself with trembling hands against the other counter behind. Vender had sunk on the stool heavily, lifelessly, like one struck numb and dumb. He made no motion at first, spoke never a word. There was no sound but the girl's own stormy breath, the dripping of the rain outside. It was in a tone scarcely louder, half to himself, that he presently said, "If I 'most hoped it would n't come, I'm punished now."

"Hoped it would n't come!" She sprang upright again, seizing as it were greedily at this crumb of admission on his part, justification for herself. "Ah-h! I thought so!" she cried. "I knew there was something! Was that all?"

Vender looked at her dully. His lips were twitching. He stooped and picked up the fallen key with a shaky hand. "I thought that bad enough to fight right hard against," he said huskily. "It was all, though, and I hope now the letter — the man — will come. I hope to God you won't be disappointed."

She burst out crying. Whether those wild tears, those stormy sobs, were of sorrow or passion it would have been hard to guess. She turned suddenly around, stepping unconsciously on the despised shawl, and, with a swift childish gesture, put her elbows on the counter, her hands over her face. The glossy black hair, loosened from its coil, slipped down unheeded on one heaving rounded shoulder. Her whole frame shook. The other heard, but did not look up. He also turned his back, and began mechanically sorting and shifting his "stones and bones."

There they lay: first that ponderous rusty old key, the key of the bank whose foundation site was now overgrown with sumach, an old wrought-iron inkstand from the court-house, and the brass door-knocker left behind from one of those houses "kyarted" away. An old carved and fluted soapstone candlestick and a queer-shaped leaden oyster spoon, which came next, might have done duty in its great kitchen; while a chipped "mad-stone" from the East Indies, a knee-buckle set with Scotch pebbles, and an eighteenth-century French shell snuff-box spoke eloquently of the lost foreign trade. Two or three bundles of old business papers and parchments, fusty, musty, and quaintly suggestive, made up with these the more important part of this antique collection. And last, and probably least in their owner's eyes, certain lumps of mica-like pyritic ore, the few that Stanforth and his party had left behind, glistened amid this general dinginess with more than silvery sheen, the iron sulphuret of science, the fire-stone of the unlearned. Carefully, jealously

guarded relics of that local past so fascinating to him; still sparkling though delusive promise of a yet brighter, more prosperous future! Next to the old man up yonder, the girl here behind, these had been nearest and dearest. With what lingering tenderness had he taken them, awhile ago, from the box which needed dusting! Now he picked up one after another with nerveless fingers, and laid them down again. What was either past or future to him?

The girl's sobs died away presently. She lifted her head, then stooped and picked up the fallen tumbled shawl. The flush had faded from her face. It would seem that shame and penitence were already dawning there, but suspicion still lingered in the glance which she cast around, upward, amid the hanging tins and hats and bridles, the now shop-worn lawns and calicoes. Not even in the darkest mail pigeon-hole, however, not even on the highest shelf or under the lowest, did it apparently find anything to fasten upon. She started toward the door; then paused, with a look at the man just as he abruptly started up.

"Wait! It's dark; I'll go with you," he said.

"I'm not afraid, thank you. You need n't come."

"You need n't try to stop me," said Vender.

He put on his hat and followed as she went swiftly out, down two or three worn sandstone steps, now slippery with rain, along the miry street for a little way, then through the sodden grass up the hill.

It was a wet night. It had been a wet day. Late summer, with a burst of equinoctial sobs and tears, had turned to autumn. Yellow leaves were drifting down on damp winds from the upland. The rivulets between those hill-shoulders were running high. Each gully made way for its tributary stream. The creek, of late so lifelessly crawling, was far beyond its low banks; though in mere shallow mockery of its commerce-

bearing pride, almost as imposing as of yore. In the one sandy street of the little old town, the water settled dolefully into each footprint and wheel-track; trickled hardly less dolefully, though with now and then a musical note, from roofs new and old, shiny tin or mossy time-worn hiped-and-shingled. The merry days of watermelons, of chinquapins, were past. It was chill-and-fever time now. Even from "way up in the forest" — Tarrypin Forest — the yellow-faced natives were coming for quinine. It seemed to Vender, himself by turns shaking and parching, that he sold scarcely anything else, so great was this demand. It was too late for customers to-night, however. He was free to go with Rhoda Tebbys.

The path lay through darkness, on and up. The "house with the steps," as strangers called it, had stood all day mercifully veiled in mist, its skull-like grin softened to a smile. Now they saw but a vague dark outline, looming nigher. From only one broken window was a light gleaming, dim and low as the life-light there flickering out. The only sounds, as they went, besides the voice of high water all around, were the "swish, swish," of the girl's damp skirt, the wet sucking and splashing underfoot. He walked behind, not by her. Not a word was spoken till she paused at the lowest step, turned half round. Even then a faint choking attempt on her part died away inarticulately. But Vender said quite clearly and very gravely, "Not now; but if he wants me to-morrow, or any time, you know where to send." There was a pause, and then with a mighty effort he added, "Well, good-night, and Heaven forgive you, child, even if I can't!"

III.

"Has he come? Who's that talkin'?"

"The neighbors in the front room, father."

"Has he come — Tommy Vender — the letter?"

The girl winced and paled, seemed to gather herself together. "No, father, not yet," she replied.

"Why can't you send for him?"

"After while — maybe."

"It must be 'most mail-time now."

It was more than an hour past. If she could get him to sleep without knowing that once more no letter had come!

"If I could hear somethin', I think 't would put new life in me. I'd be up again to-morrow — no mo' trouble to you. It must be 'most time. Can't you send? Maybe it's come at last."

"After while, father."

"You've had a hard time here with me, child. I — I see it now plainer than befo'. I've had some things to keep me up — make 'em all look up to me — that you — you have n't had. Maybe it's been harder on you than I thought. Never mind, though. Yo' mother was the handsomest woman in this town, if she was a Tarrypin Forester an' did use to go barefooted. If she had n't died, I'd ha' married her. We'll show 'em all, when this fortune comes, that a Tebbys is a Tebbys for all a new cross in the breed, an' that with parson or without. Yo' pride shan't suffer any mo'. With me it's been diff'rent, of co'se. Had n't I a sort o' claim on the town? What other gentleman-born would ha' stayed here, mixed up with such as were left, stuck by it ev'ry way, as I've done? I'd a claim, but you — Well, you can queen it now, though — in silk an' satin — keep yo' carriage. As for marryin', you can pick an' choose now. I'm fond of Tommy Vender — had no objection to him befo' — but now it seems to me you might look higher. When the town's what I'm goin' to make it with that money from ole England, the creek dredged out, an' all, why, they'll be comin' back fast enough, the ole fam'lies. You wait! Vender's good stock, but plain. He shall have all the money

he wants, everything else but this. It's yo' natural-born right to look higher. The bar sinister's no bar, after all, when it's gilded. Wait! We'll be payin' off debts now, both kinds."

"Will we?" It came with almost a cry, as if wrung out against her will. Then she seemed to recollect herself. "Don't talk about such things, about money or marryin' now, father," she said. "Just lie easy now, go to sleep!"

"I am cold."

Whether the blankets that she pulled up over that little hollow, rather than heap, in the middle of the bed were contemporary with what they covered might be subject of guess. She took from a chair hard by her gray shawl, folded it and laid it across the foot of the bed.

"Thanky, my dear," came in a whisper. "Forest blood or no, you've always been the lady with me."

She bit her lip, but the black eyes were glistening moistly as she turned toward the dying fire. Next moment a blaze sprang up, lighting each crack and corner of the room.

It was large and bare-floored, imposing and yet dilapidated. The wainscoting of polished walnut still held its own. The high mantelpiece, and above it the folding-doors of one of those old-fashioned presses now and then so placed in houses of that day, still showed their carving and paneling intact; but from the lofty ceiling and high gaunt walls the plaster had fallen in patches. In one corner stood the bed, a great four-poster, handsome and even grand in its day. The woodwork was handsome, but the cloth curtains, of faded crimson, were hanging in moth-eaten rags. Besides this bedstead and a brass-handled chest of drawers there was hardly a piece of furniture that either antiquary or thrifty housekeeper would have looked at twice. A common rickety wash-stand, a most uneasy-looking old easy-chair, a stool or two, made up the list. Opposite the fire hung what had been a map of

the town in its best, most prosperous days, now almost as tattered as the bed-curtains. It was the only decoration of the sort visible. Fine old engravings, portraits, there were none. Had they not long ago been handed over to those members of the family who went away, — sold, in short, along with nearly everything else handsome or valuable, to prolong life in the one who stayed? The poor old room told its tale too well.

There were voices not far off, talking low, but eagerly. All day the neighbors had been sending and coming. They were not all in sympathy with Vender's tastes, but even those with whom he passed for more than half crazy took an interest more or less in the old man now a-dying. He belonged to the town, — certainly depended upon the town as nobody else did. Having reached that fascinating point of illness described as "low," he lacked neither offered sympathy nor service. The tributes of retainership which they had for years been paying, the fresh butter and new-laid eggs, the tenderest chickens and choicest slices from the oldest hams, — that "charity food," which to him, graciously receiving, had been a matter of course, to his daughter gall and wormwood, — had been all day coming in, though the first mouthful had yet to be tasted. It was no easy matter now to keep the anxious "setters-up" out of the sick-room. Rhoda Tebbys, well aware of the head-shakes, the half-offended whispers, just beyond sight, reflected a little grimly that if enjoying it less than they had hoped in one way, they were enjoying it more in another. She smiled as, moving to the window, she stood there looking out into the rainy night. It was a back window, so she could not see the hillside path. Did she hope or fear most that Vender, too, might be coming for a last look at his last living relic? She had sent to the post-office awhile before, and learned not only that there was no letter, but that the postmaster was away,

— had gone off before sunrise, nobody knew where, but it was guessed on unexpected "gov'ment business" to Washington, where his position was supposed to bring him into intimate personal contact with the supreme head of the post-office department at the very least. Would he come back in time, — come at all? Her face, after that bitter little smile faded, looked haggard and drawn, but childishly young, too, childishly wistful. Was she thinking of any one else besides her father and Vender? Did she know what was coming? That thread-like voice from the bed was the voice of one dying. The fever had done its work. This chill was probably the last. Did she know? Standing there at the broken window, looking out into the dark, — while the rain fell faster, the night grew blacker, — could she really be thinking of anything or anybody but what was so plainly approaching, what those neighbors in the next room were waiting for?

There were two people coming up the path, one behind the other: first, a tall young man in a Derby hat and light overcoat, walking with an energetic swing; next, a shorter, smaller somebody, who stepped as if both weary and determined. They were talking in low tones.

"I felt sure," said Mr. Stanforth, "that if I waited — kept that article long enough — there 'd be some sort of dramatic close for it."

"Did you? Well, let's hope you won't be disappointed. There's been a good deal of waiting from first to last. Somebody ought to find compensation."

Vender spoke dryly. He was not in a soft humor to-night. But the other did not seem to notice. He went on: —

"If I 'd known the poor old fellow had taken it so much to heart, and if I 'd not been so infernally busy, I 'd have written. But, after all, what was there, till now, to tell? Judging by myself, when I found out how matters stood, I knew what a trial it would be to him.

Was n't it just as well to let him go on dreaming and planning, — thinking the grand triumph might come any day? I've my doubts about hope deferred being all misery. Now, though, it's very different, of course. There's some good news to tell, even though not exactly what he was looking for. If he takes it in his own sense — too far gone to ask particulars — we can send him off happy, with the good time coming, the old town going to be built up again — all that! Tell you what, it's a good thing you found me to-day, and saw those fellows yourself. They mean business. Altogether, I don't think this has turned out so badly, for either you or me. It's a risk to a fellow's peace of mind" (an unusual note crept into his voice), "seeing that girl again, and under present circumstances, but I guess I'll take it. And the old man! Well, I'm not in such luck every day. George! how it will work up!"

"If you think I'd have let you come without some better object than that" —
"What?"

They had reached the steps by this time. The young journalist, in his excitement, his professional pleasure, as it were, was venturing boldly on and up, when the other's words, his tone, called him to a sudden halt. He glanced sharply over one shoulder.

"I think you not only *let*, but asked me to come," said he.

"Yes, I did, sir. Won't the very sight of you — if he's still living — seem like a sort of confirmation? I think he'll 'most save you the trouble of saying anything at all. It seemed best for you to come, for several reasons; but if you think there's nothing to be kept back, or — or treated with respect" —

"Not even Miss Tebbys," broke in Stanforth, with a laugh that was only would-be easy. Then he drew a good long breath. "My dear friend," he said good-naturedly, "I think I know my trade, — know how to fix up things for a first-class newspaper better than that.

I've a notion that you have n't told quite all your motives for inviting me here. Whether one has anything to do with the young lady — giving me another chance to fall in love with her, or her to fall out with me — I don't know; you're keeping back something. But I'll say this much: as for Miss Tebbys, I'll take the risk; as for the old gentleman, if you think anything's going to be given away, anybody's feelings hurt by that article, why, you're very much mistaken."

"You're just in time, sir, if you want to see the ole gent'man."

"Yes, yes. He's mighty low."

"'Most gone, I reck'n; an' the worst of it is, he don't 'pear to know. Ther' 's been no farewells took, nor nothin'. By her even lettin' anybody stay, it's serious; but we ain't been called in to do a thing. Though he ain't never perferred conversion, it" —

"How you harp on that, Mary Jane! 'T is n't quality style to git religion that way. He was raised in the ole church, — the 'Piscopal. They don't perfess, — never let on nohow whether they've got it or not."

"Well, 'Piscopal or no 'Piscopal, it 'pears to me the preacher ought to be called in. Even a Hard-Shell, as he calls ourn, is better 'an none. It'll take some-thin' hard, I reck'n, to cut through *his* shell. Well, it's aggravatin', I must say. Not even no last words! 'Pears like his ought to be somethin' out o' common."

"Are you kin to him, sir?"

It was a small, yellow-faced woman who asked this last question, probably the youngest of the speakers. She was not ugly about the eyes and forehead; but below, chills and fever for more than forty years, and strong medicines for the same, had done their work. To Mr. Stanforth she will be forever "the woman with one tooth."

He looked round him with a sigh of delight.

Even across Vender's painfully anxious absorption there came just now a thrill of vexedness, to think that these persons, to-night the most pertinacious if not the most genuinely interested people in Doomstone, should be among the least favorable specimens. He was jealously sensitive on this point; but if Rhoda Tebbys had made a selection especially for the young newspaper man's benefit, she could hardly have pleased him better. As he stood there in the lighted front room, glancing from one to another: at the three or four old men seated around the refreshments (some of those aforementioned tributes) spread forth on an old-fashioned card-table in the midst; at the half dozen or so old or elderly women, each with snuff-stick in hand or mouth, and just risen from the fire, gazing solemnly at the new-comers, or speaking with the doleful enjoyment, the lugubrious self-satisfaction in survival common to such a company on such an occasion, — as he took all this in, his hand went instinctively to his notebook. Even the place, the room, too! Bare and wretchedly furnished as it was, even more so than that other, his keen eye took note of a certain picturesque incongruity of setting in the paneled wainscoting, shoulder-high, the handsomely carved cornice. Not for such guests as these was this old parlor built, evidently. The journalistic heart throbbed. He was feeling for the pencil, when —

"Ah-h-h!"

The door into the back room had opened. She stood there framed against the darkness, as he had seen her before.

"Come!"

There was no new-kindled eagerness now, no half-defiant pleasure in a new admiration, in either that pale face or that suppressed voice. If any feeling whatever for his own smart self were suggested, it was slight, weary contempt. Could the handsome girl who had tickled his fancy not be in love with him, after all? or was this only a bit of clever act-

ing? Somehow he felt strangely small. At Vender she did not look.

"Come!" she said again, as Stanforth still held back; then she stepped aside, made way for him.

"You, sir. Ah-h! I thought it would come — at last!"

Mr. Stanforth had for once, at least, forgotten the "article." He was staring, with a sudden chill of awe, into the darkness there under those tattered old curtains. Could aged and dying eyes see so much better than his own, standing too as he was with back to the waning fire? He spoke with stammering effort: "Yes, I — I've come, sir. It — it's come at last."

The figure that he dimly made out was sitting upright, free of the pillows. Two clawlike hands went up, flash-quick, strong with exultation.

"Ah-h-h! I thought if we stuck it out — long enough — there'd be new life for — new life" —

Let us hope there was!

The neighbors were having their own way with things. There was due enjoyment, though due solemnity, both in that back room where chill silence reigned and in the front one amid decorous whisperings round the fire. Rhoda Tebbys was not interfering. As she sat there outside on the topmost step, alone in the dark, the drizzling rain, face on her knees, and hands clasped around them, she did not seem even to hear or heed Vender, as, returning from the village where he had left Stanforth for the night, he came up and stood beside her.

"Rhoda!"

There was no reply. Her head sank lower. Her shoulders began to quiver.

"Child!" The other's voice was quivering, too. "Don't cry! Is n't he better off as well as you? Don't you want to hear more about — the fortune?"

"Fortune! Don't you say fortune to me!"

She had lifted her head fiercely. She

dropped it again. Vender stood there looking down, hesitating. Should he wait awhile, or tell her all now? His own little fight last night, this morning, had been hard; but he had conquered. Why not go on to the end? He began at last, slowly, with a mighty effort.

"Not your fortune," said he, "not any old claim come true. It was well for him — I wanted him to die thinking so. It was only truth that Mr. Stanforth told, and he took it that way; but it's a little different. If I were to tell you there was nothing in the old claim, that the lawful heir had been found and his right proved, that this was only a younger branch of the same family, and the good fortune we told him of, though coming indirectly through Mr. Stanforth, just something coming to the town, to all of us alike, would you be sorry? That would not be quite all, maybe. I might say that

after a while, the town not needing me any more, I might take you, if you would go, away with me, clean away from" —

"Oh! I see now, — I see!" She sprang to her feet, caught hold of him with trembling hands. "It's the iron stuff, the mine we found. Ah-h-h! It's turned out somethin', after all! You'll be glad, all of you! And I'm glad, too, though not for myself. Don't think about me. I don't want — don't deserve anything. Let me go to hire out as a servant, hide anywhere out of yo' sight. 'Tis n't because I want — care so much now for the change, all that — but after the way I've treated you, after the way you've taken it, how can I ever look you in the face — in the face" —

There was no need for it just then, out there in the darkness, with both his arms around her.

A. M. Ewell.

A COLONY OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

I.

If the world of work has its interest for the social economist, no less has the world out-of-work for every student of social aims and conditions. It may be divided like the earth into two great hemispheres, — the one half that will not work, and the other half that cannot work "because no man has hired them." One of these hemispheres I had explored in several countries. I had found its inhabitants in England, Germany, and America thoroughly committed to the theory of living without work, choosing rather mendicancy or depredation. I became irresistibly drawn to the other half, and resolved on as practical a study of the man out of work by no fault of his own as I had made of the tramp who is accustomed to boast

that he can live better without work than with it.

Being in Germany, I began on the spot. Thanks to a good philanthropist, and fortunately for my purpose, there was accessible an institution which offered me an immediate opportunity for studying the out-of-work at close range. It is called *die Arbeiter-Kolonie*, and there are at present twenty-seven colonies scattered throughout the empire. Pastor von Bodelschwingh, the philanthropist referred to, the superintendent of the large Epileptics' Hospital near Hanover, started the first one about fourteen years ago in the town of Bielefeld in Westphalia. At that time Germany was literally overrun by tramps. Two hundred thousand were arrested every year, and the poor-houses and shelters were full to overflowing. In 1882, von Bodelschwingh con-

ceived the idea of establishing labor colonies, or refuges, where unemployed men, able and willing to work, might go, and at least pay their way until more profitable labor was found. His plan was to make it impossible for the beggar to say that there was no place where he could find shelter, and that therefore he must beg.

The colony in Westphalia proved so useful that others soon sprang up in other parts of the country, and, as I said, there are now twenty-seven, culminating in a landed estate near Bremen, where men who have proved themselves particularly deserving in other colonies may acquire a piece of land and eventually set up independent homes of their own. Each applicant for help must promise to stay in a colony at least four weeks, after which he can go or stay longer, as he pleases, provided no work has been found for him outside. The authorities try to keep in touch with all employers seeking labor, and the moment they can recommend a man they do so, in order that some other out-of-work may take his place. The colonies are supported in the main by private charity and the proceeds of the work of the colonists. In some cases the district in which a colony is situated helps it out of the public funds, and in Berlin a society of several thousand members contributes largely to the maintenance of the colony there. Each member pays a specified annual fee, and receives a number of tickets, which entitle him to send men to the colony, where they are taken in if room can be found for them and they prove themselves worthy.

I chose the Berlin colony, or rather its branch at Tegel, outside the city, for my investigations. It is one of the very few found near large towns, and it offers on this account the better opportunity for study, because of the congestion of the labor market in a commercial centre. German farmers often complain that there are not laborers enough to reap their harvests, while in the cities the working-

man often has to sell his labor at ruinous prices. I applied to the director of the colony, stating frankly to him my purpose, and asked if I might be received as a regular colonist, to work, eat, and sleep with the men, and see not only the workings of the institution, but the lives of the inmates as well. After testing my honesty in the matter, the director granted my request and sent me to the branch at Tegel, where no one could know anything of me or my errand, not even the overseer.

It was a warm May afternoon when I presented myself in tramp garb at the little brick office and asked for admission. I had with me my American pass, and a letter from the director of the main colony to the effect that I was "all right" and should be taken in without hesitation. By rights I should also have had an *Arbeitsbuch*, which every German work-ingman must carry, — it contains his recommendations and the police stamp of the different towns in which he has worked, — but the director's letter explained my being without one. Thinking that I did not understand much German, — and I was careful, for reasons easily understood, not to make him think differently, — the *Hausvater*, or overseer, merely asked me the ordinary questions. I had to tell where I was born, how old I was, what trade I had, where I had worked last, whether I had ever been in prison, where I had come from, and whether I was married, single, divorced, or a widower. This interview over, I was given a contract to sign, to the effect that I would obey all the rules of the colony and remain at least a month, unless I should find work outside. By the rules I was bound to work to the best of my ability and show every respect to the officials, who were the *Hausvater*, a young theological student acting as pastor, and a foreman who superintended matters when the *Hausvater* was absent; these were the only outsiders in any way connected with the

institution. I was also cautioned against making any irreverent remarks about the Bible and religion, and was told that the first offense would be punished with immediate dismissal. The contract signed and stamped, I was received into the corporation, and was assigned at once to the "straw factory section," where I was expected to learn how to make straw cases for wine bottles. I remained at this work throughout my stay in the colony.

The daily programme was as follows : We rose in the morning at five o'clock, made our beds, washed, had breakfast, attended prayers, and were off to work by six. At nine there was a short pause for lunch, after which we resumed work until noon. From twelve to one was the dinner hour. After dinner we worked on until seven, with a short pause at four for another lunch. After supper we sat around in the woods and garden until half past eight, when we had evening prayers. At nine everybody was supposed to be in bed. On Sunday there was no work, and after church in the morning we were free to lie about in the woods. I received in payment for my labor a mark a day. No one received less than this, and some made as much as a mark and a half. These were colonists who worked in the forest, clearing the ground where a penitentiary is to be built, or those who managed the machines in the straw factory and were paid by the piece. There were several men who had no less than thirty marks to their credit in the colony treasury. Out of every man's earnings seventy-five pfennigs a day were taken to pay for food and lodging. The food was simple, but abundant. For breakfast we had a bowl of gruel and a slice of black bread ; for lunch (at nine and four), black coffee and bread and butter ; for dinner, broth, potatoes, and meat, all in one dish ; for supper, tea and bread. I cannot say that the food was as nourishing as I should have liked, and I often heard the men grumble, but for seventy-five pfennigs a

day one could not expect more. The beds were furnished with mattresses, pillows, blankets, and sheets, and were fairly comfortable. I slept in a room with six other men ; most of the colonists were in a larger room close by.

On Saturday afternoon a little store was opened in the garden, where the men could buy tobacco, shirts, collars, socks, handkerchiefs, toothbrushes, suspenders, and other useful things. Each of the colonists had a separate account, and whatever he bought was put down in a little book, shown to him every week. On Sunday afternoon all new-comers were called to the pastor's room, where he talked with them confidentially about their life, supplementing the questions put to them officially in the office. He is a practical religionist, and looks after all the interests of the men and their positions outside. He thought, like the Hausvater, that I was quite helpless in German, so my encounter with him was short. As I was leaving his room, however, he asked again, as if the thought had just come to him, "Have you ever been in prison?" Afterward, when my identity was discovered and I was no longer a colonist, he told me that men often tell him the truth when the question is put to them in this way.

So much for the routine in the colony. I have hurried over it in order to tell about the colonists rather than dwell on the monotonous programme which it is their daily task to fulfill.

II.

There were in all forty-two men in the colony while I was there ; in winter there are over a hundred. Mechanics and common laborers were most numerous, but there were others who had been druggists, school-teachers, clerks, officials in the civil service, cadets and officers in the army, students in the university, lawyers, merchants, and even noblemen. Each one had fallen very low, and fully half had been forced to ask the Haus-

vater to give them clothes to cover their nakedness. Not all were willing to talk about their careers, and there were some who, the minute work was over, retired into corners and would commune with no one, but I succeeded in gathering more or less definite information about the most of them.

First of all and most noticeable of all were the boys and young men. They numbered fully a third of the colonists, and were by all odds the easiest to get acquainted with. They had done nothing of which they felt particularly ashamed; life was still before them, and they talked freely and without reserve with all who would listen. They were mainly *Handwerksburschen*, — apprentices who have learned trades and travel about the country from one master to another. They had taken shelter in the colony, partly because there was no other place for them, and partly to get a fresh *Arbeitsbuch*. For those who tramp the highways in Germany as the *Handwerksburschen* do it is not allowed to be out of work longer than six weeks, unless they have been ill, and the gendarmes can tell from their books when and where they last had a position. A great many succeed in eluding the officers, and rove for months without even asking for work. It often happens, however, that when they do seek work their books are in such bad order that no one will employ them, and there is then nothing better for them to do than go into an *Arbeiter-Kolonie*, where they can get a fresh stamp in their books, which allows them, on release, six weeks' grace before the police can molest them. Not all *Handwerksburschen* are so unprincipled as this, but there are so many who are that their class has become notorious, and those whom I met in the colony were exclusively of this character. All of them said they could have found work had they wanted to, but preferring to travel about and see the country, they had got into the trouble I have de-

scribed. They were not tramps in the sense in which the American hobo is a tramp, and most of them intended to look for work on leaving the colony, but they were so possessed of *Wanderlust* that until they had satisfied it there was not much hope of their settling down. Each one had traveled all over Germany, and several had been in every country of Europe. England and the United States seemed to be their Mecca, and they called their desire to visit these countries *die Englische Krankheit*.

The larger part of the colonists were men all the way from thirty to forty-five or fifty years of age. They were principally common laborers, but there were also men who had fallen from higher walks of life. The latter were easily marked by their love of seclusion and by a refinement of manner which, try as they would, they could not entirely conceal. They called themselves *Arbeiter*, like the rest, but bits of their stories had leaked out, and it was known to everybody that they had seen better days. One of them, a poor fellow whose misfortunes had unbalanced his mind, I learned to know personally. I never found out what he had really been, — some thought a lawyer, — but the story he gave me was this: He belonged, he said, to a very distinguished family, settled in a little province of its own on the river Oder, not far from Stettin. It is a custom in this family for some one of each generation to live his life among the poor, and he had been chosen for this task. While still a little child he was put in a peasant's hut, and never thereafter allowed to see his father or mother. He managed, however, to get an education, and he told me that he had been a military officer in Turkey, a journalist in France, a barrister in England, and a labor agitator in the United States. While in Turkey he had married, and two children, a boy and a girl, were born to him. He had returned to Germany in order to compel his family

to receive these children into the old home. He did not mean to ask anything for himself; he believed, indeed, that Providence had willed that he should live his life in just this way, but he was determined to carry the case of the children to the very highest courts, if necessary. Sometimes, when off duty, I would find him mumbling to himself in the garden, and it was always concerning his case in the courts, and that he "was going to conduct it himself." I have seldom met a more pitiful case of distress. He was the raggedest man in the colony; nearly everything he had on had been borrowed from the Hausvater, yet his poor deluded brain made him think that he was the most aristocratic of all. He called himself Count Adrian-Hohenstein.

Another man, who had been a druggist, was also interesting. His great theme was America, and how any one with a will is bound to get on there. His own case illustrated the fact, he said. He had lived nearly fifteen years in the United States, and there was not a day when he was without work, if he wanted it. In Milwaukee he had been a police station janitor, in San Francisco a lawyer's clerk, in Chicago a news-vender, in New York an independent druggist, and for three years he had been cook on a steamer plying between New York and Brazil. Wherever he had gone he had made money, and wherever he had stopped he had, unfortunately, spent it. He returned to Germany by mistake. Stranded in Rio Janeiro one day, he had to ship in a steamer bound for Copenhagen, in order to get out of the country. Landed in Copenhagen, his earnings soon went for liquor, and the first thing he knew he was in Germany, a wandering beggar. He was working in the colony to get money enough to cross over to England, where he hoped to ship for New York. He was sure that luck would again favor him when once out of *verdammt Deutschland*.

There were several men of this stamp, and all seemed to have fallen through drink. They wanted work, and did willingly their tasks in the colony, but I fear they could not hold any position long.

The other men of the class I am considering were ordinary day laborers. They were in the colony because they had been unable to find even a bread-and-water existence outside. Wherever they had been, and particularly in Berlin, no employer needed their services, and they were trying to earn a few marks to help them on their travels when they left the colony. It was evident from their conversation and faces that liquor had played havoc with them, also, but they were by no means such victims of drink as the men whom I have described. Their greatest mistake had been in seeking work in large towns. They were part and parcel of that large army in Germany continually storming the cities, and once enlisted they had not been able to return to the farm. They had tramped from city to city, asking for work in each one, but had foolishly passed by the villages, where, at least in summer, farmers often bid high for laborers. They had acquired the passion for town life, and even hunger could not drive them farther away from it than out to Tegel, where they still heard the roar of the neighboring city. Their class is uncommonly large in the Fatherland, and is likely to keep on growing until something definite is done to force them back to the fields. This is where most of them belong, and the wonder is that Germany, with its all-powerful paternal government and strict police regulations, has allowed them to swarm into the cities. I believe that they honestly desire work, but they must be made to seek it where it can be found. Berlin could dispense with thousands of them without in the least disturbing its business, and the pity is that they are permitted to remain.

Last of all in my observations came

the old men, of whom there were about ten in the colony. Nearly all had trades, but they were too old to ply them satisfactorily. One said to me: "When I ask for work, people say, 'Why, father, what can you do?' and then they smile, give me a piece of bread, and tell me that my hair is too white. The world is not what it used to be. In '48 they preferred old men to young; to-day it is just the opposite. All that an old man can do now is lie down and die."

There was something indescribably pathetic about these old men, as they gathered together and talked over the times when the world was larger and more comfortable, but I could not help wondering why they had not saved something to keep them in old age. They were all intelligent, well-read men, and several had had very good positions in their day, yet not one had a home to which he could return. Some had been married and had children, but either the latter would not receive them, or the old men were too proud to seek them out. They fussed about the colony, doing light work in the factory and household, each one anxious to keep up his end, if possible, but their outlook was hopeless. No employer could make use of them, and without the colony they must have given up the struggle.

I could not bring myself to the point of asking any of them outright for the story of their lives, — it seemed cruel to make them hark back in detail over the mistakes and failures which had brought them here; but from remarks dropped now and then in general conversation, I managed to patch together the stories of two or three. One, a Silesian, interested me particularly. He was over sixty, and had come to Tegel from another colony in Schleswig-Holstein where he had spent several months. He worked next to me in the factory, and at lunch-time we occasionally talked together about our travels. I told him about America, and he told me about

Poland, Russia, and Hungary. He had been all over these countries, and spoke the different languages besides several dialects. He knew south Russia best, however, and from little things that he said I concluded that he had fled there with his parents after the revolution in Baden in '49, of which he had considerable to say. From his conversation one would have taken him for something more than a simple locksmith, and he had the manner of a man who had been brought up in polite society, but he assured me that whatever education he had, had been acquired by his own efforts. His great trouble in life, the one indeed by which he explained his forlorn condition, had been his passion for politics, as he put it. The revolutionary spirit was in him, and he had got into trouble in every country he had visited. In Hungary he had served three years in prison, in Poland two, and in Russia there was a sentence of exile to Siberia standing against him. He did not look like a dangerous man, and many of his political notions could have been subscribed to by any American, but I was told by other colonists that he was one of the most violent Socialists in Germany.

Another old man had been unfortunate in his married life, and his wife was consequently much blamed for his sad state. He could not hear the word "woman" mentioned without exclaiming, "Langes Haar und kurze Gedanken!" Through some short-sightedness of his wife — I did not learn what — he had lost his home in Thuringia, and had never been able to found another. For fully a third of his fifty-odd years he had been wandering about Europe, working wherever he could, but always spending his money as fast as he earned it. He lost his ambition to save, he said, when his home was taken away from him. Still another of the old men had made a wreck of his life by trying to patent his inventions. He told me of a num-

ber of things which he had invented, among them a wrench in use at the colony factory, but he had invariably lost them through the meanness of unscrupulous lawyers. I liked him for the simple-hearted way in which he took his troubles. There was always a pleasant smile on his fatherly face, and I fail to recall a bitter word from his lips. All he would say, was, "Ich hab' kein Glück gehabt."

There was one other who I think might easily prove a specimen for Lombroso. He was not an old man, but I have reserved his case till now because his peculiarity has nothing to do with the conditions in relation to which I have considered the others. He ought long since to have been committed to a psychological laboratory, where he might have figured as a significant study in criminology. Sometime in his career, I do not know exactly when, he had killed a man by holding his head under water in a lake. There was no particular enmity between the two men, and the murderer seems to have acted merely on a natural inclination to be cruel. He suffered but ten years' imprisonment for the crime, his lawyer having made out that he was not entirely in his right mind. He had drifted into the colony, like the rest, to find shelter. The curious thing about him was, that he killed everything he dared. He saw a bird's-nest one day in a tree in the garden; it was full of little birds. Down they must come, and the cat was called to eat them up. He looked on and grinned. There was a dog in a corner of the garden. He plagued it to distraction; he would have strangled it, he said, had he not been afraid of the consequences. In the forest he was always looking for ants' nests, which he rooted out and then stamped on the ants. Flies he liked to pick to pieces. His attitude toward the other men was that of cold indifference. He always tried to get more than his share of the food, and I never

saw him do a favor or ask one. At prayers and in church he was the most devout of all: he sang louder than any one else, and followed the readings in the Bible with the closest attention. He was one of the few real moral delinquents it has been my privilege to meet, and I have taken note of him on account of the genuineness of the type.

Such were my companions in the colony. I am convinced that the great majority of them desire work, and look for it, as a rule, rather than beg, but I cannot say that I found in them the out-of-work I was seeking — sufferers from a dearth in the labor market, and unemployed through no fault of their own. There was not a man in the institution who did not seem to me more or less responsible for his condition, and I understand that this is the case in all the labor colonies of Germany. In 1895, sixty-four per cent of all the colonists received at Tegel and at the main colony in the city had been confined at least once in a jail, workhouse, or penitentiary. About nine hundred were admitted during this year, and they came from all parts of the country, and represented nearly all branches of industry. They may be taken as a fair sample of unemployed men in Germany, and I feel safe in saying that the forty-two I learned to know were equally typical.

III.

The most alluring thing to me, in my intercourse with these men, was to get at their opinions and philosophy of life. They were all great travelers, had seen much and heard much, and I tried to find out what they thought about people and things in general. There was not much time to talk with them during the day, but at night, after we had turned in, they often chatted for an hour or more, and I then had a chance to hear their views. I cannot attempt here more than a brief summary of what they said, but I assure the reader that they were

most interesting to listen to. Germany and its present condition was the absorbing topic of conversation. Although the men had traveled much in other countries, the "Fatherland" was, after all, their home, and they enjoyed telling each other of the reforms which, in their opinion, were necessary to make it habitable. No country that they had visited suited them entirely, not even America, but they found so many things out of order in Germany that they could not keep off the subject long.

There were four institutions which they particularly disliked, — the church, the monarchy, the army, and the police. Nearly everything they said in criticism bore directly or indirectly on these institutions, and I fail to recall a conversation, in the least serious, when one of them was not the subject of discussion. The church they considered antiquated, hypocritical, and oppressive. There was no distinction made between Protestant and Catholic, and the entire institution was condemned. It was antiquated, they thought, "because it teaches things which all the world knows are no longer true;" hypocritical, "because the clergy, as a class, do not live up to what they preach;" and oppressive, "because it taxes people who do not believe in it." They also said that it is much to blame for the ignorance that prevails in the peasant class. "In no other country," one declared, "are the peasants so stupid and bigoted as here, and the *Pfaffen* are the cause of it. They go about and tell the peasants that they must vote and think the way the church wants them to, and they are just fools enough to do it. Down with the *Pfaffen*, I say!"

Very few of these men, however, were out-and-out disbelievers. Nearly all had their own private religious ideas, and were perfectly sincere in stating them. They believed that there is a great Power which regulates the world, but not a personal God, or indeed One to whom prayers may be offered. They consid-

ered the devotional exercises in the colony ridiculous, and attended them merely because attendance was compulsory. As to what happens after death, which was one of their favorite themes when discussing the church, a great deal was said, but there seemed to be no unanimity of opinion. One man declared that he did not believe in heaven and hell at all, as popularly depicted. He thought that when a man dies, the good in him, spiritual as well as physical, is used again in this world, and that the bad is destroyed. He talked for nearly two hours on this subject, one night, and seemed to be well informed about all religions. He often asked me about the different sects in America, and was the only colonist who knew positively that Americans are not heathen. The others were most peculiar in this respect, considering their general intelligence. I had told them that I did not belong to the so-called evangelical church of Germany, and the rumor spread about that I was a heathen. I finally received the nickname of "Heide." This was not meant in any unfriendly way, but merely as a name to go by.

A great deal is being done just now in Germany to win such men as these back to the church, and there are those who prophesy sore disaster to the state unless the present estrangement is overcome. The Christian Socialists are particularly fearful of this result. I cannot forbear reporting one of the comments which a colonist made on a certain phase of German methods to convert men of his kind. On entering the colony, every man is told that he must thank Providence alone for the benefits there conferred upon him. "One would think," the man said apropos of this, "that human nature was incapable of charity. Why can't they say, 'I do this for you, my good man, because I want to help you'?" It would impress me a great deal more than continually talking about Providence."

The criticisms of the monarchy, army,

and police were pretty much what any man of their stamp, who had learned to know more liberal forms of government, would have made. They considered the monarchy the result of the stupidity of the people, — such a thing should never have been allowed, — and the army and police institutions devised to protect it. "If we had never had a monarchy," said one of the old men, "we should never have had the army. It is for something more than merely to fight France. They have it so that they can keep us poor people down, if we should ever try to revolt, — that's the bottom of the whole business. Kaiser Wilhelm sees that things are getting hotter and hotter for him, and he hangs on to his soldiers, so that he can shoot us down, if necessary. I know these emperors and kings! What did they do in '49? Crowded us into corners and then jabbed at us with bayonets. Our time will come, though; just wait. Some day we'll do the jabbing."

Not all were so revolutionary as this, and for the boys and young men the army seemed to have certain attractions, but there was a general tendency to put the blame for the present feeling of unrest among the laboring classes on the institutions in question. The monarchy was too despotic, the army too expensive, and the police too overbearing. But very little was said about economic conditions or the overcrowding of the labor market. Each man appeared to think that these questions would settle themselves, if the others were once solved. "I would rather have liberty," one of the mechanics remarked, "than good wages, but you can't find either in Germany now. All I save from my earnings has to go in taxes, and all I get from the latter is a shove from a policeman and a warning to move on. That's a nice state of affairs for *hoch-cultiviertes Deutschland*, is n't it?" And he sneered.

Three remedies were suggested to bet-

ter the existing condition of things, and I give them in the order of their radical nature. The first was a republican form of government. This was the scheme of the old men. They thought that if Germany could only have a President instead of an Emperor, everything would improve. I said to one that Germany was not yet ready to become a republic, that the people were still too much attached to the monarchy. "Bosh!" he exclaimed. "All we have to do is to send the Kaiser out of the country, and put a President and the Reichstag in his place. We are as ready for that as we shall ever be. If the army were disbanded, we would soon show what we want. The trouble is that the soldiers stick by the Kaiser, and, as they have the guns, we can't do anything." The subject was so dear to the old man that it was impossible to discuss it with him calmly, and all I could get out of him, or the others who favored it, was the simple declaration that *eine Republik würde alles ändern*.

Socialism was the next suggestion. It was upheld mainly by the middle-aged colonists, who were nearly all members of the Social Democratic party. They had sat at the feet of Bebel and Liebknecht, and, like the other followers of these strenuous agitators, would listen to no reform other than that of a complete reconstruction of society.

"The whole thing must be changed," said one, "and until it is the poor man will be kept down." They made the usual remarks about "unearned increment" and "the exploitation of the proletariat," and seemed to be well up in the general terminology of their cult. I tried to get from two or three of them clear statements of exactly what was to happen under the socialistic *régime*, and how the change was to be brought about, but I could obtain nothing beyond the usual promises of the millennium. They seemed to me to be seeking merely a general overthrow of society that they

might enjoy for the moment the riotous living that would follow, and I can only say that if the rank and file of German socialism is equally indefinite in its ideals and the means whereby they are to be achieved, the government is fully justified in keeping it under strict police surveillance. Such men, in my opinion, would make an even greater failure of life under Socialism than they do now.

A "big war" was the third remedy. The young men and boys favored this procedure. "The world is too full of *Menschen*," they said, "and the only way to thin it out is to let things go *los* for a while." By *los* they meant an all round battle between the nations. "After the war with France everything boomed," one declared, "and that's what we need now." They were just as obstinate and one-sided in their opinions as the others, and protests about the horrible results of war had no effect upon them.

In all these conversations and suggestions, I was struck with a trait of character which is common to men of this class the world over. They all know, or think they know, what ails the world, and exactly what it needs for its regeneration, but it almost never dawns on them that they themselves have any personal responsibility in the reforms suggested. They seem to consider themselves as something aloof from society, lookers-on, as it were, justified in making all manner of criticisms, but not required to look at all deeply into their own failings and sins. Tramps have this same trait. They will talk for hours at the hang-out camp-fire about what ought to be done to make the world better, and at times with a clearness of perception and earnestness of argument that are unexcelled; but let a little personal introspection or criticism be suggested, and a silence comes over them like that of the graveyard. Other people's failings they feel perfectly free to discuss; their own must remain a sealed book.

Another thing that impressed me in

the colony — and I have noticed it before in all places where men are shut in — was the irritability of the inmates. Sometimes they could hardly stand a contradiction in conversation without showing anger, and in the workshop the least trouble with a machine would send some of them into a violent rage. Those who had been in the colony longest were the most easily excited. I report this fact for the benefit of those penologists who find in the criminal's irritability an evidence of his natural lack of stamina and will power. If simple out-of-works in such an institution as the colony, where, after all, they are not very closely confined, show the nervousness and petulance that I have described, how much more must the man show, and with reason, who is shut up for years, perhaps for life, in a prison cell? Criminologists would do well to take this matter more into account before pronouncing judgment too definitely upon the criminal's natural capabilities.

IV.

A week of colony life was over, and my work was done as far as these men were concerned. I felt that I knew them as well as it was possible to know them in such a place, and a longer stay seemed unnecessary. A card to a friend in the city soon brought me word that work was waiting for me, and I was released in good faith. I went, as I came, a common day laborer.

A few days later, "clothed and in my right mind," I sought out the colony again. I desired to express to the Hausvater thanks for the fair treatment I had received, and to talk over with him and the theological student my experiences. I found them, as before, in the little brick office, and it was hard for them to believe that I was the same man who had presented himself a week previously in such a pitiable plight. They thought that some joke had been perpetrated upon them, and it took all my powers of

persuasion to convince them of the earnestness of my purpose. This accomplished, however, I was made most welcome, and immediately invited to drink coffee with the Hausvater's family. He called his wife and daughters from the house, and I was introduced to them as *der Entpuppte*,—the chrysalis turned butterfly. We all took seats at the cosy little table in the garden, laid for afternoon refreshments, and it was a pleasure I shall never forget to sit there and enjoy the things which had seemed to me so delicious while I was forced to live upon the simpler fare of the colonists,—a gratification somewhat similar, I fancy, to that which the prisoner experiences when eating his first "square meal" after a long bondage.

I was plied with all manner of questions about how I had found the food and the beds, and what treatment the men had given me; and then the Hausvater and the Herr Candidat told me of their own experiences with the colonists. I asked them what percentage of all who came to them for assistance they considered worthy of help and capable of betterment.

"Not half," they replied. "The majority are men who, on account of their bad habits, would go under in the struggle in any country. They are not actual tramps, in the sense that they are absolutely averse to work, but the most of them want work that they cannot find. They are dilettanti, and skip from one thing to another without any definite aim or purpose."

"Do you consider them fair representatives of the so-called army of the unemployed?"

"They are good representatives of the men who are continually talking about lack of employment. They find no work because they seek it, as a rule,

where it is least likely to be found. Here in Germany, if a man really wants labor, and is not particular about the kind, so long as it keeps him going till something better turns up, he can generally find it."

"Of what use, then, do you consider the colony, and is it worth while housing men of such a character?"

"It is useful in helping us to form a more or less correct idea of who the worthy unemployed are. All sorts and conditions of men come into these colonies, and we soon find out who are deserving and who are not. The former we do our best to place in suitable positions, and to the latter we give the benefit of our home, believing that the strict order and discipline required can at least do them no harm, and may possibly help them. In this way we are able to keep pretty well informed about the real situation, which was impossible before the colonies existed. Then, when great distress was reported, one had to take the statement more or less on trust. To-day we can tell to a nicety, as far as single men are concerned, how much real need there is, and that goes a long way toward settling the problem. The colony serves as a test-house where a man can prove, if he wishes, his determination to help himself."

As such I can recommend it to the careful attention of all who are interested in philanthropic work. I do not believe that the time has yet come when such an institution is absolutely necessary in this country on simple grounds of charity,—there is still work enough in the United States for every man in it who is not afraid to take the first thing that comes,—but I am fully persuaded that it would be of great use in winnowing the honest from the dishonest, and the industrious from the lazy.

Josiah Flynt.

THE JUGGLER.

II.

LATE in the night of the "show" old Tubal Sims sat brooding over the embers of the fire. As he reviewed the incidents of the evening, he chuckled with a sort of half-suppressed glee. His capacities for enjoyment were not blunted by the event itself; the very reminiscence afforded him a keen and acute pleasure. In all his sixty years he had never known such a vigil as this. He could not sleep for the crowding images with which his brain teemed. Each detail as it was enacted returned to him now with a freshened delight. The objections on the score of necromancy gave him peculiar joy; for he and his wife were of a progressive tendency of mind, and had that sly sense of mental superiority which is one of the pleasanter secrets to share with one's own consciousness. As he sat on a broken-backed chair, his shoulders bent forward and his hands hanging loosely over his knees, rubbing themselves together from time to time, for the air was growing chilly, the light of the embers on his shock of grizzled hair, and wrinkled face with its long blunt nose and projecting chin, and small deep-set eyes twinkling under their overhanging brows, he now and again lifted his head to note any sudden stir about the house. So foreign to his habit was this long-lingering wakefulness that it told on his nerves in an added acuteness of all his senses. He marked the gnawing of a mouse in the roof-room, the sound of the rising wind far away, and the first stir of the elm-tree above the clapboards. A cock crew from his roost hard by, and then with a yawn Tubal Sims pulled off one of his shoes and sat with it in his hand, looking at it absently, and laughing at old Parson Greenought and his interference

to discourage Satan. "I wisht I could hev knowed what the boy would hev done nex', if so be he hed been lef' alone." He made up his mind that he would ask the juggler the next day, and if possible induce a private repetition of some of the wonders for which, evidently, the public of Etowah Cove was not yet ripe. For the juggler was his guest, having reached his house a few evenings previous in the midst of a storm; and asking for shelter for the night, the wayfarer had found a hearty welcome, and was profiting by it. Sims could hear even now the bed-cords creak as he tossed in uneasy slumber up in the roof-room, so still the house had grown.

So still that when a deep groan and then an agonized gasping sigh came from the sleeper, the sounds were so incongruous with the trend of old Tubal Sims's happy reflections that he experienced a sudden revulsion of feeling that was like a shock. The rain began to fall on the roof; it seemed to come in fine lines on a fluctuating gust, for it was as if borne away on the wings of the wind, and the eaves vaguely dripped.

"But oh," cried the sleeper, "the one who lives! what can I do! — for his life! his life! his life!" and spoke no more.

Yet the cabalistic words seemed to ring through the house in trumpet tones; they sounded again and again in every blast of the wind. The place had grown cold; the fire was dead on the hearth; it was the unfamiliar midnight. Who was "the one who lives," whose life the stranger grudged? And following the antithesis, — not that Tubal Sims would have thus phrased the process, — was there then one who died?

It occurred to Tubal Sims, for the first time, that there was something inexplicable about this man. Apparently, he had no mission here save for the ex-

hibition of jugglery, — how suddenly it had lost its zest! He knew naught of the people or the surrounding region; he had no baggage, no sort of preparation for continued existence, not even a change of clothes. Mrs. Sims, being subsidized to supply this deficiency, had already constructed for him one blue homespun shirt, which evidently astounded him when he first beheld it, so different it was from the one he wore, but which he accepted meekly enough. Tubal Sims told himself that he had been precipitate in housing this stranger beyond a shelter during the storm.

To this it had come, — the happy dreaming over the fire, renewing a pleasure so rare, — to these vague fears and self-reproaches and suspicions and anxious speculations. He stumbled to bed at last in the dark. It was long ere he slept, and more than once he was roused from slumber to the dark silence by the fancy that he heard the poignant iteration anew.

If the juggler had dreams, they may have weighed heavily upon him the next day when he came down the rickety stairs, pale and silent, with heavy-lidded eyes and dark blue circles beneath them. Under Mrs. Sims's kindly ministrations he sought in vain to eat the heavy thick biscuit, the underdone fried mush, and the fat greasy bacon; for Mrs. Sims was not one of those culinary geniuses sometimes encountered at humble boards; in good sooth, but for her cows and chickens, in these early days of his stay in the Cove, he would have fared ill indeed.

"Ye make a better out at swallerin' needles 'n ye do swallerin' fried 'taters," she declared, with a reproachful glance, supplemented by her good-humored chuckle.

He could make no sort of compact with the beverage she called coffee, and after the merest feint of breakfast he took his host's angling-tackle and wended his way down to the river, observing that the fish would bite well to-day,

since it was so cloudy. Cloudy it was, undoubtedly, sombre and drear. Now and then drizzling showers fell, and when they ceased the mists that rose in every ravine and skulked in every depression were hardly less dank and chill. The river, in its deep channel of jagged rocky gray bluffs and shelving red clay banks of the most brilliant terra-cotta tones, was of the color of copper instead of the clear steel-gray or the silvered blue it was wont to show, so much of the mud of its borders did it hold now in solution, brought down by the rains of the night. Here and there slender willows hung over it in lissome and graceful wont, with such vivid vernal suggestions in the tender budding foliage as to shine with disproportionate lustre, like the high lights in some artificial landscape of a canvas, amidst the dark dripping bronze-green pines of the Cove, which from this point the young man could see stretching away in sad-hued verdure some three or four miles to the opposite mountain's base, — the breadth of the restricted little basin. This was the only large outlook at his command; for behind the house he had left, the slopes of the wooded mountain rose abruptly, steep, rugged, soon lost among the clouds. He gazed absently at the little cabin, the usual structure of two rooms with an open passage, as he lay on the shelving rock high above the river, the fishing-pole held by a heavy boulder placed on it to secure it in its place, his hands clasped under his head, his hat tilted somewhat over his eyes; for despite the paucity of light in the atmosphere the mists had a certain white glaring quality.

Meanwhile, he was the subject of a degree of disaffected scrutiny from indoors.

"Jane Ann," said Tubal Sims, suddenly interrupting the loud throaty wheeze by which his helpmeet beguiled the tedium of washing the dishes, and which she construed as that act of devotion com-

monly known as singing a hymn, "that thar man ain't got no bait on his hook."

Jane Ann set the plate in her hand down on the table, and turned her broad creased face toward him as he sat smoking in the passage, just outside the door.

"Then he ain't goin' ter ketch no feesh," she replied logically, and lifting both the plate and her droning wheeze she resumed her occupation as before.

Tubal Sims, like other men, fluctuated in his estimation of his wife's abilities according as they seemed to him convertible to his aids and uses. Ordinarily, he was wont to commend Jane Ann Sims's logical common sense as "powerful smartness," and had been known to lean on her judgment even in the matter of "craps," in which, if anywhere, man is safe from the interference and even the ambition of women. He rejoiced in her freedom from the various notions which appertain to her sex, and felt a certain pride that she too had withstood the panic which had so preyed upon the pleasures of the "show." But now, when her lack of the subtler receptivities balked him of a possible approach to the key of the mystery which he sought to solve, he was irritated because of her density of perception, and disposed to underrate her capacities to deduce aught from that cabalistic phrase which he alone had heard uttered in the dumb midnight, and from such slender premises to frame a just conclusion. And furthermore, with the rebuff he realized anew that Jane Ann Sims was a woman, incompetent of reason save in its most superficial processes, or she would have perceived that the significance of the unbaited hook lay in the strange mental perturbation which could compass the neglect of so essential a particular, not in the obvious fruitlessness of the labor. Jane Ann Sims was a woman. Let her wash the dishes.

"Naw," he said aloud, half scornfully, "he'll ketch no feesh."

Mrs. Sims ceased to wheeze, and her

fat face relapsed from the pious distortions of her psalmody into its normal creases and dimples. "I be plumb fit ter fly inter the face o' Providence," she said, as she moved heavily about the table and slapped down the blue platter but half dried.

"What fur?" demanded the lord of the house, whose sense of humor was too blunted by his speculations, and a haunting anxiety, and a troublous eagerness to discuss the question of his discovery, to perceive aught of the ludicrous in the lightsome metaphor with which his weighty spouse had characterized her disaffection with the ordering of events.

"Kase Euphemy ain't hyar, o' course. Ye 'pear ter be sorter dunder-headed this mornin'!" Thus the weaker vessel!

She wheezed one more line of her matutinal hymn in a dolorous cadence and with breathy interstices between the spondees; then suddenly and finally discarding the exercise, she began to speak with animation: "I hev always claimed an' sot out ter be suthin' of a prophet, — ye yerse'f know ez I be more weather-wise 'n common. I be toler'ble skilled in cow diseases, too; an' I know 'forehand who be goin' ter git 'lected ter office, — generally, though, by knowin' who hev got money an' holds his hand slack; an' I kin tell what color hair a baby be goin' ter hev whenst he ain't got so much ez a furze on the top o' his bald pate; an' whenst ye 'low ye air strict sober of a Christmas-time or sech, I kin tell ter the fraction of a — a quart how much apple-jack hev gone down yer gullet; an' " —

He sacrificed his curiosity as to her other accomplishments as a seer, and hastily inquired, "What on the yearth hev sot ye off ter braggin' this-a-way, Jane Ann? I never hearn the beat!"

"I ain't braggin'," expounded Mrs. Sims. "I be just meditatin' on how forehanded I be in viewin' facts in general; an' yit," — her voice rose in pathetic exasperation, — "the very day o' the evenin' this hyar stranger-man got

hyar I let Euphemy go over ter Piomingo Cove ter visit her granny's folks; an' the chile did n't want ter go much, — war afeard o' rain, bein' dressed out powerful starched; an' I, so forehanded in sight, told her 't warn't goin' ter rain till evenin'."

"Waal, no more did it. Phemie war under shelter six hours 'fore it rained."

"Lawd-a-massy!" cried Mrs. Sims, at the end of her patience. "What war the use o' creatin' man with sech a slow onderstandin'? I reckon the reason woman was made arterward war ter gin the critter somebody ter explain things ter him! Can't you-uns sense" — she turned toward her husband — "ez what I be a-tryin' ter compass is why — why — I could tell ter a minit when the storm war a-comin', an' yit could n't tell the juggler war comin' with it?"

Tubal Sims, staring up from under his shaggy eyebrows, his arms folded on his knees, his cob pipe cocked between his teeth, could only ejaculate, "I dunno."

"Naw, you-uns dunno," flouted Mrs. Sims, "an' you-uns dunno a heap besides that."

He received this fling in humble silence. Then, after the manner of the henpecked, unable to keep out of trouble, albeit before his eyes, and flinching at the very moment from discipline, he must needs inquire, "Why, Jane Ann, what you-uns want the pore child hyar fur? Ye git on toler'ble well with the cookin' 'thout her help. Let Phemie git her visit out ter her granny in Piomingo Cove," he concluded expostulatively.

There was not a dimple in Mrs. Sims's face. It was all solid, set, stern, fat. She sunk down into a chair and folded her arms as she gazed at him. "Tubal Cain Sims," she addressed him solemnly, "ef I hed no mo' head-stuffin' 'n you-uns, I'd git folks ter chain me up like that thar tame b'ar at Sayre's Mill, so ez 't would be knowed I warn't 'sponsible. Ye hev yer motions like him, an' ye kin scratch yer head like him,

too; but he can't talk sense, an' ye can't nuther." She paused for a moment; then she condescended to explain: "I want that child Euphemy hyar kase she oughter hed a chance ter view that show las' night."

His countenance changed. He too valued the "show" as a special privilege. He was woe for Euphemia's sake, down yonder in the backwoods of Piomingo Cove.

"Mebbe he mought gin another over yander ter the Settlemint," he hazarded. "The folks over thar will be plumb sharp-set fur sech doin's whenst they hear 'bout'n it."

The sophistications of polite society are not recognized by the medical faculty as amongst the epidemics which spread among mankind, but no contagious principle has so dispersive a quality in every feature of the malady. Given one show in Etowah Cove, and Tubal Cain Sims developed the acumen of a keen *impresario*. He saw the opportunity, counted the chances, evolved as an original idea — for the existence of such a scheme had never reached his ears — a successful starring tour around the coves and mountain settlements of the Great Smoky range.

The melancholy expressed in the slow shaking of Mrs. Sims's head aroused him from this project.

"Naw," she said; "the fool way that folks tuk on 'bout Satan — they'd better hev the high-strikes 'count o' thar sins — an' thar threatenings an' sech will purvent him. He won't show agin. An' I be plumb afeard," she cried out in renewed vexation, "the man will get away from hyar 'thout viewin' Euphemy. I'll be bound he never seen the like of her afore!" with a joyous note of maternal pride.

The pipe turned around in Tubal Sims's mouth, and the charge of fire and ashes and tobacco fell unheeded on the floor. Like a voice in his ears the echo of that strange cry of the sleeper came

to him out of the deep darkness of the stormy midnight, with the problem of its occult significance, with the terror of its conjectural meaning, and every other consideration slipped from his consciousness. The perception of the mental trouble in the man's face, its confirmation even in the trifle of the unbaited hook, returned to him, with the determination that, if possible, he must know more of him or get him out of the Cove before Euphemia's return. "The man's dad-burned good-lookin'," he said to himself, perceiving the fact for the first time, since it had a personal application. "An' Phemie be powerful book-l'arned, an' be always scornin' the generality o' the young cusses round about, kase she knows more 'n they do. Mebbe he knows more 'n she do." He pondered for a moment on the possibility that daughter Euphemia's knowledge, acquired at the little schoolhouse where the "show" was held, was exceeded by the fund of information stored in the brain-pan of any single individual since the world began. At all events, anxiety, complications, familiar association in the sanctions of the fireside, impended. He rose to his feet. This was a man with a secret, and, innocent or guilty, a stranger to his host. He must be quick, for Mrs. Sims — transparent Mrs. Sims! — was even now evolving methods by which Euphemia might be summoned peremptorily from Pioningo Cove, and means of transportation. She chuckled even amidst her anxieties. The juggler, in all his experience, — and his conversation now and again gave intimations that he was a man of cities and had seen much folk in his time, — had never viewed aught like Euphemia, and if scheming might avail, he should not leave Etowah Cove till this crowning mercy was vouchsafed him.

Whether Tubal Sims vaunted his wife's mental qualities or derided them, — and his estimate swung like a pendulum from one side to the other, as her views coincided with his or differed from them, —

he knew that on this topic she was immovable. To pierce the juggler's heart by a dart still more mystic and subtle than aught his skill could wield was her motive. Help must come, if at all, from without the domestic circle. He waited, doubtful, until after dinner, and as he looked about for his hat, his resolution taken after much brooding thought, he noted a change in the weather-signs. The wind was blowing crisply through the open passage. The mists had lifted. The river, dully gurgling in the dreary early morning, had begun anew its lapsing sibilant song that seemed a concomitant of the sunshine; for the slanting afternoon glitter was on it here and there, and high on the mountain side all the various green possible to spring foliage was elicited by the broad expanse of the golden sheen that came down from the west. He noted, as he took his way along the road, that the recumbent figure once again on the ledge below was not asleep, for the juggler lifted his hand as the rocks above began to reflect the beams on the water in a tremulous shimmer, and drew his hat further over his eyes. "Ye mought hev better comp'ny 'n yer thoughts, Mr. Showman, I'm a-thinkin'," Tubal Sims muttered, and he mended his pace.

His path, much trodden, wended along about the base of the range, and finally, by a series of zigzag curves, began to ascend the slope. The clouds, white, tenuous, were flying high now. The sun had grown hot. Already the moisture was dried from the wayside foliage of laurel as he came upon the projecting spur of the range where the lime-burners worked. The logs, protected from the rain by a ledge of rocks, had been piled anew with layers of limestone, and the primitive process of calcination had begun once more. Here and there were great heaps of fragments of rock placed close at hand, and numerous trees had been felled for fuel and lay at length on the ground, yet so dense was the forest

that the loss was not appreciable to the eye. The stumps and boles of these trees furnished seats for a number of lounging mountaineers, in every attitude that might express a listless sloth. Those who had come to work felt that they had earned a respite from labor, and those who had come to talk hastened to utilize the opportunity. Their talk was something more brisk than usual, accelerated by interest in a new and uncommon topic. As Sims had foreseen, the events of the previous evening occupied every thought, and many experienced a freshened joy in detailing them anew to Peter Knowles, who alone of all the neighborhood for a circuit of ten miles had been absent. He had heard every incident repeatedly rehearsed without showing a sign of flagging interest. Now and then he bent his brows and looked down at the quicklime scattered on the ground, and silently meditated on its capacity to destroy bone and on the juggler's unhallowed curiosity.

"A body dunno how ter git thar own cornsent ter b'lieve his own eyesight," one of the men reflectively averred. The interval since witnessing the astounding feats of the prestidigitator had afforded space for rumination, and but served to deepen the impression of possibilities set at naught and miracles enacted.

"That thar man air in league with Satan," declared another. "Surely, surely he air." He accentuated his words with his long lean forefinger shaken impressively at the group.

"Ye mark my words," said Peter Knowles suddenly, eying the refuse of quicklime on the ground, "no good hev kem inter the Cove with that thar man."

"Whar 'd he kem from, ennyhows?" demanded the first speaker.

"Whar 'd he kem from?" repeated Knowles, peering over the great kiln. "From hell, my frien's, — straight from hell."

He had the combined drone and whine which he esteemed appropriate to the

clerical office; for though he had never experienced a "call," he deemed himself singularly fitted for that vocation by virtue of a disposition to hold forth at great length to any one who would listen to his views on religious themes, — and in this region, where time is plenty and industry scanty, he seldom lacked listeners, — a conscience ever sensitive to the sins of other people, and great freedom in the use of such Scriptural terms as are debarred to persons not naturally profane or suffering under the stress of extreme rage.

"Waal, sir!" exclaimed old man Cobbs, sitting on a stump and gently nursing his knee. He spoke with a voice of deep reprehension, and as simple an acceptance of the possibility of hailing from the place in question as if it were geographically extant.

Ormsby, who had been standing leaning on an axe, silently listening, laughed slightly at this, — an incredulous laugh. "Folks ez git ter that kentry don't git back in a hurry," he drawled negligently, but with a manifest satisfaction in the circumstance, as if he knew of sundry wights whom he esteemed well placed.

"How d' ye know they don't?" demanded Peter Knowles. "Ain't ye never read the Scriptures enough ter sense them lines, 'Satan was a-walkin' up and down through the yearth,' ye blunderin' buzzard, an' *he* fell from heaven?"

The young fellow's slim athletic figure was clearly defined against the western sky. He swung his axe nonchalantly now, for to be an adept in reading and remembering the Scriptures was not the height of his ambition. Nevertheless, the idea of the possibility of being in the orbit, as it were, of an earthly stroll of the Prince of Darkness roused him to argument and insistence on a less terrifying solution of the mystery.

"He telled it ter me ez he kem from Happy Valley," he volunteered.

The elders of the party stared at one another. The fire roared suddenly as a

log broke, burned in twain; the limestone fragments, still crude, went rattling into the crevices its fall had made. Peter Knowles's arm, with the free ministerial gesticulation which he was wont to copy, fixed the absurdity upon Ormsby even before he spoke.

"Don't ye know that thar Philistine ain't got sech speech ez them ez lives in Happy Valley, nor thar clothes, nor thar raisin', nor thar manners, nor thar ways, nor thar — nuthin'? Don't you-uns sense that?"

"I 'lowed ez much ter him," replied Ormsby, a trifle browbeaten by the seniority of his interlocutor and the difficulty of the subject. "I up-ed an' said, 'Ye ain't nowise like folks ez live in Happy Valley. Ter look at ye, I'd set it down fur true ez ye hed never been in the shadder o' Chilhowee all yer days.'"

"An' what did he say, bub?" demanded old man Cobbs gently, after a moment of waiting.

"Great Gosh, yes!" exclaimed Peter Knowles explosively. "We-uns ain't a-waitin' hyar ter hear you-uns tell yer talk; ennybody could hev said that an' mo'. What did the man say?"

Ormsby turned doubtfully toward the descending sun and the reddening sky. "We-uns war a-huntin', me an' that juggler. I seen him yistiddy mornin'. I went down thar ter Mis' Sims' an' happened ter view him. An' I loant him my brother's gun. An' whenst I said that 'bout his looks an' sech we war a-huntin', an' he 'peared not ter know thar war enny Happy Valley over yander by Chilhowee. An' I tuk him up yander whar he could look over an' see the Rich Woods an' Happy Valley, an' — an' —" He paused.

"An' what did he say?" inquired Knowles eagerly.

Ormsby looked embarrassed. "He jes' say," he went on suddenly, as if with an effort, "he jes' say, 'Oh, Dr. Johnson!' an' bust out a-laffin'. I dunno what the critter meant."

Once more Ormsby turned, swinging his axe in his strong right hand, and glanced absently over the landscape.

The sun was gone. The mountains, darkly glooming, rose high above the Cove on every side, seeming to touch the translucent amber sky that, despite the sunken sun, conserved an effect of illumination heightened by contrast with the fringes of hemlock and pine, that had assumed a sombre purple hue, waving against its crystalline concave. In this suffusion of reflected color, rather than in the medium of daylight, he beheld the scanty fields below in the funnel-like basin; for this projecting spur near the base of the range gave an outlook over the lower levels at hand. Some cows, he could discern, were still wending homeward along an undulating red clay road, rising and falling till the woods intervened. The woods were black. Night was afoot there amongst the shadowy boughs, for all the golden glow of the feigning sky. The evening mists were adrift along the ravines. Ever and anon the flames flickered out, red and yellow, from the heap of logs. Not a sound stirred the group as they pondered on this strange reply, till Ormsby said reflectively, "The juggler be toler'ble good comp'ny, though, — nuthin' like the devil an' sech; leastwise, so much ez I know 'bout Satan," — he seemed to defer to the superior acquaintanceship of Knowles. "This hyar valley-man talks powerful pleasant; an' he kin sing, — jes' set up an' sing like a plumb red-headed mock-in'-bird, that's what! You-uns hearn him sing at the show," — he turned from Knowles to appeal to the rest of the group.

"Did he 'pear ter you-uns, whilst huntin', ter try enny charms an' spells on the wild critters?" asked Knowles.

"They did n't work if he did!" exclaimed Jack Ormsby, with a great gush of laughter that startled the echoes into weird unmirthful response. "He shot one yallerhammer arter travelin' nigh

ten mile ter git him." After a pause, "I gin him the best chance at a deer I ever hed. I never see a feller hev the 'buck ager' so bad. He never witched that deer. He shot plumb two feet too high. She jes' went a-bouncin' by him down the mounting, — bouncin' yit, I reckon! But he kin shoot toler'ble fair at a mark." The ready laughter again lighted his face. "He 'lows he likes a mark ter shoot at kase it stands still. He's plumb pleasant comp'ny, sure."

"Waal, he ain't been sech powerful pleasant comp'ny down ter my house," protested Tubal Sims. "Ain't got a word ter say, an' 'pears like he ain't got the heart ter eat a mouthful o' vittles. Yander he hev been a-lyin' flat on them wet rocks all ter-day, with no mo' keer o' the rheumatics 'n ef he war a bull-frog, — a-feeshin' in the ruver with a hook 'thout no bait on it."

"What 'd he ketch?" demanded one of the men, with a quick glance of alarm. Miracles for the purpose of exhibition and cutting a dash they esteemed far less repellent to the moral sense than the use of uncommon powers to serve the ordinary purpose of daily life.

"Pleurisy, ef he got his deserts," observed the disaffected host. "He caught nuthin' with ez much sense ez a stickle-back. 'Pears ter me he ain't well, no-how. He groaned a power in his sleep las' night, arter the show. An'" — he felt he ventured on dangerous ground — "he talked, too."

There was a significant silence. "That thar man hev got suthin' on his mind," muttered Peter Knowles.

"I be powerful troubled myself," returned the level-headed Sims weakly. "I ought n't ter hev tuk him in, — him a stranger, though" — he remembered the hospitable text in time for a flimsy self-justification. "But 't war a-stormin' powerful, and he 'peared plumb beat out. I 'lowed that night he war goin' inter some sort'n fever or dee-lerium. I put him inter the roof-room, an' he went ter

bed ez soon ez he could git thar. But the nex' day he war ez fraish an' gay ez a jay-bird."

"What's he talk 'bout whenst sleep-in?" asked Peter Knowles, his covert glance once more reverting to the refuse of quicklime at his feet.

"Suthin' he never lays his tongue ter whenst wakin', I 'll be bound," replied Tubal Sims precipitately. Then he hesitated. This disclosure was, he felt, a flagrant breach of hospitality. What right had he to listen to the disjointed exclamations of his guest in his helplessness as he slept, place his own interpretation upon them, and retail them to others for their still more inimical speculation? Jane Ann Sims, — how he would have respected her judgment had she been a man! — he knew, would not have given the words a second thought. But then her habit of mind was incredulous. Parson Greenought often told her he feared her faith was not sufficient to take her to heaven. "I be dependin' on suthin' better 'n that, pa'son," she would smilingly rejoin. "I ain't lookin' ter my own pore mind an' my own wicked heart fur help. An' ye mark my words, I 'll be the fust nangel ye shake han's with when ye git inside the golden door." And the parson, impaled on his own weapons, could only suggest that they should sing a hymn together, which they did, — Jane Ann Sims much the louder of the two.

Admirable woman! she had but a single weakness, and this Tubal Cain Sims was aware that he shared. With a single thought of their household idol, Euphemia, every scruple slipped from his consciousness.

"Last night," he began suddenly, "I war so confluscated with the goin's-on ez I could n't sleep fur a while. An' ez I sot downsteers afore the fire, I could but take notice o' how oneasy this man 'peared in his sleep up in the roof-room. He sighed an' groaned like suthin' in agony. An' then he says, so painful,

'But the one who lives — oh, what can I do — the one who lives!'" He paused abruptly to mark the petrified astonishment on the group of faces growing white in the closing dusk.

An owl began to hoot in the bosky recesses far up the slope. At the sound, carrying far in the twilight stillness, a hound bayed from the door of the little cabin in the Cove, by the river. A light, stellar in the gloom that hung about the lower levels, suddenly sprung up in the window. A tremulous elongated reflection shimmered in the shallows close under the bank where the juggler had been lying. Was he there yet? Sims wondered, shaking with the excitement of the moment.

His anxiety was not quelled, but a great relief came upon him when Peter Knowles echoed his own thought, which seemed thus the natural sequence of the event, and not some far-fetched fantasy.

"That thar man hev killed somebody, ez sure ez you live!" exclaimed Peter Knowles. "'But the one who lives!' An' who is the one who died?"

"Jes' so, jes' so," interpolated Sims, reassured to see his own mental process so definitely duplicated in the thoughts of a man held to be of experienced and just judgment, and much regarded in the community.

"He be a-runnin' from jestic," resumed Knowles. "He ain't no juggler, ez he calls hisself."

There was a general protest.

"Shucks, Pete, ye oughter seen him swaller a bay'net."

"An' ole Mis' Sims tole him she'd resk her shears on it, she jes' felt so reckless an' plumb kerried away. An' he swallered them too, an' then tuk 'em out'n his throat, sharp ez ever."

"An' he swallered a paper o' needles an' a spool o' thread, an' brung 'em out'n his mouth all threaded."

There was a delighted laugh rippling round the circle.

"Look-a-hyar, my frien's," remon-

strated Peter Knowles in a solemn, sepulchral voice, "I never viewed none o' these doin's, but ye air all 'bleeged ter know ez they air on-possible, the devices o' the devil. An' hyar ye be, perfessin' Christians, a-laffin' at them wiles ez air laid ter delude the onwary."

There was a general effort to pull themselves together, and one of the men then observed gravely that on the occasion when these wonders were exhibited Parson Benias Greenought taxed the performer with this supposition.

"Waal," remarked Ormsby, "ye air 'bleeged ter hev tuk notice, ef ye war thar las' night, ez old Benias never moved toe or toe-nail till arter all the jinks war over. He seen all thar war ter see 'fore he 'lowed how the sinners war enj'yn' tharse'fs, an' called up the devil ter len' a han'."

"What the man say?" demanded Peter Knowles.

"He 'peared cornsider'ble set back a-fust, an' then he tried ter laff it off," replied Gideon Beck. "He 'lowed he could l'arn seeh things ter folks ez he had l'arn't 'em, too."

"Now tell me one thing: how's a man goin' ter l'arn a man ter put a per-simmon seed in a pail o' yearth, an' lay a sheet over it, an' sing some foolishness, an' take off'n the sheet, an' thar's a per-simmon shoot with a root ez long ez my han' a-growin' in that yearth?"

There were sundry gravely shaken heads.

"Mis' Jernigan jes' went plumb inter the high-strikes, she got so skeered, an' they hed ter take her home in the wagon," said Beck.

"Old man Jernigan hed none; the las' time I viewed him he war a-tryin' ter swaller old Mis' Jernigan's big shears hisse'f," retorted Ormsby.

"Mis' Jernigan ain't never got the rights o' herself yit, an' her cow hev done gone dry, too," observed Beck.

"Tell me, my brethren, what's them words mean, — 'the one who lives'?"

insisted Peter Knowles significantly. "Sure's ye air born, thar's another verse an' chapter ter that sayin'. Who war the one who died?"

Once more awe settled down upon the little group. The wind had sprung up. Now and again the pennons of flame flaunted out from the great heap of logs and stones, and threw livid bars of light athwart the landscape, which pulsed visibly as the flames rose and fell, — now seeming strangely distinct and near at hand, now receding into the darkness and distance. Mystery affiliated with the time and place, and there was scant responsiveness to Ormsby's protest as he once more sought to befriend the absent juggler.

"I can't git my cornsent ter b'lieve ez thar be enny dead one. I reckon the feller war talkin' 'bout his kemin' powerful nigh dyin' hisself. He 'lowed ter me ez he hed a mighty great shock jes' afore he kem hyar, — what made him so diff'ent a-fust."

"Shocked by lightning?" demanded Peter Knowles dubiously.

"I reckon so; never hearn on no other kind."

"Waal, now," said Tubal Sims, who had sought during this discussion to urge his views on the coterie, "I 'low that the Cove ought not ter take up with sech jubious doin's ez these."

"Lawsy massy!" exclaimed Beck, with the uplifted eyebrows of derision, "las' night you-uns an' Mis' Sims too 'peared plumb kerried away, jes' bodaciously dee-lighted, with the juggler an' all his pay-formances!"

There is naught in all our moral economy which can suffer a change without discredit and disparagement, barring what is known as a change of heart. It is a clumsy and awkward mental evolution at best, as the turncoat in politics, the apologist in social deficiencies, the fickle-minded in religious doctrines, know to their cost. The process of veering is attended invariably with a poignant

mortification, as if one had warranted one's opinions infallible, and to endure till time shall be no more. Tubal Cain Sims experienced all the ignominious sensations known as "eatin' crow," as he sought to modify and qualify his satisfaction of the previous evening, and reconcile it to his complete change of sentiment now, without giving his true reason. It would argue scant courtesy to the absent Euphemia to intimate his fears lest she admire too much the juggler, and it might excite ridicule to suggest his certainty that the juggler would admire her far too much. Sometimes, indeed, he doubted if other people — that is, above the age of twenty-five — entertained the rapturous estimate of Euphemia, which was a subject on which he and Jane Ann Sims never differed.

"I did, — I did," he sputtered. "Me an' Jane Ann nare one never seen no harm in the pay-formance. An' Jane Ann don't know nuthin' contrarious yit, kase I ain't tole her, — she bein' a 'oman, an' liable ter talk free an' let her tongue git a-goin'; she dunno whar ter stop. A man ought n't ter tell his wife sech ez he aims ter go no furdur," he added discursively.

"'Thout he wants all the Cove ter be a-gabblin' over it nex' day," assented a husband of three experiments. "I know wimmin. Lawsy massy! I know 'em now." He shook his head lugubriously, as if his education in feminine quirks and wiles had gone hard with him, and he could willingly have dispensed with a surplusage of learning.

"But arter I hearn them strange words," resumed Tubal Cain Sims, — "them strange words, so painful an' pitiful-spoken, — I drewed the same idee ez Peter Knowles thar. I 'lowed the juggler war some sort'n evil-doer agin the law, — though he did n't look like it ter me."

"He did ter me; he featured it from the fust," Knowles protested, with a stern drawing down of his forbidding face.

There was a momentary pause while they all seemed to meditate on the evidence afforded by the personal appearance of the juggler.

"I bē afeard," continued Sims, glancing at Knowles, "like Pete say, he hev c'mmitted murder an' be fleein' from the law. An' I be a law-abidin' citizen — an' — an' — he can't stay at my house."

There was silence. No one was interested in the impeccability of Tubal Cain Sims's house. It was his castle. He was free to say who should come and who should go. His own responsibility was its guarantee.

It is a pathetic aspect in human affairs that the fact of how little one's personal difficulties and anxieties and turmoils of mind count to one's friends can only be definitely ascertained by the experiment made in the thick of these troubles.

With a sudden return of his wonted perspicacity, Sims said, "That thar man oughter be gin notice ter leave. I call on ye all — ye all live round 'bout the Cove — ter git him out'n it."

There was a half-articulate grumble of protest and surprise.

"It's yer business ter make him go, ef yer don't want him in yer house," said Peter Knowles, looking loweringly at Sims.

"I ain't got nuthin' agin him," declared Sims excitedly, holding both empty palms upward. "I can't say, 'Git out; ye talk in yer sleep, an' ye don't talk ter suit me!' He mought say ter me, 'Ye walk in yer sleep, an' ye don't walk Spanish!' *But*," fixing the logic upon them with weighty emphasis and a significant pause, "you-uns all b'lieve ez he air in league with Satan, an' his jinks air deviltries an' sech. An' so be, ye ought ter make him take hisself an' his conjurin's off from hyar 'fore he witches the craps, or spirits away the lime, or tricks the mill, or — He ought ter be gin hours ter el'ar out."

Peter Knowles roused himself to argument. He had developed a vivid

curiosity concerning the juggler. The threat of the devil's agency was a far cry to his fears, — be it remembered he had not seen the bayonet swallowed! — and he had phenomenal talents for contrariety, and graced the opposition with great persistence and power of contradiction.

"Bein' ez ye hev reason ter suspect that man o' murder or sech, we-uns ain't got the *right* ter give him hours ter leave. Ye ain't got the *right* ter turn him out'n yer house ter escape from the off'cers o' the law."

The crowd, always on the alert for a sensation, pricked up their willing ears. "Naw, ye ain't," more than one asseverated.

"'T would jes' be holpin' him on his run from jestice," declared Beck. "Further he gits, further the sher'ff 'll hev ter foller, an' mo' chance o' losin' him."

"They be on his track now, I reckon," said old Josiah Cobbs dolorously.

"It's the jewty o' we-uns in the Cove," resumed Peter Knowles, "ter keep a stric' watch on him an' see ter it he don't git away 'fore the sher'ff tracks him hyar."

Tubal Sims's blood ran cold. A man sitting daily at his table under the espionage of all the Cove as a murderer! A man sleeping in his best feather-bed — and the way he floundered in its unaccustomed depths nothing but a porpoise could emulate — till the sheriff of the county should come to hale him out to the ignominious quarters of the common jail! Jane Ann Sims — how his heart sank as he thought that had he first taken counsel of her he would not now be in a position to receive his orders from Peter Knowles! — to be in daily friendly association with this strange guest, to be sitting at home now calmly stitching cuffs for a man who might be wearing handcuffs before daylight! Euphemia — when he thought of Euphemia he rose precipitately from the rock on which he was seated. In twenty-four

hours Euphemia should be in Buncombe County, North Carolina, where his sister lived. The juggler should never see her; for who knew what lengths Jane Ann Sims's vicarious love of admiration would carry her? If the man were on his knees, what cared she what the Cove thought of him? And Euphemia should never see the juggler. She was a sensible girl. He would warn her of the character of his guest, and she would doubtless wish to avoid so unsavory an association. He hurried down the darkening way, hearing without heeding the voices of his late comrades, all dispersing homeward by devious paths, — now loud in the still twilight, now veiled and indistinct in the distance. The chirring of the myriad nocturnal insects was rising from every bush, louder, more confident, refreshed by the recent rain, and the frogs chanted by the riverside.

He had reached the lower levels at last. He glanced up and saw the first timid palpitant star spring forth with a glitter into the midst of the neutral-tinted ether, and then, as if affrighted at the vast voids of the untenanted skies, disappear so elusively that the eye might not mark the spot where that white crystalline flake had trembled. It was early yet. He strode up to his own house, whence the yellow light glowed from the window. He stopped suddenly, his heart sinking like lead. There on the step of the passage sat Euphemia, her elbow on her knee, her chin in her hand, her eyes pensively fixed on the uncertain kindling of that pioneer star once more blazing out the road in the evening sky.

III.

Euphemia could hardly have said what it was that had brought her home, — some vague yet potent impulse, some occult, unimagined power of divination, some subjection to her mother's will constraining her, or simply the intuition that

there was some opportunity for mischief unimproved. Tubal Cain Sims shook his head dubiously as he canvassed each theory. He ventured to ask the views of Mrs. Sims, after he had partaken of the supper set aside for him — for the meal was concluded before his return — and had lighted his pipe.

"What brung her home? Them stout leetle brogans, — that's what," said Mrs. Sims, chuckling between the whiffs of her own pipe.

"Course I know the chile walked. I reckon she'll hev stone-bruises a plenty arter this, — full twelve mile. But what put it inter her head ter kem? She 'lowed ter me she ain't dreamed o' nuthin', 'ceptin' Spot hed a new calf, which she ain't got. Reckon 'twar a leadin' or a warnin' or" —

"I reckon 'twar homesickness. Young gals always pine fur home, special ef thar ain't nuthin' spry goin' on in a new place." And once more Jane Ann Sims, in the plenitude of her triumph, chuckled.

It chanced, that afternoon, that when the red sunset was aflame over the bronze-green slopes that encircled the Cove, and the great pine near at hand began to sway and to sing and to cast forth the rich benison of its aroma to the fresh rain-swept air, the juggler roused himself, pushed back his hat from his eyes, and gazed with listless melancholy about him. Somehow the sweet peace of the secluded place appealed to his world-weary senses. The sounds, — the distant, mellow lowing of the kine, homeward wending; the tinkle of a sheep-bell; the rhythmic wash of the river; the ecstatic cadenzas of a mocking-bird, so intricate, delivered with such dashing *élan*, so marvelously clear and sweet and high as to give an effect as of glitter, — all were so harmoniously bucolic. He was soothed in a measure, or dulled, as he drew a long sigh of relief and surcease of pain, and began to experience that facile renewal of interest common to youth with all its recuperative faculties. It fights a

valiant fight with sorrow or trouble, and only the years conquer it at last. For the first time he noted among the budding willows far down the stream a roof all askant, which he divined at once was the mill. He rose to his feet with a quickening curiosity. As he released the futile fishing-rod and wound up the line he remarked the unbaited hook. His face changed abruptly with the thought of his absorption and trouble. He pitied himself.

The road down which he took his way described many a curve seeking to obviate the precipitousness of the descent. The rocks rose high on either side, and when the scene broke upon him in its entirety it was as if a curtain were suddenly lifted. How shadowy, how fragrant the budding woods above the calm and lustrous water! The mill, its walls canted askew, dark and soaked with the rain, and its mossy roof awry, was sombre and silent. Over the dam the water fell in an unbroken crystal sheet so smooth and languorous that it seemed motionless, as if under a spell. Ferns were thick on a marshy slope opposite, where scattered boulders lay, and one quivering blossomy bough of a dogwood-tree leaned over its white reflection in the water, fairer than itself, like some fond memory embellishing the thing it images.

With that sudden sense of companionship in loneliness by which a presence is felt before it is perceived, he turned sharply back as he was about to move away, and glanced again toward the mill. A young girl was standing in the doorway in an attitude of arrested poise, as if in surprise.

Timidity was not the juggler's besetting sin. He lifted his hat with a courteous bow, the like of which had never been seen in Etowah Cove, and thus commending himself to her attention, he took his way toward her along the slant of the corduroy road; for this fleeting glimpse afforded to him the first suggestion of interest which the Cove had

as yet been able to present. For the first time since reaching its confines it occurred to him that it might be possible for him to live along awhile yet. Nevertheless, he contrived to keep his eyes decorously void of expression, and occupied them for the most part in aiding his feet to find their way among the crevices and obstacles with which the road abounded. When he paused, he asked, suffering his eyes to rest inquiringly on the girl, "Beg pardon, but will you kindly inform me where is the miller?"

The glimpse that had so attracted him was, he felt, all inadequate, as he stood and gazed, privileged by virtue of his interest in the absent miller. He could not have seen from the distance how fair, how dainty, was her complexion, nor the crinkles and sparkles of gold in her fine brown hair. It waved upward from her low brow in a heavy undulation which he would have discriminated as "*à la Pompadour*," but its contour was compassed by wearing far backward a round comb, the chief treasure of her possessions; the heavy masses of hair rising smoothly toward the front, and falling behind in long, loose ringlets about her shoulders. She had a delicate chin with a deep dimple, — which last reminded him unpleasantly of Mrs. Sims, for dimples were henceforth at a discount; a fine, small, bony, aquiline nose; two dark silken eyebrows, each describing a perfect arc; and surely there were never created for the beguilement of man two such large, lustrous gray-blue eyes, long-lashed, deep-set, as those which served Euphemia Sims for the comparatively unimportant function of vision. He had hardly been certain whether her attire was more or less grotesque than the costume of the other mountain women until she lifted them and completed the charm of the unique apparition. She wore a calico bought by the yard at the store, and accounted but a flimsy fabric by the homespun-weaving mountain women. It was of a pale green tint, and had once

been sprinkled over with large dark green leaves. Lye soap and water had done their merciful work. The strong crude color of the leaves had been subdued to a tint but little deeper than the ground of the material, and while the contour of the foliage was retained, it was mottled into a semblance of light and shade here and there where the dye strove to hold fast. The figure which it draped was long-waisted and slender; the feet which the full skirt permitted to be half visible were small, and arrayed in brown hose and the stout little brogans which had brought her so nimbly from Piomingo Cove. Partly amused, partly contemptuous, partly admiring, the juggler wondered at her hesitation and embarrassment, and relished it as of his own inspiring.

"Waal," she drawled, hesitating, "I don't rightly know." She gazed at him doubtfully. "Air ye wantin' ter see him special?"

He had a momentary terror lest she should ask him for his grist and unmask his subterfuge. He sought refuge in candor. "Well, I was admiring the mill. This is a pretty spot, and I wished to ask the miller's name."

There was a flash of laughter in her eyes, although her lips were grave. "His name be Tubal Sims; an' ef he don't prop up his old mill somehow, it'll cāreen down on him some day." She added, with asperity, "I dunno what ye be admirin' it fur, 'thout it air ter view what a s'prisin' pitch laziness kin kem ter."

"That's what I admire. I'm a proficient, a professor of the science of laziness."

She lifted her long black lashes only a little as she gazed at him with half-lowered lids. "Ye won't find no *pupils* in that science hyarabout. The Cove's done graduated." She smiled slightly, as if to herself. The imagery of her response, drawn from her slender experience at the schoolhouse, pleased her for

the moment, but she had no disposition toward further conversational triumphs.

There was a moment's silence, and then she looked at him in obvious surprise that he did not take himself off. It would seem that he had got what he had come for, — the miller's name and the opportunity to admire the mill. He experienced a momentary embarrassment. He was so conscious of the superiority of his social status, knowledge of the world, and general attainments that her apparent lack of comprehension of his condescension in lingering to admire also the miller's daughter was subversive in some sort of his wonted aplomb. It rallied promptly, however, and he went on with a certain half-veiled mocking courtesy, of which the satire of the sentiment was only vaguely felt through the imperious words.

"I presume you are the miller's daughter?"

She looked at him in silent acquiescence.

"Then I am happy to make an acquaintance which kind fortune has been holding in store for me, since my stay in the Cove is at the miller's hospitable home." He concluded with a smiling flourish. But her bewitching eyes gazed seriously at him.

"What be yer name?" she demanded succinctly.

"Leonard, — John Leonard, — very much at your service," he replied, with an air half banter, half propitiation.

"Ye be the juggler that mam's been talkin' 'bout," she said as if to herself, completing his identification. "I drewed the idee from what mam said ez ye war a old pusson, at least cōnsider'ble on in years."

"And so I am!" he cried, with a sudden change of tone. "If life is measured by what we feel and what we suffer, I am old," — he paused with a sense of self-betrayal, — "some four or five hundred at least," he added, relapsing into his wonted light tone.

She shook her head sagely. "'Pears-like ter me ez it mought be medjured by the sense folks gather ez they go. I hev knowed some mighty young fools at sixty."

The color showed in his face; her unconscious intimation of his youth according to this method of estimate touched his vanity, even evoked a slight resentment.

"You are an ancient dame, on that theory! I bow to your wisdom, madam, — quite the soberest party I have seen since I entered the paradisaical seclusion of Etowah Cove."

She apprehended the belligerent note in his voice, although she scarcely apprehended the *casus belli*. There was, however, a responsive flash in her eye, which showed she was game in any quarrel. No tender solicitude animated her lest unintentionally she had wounded the feelings of this pilgrim and stranger. He had taken the liberty to be offended when no offense was intended, and perhaps with the laudable desire to give him, as it were, something to cry for, she struck back as best she might.

"Not so sober ez some o' them folks ye gin yer show afore, over yander at the Notch. I hearn they war fit ter weep an' pray arterward. Mam'lowed ye made 'em sober fur sure."

He was genuinely nettled at this thrust. His feats of jugglery had resulted so contrary to his expectations, had roused so serious a danger, that he did not even in his own thoughts willingly revert to them. He turned away on one heel of the pointed russet shoes that had impressed the denizens of Etowah Cove hardly less unpleasantly than a cloven hoof, and looked down the long darkly lustrous avenue of the river; for the mill so projected over the water that the point of view was as if it were anchored in midstream. The green boughs leaned far over the smooth shadowy current; here and there, where a half-submerged rock lifted its jagged summit above the surface, the water foamed pre-

ternaturally white in the sylvan glooms. He had a cursory impression of many features to give pleasure to the eye, were his mind at ease to enjoy such trifles, and his sense alert to mark them: the moss on the logs, and the lichen; the tangle of the trumpet-vines, all the budding tendrils blowing with the breeze, that clambered over the rickety structure, and hung down from the apex of the high roof, and swayed above the portal; even the swift motion of a black snake swimming sinuously in the clear water, and visible through the braiding of the currents as through corrugated glass.

"No," he said, his teeth set together, his eyes still far down the stream, "I did my little best, but my entertainment was not a success; and if that fact makes you merry, I wish you joy of your mirth."

His eyes returned to her expectantly; he was not altogether unused to sounding the cultivated feminine heart, trained to sensibility and susceptible to many a specious sophistry. Naught he had found more efficacious than an appeal for sympathy to those who have sympathy in bulk and on call. The attribution, also, of a motive trenching on cruelty, and unauthorized by fact, was wont to occasion a flutter of protest and contrition.

Euphemia Sims met his gaze in calm silence. She had intended no mirth at his expense, and if he were minded to evolve it gratuitously he was welcome to his illusion. Aught that she had said had been to return or parry a blow. She spoke advisedly. There was no feigning of gentleness in her, no faltering nor turning back. She stood stanchly ready to abide by her words. She had known no trafficking with that pretty superficial feminine *tendresse*, so graceful a garb of identity, and she could not conceive of him as an object of pity because her sarcasm had cut deeper than his own. He had an impression that he had indeed reached primitive conditions. The encounter with an absolute candor shocked his mental prepossessions as a

sudden douche of cold water might startle the nerves.

He was all at once very tired of the mill, extremely tired of his companion. The very weight of the fishing-rod and its unbaited hook was a burden. He was making haste to take himself off — he hardly knew where — from one weariness of spirit to another. Despite the lesson he had had, that he would receive of her exactly the measure of consideration that he meted out, he could not refrain from a half-mocking intimation as he said, "And do you propose to take up your abode down here, that you linger so long in this watery place, — a nymph, a naiad, or a grace?" He glanced slightly down the dusky bosky vista.

She was not even discomfited by his manner. "I kem down hyar," she remarked, the interest of her errand paramount for the moment, "I kem down ter the mill ter see ef I could n't find some seconds. They make a sort o' change arter eatin' bolted flour awhile."

He was not culinary in his tastes, and he had no idea what "seconds" might be, unless indeed he encountered them in their transmogrified estate as rolls on the table.

"And having found them, may I crave the pleasure of escorting you up the hill to the paternal domicile? I observe the shadows are growing very long."

"You-uns may kerry the bag," she replied, with composure, "an' I'll kerry the fishin'-pole."

Thus it was he unexpectedly found himself plodding along the romantic road he had so lately traversed, with a bag of "seconds" on his shoulder, — "a veritable beast of burden," he said sarcastically to himself, — while Euphemia Sims's light, airy figure loitered along the perfumed ways in advance of him, her cloudy curls waving slightly with the motion and the breeze, and the fishing-rod over her shoulder; on the end of it where the unbaited hook was wound with the line her green sunbonnet was

perched, flouncing like some great struggling thing that the angler had caught.

When the miller's cabin was reached, and the bag of seconds deposited upon the swinging shelf where the household stores were safe from rats and mice, he had no inclination to linger, after supper, on the step of the passage, where Euphemia sat alone. He passed stiffly by, with a sense of getting out of harm's way, and ascended to his room in the roof, where for a long time he lay in the floundering instabilities of the feather-bed, which gave him now and again a sensation as of drowning in soft impalpable depths, — a sensation especially revolting to his nerves. Nevertheless, it was but vaguely that he heard the movements downstairs as the doors were closed, and when he opened his eyes again it was morning, and the new day marked a change.

If anything were needed to further his alienation from the beautiful daughter of the house, it might have been furnished by her own voice, the first sounds of which that reached his ears were loud and somewhat unfilial.

"It's a plumb sin not ter milk a cow reg'lar ter the minit every day," she averred dictatorially.

"Show me the chapter an' verse fur that, ef it's a sin; ye air book-l'arned," wheezed her mother, on the defensive.

"I ain't lookin' in the Bible fur cow-l'arnin'," retorted Euphemia. "There's nuthin' in the Bible ter make a fool of saint or sinner."

"Thar's mo' cows spoke of in the Bible 'n ever you see," persisted Mrs. Sims, glad of the diversion. "Jacob hed thousands o' cattle, an' Aberham thousands, an' Laban thousands, not ter count Joseph's ten lean kine an' ten fat kine, what I reckon war never viewed out'n a dream, an' mought be accounted visions."

"Waal, I ain't ez well pervided with cattle ez them folks, neither sleepin' nor wakin'," said Euphemia. "I 'lowed

ye 'd milk pore Spot reg'lar like I does, else I would n't hev gone away."

"I slep' till nigh supper-time," apologized Mrs. Sims unctuously, pricked in conscience at last, "else I'd hev done it. Want me ter go walkin' in my sleep, like yer dad, an' milk the cow?"

Euphemia said no more, but there rose an energetic clashing of pans and kettles, intimating that the explanation had not mitigated the enormity of the offense. It was with a distinct sentiment of apprehension that the juggler made himself ready and descended the stairs. The place was evidently under martial law. The slipshod, easy-going liberty which had characterized it was a thing of the past. He might hardly have recognized it, so different was the atmosphere, but for the fixtures. The perfumed air swept through and through the rooms that he had found so close, from open window to open door. The floors were scrubbed white, and still but half dry. The breakfast-table was set in the passage, and the graceful hop-vines which grew over the aperture at the rear showed the morning sunshine only in tiny interstices, as they waved back and forth with a fluctuating glimmer and an undertone of rustlings and murmurs; through the drooping boughs of the elm at the opposite entrance might be caught glimpses of the silver river and the gray rocks and the purple mountains afar off.

Here he found Euphemia and her parents. The irate flush was still red on the young girl's cheeks, and her eyes were bright with the stern elation of victory. But if submission entailed on Mrs. Sims no effort, she was not averse to subjugation. The juggler was pleased for once to perceive no diminution in the number and depth of her dimples as she welcomed him.

"Ye 'll hev ter put up with Phemie's cookin', now. I don't b'lieve in no old 'oman cookin' whenst she hev got a spry young darter ter do it fur her. I reckon ye 'll manage ter make out. She does

toler'ble well fur her, bein' inexperienced an' sech; but I can't sense it into the gal how ter git some sure enough strong rich taste on ter her vittles."

Old Sims's grizzled, stubbly, unshaven countenance expressed a rigid neutrality, as if he intended to abide by this impartiality or perish in the attempt. His art had sufficed to keep him out of the engagement this morning, and his success had confirmed his resolution.

It seemed afterward to the juggler that this meal saved his life. He ate as if he had not tasted food for a week. He partook of mountain trout broiled on the coals, and of "that most delicate cate" constructed of Indian meal and called the corn dodger. The potatoes were roasted in the ashes with their jackets on, and crumbled to powder at the touch of a fork. He drank cream instead of buttermilk, — it had been too much trouble for Mrs. Sims to skim the big pans when she could tilt the churn instead; and there was a kind of dry, crisp, crusty roll compounded of the seconds that he had brought to the house on his shoulder yesterday, and which was eaten with honey and the honeycomb. He watched the river shimmer between the green willows of the banks. He watched the white mists rise on the purple mountain sides, glitter prismatically in the sun, tenuously dissolve in fleecy fragments, and vanish in mid-air. The faint tinkle of a sheep-bell sounded, — pastoral, peaceful; he heard a thrush singing with so fresh, so matutinal a delight in its tones.

"If this is the line of march," he said to himself, as he maintained a decorous silence, for the state of the temper of the family was too precarious to admit of conversation, "I don't care how soon I fall into ranks."

It is supposed by those who affect to know that the seat of the intellectual faculties is located in the cerebrum situated in the brain-pan. Still, science cannot deny that the stomach is a sin-

gularly intelligent organ. Through its processes alone the juggler perceived how well subjection becomes parents, especially a female parent addicted to the use of the frying-pan; realized Euphemia's strength of character, unusual in so young a person, and conceived a deep respect for her mental and industrial capacities. He appreciated an incongruity in his bantering style and his mocking high-sounding phrases. His manner toward her became characterized by a studious although apparently incidental courtesy, which was, however, compatible with a certain cautious avoidance.

These days passed eventlessly to him. Much of the time he strolled listlessly about, so evidently immersed in some absorbing mental perturbation that Tubal Sims marveled that its indicia should not attract the attention of the women-folk who esteemed themselves so keen of discernment in such matters. He still affected to angle at times, but his hook was hardly less efficient when it dangled bare and farcical in the deep dark pool than when the forlorn minnow it pierced stirred an eddy in the shadowy depths. He did not seem annoyed by his non-success. Mrs. Sims's banter scarcely grated on his nerves or touched his pride. But indeed Mrs. Sims herself did not think ill of the unachieving; somehow the aggressive capability of Euphemia made her lenient. If there were more people like Euphemia, Mrs. Sims might have felt in conscience bound to move on herself. As to the daughter, her little world hastily conformed itself to its dictator, and she ruled it with an absolute sway. Triumphs of baking or butter-making ministered amply to her pride. Even the dumb creatures seemed ambitious to meet her expectations and avoid her censure. The dogs, who had sat so thick around the hearthstone in her absence as to edge away the human household, and had so independently tracked mud over the floors, now never ventured nearer than the threshold; yet

there was much complimentary wagging of tails when she appeared on the porch. Sometimes the clatter of the treadle and the thumping of the batten told that the great loom in the shed-room was astir. Sometimes the spinning-wheel whirled. Occasionally she was busily carding cotton, and again she was hackling flax.

One afternoon he found her differently employed. She sat near the window and caught the waning light upon the newspaper which she held with both arms half outstretched as she read aloud. Mrs. Sims glanced up at the young man with a radiance of maternal pride that duplicated every crease and every dimple. Even Tubal Sims, who, as the juggler had fancied of late, was wont to look at him askance, met his eyes now with a smile distending his gruff, lined countenance, as he sat with his arms folded in his shirt-sleeves across his breast, his chair tilted back on its hind legs against the frame of the opposite window, his gaze reverting immediately to the young elocutionist. With a good-natured impulse to minister to the satisfaction of the old couple, the juggler silently took a chair hard by, and suppressed his rising sense of ridicule.

For, alack, Euphemia's accomplishments were indeed of manual achievement. He listened with surprise that this should be the extent of her vaunted book-learning, knowing naught of how scanty were her opportunities, and what labor this poor proficiency had cost. Subjugation is possible only to superior force. In the instant his former attitude of mind toward her had returned, on this pitiful exhibition of incapacity which she herself and her prideful parents were totally incompetent to realize. She droned on in a painful singsong, now floundering heavily among unaccustomed words, now spelling aloud one more difficult than the others, while he had much ado to keep the contemptuous laugh from his face, knowing that now and again his countenance was anxiously yet trium-

phantly perused by the delighted old people, to lose no token of his appreciation and wonder.

To bear this scrutiny more successfully he sought to occupy his thoughts in other matters. His practiced eye noted even at the distance that the newspaper must be some county sheet, — published perhaps in the town of Colbury. He congratulated himself that the girl had evidently exhausted the columns of local news, and was now deep in the contents of what is known as the "patent outside." Otherwise his polite martyrdom might have been of greater duration. He felt that neither her interest nor that of her audience would long sustain her in the wider range of subjects and the

ore varied and unaccustomed vocabulary of the articles, copied from many sources, which made up this portion of the journal.

The next moment he could have torn it from her hands. His heart gave a great bound and seemed to stand still. His eyes were fixed and shining. He half rose from his chair; then by an absolute effort resumed his seat and resolutely held himself still. In the throes of an inexpressible suspense every fibre of his being was stretched to its extremest tension as, slowly, laboriously, pausing often, the drawling voice read on anent "Young Lucien Royce. Details of his Terrible Death." For so the head-lines ran.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THOREAU.

It lay at the root of Thoreau's peculiarity that he insisted upon being himself. Having certain opinions, he held them; having certain tastes, he encouraged them; having a certain faculty, he made the most of it: all of which, natural and reasonable as it may sound, is as far as possible from what is expected of the average citizen, who may be almost what he will, to be sure, if he will first observe the golden rule of good society, to be "like other folks." Society is still a kind of self-constituted militia, a mutual protective association, — an army, in short; and in an army, as everybody knows, the first duty of man is to keep step.

What made matters worse in Thoreau's case was, that his tastes and opinions, on which he so stoutly insisted, were in themselves far out of the common. Not only would he be himself, but the "himself" was a very queer person. He liked solitude; in other words, he liked to think. He loved the society of trees

and all manner of growing things. He found fellowship in them, they were of his kin; which is not at all the same as to say that he enjoyed looking at them as objects of beauty. He lived in a world of his own, a world of ideas, and was strangely indifferent to much that other men found absorbing. He could get along without a daily newspaper, but not without a daily walk. He spent hours and hours of honest daylight in what looked for all the world like idleness; and he did it on principle. He was more anxious to live well — according to an inward standard of his own — than to lodge well, or to dress well, or to stand well with his townsmen. A good name, even, was relatively unimportant. He found easy sundry New Testament scriptures which the church would still be stumbling over, only that it has long since worn a smooth path round them.

He set a low value on money. It *might* be of service to him, he once confessed, underscoring the doubt, but in

general he accepted poverty as the better part. "We are often reminded," he said, "that if there were bestowed on us the wealth of Cræsus, our aims must still be the same, and our means essentially the same." Highly exalted aims they must have been, to bear such a test. Even the preacher is apt to find his health uncertain if by any chance a fortune drops into his lap. As for houses and lands, to Thoreau's mind they were often no better than incumbrances. Some of his wealthier neighbors were as good as in prison, he thought. In what sense were men to be called free, if their "property" had put them under bonds to stay in such a place and do only such and such things? Life was more than meat, as he reckoned, and having trained himself to "strict business habits" (his own words), he did not believe in swapping a better thing for a poorer one. To him it was amazing that hard-headed, sensible men should stand at a desk the greater part of their days, and "glimmer and rust, and finally go out there." "If they *know* anything," he exclaimed, "what under the sun do they do that for?" He speaks as if the question were unanswerable; but no doubt some readers will think it easy enough, the only real difficulty being a deplorable scarcity of desks. For Thoreau's part, at any rate, other men might save dollars if they would; he meant to save his soul. It should not glimmer and rust and go out, if a manly endeavor was good for anything. And he saved it. To the end he kept it alive; and though he died young, he lived a long life and did a long life's work, and what is more to the present purpose, he left behind him a long memory.

His economies, which were so many and so rigorous, were worthy of a man. In kind, they were such as any man must practice who, having a task assigned him, is set upon doing it. If the river is to run the mill, it must contract itself. Rightly considered, Thoreau's

singularity consisted, not in his lodging in a cabin, nor in his wearing coarse clothes, nor in his non-observance of so-called social amenities, nor even in his passion for the wild, but in his view of the world and of his own place in it. He was a poet-naturalist, an idealist, an individualist, a transcendental philosopher, what you will; but first of all he was a prophet. "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness," he might have said; and the locusts and wild honey followed as things of course. It followed, also, that the fathers neglected him, — stoning having gone out of fashion, — and the children garnish his sepulchre. A prophet is a very worthy person — after he is dead. Then come biographies, eulogies, and new editions of his works, including his journals and private letters. Fame is a plant that blossoms on graves; as a manual of such botany might say, "a late-flowering perennial, nowhere common, to be looked for in old cemeteries."

A prophet, a writer, a student of nature: this was Thoreau, and the three were one.

He preached faith, simplicity, devotion to the ideal; and with all a prophet's freedom he denounced everything antagonistic to these. He was not one of those nice people who are contented to speak handsomely of God and say nothing about the devil.

No man was more of a believer and less of a skeptic. Faith and hope, "infinite expectation," were his daily breath. Charity was his, also, but less conspicuously, and after a standard of his own, philanthropy being one of his prime aversions. He knew not the meaning of pessimism. The world was good. "I am grateful for what I am and have. My thanksgiving is perpetual." To the final hour existence was a boon to him. "For joy I could embrace the earth," he declared, though he seldom indulged himself in emotional expression; "I shall delight to be buried in it." "It was not possible to be sad in his presence," said

his sister, speaking of his last illness. His may have been "a solitary and critical way of living," to quote Emerson's phrase, but in his work there is no trace of anything morbid or unwholesome. Some who would hesitate to rank themselves among his disciples keep by them a copy of *Walden* or the *Week*, to dip into for refreshment and invigoration when life runs low and desire begins to fail. Readers of this kind please him better, we may guess, if he knows of them, than those who skim his pages for the natural history and the scenery. Such is the fate of prophets. The fulminations and entreaties of Isaiah are now highly recommended as specimens of Oriental *belles-lettres*. And yet, worse things may happen to a man than to be partially appreciated. As Thoreau himself said: "It is the characteristic of great poems that they will yield of their sense in due proportion to the hasty and the deliberate reader. To the practical they will be common sense, and to the wise wisdom; as either the traveler may wet his lips, or an army may fill its water-casks at a full stream." His own was hardly a "full stream," perhaps; a mountain brook rather than one of the world's rivers; clear, cold, running from the spring, untainted by the swamp; less majestic than the Amazons, but not less unfailing, and for those who can climb, and who know the taste of purity, infinitely sweeter to drink from.

Simplicity of life and devotion to the ideal, the one a means to the other, — these he would preach, in season and, if possible, out of season. "Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand; instead of a million count half a dozen, and keep your accounts on your thumb-nail." This, which, after all, is nothing but the old doctrine of the one thing needful, — since it is one mark of a prophet that he deals not in novelties, but in truth, — all this spiritual economy is connected at the

root with Thoreau's belief in free will, his vital assurance that the nobility or meanness of a man's life is left largely to his own choice. He may waste it on the trivial, or spend it on the essential. There is "no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavor." And what a man is inwardly, that to *him* will the world be outwardly; his mood affects the very "quality of the day." Could anything be truer or more finely suggested? For himself, Thoreau was resolved to get the best out of time as it passed. He refused to be hurried. The hour was too precious. "If the bell rings, why should we run?" Neither would he knowingly be put off with a sham, — as if there were nothing real! He would not "drive a nail into mere lath and plastering," he declared. Such a deed would keep him awake nights. A very reasonable and practical kind of doctrine, certainly, whether it be called transcendentalism or common sense. Perhaps we accuse it with a long word because of the obligation it lays us under.

And possibly it is for a similar reason that the world in general has agreed to regard Thoreau not as a preacher of righteousness, but as an interpreter of nature. For those who have settled down to take things as they are, having knocked under and gone with the stream, in Thoreau's language, it is pleasanter to read of beds of water-lilies flashing open at sunrise or of a squirrel's pranks upon a bough than of daily aspiration after an ideal excellence. Whatever the reason, Thoreau is to the many a man who lived out of doors, and wrote of outdoor things.

His attainments as a naturalist have been by turns exaggerated and belittled, one extreme following naturally upon the other. As for the exaggeration, nothing else was to be expected, things being as they were. It is what happens in every such case. If a man knows some of the birds, his neighbors, who know none of

them, celebrate him at once as an ornithologist. If he is reputed to "analyze" flowers, — pull them to pieces under a pocket-lens, and by means of a key find out their polysyllabic names, — he straightway becomes famous as a botanist; all of which is a little as if the ticket-seller and the grocer's clerk should be hailed as financiers because of their facility in making change. Thoreau knew his local fauna and flora after a method of his own, — a method which, for lack of a better word, may be called sympathetic. Nobody was ever more successful in getting inside of a bird; and that, from his point of view and for his purpose, — and not less for ours who read him, — was the one important thing. After that it mattered little if some of his flying neighbors escaped his notice altogether, while others led him a vain chase year after year, and are still, in his published journals, a puzzle to all readers. Who knows what his night warbler was, or, with certainty, his seringo bird? The latter, indeed, a native of his own Concord hay-fields, he seems to have been pretty well acquainted with as a bird; its song was familiar to him, and less frequently he caught sight of the singer itself perched upon a fence-post or threading its way through the grass; but he had found no means of ascertaining its name, and so was driven to the primitive expedient of christening it with an invention of his own. His description of its appearance and notes leaves us in no great doubt about its identity; probably it was the savanna sparrow; but how completely in the dark he himself was upon this point may be gathered from an entry in his journal of 1854. He had gone to Nantucket, in late December, and there saw, running along the ruts, flocks of "a gray, bunting-like bird about the size of the snow-bunting. Can it be the seaside finch," he asks, "or the savanna sparrow, or the shore lark?" The man who has "named *all* the birds without a gun" is

yet to be announced; the youngest reader of the present article will not live long enough to see him; and Thoreau's studies in this line, it is fair to add, were pursued under limitations and disadvantages to which the amateur of our later day is happily a stranger. Ornithologically, it is a long time since Thoreau's death, though it is less than thirty-five years.

If any be disposed to insist, as some have insisted, that he made no discoveries (he discovered a new way of writing about nature, for one thing), and was more curious than scientific in his spirit and method as an observer, it is perhaps sufficient to reply that he cultivated his own field. From first to last he refused the claims of science, — whether rightly or wrongly is not here in question, — and with the exception of one or two brief essays wrote nothing directly upon natural history. He worshiped Nature, even while he played the spy upon her, fearing her enchantments and "looking at her with the side of his eye." Run over the titles of his books: *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*, *Walden*, *The Maine Woods*, *Cape Cod*, *A Yankee in Canada*, *Excursions*. The first two are studies in high and plain living, — practical philosophy, spiritual economy, the right use of society and solitude, books and nature. The rest are narratives of travel, with a record of what the traveler saw and thought and felt. In *Excursions*, to be sure, there is an early paper on *The Natural History of Massachusetts*, to which, by straining a point, we may add one on *The Succession of Forest Trees*, another on *Autumnal Tints*, and still another on *Wild Apples*. Elsewhere, though the landscape is always carefully studied, it is always a landscape with figures. In truth, while he wrote so much of outward nature, and so often seemed to find his fellow-mortals no better than intruders upon the scene, his real subject was man. "Man is all in all," he says;

"Nature nothing but as she draws him out and reflects him." And again he said, "Any affecting human event may blind our eyes to natural objects." The latter sentence was written shortly after the death of John Brown, in whose fate Thoreau had been so completely absorbed that his old Concord world, when he came back to it, had almost a foreign look to him, and he saw with surprise that the little grebe was still diving in the river as of yore. With all his devotion to nature and philosophy, it was the "human event" that really concerned him. But then he had ideas of his own as to what constituted an event. As for men's so-called affairs, and all that passes current under the name of news, nothing could be less eventful; for all such things he could never sufficiently express his contempt. "In proportion as our inward life fails," he says, "we go more constantly and desperately to the post-office." And he adds, in that peculiarly airy manner of his to which one is tempted sometimes to apply the old Yankee adjective "toplofty," "I would not run round the corner to see the world blow up." After which, the reader whose bump of incuriosity is less highly developed may console himself by remembering that when a powder-mill blew up in the next town, Thoreau, hearing the noise, ran downstairs, jumped into a wagon, and drove post-haste to the scene of the disaster. So true is it that it is

"the most difficult of tasks to keep
Heights which the soul is competent to gain."

Careful economist as Thoreau was, bravely as he trusted his own intuitions and kept to his own path, much as he preached simplicity and heroically as he practiced it, he shared the common lot and fell short of his own ideal. Life is never quite so simple as he tried to make it, and he, like other men, was conscious of a divided mind. He had by nature a bias toward the investigation of natural phenomena, a passion for particulars,

which, if he had been less a poet and philosopher, might have made him a man of science. He knew it, and was inwardly chafed by it. Perhaps it was because of this chafing that he fell into the habit of speaking so almost spitefully of science and scientific men. Not to lay stress upon his frequent paradoxes about the superiority of superstition to knowledge, the advantages of astrology over astronomy, the slight importance of precision in matters of detail ("I can afford to be inaccurate"), — to say nothing of these things, which, taken as they were meant, are not without a measure of truth, and with which no lover of Thoreau will be much disposed to quarrel (those who cannot abide a paradox or a grain or two of exaggeration may as well let him alone), it is plain that in certain moods, especially in his later years, his own semi-scientific researches were felt to be a hindrance to the play of his higher faculties. "It is impossible for the same person to see things from the poet's point of view and that of the man of science," he writes in 1842. "Man cannot afford to be a naturalist," he says again, in 1853. "I feel that I am dissipated by so many observations. . . . Oh, for a little Lethe!" And a week afterward he takes up the same strain, in a tone of reminiscence that is of the very rarest with him. "Ah, those youthful days," he breaks out, "are they never to return? when the walker does not too enviously observe particulars, but sees, hears, scents, tastes, and feels only himself, the phenomena that showed themselves in him, his expanding body, his intellect and heart. No worm or insect, quadruped or bird, confined his view, but the unbounded universe was his. A bird has now become a mote in his eye." What devotee of natural science, if he be also a man of sensibility and imagination, does not feel the sincerity of this cry?

But having delivered himself thus passionately, what does the diarist set down

next? Without a break he goes on: "Dug into what I take to be a woodchuck's burrow in the low knoll below the cliffs. It was in the side of the hill, and sloped gently downward at first diagonally into the hill about five feet, perhaps westerly, then turned and ran north about three feet, then northwest further into the hill four feet, then north again four feet, then northeast I know not how far, the last five feet, perhaps, ascending;" — with as much more of the same tenor and equally detailed. A laughable paragraph, surely, to follow a lament over a too envious observation of particulars; with its "perhaps" four times repeated, its five feet westerly, three feet northerly, and so on, like a conveyancer's description of a wood-lot: and all about a hole in the ground which he "took to be" a woodchuck's burrow!

In vain shall a man bestir himself to run away from his own instincts. In vain, in such a warfare, shall he trust to the freedom of the will. Happily for himself, and happily for the world, Thoreau could never cease from his too envious observation. By inclination and habit he liked to see and do things for himself, as if they had never been seen or done before. That was one mark of his individualistic temper. He describes in his journal an experiment in making sugar from the sap of red maple trees. Here, too, he goes into the minutest details, not omitting the size of the holes he bored and the frequency with which the drops fell, — about as fast as his pulse beat. His father, he mentions (the son was then forty years old), chided him for wasting his time. There was no occasion for the experiment, the father thought; it was well known that the thing could be done; and as for the sugar, it could be bought cheaper at the village shop. "He said it took me from my studies," the journal records. "I said that I made it my study, and felt as if I had been to a university." (If fault-finding is in order, an individualist prefers to do

it on his own account.) But whether the old gentleman or the son may be supposed to have been right in the present instance, there can be no doubt that by habits of this kind knowledge is made peculiarly one's own, and, old or new, keeps something of the freshness of discovery upon it. The critic may smile, but even he will not dispute the charm of writing done in such a spirit, — the very spirit in which the old books were written, in the childhood of the world. Even the edibility of white-oak acorns affected Thoreau, at the age of forty, as a new fact. So far as his feeling about it was concerned, the fruit might have been that morning created. "The whole world is sweeter" to him for having "discovered" it. "To have found two Indian gouges and tasted sweet acorns, is it not enough for one afternoon?" he asks himself. And the next day, shrewd economist and exaggerator that he is, he tastes his new dainty again, and behold, a second discovery. The acorns "appear to dry sweet"! One need not be a critic, but only a country-bred Yankee, to smile at this. But indeed, it is a relief to be able to smile now and then at one who held himself so high and aloof, — "a Switzer on the edge of the glacier," as he called himself; who found no wisdom too lofty for him, no companionship quite lofty enough; and who, in his longing for something better than the best, could exclaim, "Give me a sentence which no intelligence can understand." Not that we feel any diminution of our respect and affection; but it pleases us to have met our Switzer for once on something near our own level. In an author, as in a friend, an amiable weakness, if there be strength enough behind it, is only another point of attraction.

As a writer Thoreau is by himself. There are no other books like *Walden* and the *Week*. The reader may like them or leave them (unless he is pretty sure of himself, he may be advised to try *Walden* first), he will find nowhere

else the same combination of pure nature and austere philosophy. It is hard even to see with what to compare them, or to conceive of any one else as having written them. If Marcus Aurelius, with half his sweetness of temper eliminated, and something of sharpness, together with liberal measures of cool intellectuality, injected, could have been united with Gilbert White rather less radically transformed, and if the resultant complex person had made it his business to write, we can perhaps imagine that his work would not have been in all respects unlike that of the sage of Walden; in saying which we have but taken a circuitous course back to our former position, that Thoreau was a man of his own kind.

He was an author from the beginning. Of that, as he said himself, he was never in doubt. His ceaseless observation of nature — which some have decried as lacking purpose and method — and his daily journal were deliberately chosen means to that end. "Here have I been these forty years learning the language of these fields that I may the better express myself." That was what he aimed at, let his subject be what it might, — to express *himself*. Few writers have ever treated their work more seriously, or studied their art more industriously. He talked sometimes, to be sure, as if there were no art about it. To listen to him in such a mood, one might suppose that the fact and the thought were the only things to be considered, and that language followed of itself. Such was neither his belief nor his practice. But he was one of the fortunate ones who by taking pains can produce an effect of easiness; who can recast and recast a sentence, and in the end leave it looking as if it had dropped from a running pen. One of the fortunates, we say; for an expression of innocent unconsciousness is as becoming in a sentence as in a face.

On this point a useful study in contrasts might be made between Thoreau

and a man who gladly acknowledged him as one of his masters. "Upon me," says Robert Louis Stevenson, "this pure, narrow, sunnily ascetic Thoreau had exercised a great charm. I have scarce written ten sentences since I was introduced to him, but his influence might be somewhere detected by a close observer." The observer would need to be very close indeed, the majority of Stevensonians will think, but that, true or false, is nothing to the purpose here. Stevenson and Thoreau both made writing a lifelong study, and with exceedingly diverse results. The Scotchman's style is the finer, but then it is sometimes in danger of becoming *superfine*. We may not wish it different. Such work must be as it is. It could hardly be better without being worse, the writing of fine prose being always a question of compromises, a gain here for a loss there, a choice of imperfections; perfect prose being in fact impossible, except in the briefest snatches. But surely Stevenson's gift was not an absolute naturalness and transparency, such as lets the thought show through on the instant, and leaves the beauty of the verbal medium to catch the attention afterward, if the reader will. "For love of lovely words" an artist of Stevenson's temperament, however sound his theories, may sometimes find it hard to make a righteous choice between the music of an exquisite cadence and the pure expressiveness of a halting phrase. The author of *Walden* had his literary temptations, but not of this kind. Let the phrase halt, so long as it expressed a sturdy truth in sturdy fashion. As for that homely quality — "careless country talk" — which Thoreau prayed for, and in a measure received, it is questionable whether Stevenson ever sought it, though he would no doubt have assented to Thoreau's words: "Homeliness is almost as great a merit in a book as in a house, if the reader would abide there. It is next to beauty, and a very high art."

Thoreau, indeed, first as a spiritual

economist, and next as an artist, had a natural relish for the common and the plain. Every landscape that was dreary enough, as he says of Cape Cod, had a certain beauty in his eyes. Whether in literature or in life, he preferred the beauty that is inherent. Ornament, beauty laid on, did not much attract him. Among persons, it was the wilder-seeming, the less tamed and cultivated, with whom he liked to converse, and whose sayings he oftenest recorded. Though they might be crabbed specimens, "run all to thorn and rind, and crowded out of shape by adverse circumstances, like the third chestnut in the burr," they were still what nature made them. Even a crowd pleased him, if it was composed of the right materials, — that is to say, if it was rude enough. Thus he, a hermit, took pleasure in the autumnal cattle-show. With what a touch of affection he lays on the colors! "The wind goes hurrying down the country, gleaning every loose straw that is left in the fields, while every farmer lad too appears to scud before it, — having donned his best pea-jacket and pepper-and-salt waistcoat, his unbent trousers, outstanding rigging of duck or kerseymere or corduroy, and his furry hat withal, — to country fairs and cattle-shows, to that Rome among the villages where the treasures of the year are gathered. All the land over they go leaping the fences with their tough, idle palms, which have never learned to hang by their sides, amid the low of calves and the bleating of sheep, — Amos, Abner, Elnathan, Elbridge, — 'From steep pine-bearing mountains to the plain.'

I love these sons of earth, every mother's son of them." It is worth while to see the country's people, he thinks, and even the "supple vagabond," who is "sure to appear on the least rumor of such a gathering, and the next day to disappear, and go into his hole like the seventeen-year locust."

For the average reader, be it said,

there is nothing better in Thoreau than his thumb-nail sketches of humble, everyday humanity; as there is no part of his work, not even his denunciations of worldly conformity or his picturing of nature's moods, which is done more truly *con amore*. A man need not be an idealist or a nature-worshiper to like the Canadian wood-chopper, for example, cousin to the pine and the rock, who never was tired in his life, and, stranger still, sometimes acted as if he were "thinking for himself and expressing his own opinions;" or the old fisherman, always haunting the river in serene afternoons, and "almost rustling with the sedge;" or the Cape Cod wrecker, whose face was "like an old sail endowed with life," — one of the Pilgrims, perhaps, who had "kept on the back side of the Cape and let the centuries go by;" or the free-spoken Wellfleet oysterman, "a poor good-for-nothing crittur," now "under petticoat government," who yet remembered George Washington as "a r-a-ther large and portly-looking man, with a pretty good leg as he sat on his horse;" or the iron-jawed Nauset woman, who seemed to be shouting at you through a breaker, and who looked "as if it made her head ache to live;" or the country soldier boy on his way to muster, in full regimentals, with shouldered musket and military step, who in a lonely place in the woods is suddenly abashed at the sight of a stranger approaching, and is hard put to it to get by in anything like military order.

Men like these, natural men, Thoreau could describe as sympathetically as if they had been so many woodchucks or hen-hawks. As he said of his own boyhood, they were "part and parcel of nature" itself. As for fine manners parading about in fine clothes, how should he, a rustic jealous of his rusticity, presume to know what, if anything, might be going on under all that broadcloth?

Whether it would have been better for him had his taste been more liberal in

this respect is a question about which it might be useless to speculate. Breadth may easily be sought at too great an expense, especially by one who has a distinct and highly individual work to accomplish. Economy, even at its best, has something pinched and ungenerous in its look, if not in its very nature, and it is not every good quality that a spiritual economist can afford to cultivate. First of all he must be himself. But that some of Thoreau's private and hasty remarks, in his letters and journals, about the meanness of his fellow-creatures, might profitably have been left unprinted, is less open to doubt. They were expressions of moods rather than of convictions, it is fair to assume, and in any event would never have been printed by their author, one of whose cravings was for some kind of india-rubber that would rub out at once all which it cost him so many perusals and so much reluctance to erase. It is pretty hard justice that holds a man publicly to everything he scribbles in private, — as if no allowance were to be made for whim and the provocation of the moment. The charm of a journal, as Thoreau says, consists in a "certain greenness." It is "a record of experiences and growth, not a preserve of things well done or said." After which it may be confessed that even from *Walden* and the *Week*, published in the author's lifetime, it is possible to discover that charity and sweetness were not his most noticeable characteristics. Taste him after Gilbert White, and contrast the mellowness of the one with the sharp, assertive quality of the other. Thoreau was a wild apple, and would have been proud of the name, suggestive of that "tang and smack" which he so feelingly celebrated. "Nonesuch" and "seek-no-further" were very tame and forgettable, he thought, as compared with the wildings, even the acrid and the puckery among which he begrudged to the cider-mill. It is in part this very "tang and smack," we may be sure, that makes his

books keep so well in Time's literary cellar.

His humor, especially, "indispensable pledge of sanity," as he calls it, is of that best of fruity flavors, a pleasant sour. Some, indeed, emulating his own fertility in paradox, have maintained that he had no humor, while others have rebuked him for priggishly excluding it from his later work. Did such critics never read *Cape Cod*? There, surely, Thoreau gave his natural drollery full play, — an almost antinomian liberty, to take a word out of those ecclesiastical histories, with the reading of which, under his umbrella, he so patiently enlivened his sandy march from Orleans to Provincetown. "As I sat on a hill one sultry Sunday afternoon," he says, "the meeting-house windows being open, my meditations were interrupted by the noise of a preacher who shouted like a boatswain, profaning the quiet atmosphere, and who, I fancied, must have taken off his coat. Few things could have been more disgusting or disheartening. I wished the tithing-man would stop him." Charles Lamb himself could not have bettered the delicious, biting absurdity of that final touch. It was not this Boanergian minister, but a man of an earlier generation, of whom we are told that he wrote a *Body of Divinity*, a book "frequently sneered at, particularly by those who have read it." The whole Cape, past and present, was looked at half quizzically by its inland visitor. The very houses "seemed, like mariners ashore, to have sat right down to enjoy the firmness of the land, without studying their postures or habiliments," — a description not to be fully appreciated except by those who have seen a Cape Cod village, with its buildings dropped here and there at haphazard upon the sand. Here, as everywhere, he was hungry for particulars; now improvising a rude quadrant with which to calculate the height of the bank at Highland Light, now, by ingenious but "not impertinent"

questions, and for his private satisfaction only, getting at the contents of a schoolboy's dinner-pail, — the homeliest facts being always "the most acceptable to an inquiring mind." Thoreau's mother, by the bye, had some reputation as a gossip.

His work, humorous or serious, transcendental or matter-of-fact, is all the fruit of his own tree. Whatever its theme, nature or man, it is all of one spirit. Say what you will of it, it is never insipid. As his friend Channing said, it has its "stoical merits," its "uncomfortableness." Well might its author express his sympathy with the barberry bush, whose business is to ripen its fruit, not to sweeten it, — and to protect it with thorns. "Seek the lotus, and take a draught of rapture," was Margaret Fuller's rather high-flown advice to him; yet she too perceived that his mind was "not a soil for the citron and the rose, but for the whortleberry, the pine, or the heather." In all his books it would be next to impossible to find a pretty phrase or a sentimental one. He resorted to nature — in his less inquisitive hours — for the mood into which it put him, the invigoration, the serenity, the mental activity it communicated. But his pleasure in it, as compared with Wordsworth's or Hazlitt's, to take very dissimilar examples, was mostly an intellectual affair, the reader is tempted to say, though the remark needs qualification. One remembers such a passage as that descriptive of a winter twilight in Yellow Birch Swamp, where the gleams of the birches, as he came to one after another of them, "each time made his heart beat faster." Yet even here we are told of his ecstasy rather than made to feel it; and in general, surely, though he valued his emotions, and went to the woods and fields to enjoy them, they were such emotions as belonged to a pretty stoical sort of Epicurean; less rapturous than Wordsworth's, less tender than Hazlitt's, and with no trace of the brooding melancholy

which makes the charm of books like *Obermann* and the journal of *Amiel*. He delighted in artless country music (it does not appear that he ever heard any other, and of course he felicitated himself upon this as upon all the rest of his poverty; it was only the depraved ear, he thought, that needed the opera), but let any reader try to imagine him writing this bit out of one of Hazlitt's essays:

"I remember once strolling along the margin of a stream, skirted with willows and plashy sedges, in one of those low, sheltered valleys on Salisbury Plain, where the monks of former ages had planted chapels and built hermits' cells. There was a little parish church near, but tall elms and quivering alders hid it from sight, when, all of a sudden, I was startled by the sound of the full organ pealing on the ear, accompanied by rustic voices and the willing quire of village maids and children. It rose, indeed, 'like an exhalation of rich distilled perfumes.' The dew from a thousand pastures was gathered in its softness; the silence of a thousand years spoke in it. It came upon the heart like the calm beauty of death; fancy caught the sound, and faith mounted on it to the skies. It filled the valley like a mist, and still poured out its endless chant, and still it swells upon the ear, and wraps me in a golden trance, drowning the noisy tumult of the world!"

Here is another spirit than Thoreau's, another voice, another kind of prose, — prose with the throb and even the accent of poetry. Stoics and spiritual economists do not write in this strain, nor is this the manner of a too envious observer of particulars. For better or worse, the prose of our poet-naturalist went squarely on its feet. His fancy might be never so nimble; conceit and paradox might fairly make a cloud about him; but he essayed no flights. If his heart beat faster at some beauty of sight or sound, he said so quietly, with no change of voice, and passed on. As far as the mere writing went, it was done in straightforward,

honest fashion, as if a man rather than an author held the pen.

Thoreau believed in well-packed sentences, each expressive of its own thought, rememberable and quotable. Of the beauties of a flowing style he had heard something too much. In practice, nevertheless, whether through design or by some natural felicity, he steered a middle course. The sentences might be complete in themselves, detachable, able to stand alone, but the paragraph never lacked a logical and even a formal cohesion. It was not a collection of "infinitely repellent particles," nor even a "basket of nuts." A great share of the writer's art, as he taught it, lay in leaving out the unessential, — the getting in of the essential having first been taken for granted. As for readers, in his more exalted moods he wished to write so well that there would be few to appreciate him; sometimes, indeed, he seemed to desire no readers at all. He speaks with stern disapproval of such as trouble themselves upon that point and "would fain have one reader before they die." A lamentable weakness, truly.

In his present estate, however, let us hope that he carries himself a shade less haughtily, and is not above an innocent pleasure in the spread of his earthly fame, in new readers and new editions, and such choicely limited popularity as befits a classic. Even in his lifetime, as Emerson tells the story, he once tried to believe that something in his lecture might interest a little girl who told him she was going to hear it if it was n't to be one of those old philosophical things that she did not care about; and this although he had just been maintaining, characteristically, that whatever succeeded with an audience must be bad. He speaks somewhere against luxurious books, with superfluous paper and marginal embellishments. His taste was Spartan in those days. But he was never a

stickler for consistency, and we may indulge a comfortable assurance that he takes no offense now at the sight of his Cape Cod journey — in which he worked so hard on that soft, leg-tiring Back-Side beach to get the ocean into him — decked out in colors and set forth sumptuously in two volumes. It is a very modest author who fears that his text will be outshone by any pictures, no matter how splendid. But who would have thought it, fifty years ago, — a book by the hermit of Walden in an *édition de luxe*, to lie on parlor tables! If only his father and his brother John could have seen it!

Thoreau believed in himself and in the soundness of his work. He coveted readers, and believed that he should have them. Without question he wrote for the future, and foresaw himself safe from oblivion. Emerson regretted Henry's want of ambition, we are told. He might have spared himself. "Show me a man who consults his genius," said Thoreau, "and you have shown me a man who cannot be advised." And he was the man. He was following an ambition of his own. If he did not keep step with his companions, it was because he "heard a different drummer." His ambition and what seemed his wayward singularity have been justified by the event. His "strange, self-centred, solitary figure, unique in the annals of literature," is in no danger of being forgotten. But what is most cheering about his present increasing vogue, especially in England, is that it arises from the very quality that Thoreau himself most prized, the innermost thing in him, — the loftiness and purity of his thought. Simplicity, faith, devotion to the essential and the permanent, — these were never more needed than now. These he taught, and, by a happy fate, he linked them with those natural themes that change not with time, and so can never become obsolete.

Bradford Torrey.

A LIVING GOD.

I.

OF whatever dimension, the temples or shrines of pure Shintō are all built in the same archaic style. The typical shrine is a windowless oblong building of unpainted timber, with a very steep overhanging roof; the front is the gable-end; and the upper part of the perpetually closed doors is wooden lattice-work, — usually a grating of bars closely set and crossing each other at right angles. In most cases the structure is raised slightly above the ground on wooden pillars; and the queer peaked façade with its visor-like apertures, and the fantastic projections of beam-work above its gable-angle, might remind the European traveler of certain old Gothic forms of dormer. There is no artificial color. The plain wood¹ soon turns, under the action of rain and sun, to a natural gray, varying according to surface exposure from the silvery tone of birch-bark to the sombre gray of basalt. So shaped and so tinted, the isolated country *yashiro* may seem less like a work of joinery than a feature of the scenery, — a rural form related to nature as closely as rocks and trees, — a something that came into existence only as a manifestation of Oho-tsuchi-no-Kami, the Earth-god, the primeval Soul of the land.

Why certain architectural forms produce in the beholder a feeling of weirdness is a question about which I should like to theorize some day; at present I shall venture only to say that Shintō shrines evoke such a feeling. It grows with familiarity instead of weakening; and a knowledge of popular beliefs is apt to intensify it. We have no English words by which these queer shapes can be sufficiently described, much less any language able to communicate the pecu-

¹ Usually *keyaki* (*Planeca japonica*).

liar impression which they make. Those Shintō terms which we loosely render by the words "temple" and "shrine" are really untranslatable; I mean that the Japanese ideas attaching to them cannot be conveyed by translation. The so-called "august house" of the Kami is not so much a temple, in the classic meaning of the term, as it is a haunted room, a spirit-chamber, a ghost-house; many of the lesser divinities being veritably ghosts, — ghosts of great warriors and heroes and rulers and teachers, who lived and loved and died hundreds or thousands of years ago. I fancy that to the Western mind the word "ghost-house" will convey, better than such terms as "shrine" and "temple," some vague notion of the strange character of the Shintō *miya* or *yashiro*, — containing in its perpetual dusk nothing more substantial than symbols or tokens, the latter probably of paper. Now the emptiness behind the visored front is more suggestive than anything material could possibly be; and when you remember that millions of people during thousands of years have worshiped their great dead before such *yashiro*, that a whole race still believes those buildings tenanted by viewless conscious personalities, you are apt also to reflect how difficult it would be to prove the faith absurd. Nay! in spite of Occidental reluctances, in spite of whatever you may think it expedient to say or not to say at a later time about the experience, you may very likely find yourself for a moment forced into the attitude of respect toward possibilities. Mere cold reasoning will not help you far in the opposite direction. The evidence of the senses counts for little: you know there are ever so many realities which can neither be seen nor heard nor felt, but which exist as forces, — tremendous forces. Then again you can-

not mock the conviction of forty millions of people while that conviction thrills all about you like the air, — while conscious that it is pressing upon your psychical being just as the atmosphere presses upon your physical being. As for myself, whenever I am alone in the presence of a Shintō shrine, I have the sensation of being haunted; and I cannot help thinking about the possible apperceptions of the haunter. And this tempts me to fancy how I should feel if I myself were a god, — dwelling in some old gray shrine on the summit of a hill, guarded by stone lions and shadowed by a holy grove.

Elfishly small my habitation might be, but never too small, because I should have neither size nor form. I should be only a vibration, — a motion invisible as of ether or of magnetism; though able sometimes to shape me a shadow-body, in the likeness of my former visible self, when I should wish to make apparition.

As air to the bird, as water to the fish, so would all substance be permeable to the essence of me. I should pass at will through the walls of my dwelling to swim in the long gold bath of a sun-beam, to thrill in the heart of a flower, to ride on the neck of a dragon-fly.

Power above life and power over death would be mine, and the power of self-extension, and the power of self-multiplication, and the power of being in all places at one and the same moment. Simultaneously in a hundred homes I should hear myself worshiped, I should inhale the vapor of a hundred offerings; each evening, from my place within a hundred household shrines, I should see the holy lights lighted for me in lamplets of red clay, in lamplets of brass, — the lights of the Kami, kindled with purest fire and fed with purest oil.

But in my yashiro upon the hill I should have greatest honor: there sometimes I should gather the multitude of my selves together; there should I unify my powers to answer supplication.

From the dusk of my ghost-house I should look for the coming of sandaled feet, and watch brown supple fingers weaving to my bars the knotted papers which are records of vows, and watch the motion of the lips of my worshipers making prayer: —

— "*Harai tamai kiyomé tamai to Kami imi tami!* . . . We have beaten drums, we have lighted fires, yet the land thirsts and the rice fails. Deign out of thy divine pity to give us rain, O Daimyōjin!"

— "*Harai tamai kiyomé tamai to Kami imi tami!* . . . I am dark, too dark, because I have toiled in the field, because the sun hath looked upon me. Deign thou augustly to make me white, very white, — white like the women of the city, O Daimyōjin!"

— "*Harai tamai kiyomé tamai to Kami imi tami!* . . . For Tsukamoto Motokichi our son, a soldier of twenty-nine: that he may conquer and come back quickly to us, — soon, very soon, — we humbly supplicate, O Daimyōjin!"

Sometimes a girl would whisper all her heart to me: "Maiden of eighteen years, I am loved by a youth of twenty. He is good; he is true; but poverty is with us, and the path of our love is dark. Aid us with thy great divine pity! — help us that we may become united, O Daimyōjin!" Then to the bars of my shrine she would hang a thick soft tress of hair, — her own hair, glossy and black as the wing of the crow, and bound with a cord of mulberry-paper. And in the fragrance of that offering, — the simple fragrance of her peasant youth, — I, the ghost and god, should find again the feelings of the years when I was man and lover.

Mothers would bring their children to my threshold, and teach them to revere me, saying, "Bow down before the

great bright God ; make homage to the Daimyōjin." Then I should hear the fresh soft clapping of little hands, and remember that I, the ghost and god, had been a father.

Daily I should hear the splash of pure cool water poured out for me, and the tinkle of thrown coin, and the pattering of dry rice into my wooden box, like a pattering of rain ; and I should be refreshed by the spirit of the water, and strengthened by the spirit of the rice.

Festivals would be held to honor me. Priests, black-coiffed and linen-vestured, would bring me offerings of fruits and fish and seaweed and rice-cakes and rice-wine, — masking their faces with sheets of white paper, so as not to breathe upon my food. And the *miko* their daughters, fair girls in crimson *hakama* and robes of snowy white, would come to dance with tinkling of little bells, with waving of silken fans, that I might be gladdened by the bloom of their youth, that I might delight in the charm of their grace. And there would be music of many thousand years ago, — weird music of drums and flutes, and songs in a tongue no longer spoken, while the *miko*, the darlings of the gods, would poise and pose before me : —

... "*Whose virgins are these, — the virgins who stand like flowers before the Deity ? They are the virgins of the august Deity.*

"The august music, the dancing of the virgins, the Deity will be pleased to hear, the Deity will rejoice to see.

"Before the great bright God the virgins dance, — the virgins all like flowers newly opened." . . .

Votive gifts of many kinds I should be given : painted paper lanterns bearing my sacred name, and towels of divers colors printed with the number of the years of the giver, and pictures commemorating the fulfillment of prayers for the healing of sickness, the saving

of ships, the quenching of fire, the birth of sons.

Also my Karashishi, my guardian lions, would be honored. I should see my pilgrims tying sandals of straw to their necks and to their paws, with prayer to the Karashishi-Sama for strength of foot.

I should see fine moss, like emerald fur, growing slowly, slowly, upon the backs of those lions ; I should see the sprouting of lichens upon their flanks and upon their shoulders, in specklings of dead-silver, in patches of dead-gold ; I should watch, through years of generations, the gradual sideward sinking of their pedestals undermined by frost and rain, until at last my lions would lose their balance, and fall, and break their mossy heads off. After which the people would give me new lions of another form, — lions of granite or of bronze, with gilded teeth and gilded eyes, and tails like a torment of fire.

Between the trunks of the cedars and pines, between the jointed columns of the bamboos, I should observe, season after season, the changes of the colors of the valley : the falling of the snow of winter and the falling of the snow of cherry-flowers ; the lilac spread of the *engebana* ; the blazing yellow of the *natané* ; the sky-blue mirrored in flooded levels, — levels dotted with the moon-shaped hats of the toiling people who would love me ; and at last the pure and tender green of the growing rice.

The *moku*-birds and the *uguisu* would fill the shadows of my grove with ripplings and purlings of melody ; the bell-insects, the crickets, and the seven marvelous cicadae of summer would make all the wood of my ghost-house thrill to their musical storms. Betimes I should enter, like an ecstasy, into the tiny lives of them, to quicken the joy of their clamor, to magnify the sonority of their song.

But I never can become a god, — for this is the nineteenth century ; and no-

body can be really aware of the nature of the sensations of a god — unless there be gods in the flesh. Are there? Perhaps — in very remote districts — one or two. There used to be living gods.

Anciently any man who did something extraordinarily great or good or wise or brave might be declared a god after his death, no matter how humble his condition in life. Also good people who had suffered great cruelty and injustice might be apotheosized; and there still survives the popular inclination to pay posthumous honor and to make prayer to the spirits of those who die voluntary deaths under particular circumstances, — to souls of unhappy lovers, for example. (Probably the old customs which made this tendency had their origin only in the wish to appease the vexed spirit, although to-day the experience of great suffering seems to be thought of as qualifying its possessor for divine conditions of being; and there would be no foolishness whatever in such a thought.) But there were even more remarkable deifications. Certain persons, while still alive, were honored by having temples built for their spirits, and were treated as gods; not, indeed, as national gods, but as lesser divinities, — tutelar deities, perhaps, or village-gods. There was, for instance, Hamaguchi Gohei, a farmer of the district of Arita in the province of Kishu, who was made a god before he died. And I think he deserved it.

II.

Before telling the story of Hamaguchi Gohei, I must say a few words about certain laws — or, more correctly speaking, customs having all the force of laws — by which many village communities were ruled in pre-Meiji times. These customs were based upon the social experience of ages; and though they differed in minor details according to province or district, their main signification was everywhere about the same. Some were ethical, some industrial, some relig-

ious; and all matters were regulated by them, even individual behavior. They preserved peace, and they compelled mutual help and mutual kindness. Sometimes there might be serious fighting between different villages, — little peasant wars about questions of water-supply or boundaries; but quarreling between men of the same community could not be tolerated in an age of vendetta, and the whole village would resent any needless disturbance of the internal peace. To some degree this state of things still exists in the more old-fashioned provinces: the people know how to live without quarreling, not to say fighting. Anywhere, as a general rule, Japanese fight only to kill; and when a sober man goes so far as to strike a blow, he virtually rejects communal protection, and takes his life into his own hands with every probability of losing it.

The private conduct of the other sex was regulated by some remarkable obligations entirely outside of written codes. A peasant girl, before marriage, enjoyed far more liberty than was permitted to city girls. She might be known to have a lover; and unless her parents objected very strongly, no blame would be given to her: it was regarded as an honest union, — honest, at least, as to intention. But having once made a choice, the girl was held bound by that choice. If it were discovered that she met another admirer secretly, the people would strip her naked, allowing her only a *shuro*-leaf for apron, and drive her in mockery through every street and alley of the village. During this public disgrace of their daughter, the parents of the girl dared not show their faces abroad; they were expected to share her shame, and they had to remain in their house, with all the shutters fastened up. Afterward the girl was sentenced to banishment for five years. But at the end of that period she was considered to have expiated her fault, and she could return home with the certainty of being spared further reproaches.

The obligation of mutual help in time of calamity or danger was the most imperative of all communal obligations. In case of fire, especially, everybody was required to give immediate aid to the best of his or her ability. Even children were not exempted from this duty. In towns and cities, of course, things were differently ordered; but in any little country village the universal duty was very plain and simple, and its neglect would have been considered unpardonable.

A curious fact is that this obligation of mutual help extended to religious matters: everybody was expected to invoke the help of the gods for the sick or the unfortunate, whenever asked to do so. For example, the entire village might be ordered to make a *sendo-mairi*¹ on behalf of some one seriously ill. On such occasions the Kumi-cho (each Kumi-cho was responsible for the conduct of five or more families) would run from house to house, crying, "Such and such a one is very sick: kindly hasten all to make a *sendo-mairi*!" Thereupon, however occupied for the moment, every soul in the settlement was expected to hurry to the temple, — taking care not to trip or stumble on the way, as a single misstep during the performance of a *sendo-mairi* was believed to mean misfortune for the sick. . . .

III.

Now concerning Hamaguchi.

From immemorial time the shores of Japan have been swept, at irregular intervals of centuries, by enormous tidal waves, — tidal waves caused by earthquakes or by submarine volcanic action. These awful sudden risings of the sea are called by the Japanese *tsunami*. The last one occurred on the evening of

June 17, 1896, when a wave nearly two hundred miles long struck the northeastern provinces of Miyagi, Iwaté, and Aomori: wrecking scores of towns and villages, ruining whole districts, and destroying nearly thirty thousand human lives. . . . The story of Hamaguchi Gohei is the story of a like calamity which happened long before the era of Meiji, on another part of the Japanese coast.

He was an old man at the time of the occurrence that made him famous. He was the most influential resident of the village to which he belonged: he had been for many years its *muraosa*, or headman; and he was not less liked than respected. The people usually called him *Ojiisan*, which means Grandfather; but, being the richest member of the community, he was sometimes officially referred to as the Chōja. He used to advise the smaller farmers about their interests, to arbitrate their disputes, to advance them money at need, and to dispose of their rice for them on the best terms possible.

Hamaguchi's big thatched farmhouse stood at the verge of a small plateau, overlooking a bay. The plateau, mostly devoted to rice culture, was hemmed in on three sides by thickly wooded summits. From its outer verge the land sloped down in a huge green concavity, as if scooped out, to the edge of the water; and the whole of this slope, some three quarters of a mile long, was so terraced as to look, when viewed from the open sea, like an enormous flight of green steps, divided in the centre by a narrow white zigzag, a streak of mountain road. Ninety thatched dwellings and a Shintō temple, composing the village proper, stood along the curve of the bay; and other houses climbed strag-

¹ To perform a *sendo-mairi* means to make one thousand visits to a temple, and to repeat one thousand invocations to the deity. But it is considered necessary only to go from the gate, or the torii of the temple-court, to the place of prayer, and back, one thousand times,

repeating the invocation each time; and the task may be divided among any number of persons, — ten visits by one hundred persons, for instance, being quite as efficacious as a thousand visits by a single person.

gling up the slope for some distance on either side of the narrow road leading to the Chōja's home.

One autumn evening Hamaguchi Gohei was looking down from the balcony of his house at some preparations for a merry-making in the village below. There had been a very fine rice-crop, and the peasants were going to celebrate their harvest by a dance in the court of the *ujigami*.¹ The old man could see the festival banners (*nobori*) fluttering above the roofs of the solitary street, the strings of paper lanterns festooned between bamboo poles, the decorations of the shrine, and the brightly colored gathering of the young people. He had nobody with him that evening but his little grandson, a lad of ten; the rest of the household having gone early to the village. He would have accompanied them had he not been feeling less strong than usual.

The day had been oppressive; and in spite of a rising breeze, there was still in the air that sort of heavy heat which, according to the experience of the Japanese peasant, at certain seasons precedes an earthquake. And presently an earthquake came. It was not strong enough to frighten anybody; but Hamaguchi, who had felt hundreds of shocks in his time, thought it was queer, — a long, slow, spongy motion. Probably it was but the after-tremor of some immense seismic action very far away. The house crackled and rocked gently several times; then all became still again.

As the quaking ceased Hamaguchi's keen old eyes were anxiously turned toward the village. It often happens that the attention of a person gazing fixedly at a particular spot or object is suddenly diverted by the sense of something not knowingly seen at all, — by a mere vague feeling of the unfamiliar in that dim outer circle of unconscious perception which lies beyond the field of clear

vision. Thus it chanced that Hamaguchi became aware of something unusual in the offing. He rose to his feet, and looked at the sea. It had darkened quite suddenly, and it was acting strangely. It seemed to be moving against the wind. *It was running away from the land.*

Within a very little time the whole village had noticed the phenomenon. Apparently no one had felt the previous motion of the ground, but all were evidently astounded by the movement of the water. They were running to the beach, and even beyond the beach, to watch it. No such ebb had been witnessed on that coast within the memory of living man. Things never seen before were making apparition; unfamiliar spaces of ribbed sand and reaches of weed-hung rock were left bare even as Hamaguchi gazed. And none of the people below appeared to guess what that monstrous ebb signified.

Hamaguchi Gohei himself had never seen such a thing before; but he remembered things told him in his childhood by his father's father, and he knew all the traditions of the coast. He understood what the sea was going to do. Perhaps he thought of the time needed to send a message to the village, or to get the priests of the Buddhist temple on the hill to sound their big bell. . . . But it would take very much longer to tell what he might have thought than it took him to think. He simply called to his grandson: —

"Tada! — quick, — very quick! . . . Light me a torch."

Taimatsu, or pine-torches, are kept in many coast dwellings for use on stormy nights, and also for use at certain Shintō festivals. The child kindled a torch at once; and the old man hurried with it to the fields, where hundreds of rice-stacks, representing most of his invested capital, stood awaiting transportation. Approaching those nearest the verge of the slope, he began to apply

¹ Shintō parish temple.

the torch to them, — hurrying from one to another as quickly as his aged limbs could carry him. The sun-dried stalks caught like tinder; the strengthening sea-breeze blew the blaze landward; and presently, rank behind rank, the stacks burst into flame, sending skyward columns of smoke that met and mingled into one enormous cloudy whirl. Tada, astonished and terrified, ran after his grandfather, crying,

“Ojisan! why? Ojisan! why? — why?”

But Hamaguchi did not answer: he had no time to explain; he was thinking only of the four hundred lives in peril. For a while the child stared wildly at the blazing rice; then burst into tears, and ran back to the house, feeling sure that his grandfather had gone mad. Hamaguchi went on firing stack after stack, till he had reached the limit of his field; then he threw down his torch, and waited. The acolyte of the hill-temple, observing the blaze, set the big bell booming; and the people responded to the double appeal. Hamaguchi watched them hurrying in from the sands and over the beach and up from the village, like a swarming of ants, and, to his anxious eyes, scarcely faster; for the moments seemed terribly long to him. The sun was going down; the wrinkled bed of the bay, and a vast sallow speckled expanse beyond it, lay naked to the last orange glow; and still the sea was fleeing toward the horizon.

Really, however, Hamaguchi did not have very long to wait before the first party of succor arrived, — a score of agile young peasants, who wanted to attack the fire at once. But the Chōja, holding out both arms, stopped them.

“Let it burn, lads!” he commanded, — “let it be! I want the whole *mura* here. There is a great danger, — *taihen desū!*”

The whole village was coming; and Hamaguchi counted. All the young men and boys were soon on the spot, and not

a few of the more active women and girls; then most of the older folk, and mothers with babies at their backs, and even children, — for children could help to pass water; and the elders too feeble to keep up with the first rush could be seen well on their way up the steep ascent. The growing multitude, still knowing nothing, looked alternately, in sorrowful wonder, at the flaming fields and at the impassive face of their Chōja. And the sun went down.

“Grandfather is mad, — I am afraid of him!” sobbed Tada, in answer to a number of questions. “He is mad. He set fire to the rice on purpose: I saw him do it!”

“As for the rice,” cried Hamaguchi, “the child tells the truth. I set fire to the rice. . . . Are all the people here?”

The Kumicho and the heads of families looked about them, and down the hill, and made reply: “All are here, or very soon will be. . . . We cannot understand this thing.”

“*Aré!*” shouted the old man at the top of his voice, pointing to the open. “Say now if I be mad!”

Through the twilight eastward all looked, and saw at the edge of the dusky horizon a long, lean, dim line like the shadowing of a coast where no coast ever was, — a line that thickened as they gazed, that broadened as a coast-line broadens to the eyes of one approaching it, yet incomparably more quickly. For that long darkness was the returning sea, towering like a cliff, and coursing more swiftly than the kite flies.

“*Tsunami!*” shrieked the people; and then all shrieks and all sounds and all power to hear sounds were annihilated by a nameless shock heavier than any thunder, as the colossal swell smote the shore with a weight that sent a shudder through all the hills, and a foam-burst like a blaze of sheet-lightning. Then for an instant nothing was visible but a storm of spray rushing up the slope like a cloud; and the people scattered back

in panic from the mere menace of it. When they looked again, they saw a mad torment of tossing water over the place of their homes. It drew back roaring, and tearing out the bowels of the land as it went. Twice, thrice, five times the sea struck and ebbed, but each time with lesser surges; then it returned to its ancient bed and stayed, — still raging, as after a typhoon.

On the plateau for a time there was no word spoken. All stared speechlessly at the desolation beneath, — the horror of hurled rock and naked riven cliff, the bewilderment of scooped-up deep-sea wrack and shingle shot over the empty site of dwelling and temple. The village was not; the greater part of the fields were not; even the terraces had ceased to exist; and of all the homes that had been about the bay there remained nothing recognizable except two straw roofs tossing madly far out at sea. The after-terror of the death escaped and the stupefaction of the general loss kept all lips dumb, until the voice of Hamaguchi was heard again, observing gently, "That was why I set fire to the rice."

He, their Chōja, now stood among them almost as poor as the poorest; for his wealth was gone — but he had saved four hundred lives by the sacrifice. Little Tada ran to him, and caught his hand, and asked forgiveness for having said naughty things. Whereupon the people woke up to the knowledge of why they were alive, and began to wonder at the simple, unselfish foresight that had saved them; and the headmen prostrated themselves in the dust before Hamaguchi Gohei, and the people after them.

Then the old man wept a little, partly because he was happy, and partly because he was aged and weak and had been sorely tried.

"My house remains," he said, as soon as he could find words, automatically caressing Tada's brown cheeks; "and there is room for many. Also the tem-

ple on the hill stands; and there is shelter there for the others."

Then he led the way to his house; and the people cried and shouted.

The period of distress was long, because in those days there were no means of quick communication between district and district, and the help needed had to be sent from far away. But when better times came, the people did not forget their debt to Hamaguchi Gohei. They could not make him rich; nor would he have suffered them to do so, even had it been possible. Moreover, gifts would never have sufficed as an expression of their reverential feeling towards him; for they believed that the ghost within him was divine. So they declared him a god, and thereafter called him Hamaguchi Daimyōjin, knowing they could give him no greater honor; and truly no greater honor in any country could be given to mortal man. And when they rebuilt the village, they built a temple to the spirit of him, and fixed above the front of it a tablet bearing his name in Chinese text of gold; and they worshiped him there, with prayer and with offerings. How he felt about it I cannot say; I know only that he continued to live in his old thatched home upon the hill, with his children and his children's children, just as humanly and simply as before, while his soul was being worshiped in the shrine below. A hundred years and more he has been dead; but his temple, they tell me, still stands, and the people still pray to the ghost of the good old farmer to help them in time of fear or trouble.

I asked a Japanese philosopher and friend to explain to me how the peasants could rationally imagine the spirit of Hamaguchi in one place while his living body was in another. Also I inquired whether it was only one of his souls which they had worshiped during his life, and whether they imagined that one

soul to have detached itself from the rest merely to receive homage.

"The peasants," my friend answered, "think of the mind or spirit of a person as something which, even during life, can be in many places at the same instant. . . . Such an idea is, of course, quite different from any Western ideas about the soul."

"Any more rational?" I mischievously asked.

"Well," he responded, with a Buddhist smile, "if we accept the doctrine of the unity of all mind, the idea of the Japanese peasant would appear to contain at least some adumbration of truth. I could not say so much for your Western notions about the soul."

Lafcadio Hearn.

SIR GEORGE TRESSADY.

It is a good instance of the tyranny of the novel-form in modern literature that a writer like Mrs. Ward should accept it as her proper mode of expression. She is not a novelist by nature and scarcely one by grace, but she goes on her brilliant way, adding one person after another to her world of imaginary beings, bringing them into existence not so much by a creative fiat as by the exercise of an intellectual industry which works after good patterns. Why is it that the more perfectly a wax figure simulates life the more objectionable it becomes, the farthest removed from genuine life? What is there in art, literary or plastic, which requires the making anew before we resign ourselves to entire satisfaction in what reflects our common humanity? And why is it that the cleverer the mere imitation of humanity, the more dissatisfied we are in the end, even though we have been truly interested as we have come under the influence of the imitator?

These are questions which tease us as we lay down Sir George Tressady.¹ What greater intellectual pleasure of an easy sort can one have than the society through two volumes of a group of cultivated people busy over the game of

politics, and disclosing meanwhile not only earnestness of purpose, but the inevitable breaking through the crust of politics into real life itself? To be sure, a mere pleasure-seeker comes to be rather weary of the iteration of Letty's pettiness and Lady Tressady's ghastly vanity, and even the watcher of the game begins to suspect he has not quite technical knowledge enough to grasp at once the full meaning of all the moves. But after all is over, especially after he has been constrained to listen to the tickings of Sir George Tressady's life in a damp and dark underground passage, the reader who looks at books as works of art turns back upon this highly intellectual and rational performance, and, with a puzzled sense of having been almost deceived, comes nevertheless to the conviction that he has been at a most ingenious and interesting show, a species of museum of humanity, the objects being chiefly English men and women of the upper order, with a few specimens of the peasant class for effective contrast.

This is not to say that Mrs. Ward lost the thread of her story or had no distinct design. It is very clear that she had a somewhat novel and complicated problem of character to work out. As in her former morality, *Marcella*, she set herself the task of defining the development of a raw English girl with a head-

¹ *Sir George Tressady*. By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1896.

long zeal for social reform into a woman of rank with social and political power, so here she attacks, not indeed the obverse problem, but one curiously involved in the social and moral order which offers the field for her speculation. Sir George Tressady is a young fellow of parts, who has made the acquaintance of the British Empire by travel, and comes home to plunge at once into political life. Partly through friendship with a strong-willed leader of the opposition, partly from intellectual conviction, and partly again because of a temperament which makes him rather a spectator of life than an eager participant, he finds himself ranged with a party opposed to that led by Lord Maxwell, Marcella's husband. Maxwell's party is in power, and stands for very specific control of industrial conditions in the interest of the workingmen; the party in opposition, led by Lord Fontenoy, stands roughly for a *laissez-faire* policy, a class government, and an imperial ambition. The story opens with Sir George Tressady's success at the polls by which he is returned to Parliament, and the success which counts for rather more with him, the winning the hand of Letty Sewell, a selfish little toy of a girl, who plays her cards well in securing his affection. Letty's character, by the way, is so transparent to the reader from her first appearance that he is a little impatient at the ease with which this man of the world is entrapped. It is part of the author's plan, however, in the creation of her hero, that he shall have at the outset but a superficial investiture of feeling, and easy contentment with an ordinary ideal.

It is not long before Sir George catches up with the reader in his apprehension of Letty's shallowness, and at the same time comes under the spell of Marcella Maxwell's earnest devotion to the cause for which she and her husband stand. One who is familiar with Marcella through her earlier history is not surprised at the attitude which she now takes. She is entirely loyal to her

husband, but she has both consciously and unconsciously wedded herself also to the social reform which follows from the principles they hold, and in her absorption in this interest throws herself passionately into the plans of the government party. She is beautiful, she is in dead earnest, and her position gives her every opportunity for taking part in the political game. It is anything but a game to her; nevertheless, she is almost an automaton in it; that is to say, her part is to influence Tressady and win him over to the government; and though no one, except the foolish Letty, charges her silently or openly with fascinating the young member of Parliament, the fact remains that her personal appeal to him, made in various ways of which she is scarcely conscious, does effect the desired change, and at the critical moment Sir George goes over to the government and saves it from defeat.

The result is a spiritual new birth of the persons most intimately concerned. Sir George Tressady, facing the fact that he has surrendered himself out of love to a married woman, also discovers the nobility of her nature, and passes out of contentment with meaner ideals into a condition which, though full of restlessness, prophesies a growth of purpose in him; he conquers even his aversion from his wife. Letty has a spark of the higher life implanted in her thin nature, and though it has to be fanned very cautiously, one who has faith say as large as a kernel of corn may believe that she will be developed into a woman worth living with. Marcella, awakened to a sense of what she has done, is covered with a remorse which characteristically leads her into acts of great self-abnegation, and she labors to atone for the mischief, by reconciling wife and husband and drawing both within the salutary influence of her own large nature; more especially she discovers the wrong she has done her husband, not by disloyalty to him, but by a subtle subordina-

tion of him to the cause in which they are engaged.

It is this last moral which, lightly accented, is yet likely to remain most surely with the reader. For in spite of the prominence given to Sir George Tressady, the book is substantially a sequel to *Marcella*. The author has lavished most pains upon her, and the ethical problem involved in her career is plainly the one which concerns her most deeply. Mrs. Ward is a victim of the *Zeitgeist*, that scourge or that stimulant of literature, as one may choose to take it. Social reform, woman, politics, the relation of man and woman in the apparent readjustment of society, here is double, double, toil and trouble, and Mrs. Ward puts her fagots on the fire and watches the caldron bubble. Fiction is the prevailing form of literature, and she accepts it as the inevitable; and yet by a curious reversion in the end to her natural expression, after a violent dramatic pose in the crushing out of Sir George Tressady's life in a mine whither he has gone to rescue his men, she goes on and on with a sort of review of her hero's nature. For her interest is not primarily in the men and women whom she creates; it is in the people of the actual world in which she lives, and whom she tries to transfer to her novel. In doing this she is all the while preoccupied with the circumstances and the inner life of the prototypes of her fictitious characters so that when finally she takes leave of her hero, it occurs to her

to sit down and look at him in his death-struggles and try to explain him to herself and her friends. What artist who had gone out of herself through six or seven hundred pages in the disclosure of her hero would find it necessary at the end to bring in a sort of heavenly candle and go searching round in the poor man's heart and brain?

There is a humorous parable by Mr. James, entitled *The Real Thing*, where an artist designing to illustrate a novel of contemporaneous polite society, thinks himself at first very fortunate in having a real lady and a real gentleman to act as models, but discovers before long that they may be real enough in actual life, yet are inferior models, and he has recourse finally to a professional model. Mrs. Ward has not yet, we suspect, made the artist's discovery, but she is so brilliant a writer, she knows so well the world she aims to reproduce, and she is so good a pathologist in social health and disease, that one reads her novel with great pleasure. One has overheard clever people talk, he has become fairly well acquainted with a few persons who stand for a society which is full of interest, and he has even been drawn into a consideration of some very subtle movements below the surface. That ought to satisfy him, in these days when the world is turning itself inside out for readers of books; yet with the unreasonableness of one who has caught a glimpse of what art in fiction may be, he sighs for a world made anew by a great literary creator.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

POETRY.

If it were only to keep up the traditions of the greater American poetry, the infrequent volumes put forth by Mr. Aldrich would do a real service, and his new poem *Judith and Holofernes* (Houghton) reminds

us that there still are fine themes nobly handled. He has taken the Apocryphal story, concerning which a careful canvass amongst intelligent people would reveal an astonishing extent of uncertainty, and has put it into a form which must revive and

help to fix the memory of it. In the place of the stern Hebraic Judith of ancient writ, he makes his heroine, with all the rigor of her final deed, very much a woman, and moves her, at the crucial moment, to such pity that she almost abandons her purpose. In keeping with this character, Mr. Aldrich's verse has a grace that equals if it does not exceed its force; and though the narrative may not be deeply stirring, it is exceedingly well told, and satisfies one with the knowledge that the art of poetic story-telling, after the best traditions of its practice, is not a lost art. — The Appledore Edition of *The Poems of Celia Thaxter* (Houghton), with an introduction by Miss Jewett, is one of the books which really add something to a library of American literature. There is nothing new to be said of Mrs. Thaxter's poems. Miss Jewett's words in the present volume speak with an intimate sympathy of the writer's spiritual growth, and the new strength that came with it into her work. The poems themselves, arranged here in the order of their production, show how closely Mrs. Thaxter's inmost life was related to the great sources of poetry. Of course no other one of these was more constantly her inspiration than the sea; and if the receding tide of opinion, whose power no man can foretell, removes all else, it is safe to predict that it will leave the Isles of Shoals and their surrounding waters with an aspect upon the New England map different from that of any other region. The poet who brings about such changes, and at the same time "leaves his native air the sweeter for his song," as Mrs. Thaxter has left hers, does his countrymen no mean service. — Human skill in the making of sonnets is not on the decline. Two books, *The Lamp of Gold*, by Florence L. Snow (Way & Williams), and *A Cycle of Sonnets*, edited by Mabel Loomis Todd (Roberts), reveal considerable deftness in the technical working of the art. Both of the sequences, however, dealing with great themes of love, faith, and death, give fresh proof that sonnets must needs be very much more than well written before they can impress themselves deeply even upon readers with a liking for skillful verse. What the absent something is it would need an essay rather than a paragraph to tell. — In poetry even more than in prose it is a pleasure to find fitness of material dress to the particular

form of verse, and *A Quiet Road*, by Lizette Woodworth Reese (Houghton), immediately appeals to the reader as far as binding, paper, and typography can, introducing a spirit which is quaint without affectation and penetrated with that fine flavor of poetry which is not to be detached in epigrammatic line, but like "the stinging odor of the sea," as Miss Reese herself sings, resides in the whole conception of each poem. Yet there is a singularly fine definiteness of picture, as in *A Street Scene*, *An English Missal*, *On a Colonial Picture*, and many another verse. Miss Reese does not lose her way in singing, and though she has a distinct taste for picturesqueness, the clearness and directness of her taste save it from the slightest suspicion of mannerism. The volume shows, if not a new note in our literature, a genuine and rare poetic beauty. — *Songs Without Answer* is the slightly enigmatical title of a thin book of verse by Irene Putnam (Putnams), but the riddle may be guessed as one reads the lines which show in how inquiring a mood the writer stands before nature and life. There is now and then a sob in the verse, but for the most part there is a delicate apprehension, as if one turned over fallen leaves and lifted twigs in one's walk, always searching for a little more revelation from the world. The verses are not always melodious, but there is much that suggests a refined and sensitive ear. — *Esther*, a *Young Man's Tragedy*, together with *The Love-Sonnets of Proteus*, by Wilfred Seawen Blunt. (Copeland & Day.) This volume follows Rossetti's *House of Life* in a series of English love-sonnets which its publishers have begun to issue. Its form is of the kind for which Mr. Morris and the Kelmscott Press are primarily responsible, — a form made more familiar hereabouts by the skillful decorations of Mr. B. G. Goodhue. In *Esther* the poet has a more definite story to tell than most dealers in sonnet sequences. Though *The Love-Sonnets of Proteus*, on the other hand, are often individually as fine, they do not show as clearly what lesson in suffering has taught the singer his song. With the same virtue of separate strong sonnets, *Esther* has besides a unity, structural and dramatic, which the better known poem lacks. — *Out of a Silver Flute*, by Philip Verrill Mighels. (Tait & Sons.) By some ironic

fatality Mr. Mighels has put on the first pages of his book a number of quatrains which epitomize and caricature its most unhappy features. The first words of the first quatrain are "Old Sol," which dog-eared phrase cries out with only too prophetic a voice that triteness is to come. In the same quatrain the setting sun with its reflection in water is addressed with enthusiasm as "the golden exclamation point of God." After this charming conceit we are not surprised to hear Mount Shasta described as an "awe-inspiring I" in "God's chirography," nor to learn that the jelly-fish is "love-sick Neptune's wave-lorn kiss, tide-launched to nestle in a sea-nymph's tress." Silvern as may be the tones of Mr. Mighels' flute, the mellow stop of humor is lacking there.—The *Golden Shuttle*, by Marion Franklin Ham. (Printed by J. J. Little & Co., New York.) A volume of verse which has more excuse for being than some that come introduced by publishers. The writer has reproduced with some dexterity the impressions made on his ear and eye by nature; he has translated a few spiritual perceptions into terms of common life, and though he appears to be still in the imitative period, he follows with some firmness of step. There is evidence of painstaking, and there is more restraint than one commonly meets.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

One's own grandmother or elderly mother given the right side of the leaf to nibble, and so shrinking to the stature of childhood, is one of the perennial delights of children, and Miss Eliza Orne White, in *A Little Girl of Long Ago* (Houghton), has reproduced the little figure with its comrades in a truly charming manner. Something of the pleasure one gets from the portraits of little girls painted in the early part of the century is here, and the effect is heightened by the transcript in the illustrations of actual pictures of children. Miss White's touch is so sympathetic and so firm, and she has such a lurking fun, that the narrative never seems fictitious, and yet never is biographical. The story is one to be enjoyed in common by old and young, and of how few books can this be said!—With the holidays comes the usual triple presentment of the Henty boy, and his innumerable friends will find that young

gentleman as pleasingly modest and manly as ever. Guy Aylmer, in *At Agincourt*, a *Tale of the White Hoods of Paris*, has, as may be surmised, abundant opportunities to display all his heroic qualities, it even being given to him to save King Henry's life in the great battle. Stanley Brooke, in *On the Irrawaddy*, a *Story of the First Burmese War*, and Stephen Embleton, in *With Cochrane the Dauntless*, a *Tale of the Exploits of Lord Cochrane in South American Waters*, are both early nineteenth-century lads. The former does good service in one of the most terrible of England's little wars in the East, and we are glad to hear that, in a green old age, he still lives "in a noble mansion near Stains." Mr. Henty usually provides most generously for the tranquil after-life of his heroes; even Stephen, who follows the brave, self-sacrificing, but hardly fortunate Cochrane, brings at least a few thousands with him to his native shore. As always, the purely historical portions of these tales are carefully and conscientiously written. (Scribners.)—The *Log of a Privateersman*, by Harry Collingwood (Scribners), resembles the Henty books in its outward guise, and is of the same satisfying length. It describes with much spirit the moving accidents which befell an English youth during his career as a privateersman in certain memorable months of the Napoleonic war,—months which witnessed the culmination of Nelson's glory. We need hardly say that the young hero is able to be very useful to the great admiral,—who, however, does not appear upon the scene in his own proper person,—and so gains, with honor and profit, a command in the Royal Navy.—For *King or Country*, by James Barnes. (Harpers.) Mr. Barnes's story makes an excellent book for boys,—improbable enough to hold their interest, yet carefully avoiding the seasoning of absurdity which so many juvenile books seem to require in order to become palatable. The chivalrous young hero fights his way stoutly through the war for independence, while his twin Dromio, fighting for conscience' sake in the British army, comes at last to realize that his duty to his country is a higher commandment than his duty toward his king.—Mr. Kirk Munroe's two holiday books have, as usual, a thrilling adventure to every chapter, not to mention casual minor excitements. Through Swamp and

Glade (Scribners) is a story of the Seminole War, — not a contest in which Americans can take pride, as the writer does not fail to make evident; while Rick Dale (Harpers) is a tale of to-day, concerning one of those boys who encounter innumerable difficulties and dangers with no better mentor than another lad of their own age, often a chance acquaintance. The North-west Coast is the scene of the present hero's escapes and exploits.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Chapters from a Life, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. (Houghton.) It is no easy matter to tell the public of one's bringing up, and then of one's ventures in literature, for the whispering self is liable to be at one's ear; but Mrs. Ward has written a simple, enjoyable account of her literary life, with some pleasant memorabilia of famous friends and some forcible general reflections drawn from her experience. The book will do much to adjust the writer's relation to her books in the minds of readers. — Sir Samuel Ferguson in the Ireland of his Day, by Lady Ferguson. (Blackwood.) We imagine that Ferguson is best known to American readers as the author of *The Forging of the Anchor*, a poem which long ago found its way into all the anthologies. This, written at the age of twenty-one, was the very first production of a literary life extending over more than half a century, whose principal inspiration — and a genuine inspiration it often was — was found in purely Irish subjects. His political position — for even a poet and an antiquarian must be political in Ireland — can be briefly stated in his own words: "I sympathized with the Young Ireland poets and patriots while their aims were directed to a restoration of Grattan's Parliament. . . . But I have quite ceased to sympathize with their successors, who have converted their high aspirations to a sordid social war of classes carried on by the vilest methods." A patriot of a very noble sort, Ferguson's aspiration to be one of the founders or even precursors of a national Irish literature is a little pathetic as well as admirable to an outside observer, in view of the indifference to his theme in his own class, while the mass of the people, generally speaking, cared not at all for such literature as he would give them. He was justly a conspicuous figure

amongst all that was best in the Dublin society of his day, so his life is really in a way a record of that society. Of the fine and lovable quality of the man too much cannot be said. In the singularly attractive portrait given in the first volume, we surely find the mind's construction in the face. — *Lorenzo de' Medici, and Florence in the Fifteenth Century*, by E. Armstrong, M. A. *Heroes of the Nations Series*. (Putnam's.) The general reader should be grateful to Mr. Armstrong for giving him a life of Lorenzo de' Medici of moderate length, which is withal a scholarly piece of work, showing throughout a careful study and comparison of both the earlier and later approved authorities. He achieves a rather unusual measure of success in his endeavors to set forth intelligibly the confusing and hardly inspiring Italian politics of the Medicean age, but his readers will probably dwell longest upon the more personal aspects of his study of the history of the founders of the great Florentine house destined to rule despotically for three centuries. Generous space is given, as it should be, to a consideration of the letters and art of the place and time, — in its literature Lorenzo himself being one of the greatest names, perhaps we should say the greatest, while to its art he was the most appreciative of patrons. The numerous illustrations are well chosen and interesting, and include many portraits. As usual, those of Lorenzo do not fail to excite a sort of indignant surprise at the superlative ugliness of a man whose name is associated with every form of beauty. — *The Life of Benvenuto Cellini*, newly translated into English by John Addington Symonds. Fourth Edition. (Imported by Scribners.) Few and far between are the translations which convey to the English reader not only the words, but, so far as may be, the very spirit of the original. Amongst these masterpieces Symonds's version of Cellini's autobiography will always hold a place. We are glad that it is now offered to our public, in its less costly form, the present edition being the one in a single handsome volume, well printed and excellently illustrated.

FICTION.

In *Homespun*, by Edith Nesbit. *Key-notes Series*. (Lane, London; Roberts, Boston.) Not one of the ten stories in this

collection is uninteresting ; the majority of them deserve warmer praise. They are tales of South Kent and of the Sussex downs, mostly told by women in humble life, in rustic but not unpleasing English, —told with naturalness, simplicity, and force, and with an occasional genuine dramatic touch. Perhaps narrators of this class would hardly speak with so small a waste of words, but as brevity and directness are among the most attractive qualities of these sketches, we are not inclined to press the point. We wish, however, that Son and Heir could have been omitted. With its bit of conventional sensationalism, and the wondrously rapid and easy transformation at its close, redolent of the foot-lights, it is out of harmony with its companions, and unworthy of them as well. — “All Men are Liars,” by Joseph Hocking. (Roberts.) A curious mixture of *naïveté* and cleverness, weakness and strength, romance and realism. The hero, an ingenuous youth at the outset, comes under the influence of a cynical uncle, a pessimistic and skeptical tutor, a wife and father-in-law who are heartless worldlings, and so loses his illusions and sinks very low indeed, being rescued from the depths and restored to faith and courage by the love of a true woman, whom he himself had aforesaid saved from degradation. The ability shown by the author in certain directions makes the crude conventionality of some of his character-drawing the more noticeable. — Black Spirits and White, a Book of Ghost Stories, by Ralph Adams Cram. Carnation Series. (Stone & Kimball.) While reading the half dozen ghostly tales in this little volume, — or five, we should say, for one is the story of a maniac, — the phantoms appeared rather familiar acquaintances ; but on reaching the last page, we find that the writer has addressed his readers in a postscript, and deprecates such criticism by stating his belief that all legends of the supernatural spring from the same roots, and declaring that if he “has succeeded in clothing one or two of these norms in some slightly new vesture he is more than content.” We must say that we find the merely human part of the sketches much the better done. The supernatural vesture is not new, but only a little remodeled, while its adornments are quite too highly colored, and yet somehow

fail to give that thrill often obtained by seemingly simple means. Mr. Cram’s stories, however, can be understood by the general reader, which is by no means to be said of a tale issued in another volume of the same series, *The Gods give my Donkey Wings*, by Angus Evan Abbott. The title, apropos of nothing in particular, fitly heads a story in which a packman of some undiscoverable epoch visits a country called *The Thorp*, not to be found on any map, where various adventures occur, of which the reader gets confusing glimpses. The writer uses a more or less archaic English, which shares the indefiniteness of the time and country, a fair specimen of which is the transmogrified proverb, “Familiarity procreates villipendency.” — *The Way they loved at Grimpat*, by E. Rentoul Esler. (Holt.) While the most unwholesome, tawdry, or trivial “up-to-date” stories are sure to be imported with needless celerity, it has taken two or three years for these modest, pleasing village idyls to reach us. They do not speak dialect in Grimpat, and we are not told where in England we can find the hamlet, though of its reality we feel sure. The author refers to it as rather ugly, but ugliness is comparative, and it would probably be esteemed pretty enough elsewhere. They are good girls whose comedies and tragedies are recorded here, and their stories are written with rigid simplicity, and yet always sympathetically, gracefully, and with the accent of truth. — *Artists’ Wives*, by Alphonse Daudet, translated by Laura Ensor. (Dent, London ; Macmillan, New York.) The obvious moral pointed by the last of the dozen tales in the book is that, unless the artist is stupid, and the wife beautiful and clever, artists had better refrain from marrying. The series of pictures of men of the *genus irritabile* matched with clowns of the opposite sex is a convincing argument against the marriage of uncommonplace men with the commonplace women they often choose. Most of the stories have an element of pathos, and all a dash of Gallic humor. None is more delightful than *Assault with Violence*, in which the wife, acting under legal advice to goad the husband into striking her, loses her own temper and slaps his face. — *A Stumbler in Wide Shoes* (Holt) forms the sixth number of the Proctean Series. The scene is laid alternately in Holland and England, and the anony-

mous author shows a pretty intimate acquaintance with some not altogether obvious phases of life in those countries. The plot, too, is surprisingly vital in places. In spite of the markedly amateurish technique of the book, and the slow development of its dramatic interest, it fulfills its purpose of entertainment. — *The Romance of Guadamonte*, by Arline E. Davis (Tait & Son), is one of those wholly unreadable books which deal with foreign life (preferably aristocratic) from a point of view nicely adjusted between that of the gushing school-girl and that of the imaginative spinster. Italy is the scene of the romance, and names dear to tourists stud the pages, but not so thickly as to distract the reader's animadversive eye from the crudeness of the style and the paltriness of the invention. — *A Venetian June*, by Anna Fuller (Putnams), narrates the pilgrimage of two American girls, under the chaperonage of a kindly old uncle, to the shrine of St. Mark's. The girls are handsome and "interesting," and punctiliously satisfy our expectations of their good sense by spending their time very pleasantly in their gondolas, in seeing the churches and pictures, and in falling in love with the likeliest of the men they happen to meet. — *Wisdom's Folly, a Study in Feminine Development*, by A. V. Dutton. (Holt.) An agreeably written tale, but we do not think that the study of the heroine's development has been equally successful at all stages of her career, and in the account of her flirtation with her husband's cousin we feel sure that the student has quite gone astray. The writer has insight and humor, and nearly all the minor characters are exceedingly well sketched. The ending of the story is satisfactory, even if it requires the too familiar railway accident and nearly fatal illness to make the wedded pair really understand each other's feelings. — *A Princess of the Gutter*, by L. T. Meade. (Putnams.) The heroine, a Girton girl, finds that a large property which she has inherited consists for the most part of wretched East End tenements. She goes to live in Shoreditch, near some of these houses, having them speedily demolished and better ones built in their place, occupying herself meanwhile with a girls' club and other helpful works. Martha Mace, the princess of the gutter, an utterly untrained young woman of much

native nobility and strength, is said by the author to have been drawn from life, though certain sensational incidents in her career are clearly of the writer's own contriving. The larger portion of the tale, however, is written soberly, and has the accent of truth. — *The Touch of Sorrow, a Study*. (Holt.) Another tale of an Undine-heroine who at last finds her soul, in this case through a great sorrow. She shrinks selfishly and even heartlessly from trouble in any form, and from all persons in distress, but at her child's grave a new life comes to her and a feeling of kinship to all who suffer. The story is simply told, is refined in tone, and is commendably free from sentimentality. — *Honor Ormthwaite*. (Harpers.) Honor, a peasant girl of the North-Country, to judge by her accent, who makes a foolish and miserable juvenile marriage, and later becomes a farm servant, is sought as a wife by Sir Gregory Ormthwaite, — not a hot-headed youth, but a gentleman of mature age, distinguished abilities, and large fortune, — and shortly after we find her the graceful and dignified mistress of his household. Of course various troublesome matters from her past return to vex her, and the writer shows considerable ingenuity in handling these untoward incidents. Novel-readers who do not mind the improbability, to speak mildly, of this scheme, or the fact that the leading characters never succeed in being quite alive, will find the story reasonably entertaining. — *The Silk of the Kine*, by L. McManus. (Harpers.) As before in *The Red Star* the writer tells of a heroine who, quite unwillingly, loves a soldier of her enemies. In this book it is of Lady Margery Ny Guire, one of the "transplanted," who is saved from various ills by an officer of Cromwell's army, who ruins his own career in doing so. The author's Puritans are not altogether convincing, but Mr. (or Miss) McManus is a good raconteur; the story is well-constructed and is told in a lively, vigorous fashion, and is the stronger for its brevity. — *Nets for the Wind*, by Una Taylor. Keynotes Series. (Lane, London; Roberts, Boston.) Presumably Miss Taylor is a Symbolist, and we greatly fear that her tales will be profitable neither for edification nor for entertainment save to the initiated. Ungentle readers may even suggest that the title of the book symbolizes the futility of its con-

tents. — James Inwick, Ploughman and Elder, by P. Hay Hunter. (Harpers.) With some force and a good deal of dry humor, James Inwick tells of his mental struggles over the question of Disestablishment, for he is at once a Liberal and an elder of the Kirk. The tale makes a bold plunge into the future, for the Kirk is disestablished, without the promised good coming to the people thereby. The whole narrative is in dialect, and a not unneeded glossary is appended. — The Messrs. Scribners have completed their attractive series of Stories by English Authors, by the publication of the last two volumes: one devoted to the Sea, with, very appropriately, a portrait of Mr. W. Clark Russell as a frontispiece; the other entitled Germany, etc., in which the locality shifts to Holland and Flanders, and even to London. — The Under-Side of Things, by Lilian Bell. (Harpers.) The glimpses of West Point and army life which this story gives us, together with the real if somewhat obvious pathos of its closing episode, make only partial amends for its technical shortcomings. The inchoateness of portions of the story and the occasional glaring solecisms make us long for the time when young writers shall feel it as incumbent upon them to learn the technique of their trade as do young painters or young musicians. — The Quicksands of Pactolus, by Horace Annesley Vachell. (Holt.) A Californian story which aims to illustrate some of the effects of rapid accumulation of wealth in a new community. The author is, unfortunately, so occupied with the "social problems" which his theme presents that he does not give himself quite whole-heartedly to his drama, but in spite of this the book has "the quality of art," and leaves an impression of considerable skill and strength. — Some Correspondence and Six Conversations, by Clyde Fitch. (Stone & Kimball.) Tiny *jeux d'esprit*, entertaining enough, perhaps, to silence our repudiation of the claim of such drawing-room toys to the responsible title of literature. — The Governor's Garden, a Relation of Some Passages in the Life of His Excellency Thomas Hutchinson, sometime Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of His Majesty's Province of Massachusetts Bay, by George R. R. Rivers. (Joseph Knight Co.) Governor Hutchinson's garden was, and apparently still is, in Milton,

where the unfortunate gentleman delighted in a beautiful place. Most of the many adventures in the tale take place far outside the garden, as the lover of the heroine has the mischance to be spirited away to the Caribbean Sea, and the marvelous good luck to find his lady-love in England, where he marries her and enters upon a deservedly happy life. The story is of somewhat meagre interest, except for its picturesque background. This is beautified by the book-maker's best skill, for an eighteenth-century story printed so near the end of our age has never been made to look more completely as if its types and decorations had been put together by a man of its own time. — A Mountain Woman, by Elia W. Peattie. (Way & Williams.) The title-story of this collection of far-Western tales, by no means should be the first one read, for it is really the least successful sketch in the book. The woman, who is not (says her husband) of the puny breed of modern femininity, but a remnant left over from the heroic ages, proves far less interesting than the everyday folk to be found elsewhere in the volume. Frontier life is nowadays certainly not an unused subject, but there is individuality in Mrs. Peattie's treatment of it; she has sympathetic insight and genuine feeling, and almost always a wise self-restraint. At her best, as in Jim Lancy's Waterloo, a dreary, hopeless, and, alas, common tragedy of Nebraska farm-life, she tells a story forcibly and effectively. — Will o' the Wasp, a Sea Yarn of the War of '12, edited by Henry Lawrence, U. S. N., and now brought before the public for the first time. By Robert Cameron Rogers. (Putnams.) The Autocrat speaks of a sweet delusion of his childhood, hardly relinquished when childhood had passed, which always brought the thought, when cannon sounded from the Navy Yard, "The Wasp has come." Why it never came this yarn graphically tells, and commemorates the corvette's earlier triumphs as well. It is an old sailor's tale of his youth, on the whole exceedingly well done, being vigorous, spirited, and life-like. — Persis Yorke, by Sydney Christian. (Macmillan.) A provokingly unequal book. The heroine is drawn with grace and skill, as are all the lesser women in the story, and many of her trials, which are of peculiar severity and follow one another with startling rapidity, are truthfully and

effectively treated. But the pathetic realism of the story is marred by the occasional introduction of commonplace sensationalism, while the very good hero and his father and the very bad father of the heroine have not, for all their vivacity and garrulousness, a particle of real life. In the beginning the tale is natural and moving, in the end, crude and artificial. The writer should be capable of better things.—Day-Books, by Mabel E. Wotton. Keynotes Series. (Lane, London; Roberts, Boston.) It is a pity that one who can write so well and is so good a story-teller should be, for the most part, so unfortunate in her choice of subjects; the more so as the reader instinctively feels that this choice is not from natural inclination, but merely a yielding to a passing bad fashion.—Another volume of short stories, above the ordinary, in the same series, is *Where the Atlantic Meets the Land*, by Caldwell Lipsett. They are Donegal sketches, racy of the soil, by turns tragic and comic, the tragedy lying very near the comedy in the passionate, undisciplined, childish natures of the dwellers in this remote corner of Ireland. Of the truthfulness of these rapid but vivid and vigorous sketches the reader is at once persuaded.—*The Story of Ulla*, by Edwin Lester Arnold. (Longmans.) Ten short tales; the first, that gives the book its title, being the best. The aged priest's story of his fierce pagan youth is forcibly and graphically told, the young viking having a greater measure of vitality than is commonly found in the primitive man of latter-day fiction. Three or four other sketches, more or less akin to the first, in that they treat of untamed men and nature in her wilder moods, show a certain power. For the rest the brief life of the ordinary magazine story should have sufficed.—One of the Visconti, by Eva Wilder Brodhead. Ivory Series. (Scribners.) One of the multitude of temporarily widowed American women, who for the children's education or their own pleasure make long sojourns in Europe, serves as the heroine of this little tale, the *dramatis personæ* being Kentuckians mostly, with a sprinkling of Neapolitans. Naturally, the author is better acquainted with the former, in dealing with whom, in one or two instances, she shows clever touches of character-drawing. But the story is commonplace, though far from unreadable.

—*Out of Bounds, Being the Adventures of an Unadventurous Young Man*, by A. Garry. (Holt.) A lively narrative of the very boyish and quite harmless escapades of a well-brought-up, decorous youth, the hope of a family of provincial magnates. 'Tis but a two days' tale, yet that is found long enough for the rise, progress, and culmination of the love affair intertwined with the hero's other adventures. In manner and movement the story is not unlike the farcical comedy of the contemporaneous English drama, somewhat rationalized in being turned into a novelette.

LITERATURE.

The uniform edition of Mrs. Stowe's writings has been represented thus far by half a dozen volumes, including *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *The Minister's Wooing*. The whole set will comprise sixteen volumes, and the opportunity has been taken to classify the briefer pieces and bring them into proper relation to the whole body of Mrs. Stowe's work, and to furnish each volume with a history of its contents. The series will show the range of this author's gift, and the marked personality which is disclosed through all the varied manifestation. Mrs. Stowe was a great figure, and it is every way proper that the product of her genius and her industry should thus be brought into a good survey. There are certain material helps to the standing of literature which should not be neglected, and scarcely any is more effective than uniform and collective editions. (Houghton.)—*Talks about Autographs*, by George Birkbeck Hill. (Houghton.) The contents of this handsome book have already appeared in *The Atlantic*, so far as the text is concerned, but the separate publication permits a wealth of facsimiles of autographs and reproductions of portraits which add much to the enjoyment. The title is made good by this means, and how admirably Dr. Birkbeck Hill's familiar colloquy dignifies the collector's occupation! These letters and portraits are but the suggestive notes to a rich rehabilitation of men and women, scenes and incidents. The humor which plays about the whole is just that agreeable *sauce piquante* which makes table-talk about literature far removed from petty personal gossip.—*Vergil in the Middle Ages*, by Domenico Comparetti. Translated by

E. F. M. Benecke, with an Introduction by Robinson Ellis, M. A. (Sonnenschein, London; Macmillan, New York.) Professor Comparetti's great book, which for years has been the standard authority on the subject of which it treats, has at last appeared in English, and in a translation so good that it should be gratefully welcomed by those English and American readers — many it is to be hoped — who through it make their first acquaintance with the work. The translation is from the proof-sheets of the second edition, from which it appears that the writer has in no essential particular modified his opinion as to the growth of the mediæval Vergilian legends, still holding them to be popular rather than literary in their origin. Of the wide and profound scholarship and the immense research which have gone to the making of the work there is hardly need to speak at this late day, nor can there remain any doubt as to its permanent value. To all lovers of the poet, whose works never became a closed book even in the darkest of the dark ages, this study of the Vergil of literary tradition and popular legend, from the Roman Decadence till the Renaissance, is to be commended. That the volume has no index is a grievous shortcoming. — The students of English literature owe a debt to Mr. Lewis E. Gates not only for making a varied and sprightly choice in *Selections from the Prose Writing of Cardinal Newman* (Holt), and so giving a convenient opportunity for tasting the richness in that field, but for his well-ordered and stimulating introduction, as thoughtful and exegetical a presentation of Newman's English as we remember to have seen. This introduction is a study, sixty pages long, which treats of Newman almost wholly in his literary aspect, but in its final section gives a most rational account of the cardinal's relation to his own times.

PHILOSOPHY.

To those who are acquainting themselves with Friedrich Nietzsche through the Macmillan edition of his collected works, the second volume, *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, will come as a potent surprise, if not as a revelation. With an instinct which proves his greatness as an artist, whatever may be his ultimate status as a thinker, Nietzsche has found here a form wonderfully fitted to

the peculiar idiom of his mind. A philosophical romance, the action of which lies outside time, and the characters of which are pure symbols, serves as a slender arabesque about the sayings of Zarathustra, the hermit preacher of the doctrine of "Beyond-man." These sayings are in the form of short canticles, by turns fervid, sardonic, mystical, and savage, full of exaltation strangely smitten across by saturnine laughter, and of broad humor as strangely irradiated by bursts of the most subtle and poignant lyricism. The doctrine thus extraordinarily conveyed is the one which Nietzsche everywhere preaches, that man is "something to be surpassed," and that in order to reach Beyond-man the human race must become "at once better and more wicked." The direct philosophical significance of this doctrine lies, of course, in the fact that it carries over into human and superhuman domains the crude principle of evolution, untempered by the working of the social and philanthropic instincts. This particular wording of the doctrine will doubtless survive less by reason of the naked intellectual concepts it involves than by reason of the astonishing artistic form that has been imposed upon them. The strength and finish of the short detached canticles, contrasted with the inchoateness of the larger masses in the earlier volume, tempt us to apply to Nietzsche his own famous dictum concerning Wagner: that instead of being a Titanic builder he is in reality only the most consummate of miniaturists. The translator, Dr. Alexander Tille, of the University of Glasgow, has performed his difficult task with brilliant success. His renderings are often daring to the point of temerity, but never escape the control of a trained and sensitive taste. — *Human Progress, What Can Man do to Further It?* by Thomas F. Blair. (William R. Jenkins.) This work is the latest attempt of that class of thinkers who, having grown tired of the long-continued self-effacement in minute investigations, are turning toward a reconstruction of our revised knowledge in some new philosophy which they call the Science of Progress. Mr. Blair makes much of practicality. He concerns himself with theory only so far as it enables him to reach a system of principles from which he derives his millennial prescriptions for our diseased body and soul.

RELIGION.

Church Unity, Five Lectures delivered in the Union Theological Seminary, New York, during the Winter of 1896. (Scribners.) The lecturers represented five important Protestant bodies: Dr. Shields speaking for the Presbyterian church, President Andrews for the Baptist, Bishop Hurst for the Methodist, Bishop Potter for the Episcopal, and Dr. Bradford for the Congregational. What such men as these have to say on the subject assigned them is worth hearing. It is worth observing, too, that they reveal an unmistakable common inclination to unite upon some such basis as that of the famous Chicago-Lambeth proposals. There is wisdom in the contention made more than once that Christian Unity must precede Church Unity, that the form of things cannot be made homogeneous till the spirit is at one. Distant as the day of unification may be, it is by such means as this book that it is brought nearer. Without irreverence, by the way, but with something like amusement, the reader who bears recent political events in mind must notice that the title of

the lecture by President Andrews is *The Sin of Schism*.

NATURE.

Familiar Trees and their Leaves, described and illustrated by F. Schuyler Mathews, with over two hundred Drawings by the Author, and an Introduction by Professor L. H. Bailey of Cornell University. (Appletons.) That the present growing interest in the more poetic and æsthetic branches of natural science is something more than a mere fad is shown by the excellent books it calls out. One of the latest of these is this hand-book from a man who is in love with his subject, and who sees in the scarlet oak as well as in the "yellow primrose" much that ordinary eyes miss. It will admirably serve its purpose of showing unscientific but interested observers how to know the trees by their leaves, bark, etc., without depending too much on the presence of flower or fruit. Mr. Mathews has a good eye for color, as his descriptions constantly show. That his feeling for grace and form is equally delicate a glance at the illustrations will reveal.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The American Voice.

IN a railroad station, the other day, I saw an uncouth foreigner, evidently a Jew, who had just arrived from the old country, and had been met at the station by two men of his own kind. These two had upon them, however, the imprint of American civilization, in such form as it has penetrated Salem Street. They greeted the new-comer in voices which had no unusual quality; but he returned their salutations in a baritone so full, so strong, so melodious that the music of it echoes still in the caves that lie somewhere between my tympanum and my heart,—those sub-carnal and enchanted caverns where sense-impressions wander while they await their transformation into thoughts and ideas. The voice had a tone as hard to describe as the quality in a wood-thrush's song; it was a mellow sweetness, a rounded fullness that thrilled the sense and delighted the soul. But the man was an ordinary Russian Jew in appearance; he was mani-

festly not in the slightest degree in harmony with the genius of our institutions. Alas! why should he have such a voice, while the next American gentleman I met spoke through his nose?

Leaving the station, I pursued my way down town through the Common and past the great sunken Way which is being dug there. I saw a young Irishman sauntering along, all begrimed with yellow earth, with similarly begrimed fellows, from one part of the work to another; and he was speaking to the other men about some detail of their toil. I knew he was newly arrived in the country, because the dew had not yet dried off the bloom of his brogue; it had the melodious quality which is soon lost from the American Irishman's talk. He was a tall, slender fellow, with a short, curling fair beard, and blue eyes. *His* voice was a tenor, and as clear as a linnet's. He seemed to sing rather than to speak, but he was just talking to the other laborers about the work.

Touched by the melodiousness and fine *timbre* of these two men's voices, I went on my way, and noted more sorrowfully than ever the harshness of my fellow-countrymen's tones. Why should their voices seem to scrape on the ear? What circumstances had brought them to this quality?

Is it an effect of climate? So I have heard. Our climate is subject to extremes. So is that of Europe; but ours is worse than that of western Europe. Is it also worse than that of the eastern-European plains from which, in all probability, my mellifluous-voiced Jew had just emigrated? I doubt it. To get apples and pears hardy enough to bear the climate of our own north-western prairies, where the weather is more extreme than in New England, our horticulturists have to go to these same Russian plains. Their climate is said to be almost as bad as our worst. And yet I have heard other Russians speak with very soft and clear voices.

Sometimes we are told that the sweetness is parched out of our voices by the dryness of our atmosphere. But I have heard Mexicans of the arid uplands, and Californians, speak in melodious tones; and here in watery New England, even in fogdripping Boston, we are distinguished above all other Americans—at least in the opinion of all other Americans—for the nasality of our tones. When the worst true word is said of it, our New England climate is more equable than that of Pennsylvania; yet the untutored native Pennsylvanian often has a soft, almost negro-like tone. And I think the Canadians, whose climate is not celebrated for mildness or equability, have as a rule better voices than either New Englanders or people of New York and the northern "West."

I have heard that the Swiss, the Tyrolese, and the Catalonians of the Pyrenees have strong and melodious voices because they are descended from generations of mountain-calling fathers. The cowherd of the Jura must needs lift his voice to make it reach up to his cattle on the mountain; and the echo, sending it back to him with an effect of enchantment, trains his ear to such a love for the music of the voice that he will not be satisfied with any save musical sounds from his own throat. And so we have the Alpine *ranz-des-vaches*, and the Tyrolese carols, and in the Catalonians such an instinctive love for sweetness of

voice that the choirs of the convent of Montserrat are said to produce the most heavenly strains heard this side the grave. All this we may well believe; but have not our fathers too gone calling over great hills for their cattle? Are there not mighty cow-callers in New Hampshire and Vermont to-day, whose voices are heard far on the mountains by beast and man? And do not these same mountaineers relapse into a poor nasal drone when they leave off cattle-calling and merely talk to their own kind? If you have heard the old-fashioned New England farmer shouting to his oxen, you have been impressed. "Whoa - hush! Whoa-haw!" It is a roar as of rapids through rocky gorges, and as of wind-storms through mountain pines. For several generations the rustie Yankee has thus exhorted his beasts; and yet our voices are not as those of Swiss or Tyrolese!

If I cannot find the cause of the vocal deficiency either in climate or in the birds or animals about us, which sing and call most musically, or in want of nutrition, or in any physical condition, I am driven to look for it in some moral shortcoming or distortion; for men of science tell us that a moral perversion or infirmity is quickly reflected in the eyes and the voice. I have observed with pain that the American farmer's shouting to his oxen, his horses, or his mules is commonly ill-natured. The psalm which he sings over their backs is far too often imprecatory. When the farmer calls his cows at nightfall, it is with a tone of querulous protest at their want of New England conscience in remaining far out in the pasture until that hour, while he has been toiling in the fields. Does he ever call to his beasts in sympathy? Is he fond of his horses and cattle, or merely fond of the possession of them? Would he not deem it wrong to regard a beast of the field as a fellow-being, a comrade in the world for joyous company? From that pleasant sympathy with birds and animals which puts real music into a man's tones when he speaks to them, the Yankee was certainly long shut out by something.

And then, we know that the American man scorns to be childlike. The American child is on vastly better terms with the animals than the child's father and mother are; his parents have to teach him that brutes are not fit associates for human beings.

All his life the Yankee boy of the old race has had drilled into him the doctrine that God gave to man the beasts to have dominion over; and though there may be dominion and affection too, nothing is ever said to the child about that.

What may this have to do with the voice? Only this: that the love of animals has much to do with the cheerful unrestraint of satisfaction with life, that has in its turn much to do with the voice, as well as with the smile and the sweetness of the eye. When I have sought with careful observation the real reason why the German, the Irish, the Scandinavian peasant comes to us not only with a rounder and sounder body, a fresher complexion, a finer and thicker beard, and a sweeter voice than my countryman's, but also with a more smiling face and a more cheerful heart, it has seemed to me that I could find this reason in his satisfaction with life, like that of a child. Generally the foreign peasant has found the conditions of life harder than our Yankee has found them; but something in his mind or heart or kindlier religious notions has enabled him to triumph over hard material conditions, and made him temperamentally happy and physically sane. Must we look into the Yankee's stern system of doctrine or morals for one cause of his physical sharpness?

Perhaps not; and yet I have sometimes fancied that we might have stood the climate without its yellowing and desiccating our skins, and drying away our fatty tissue, and shriveling up our beards, and so stiffening and parching our vocal membranes that our voices scrape through them, if we had devoted ourselves a little less thoroughly to dogma, and had loved nature a good deal more trustfully.

"Third Class." — Travelers in Europe are like a Washington pie: top layer, bottom layer, and an excellent filling between. The rich and showy represent the sugar-sprinkled top; the peasants, working-people, and often university students, the lowest tier; while the common every-day sort of folks, who after all are *the* people of any country, travel second class, between the two extremes.

American women are not often found in the third-class coupés of the Continent; hence it was with a self-gratulatory sense of independence that, left to my own de-

vices, I determined to travel third class from Nuremberg to Strassburg.

It was a marvelously hot day for Germany, and the clean, hard benches, guiltless of upholstery, were much cooler than the stuffed seats of the other cars. The wide-open windows admitted plenty of air, without cinders or smoke. Plain but tidy sanitary arrangements gave opportunity for bathing face and hands. Plenty of racks for bundles, hats, and umbrellas kept the seats and floor clear of impediments, which is more than can be said of any Pullman car. So much for externals, which, though important, are of little interest as compared with one's fellow-travelers.

Three peasant women took their seats with quiet dignity, first carefully pulling up their black silk skirts—it was a *Fest day*—about their waists, and exposing quilted flannel petticoats which were so short as to escape the dusty floor. They were of course bareheaded and barehanded, and it was with genuine satisfaction that I cast hat and gloves aside to keep them company. Each wore a handsome black satin apron, and the youngest a beautiful satin kerchief trimmed with fringe, falling gracefully over her breast where the kerchief crossed, and around the waist line, for the ends were knotted together behind. For jewels, sparkling earrings, brooch, and rings of crystal danced in the sunshine. She was a pretty creature, and it was no wonder that the lad who came to see her off kissed the hand she held out to him in adieu.

There is a constant kaleidoscopic change in third-class carriages. The occupants are rarely bound on long journeys. They go from village to village or to the city on some special errand, so in a ten hours' trip one sees many faces come and go. Yet to hear the people laugh and chat together, one might think these birds of passage had been always friends. They showed little vulgar curiosity, but a human sort of interest in one another. Their Bavarian German was not always plain to foreign ears, but what the ear failed to catch could often be read in the eyes and heard in the tones.

A young girl got in at a city station, and at once began to eat her luncheon, explaining to the on-lookers that she had had no chance to eat before, for "there is no restaurant in the lazaretto, and that is where I have been, to see my brother."

"Ah, to see your brother. Your brother is then sick?" and a sympathetic interest manifested itself among the women who had never seen this girl before.

"A young officer loaded a gun, and told my brother to shoot sparrows, and the gun burst."

"Your brother is soldier, then?"

"Yes, but he will be free now, if he lives," and she paused to command her voice and to wink back the tears. "One eye is all gone, but when the doctor took the bandage off to-day, he could see with the other. Oh yes, if there comes no inflammation, says the doctor, he will see quite well to make shoes. But my brother, he says, 'Better die than to lose two eyes.'"

"Yes, better die," echoed the peasant listeners, but they asked no more questions.

It was the inquisitive Yankee who unreeled the story of the wounded boy, and learned that he was but twenty-three; that he had served nearly his three years as soldier after learning a trade; that he was not married, but "had a friendship," though his sweetheart's father had not consented to the betrothal, but that now, oh yes, now she would be true to him, and she had told her father that she must go to the hospital and see him, and that she would marry no one else though he had but one eye. Oh yes, she was a good girl, she would be true to him. And there was union of Bavarian and American gladness in the fidelity of the peasant sweetheart to her soldier lad.

Later, as the train wound round the hills that skirt the Rhine, from which here and there a castle looked down from the wooded crest, an asylum for the insane was pointed out, and the story was told of a man living near it who had wife and children and ample means. But, said the peasant, he was a *bissel leicht*; and seeing the interrogative look on one face, at least, she added the blunt explanation that as the result of his frivolous life he became the father of two children whose peasant mothers lived in the neighborhood. His wife's heart was broken, and he left her, and going to a big city gambled away his property, leaving her to earn a meagre living for herself and her five children. So the years passed, and at last there came to her a letter from Berlin. Her husband had repented of his evil ways, had begged her forgiveness and permission to return. And as an earnest of that forgiveness

she was to send him money to pay his debts and his traveling expenses. If she would do this on such and such a day, she should surely look upon his face. The forgiveness and the money were sent, for she had truly loved him. "Besides," added the narrator naively, "I suppose she thought, with five children to raise, it would be nice to have a man to help."

The day and the hour of his coming drew near. The wife attired herself to meet him, making herself as like the young woman he left as possible. As the hour struck when she was to "look upon his face," a messenger arrived, bringing her — "Denken Sie! Denken Sie! seine Photographie!" and the little woman who told the story fairly screamed as she recalled this act of perfidy.

The five little ones are cared for now by strangers, and the forgiving wife, smitten suddenly with insanity, is an inmate of the great building among the trees, where the bodies of those are cared for whose minds have wandered away forever into the great unknown.

So the day sped, with many coming and going, always with pretty greetings as they entered and left. Not a rude question was asked of the evident foreigner. One woman only chanced to say, "You come from a far part of Germany, for your tongue is unlike ours, and you are traveling perhaps as far as Strassburg."

The temptation to add four thousand miles to that was too great: "Much farther than that, — to America."

"To America! Well, that's a place I would n't go to if you paid my fare three times in gold!" Then turning to the others she triumphantly added, "Hab' 's doch g'sagt sie 'st keine Bäuerin!" Plain black skirt, black kerchief crossed on the breast, hat hidden, and gloves pocketed had failed in their disguise!

Sunset colors shot over the land as brilliant as the poppy fields all aflame beside the way. The beautiful color of the corn flower in the grain grew dim in the gathering darkness as the train crept over the bridge that spans the Rhine, and the lofty spire of the Strassburg minster stood out against the evening sky where the new moon was sinking out of sight. It was time to think of some place to lay one's head. In answer to the question whether such and such a hotel was near the station, one of the humbler

women said that if the American lady wanted only a night's lodging, and would accept a bed under her modest roof, she would be heartily welcome. The touch of nature that "makes the whole world kin" can be found, if anywhere, when one travels third class.

On Some of Shakespeare's Minor Characters. — The great characters in Shakespeare are so large and

heroic, with lofty mien, and of such generous amplitude and grand stature, that in our human weakness and pettiness we are ashamed to approach them. What man does not retreat behind a piece of scenery when he hears a flourish within, and knows that Othello is coming on, surrounded by his veterans, sunburnt, bearded, and scarred by Turkish scimeters? Who dare jostle the noble Brutus, or cross the path of Caius Marcius Coriolanus? Are we, in our innocent simplicity, worthy to greet the lady Imogen, or to pick flowers with Perdita? Are our souls so white that we will front the look of Portia, Cato's daughter? What roisterer would make bold to drink with Antony? What high-reaching man dare unbosom his puny ambitions to the gaze of Lady Macbeth?

These noble persons, the proud possessions of humanity, have the privilege of living aloof from the throng. We shall not press them, content to gaze at them from afar. But there are a great many people in Shakespeare like ourselves, common men and women, who eat and sleep, and do not ruffle the surface of the great emotional oceans of life. Like them, on our stage, we do not affect the plot; we come on, as they do, while the great ones are taking breath. Our parts can be played by the supernumeraries, but, like these minor characters, we show the medium in which the heroes live, the atmosphere they breathe. We are the inches that serve to measure their cubits. By meeting these common people from scene to scene, the spectators gather courage to go on through the play, and in the fifth act to peer at the mighty quarry or to listen to the wedding bells.

Chief among these minor personages are our Roman friends, 1st cit., 2d cit., 3d cit. Does Shakespeare rail at democracy? Is he one of your natural aristocrats? Are these citizens mere dolls? Are they not rather the very people who, free, equal, and nobly pursuing their own happiness, stuff our city directories and puff us out into this com-

manding nation? They are fickle; but, on any basis of intellectual equation, what is loyalty but conservatism, what is conservatism but dullness, what is dullness but the one failing which the d-v-l lacks? Fickleness is but one aspect of a readiness to accept new truths; it is the frequent sloughing off old views, the just attention to what is going on in the world. These Roman plebeians are illogical; but logic is a dangerous thing: it destroyed Athens, it ruined Florence; its absence is the inner force of the expansive power of England, and the prop of her great empire. Though they are fickle and illogical, they are by no means unintelligent. Does not the 1st cit. see into Coriolanus at the very opening of the play? 1st cit. to his fellows: "I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end [to pay himself with being proud]: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue."

The great-great-grandchildren of these, the citizens in Julius Caesar, lived in very troublous times. Faction, anarchy, despotism, hemmed them in. The wisest men did not know what to do. There was then no "party of moral ideas," such as we have had the good fortune to possess for thirty years and more. The only prudent course was to get on the winning side. In truth, the citizens are much misrepresented by the tribunes, who, feeling the immediate effect of popular variability, take gloomy views of their characters. See how responsive they are, how emotional, how quick to set the act upon the heels of their intent. Brutus speaks, and they listen, they follow his discourse, they yield assent, they approve and are ready for action. Antony delivers his oration. What would happen on Boston Common or in Union Square? Who would open his ears to hear, who would bring a plastic mind, who would succumb to argument and persuasion? These men listen to Antony, they catch his feelings, they see with his eyes, they soften their hardened hearts, they reverse their determination; they are inconsistent, and are not ashamed.

These fellows are more interesting than attractive, but there are others who make larger demands upon our sympathies. Take from the shelf, for instance, your King

Richard II. "The life and death of King Richard II." How quiet the room becomes : the lamp burns gently, the flame no longer flickers, the shadow of the shade stiffens and is still. Do kings live and die in the brief compass of five acts ? Is it so indeed ? Read the list of persons represented. Their great English names swell out the tragedy. But is there anything more in accord with the contemptuous disdain of Nature than this ? "Bushy, Bagot, Green, creatures to King Richard." *Creatures to the King !* The appellation excludes them from the company of other men, God's creatures. How it brands them ! Poor fellows, thrice they come on, dangling at the skirts of majesty, their creator.

"The skipping King, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters : —
Mingled his royalty with capering fools."

Then comes the fall. Proud Bolingbroke, the king to be, doth uncreate Bushy and Green. Bagot fled to Ireland, and coming back to England, to save himself, did, at Bolingbroke's instigation, accuse the lord Aumerle of treason. And then no more of Bagot. Thus end these three appendages to royal state ; lit up by brief candle-light, and then into the dark.

Robin Ostler is another that sticks in one's memory. He used to tend the horses at the Inn in Rochester, not far from Gads-hill. It was an excellent inn in his day, but thereafter things did not go well. In the stable the peas and beans were suffered to grow dank. The house itself dropped into uncleanness. For one night, at least, neighbor Mugs and his fellow carrier were greatly annoyed by fleas. Robin was a frugal, prudent soul, possibly with a drop or two of Scotch blood in him. "Poor fellow, never joyed since the price of oats rose ; it was the death of him." (Henry IV. Part I. Act II. Sc. i.)

And Mugs and the other, how human they are ! While they are making ready to leave the yard at two o'clock in the morning, out comes another traveler, and asks them, each in turn, to lend him their lanterns, that he may see his gelding in the stable. One says, "I know a trick worth two of that." The other, "Marry, I'll see thee hanged first." Here are two poor carters, unlettered, ignorant of cities, and yet redolent of that cautious, man o' the world policy, which ennobles men with so-

lidity, broadcloth, sterling silver, and four per cents. It raises these poor carriers to the level of "business men." How the cubic contents of this wisdom contrasts with that old gaud of the vagrant, unsettled, parishless imagination, "Thou shalt trust thy neighbor as thyself" ! Their good sense is approved by the event, that touchstone among the successful. This traveler, the would-be borrower, was no other than a thief. And so wisdom is justified of her children ; priests, Levites, and carriers go their ways and prosper.

And what can be more charming than the fairies four who are sent to minister to Bottom, the weaver ? What do we wish, when we are oppressed by the feeling of an ass's head upon our shoulders, but that some such breaths from fairyland should blow about our ears ? How could oblivion and fancy deck themselves in fairer imaginings ? The four are all obedience, "loyal to the least wish of their Queen," and when summoned to purge Bottom's mortal grossness, what do they say ? "Ready," "And I," "And I," "Where shall we go ?"

Who has not in

"lusty spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span,"

dreamed that his mistress's thoughts but for a moment turn towards him ? He hears their tinkling voices call, "Hail, mortal ! Hail !" And in the delicacy of his young dreams, his imagination dare not give these thoughts mortal shapes ; it only feels their exquisite presence. Then he plucks up courage to ask them who they are ; and his diffident fancies, true to the maiden's modesty, answer him in masks and dominoes : "We are Cobweb, Peas-blossom, Mustardseed, and Moth." And thus the springtime tends upon the lover's state. (Midsummer Night's Dream, Act III. Sc. 1.)

How different is the field of Agincourt, where the sick English show their bulldog breeding. Here the French soldier, pauvre gentilhomme de bonne maison, meets the valiant Pistol, and falls before "the whiff and wind of his dread sword." What awful moments of uncertainty and agony he must have undergone while he watched the rolling of terrible eyes, and heard the rough English syllables !

"Fr. Soldier. Est-il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras ?

"*Pistol*. Brass, cur !
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass ?"

The reader is spared the Frenchman's fears, for he knows *Pistol*'s weakness for French crowns. But magnanimity is of no avail ; the order to kill all prisoners is given in a moment of alarm, and the French gentleman does not survive his dishonor. Yet he has a long progeny, being one of the first Frenchmen to illustrate the great truth, since then rammed home so forcefully by Mr. Punch, Captain Marryat, and other Englishmen of all sorts and sizes, that one Englishman is worth three Frenchmen any day in the week, and five on Sundays. (Henry V. Act IV. Sc. iv.)

There was another and a finer scene on this same battlefield. The Duke of York is cousin to the king, and stands high on the list of characters. He does not come upon the stage until Mountjoy, the French herald, has made his last demand for surrender, and is denied by Harry the King. Enter the Duke of York : —

"*York*. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward."

"*K. Hen*. Take it, brave *York*."

That is all. Exeter saw him and the Earl of Suffolk die together.

"Suffolk first died ; and *York*, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard ; kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face ;
And cries aloud, — 'Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk !
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven :
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine ; then fly a-breast ;
As, in this glorious and well foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry !'"

And so he died commending his service to his king. It is on this field of Agincourt, and many another its co-rival, that British valor in all its bloody fame stands like a tower, not without honor.

"Not once or twice in their rough island story,
The path of duty was the path of glory."

To many of our young minds this Duke of York was the *preux chevalier* of soldiers. Few words, the leader of the van, and death in victory. So did our young men from Harvard in the civil war "keep together in their chivalry ;" and their sons untried bear it in memory.

The doctor in *Macbeth* is another man who greatly provokes sympathy. Why did he not tend his apothecary shop, put leeches upon peasant arms, cull his simples on the

village green, and range upon his shelves "green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds" ? What called him from his ointments, vases, and vials ? Why was he, rather than another, summoned to attend the Queen of Scotland ? Two nights he watched from even unto morn. Did he not sigh with relief that naught had happened ? But his fate had written that he should see that royal spirit wrapped round in sinuous folds by the huge instinct of remorse, which does not yield to will, — great perturbation in nature, — a soul self-realizing, as if one, seeking to escape herself, should see nothing but herself, herself mirrored from every lifeless thing, stared at in sleep, watched by unsleeping dreams, crying for darkness and dear oblivion.

Was this not enough — to see Lady *Macbeth* walk by night ? Must he likewise attend *Macbeth* by day, — *Macbeth* grown lean on horrors, — and listen to despair, alive, awake, mutter the bitterness of death ? Poor man of medicines, yet he did well and gravely.

"*Macbeth*. Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased ?

And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart ?

"*Doctor*.

Therein, the patient

Must minister to himself."

What is there in these strange compounds of clay that can create a hell or heaven ? How get they power to shed angelic radiance, or hurl up deeds that shift the steps of nature from her course, cause "lamentings to be heard in the air," and shriek "strange screams of death" ? Poor doctor, perhaps he wore the mark of his strange experience to an early death : perhaps he lived to a serene old age, and taught his grandchild tales of hospitality and honor.

Thus these small personages step quickly o'er the stage, leaving their tracks behind them. Peace be with them.

Vulgarisms — Dryden has often been taxed with a Pedigree. with a certain laxity in his rhymes, and, to one not recog-

nizing the difference between the pronunciation of the seventeenth century and that of the last decade of the nineteenth, the point would seem to be well taken. But it must be borne in mind that the sounds of the vowels have changed since Dryden's day, so that we must not be surprised if, when we apply the norm of our pronuncia-

tion to his rhymes, they do not all square with it. The writer, however, does not intend to set up a plea for the strictures made upon Dryden's false rhymes, of which there are confessedly many, for he had neither a sensitive ear nor a tender conscience in his work for the stage.

Yet that poet was, after all, no greater sinner in this respect than others of his day, or even of our day, whose verses furnish such monstrosities as *has* rhyming with *was*, *move* with *love*, — rhymes which "keep the word of promise to the eye and break it to the ear." Let us now adduce a few of these pronunciations of the seventeenth century, which were then correct, but are now regarded as "vulgarisms."

Such words as *please*, *these*, *seize*, *severe*, *sea*, *speak*, *complete*, and the like were pronounced in the seventeenth century, and in the first half of the eighteenth, in a way which, to a modern ear, is strongly suggestive of a decided Irish brogue. For example, Dryden and Pope both pronounced these words as *plase*, *thase*, *saze*, *savare*, *say*, *spake*, *complate*: and this was the received pronunciation in the seventeenth century. Pope, therefore, whose delicate ear was early fascinated by the vigor and musical cadences of his master Dryden, preserves but the aroma of the old tea in that heroic couplet upon a mock-heroic subject: —

"Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take — and sometimes tea."

Dryden pertinently asks in his *Absalom and Achitophel*,

"But when should people strive their bonds to break,
If not when kings are negligent or weak?"

So Pope also pronounced *weak*, making it rhyme with *take*. And both Dryden and he offer numerous examples of *speak* rhyming with *wake*, *sphere* with *bear*, *shear* with *care*, *retreat* and *complete* with *great*, and *treat* with the French *tête*.

Here occurs also the obsolete pronunciation of *says* rhyming with *days*, and *said* wedded to *maid*, and even *have* consorting with *slave* and *wave*, and *air* with *star*, and *creature* with *greater*, and *nature* with *satire*, all of which, though long since rejected by standard English, still survive in the speech of the rustics and among the Irish.

There is one other old pronunciation which is especially to be noted, because it is now never heard except from the unlettered. This is the obsolete pronunciation

of such words as *oblige*, *join*, *poison*, and the like. In his *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, in which Pope has pilloried so many of his contemporary poetasters, and there left them to the vulgar gaze of all subsequent ages, among others he damned Addison with faint praise as

"Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd."

Our *join*, *poison*, *point*, *soil*, *spoil*, and so on would have offended the ear of Dryden and Pope, who always said *jine*, *pison*, *pint*.

In the words of Pope himself: —

"Good-nature and good-sense must ever join;
To err is human; to forgive, divine."

"T is not enough, taste, judgment, learning join;
In all you speak, let truth and candor shine."

"In grave Quintilian's copious work we find
The justest rules and clearest method join'd."

"Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying sense, the full-resounding line,
The long majestic march and energy divine."

It is interesting to note that we still say *choir*. These words with the *oi*-diphthong are well-nigh all of Anglo-French origin, except *boil* in the sense of tumor, where the Anglo-Saxon *byle* proves that its development into the now vulgar *bile* is regular. But in standard English the word has been wrested from its normal course of development, probably through association in the popular mind with the verb *boil*, or to avoid confusion with *bile* (secreted by the liver), and its spelling has been changed to *boil* to satisfy, in Lowell's apt phrase, the logic of the eye.

In the light of these facts, then, we appreciate more fully the significance of the words of Ellis, in his monumental work on Early English Pronunciation: "For the polite sounds of a past generation are the *bêtes noires* of the present. Who at present, with any claim to *edification*, would *jine* in praising the *pints* of a *picter*? But certainly there was a time when *education*, *join*, *points*, *picture*, would have sounded equally strange."

Rus in Urbe. — In the very heart of a city, — not a great city, truly, but yet a city where the bustle of traffic pervades the streets with a wearisome persistency of sound, — I know a stately old house standing at the intersection of two main thoroughfares. Around that corner the street cars, all day long and far into the night, keep up their deafening rumble; and bells

and whistles and the town clock's hourly clamor proclaim an incessant strife against quietude. But never a rural voice greets the ear; even the sparrow's shrill chirp, the one bird-note of the precinct, accommodates itself so inextricably to —

"the city's rout
And noise and humming,"

that no reminiscence of bosky dells and jubilant babble of water follows the flight of those ubiquitous wings. And never a rural sight charms the eye: trees there are, indeed, along the sidewalk, but trees so forlornly gray with the dust of the trampled city offer no suggestion of "a green thought in a green shade."

At the back of the house is a little square court shut off from the street by a brick wall some fourteen feet high, in which a low door serves the twofold purpose of a gate and a watchman; for never do the hinges turn but the petulant alarum of a sharply imperative bell mingles with the city's innumerable voices. The opposite side of the court is bounded by a wing extending from the main building, and meeting at right angles another brick wall, the court's southern boundary, that rises to the height of the wing's upper piazza. The little court, stone-paved, is of the city, and echoes all day long to the discordant cries of the street, the spasmodic jangle of the gate-bell, and the tread of hurrying feet within and without; but that high wall forming the barrier against the lot beyond is draped from base to coping-stone with a rampant growth of Virginia creeper, which, being sheltered to some extent from the street, escapes the dust that chokes the trees, and flourishes greenly, an exuberant oasis in a desert of brick and mortar.

Deep in the covert of this verdure was shrouded once a mystery of the remote dense woodland; for here one of the shy furry folk, rash emigrant from sylvan solitudes, had her home and reared her young, long unseen, undreamed of, in the crowded street. Embowered within this vineous screen, she couched inert by day, secure from espial; but when the city's "darkness visible" came on, she must, poor hunger-driven prowler, many a time have quitted this snug nook,

"For the risk and the riot of night,"

returning in the dawn's glimmer, weary but unchallenged.

It was by one of those chances attendant upon the improvements of civilization that at last her unsuspected lurking-place was brought to light. The fiat went forth, on a certain morning, that the tangling vine must be shorn of its superfluity of ramage, and lo! the Mink and her progeny were unveiled to the shouting wonderment of the hangers-on about that little courtyard.

When? Whence? How? Wherefore? These were questions eagerly debated.

When? Weeks ago; that was manifest. But whence, and how? It is true that close upon this city's limits the woods grow wild and thick, and are populous with creatures averse to man; but through what perils of many a suburban street, where stone-throwing boys most do congregate, and dogs, alert, inimical, abound,—risks against which even "the blanket of the dark" offers no absolute security,—had this reckless vagrant made her way unscathed, to rear her offspring "in the midst of alarms"? And wherefore? Hardest question of all! What feuds among her own kind, what thirst of travel, what spirit of adventure, what desperate quest of fortune, had impelled her towards the busy haunts of men? Or was it, perchance, some taint of that strange and tragic malady, a loss of identity, that sent her roving far from kith and kin and her familiar thickets? But from whatever cause she forsook her native wilds, was it the inerrancy of instinct, or some gracious freak of chance that directed her through the city's alien maze to this rare green bower hedged in by homes of men?

"Riddles all, and never to be solved."

But could we pluck out the heart of the mystery, how much of the charm of this idyl of a city corner would be lost! A mystery in its beginning, a mystery it remains in its ending; for even as the mink's arrival had been effected in deepest secrecy, so likewise was her departure—with all her little family—achieved, despite the watch set upon her. By some wary magic known to the canny woodfolk, she contrived to elude her spies, who, in wrath at being outwitted by these "wildings of Nature," anathematized the happy-go-lucky mother and her brood as "vermin of the swamp."

But she had my sympathies, that mother and I trust it was her good hap to win to the friendly forest glooms and soothing silences with her city-born babes unharmed.

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